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To the memory of

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

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HENRY VILLARD

HORACE WHITE

GUSTAV POLLAK

HAMMOND LAMONT

and to

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

PAUL ELMER MORE

HAROLD DEWOLF FULLER

this Sixtieth Anniversary Issue of The Nation
is gratefully dedicated.

SOME MILITARIST once called China a "jellyfish nation." The spineless nation that will not fight is showing the West the vast power of non-violent resistance. There is, of course, sporadic violence in China. A few foreigners have been killed—and very likely more will be—in the course of tremendous mass demonstrations against the domineering alien; but the great power of China today lies not in the arms and fists of her millions but in their capacity for silently thinking and acting alike. The officials of British factories in China beckon to the warships when one of their number is beaten to death by an angry mob; but when their servants steal away in the night, and their faithful employees desert them, when the hotels are without help and the stores without clerks, they stand puzzled and helpless. Chinese national sentiment five years ago built up a boycott against Japanese trade that forced the Mikado's empire to change its tactics. Today the harbor of Hongkong is filled with little ships carrying Chinese away from Britain's great Eastern port; and the foreign settlement is busily struggling to do its own work. Will the Western Powers be stubborn, stand on their "rights" until the silent resistance crystallizes into a lasting hate of the entire Western world, or will they follow Thomas F. Millard's advice in the New York *Times?* He says:

> The following conditions are probably the minimum that would satisfy the Chinese, insure suspension of the anti-foreign demonstrations and disorders or prevent serious prolongation: First, the powers must publicly agree to an early conference wherein the entire body of Chinese questions shall be placed in the agenda unreservedly for full discussion and revision; second, the powers, in conjunction and consultation with the Chinese Government, must quickly appoint a time and place for this conference; third, a public declaration must be made by the powers of a non-aggressive policy toward China and a purpose not to use force to coerce her to yield to unacceptable conditions.

INCH BY INCH Europe moves toward peace. The new peace-pact proposals are an advance on those discussed three years ago, as those marked progress over peace-conference days. France is ready to make the guaranty of the Rhine frontier mutual—and that is a long road from Clemenceau days, when the German delegates were caged like wild beasts and were told what they might do in terms purposely made insulting. But if some solitary explorer should venture without a radio outfit into the jungle or the Arctic and stay there a year or two, he could probably return to civilization and begin reading the peace-pact discussions without realizing that he had ever been away.

THE GERMANS on February 9 substantially repeated the Cuno proposals which Poincaré contemptuously ignored two and a half years ago. They offered an agreement not to wage war, together with comprehensive arbitration treaties with all nations, and a reciprocal guaranty of the territorial status of the Rhine. It is difficult to understand what further guaranty of security France could ask Germany to give. The French replied on June 4 courte-

ously and at length, but with what was apparently studied ambiguity. The note, of course, followed a long exchange of views with England. England made it plain that while she might guarantee the Rhine frontier she would give no pledges regarding Germany's Eastern border. France in her reply insisted that before any agreement was made Germany must enter the League; that the agreements must involve no modification of the treaties nor of the obligations noted in the covenant of the League; and that while she would be glad to talk about arbitration in general she could not consent to abrogate any of her rights under the Treaty of Versailles.

IN PLAIN WORDS France is willing to be polite now, but not to promise to act decently in future. Two things naturally and properly disturb the Germans. They want France to promise not to undertake any more invasions of the Ruhr or of any other part of their territory; and they will give no pledge, express or implied, to transport French troops across their territory in order to aid Poland—either against Russia or against Germany herself. On both these points the French are distressingly vague. They do not expressly say so, but the evident meaning of their phrases about treaty rights and League obligations is that they intend to reserve just such freedom of action as they exercised in the Ruhr, and that they still insist upon their claim to send troops across Germany. Both these points will require further protracted negotiation—and time. Perhaps France, with an African war on her hands, will forget her war-born fear of her disarmed Eastern neighbor. The liberal, as Ramsay MacDonald points out in his article in this issue of *The Nation*, will distrust any of these peace schemes which seek to fortify peace by military alliances and pledges; he will not believe any document based upon the Treaty of Versailles likely to be a useful asset for peace; and, while glad that Germany is at last treated as something like an equal, he will look forward to the day when Russia, too, is treated as a part of the concert of Europe.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ACHIEVEMENT of the League's conference on the traffic in arms, which has been meeting in Geneva for six weeks, was the protocol for the abolition of poisonous gas in warfare. The protocol, which was based on Article V of the Washington treaty, was drafted at the insistence of Representative Theodore E. Burton. General Amos Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, and Dr. Charles H. Herty, president of the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers Associations, have already declared that any such treaty can exist only on paper; that with the approach of war the treaty would be ignored. Of course efforts to "tame" war are always doubtful and uncertain. A nation with its back against the wall will surely use poison gas if it can; thus far in the history of warfare no effective weapons once used have ever been given up. Our government, however, has placed its faith in this method of control, has urged it in the face of opposition, and the least we can do is to ratify the protocol and the general arms limitation convention as soon as possible. Failure to ratify would be a setback to any future attempts at international agreement. The general convention is regarded as stronger than the original draft; warships, airplanes, and armored cars which at first were excluded from the convention have been brought back under the publicity provisions.

THE ACTION of Judge Kennedy in upholding the validity of the lease of the Teapot Dome oil reserve to Harry F. Sinclair is most important, perhaps, as new proof of the fallibility of our courts—as a public demonstration that our so-called science of jurisprudence is largely a myth. Those who argue for the wisdom of permitting our courts to annul the will of the people as expressed through Congress and State legislatures dwell on the advantage of taking points of law out of the field of partisan controversy and leaving them to the clear, cold logic—the impersonal science—of our judges. But here is one impersonal interpreter, Judge Kennedy, differing on identical points of law and evidence from his colleague, Judge McCormick, who recently declared as fraudulent and invalid the lease of California oil lands to E. L. Doheny. In the language of the street, How come? Both judges are of high and equal rank—each presides over a United States district court—and each, we must assume, lives in the same rarified air of clear, cold logic, unswayed by personal opinion or environment. We think the laugh is on the courts and we hope it will be a loud, uproarious guffaw, for nothing nowadays needs laughter more than the so-called majesty of the law.

MAJESTY OF FIDDLESTICKS! The courts have their place, and so have judges, but the sooner we strip them of their robes, their verbiage, their medieval ceremonial, their autocratic punishments for contempt, and all the sanctified nonsense about their superiority to ordinary mortals, the nearer we shall come to justice. Of course the Teapot Dome case and that in California are not precisely alike. The evidence of conspiracy was less direct in the former, possibly due to the fact that four prominent oil men whom the government wanted as witnesses fled to Europe. But in other respects the two cases involved almost the same facts. Indeed the chief counsel for Mr. Doheny is quoted as saying: "There is no distinguishing between the two cases. On the real facts either Judge McCormick or Judge Kennedy is wrong." And the New York *Times* is much too hopeful when it says: "Until the Supreme Court passes on the question, perhaps a couple of years from now, we shall not really know what the law is." We shan't know then. All we shall know will be the opinion of nine men—or possibly of five against four—and it will be an opinion as inevitably mixed with human error as that of Judge Kennedy or Judge McCormick.

THE FAVORITE FOOD of New York City, according to a poll conducted by the United Restaurant Owners' Association, is corned beef and cabbage. Of some 180,000 ballots cast 23,061 were for this dish, as against 18,549 for vegetable dinner, 14,208 for veal cutlet, 13,864 for roast Long Island duck, 12,515 for filet mignon, 10,586 for roast beef, and smaller votes for other choices. Beefsteak received only 1,354 votes, lamb chops 1,288, ham and eggs 903. We do not think this poll amounts to much; it is about on a par with the contests for the most beautiful bathing girl (who always turns out to be a fright in the rotagravure supplements) and the most popular school teacher—whose vote is worked up chiefly by pupils who think activity in that direction is their best assurance of passing. So far as the choice of corned beef and cabbage has any significance, it is more a vote of lack of confidence in New York cooks than of approval of the dish in question. For it is probably true that corned beef and cabbage can resist

more bad cooking than any other known dish. Even the most atrocious of cooks (of whom there are thousands of millions in the metropolis) cannot quite take the kick out of well corned beef or deprive the lowly cabbage of its pungent and persistent flavor.

AS TO THE VEGETABLE DINNER of the great city, it bears only a historical relation to anything ever grown in a garden. It comes out of a cold-storage warehouse or a can, without any relation to the season, consisting generally of a gob of spaghetti (one of New York's best-known vegetables) a potato baked at 10 a. m. to be served at 7 o'clock at night, some spinach from which the life has long since been sucked by protracted boiling, and a dab of string beans (in which the string predominates) served with no dressing other than a residue of the slightly brackish water in which they were cooked. Hence the vote for vegetable dinner, like Nat Goodwin's successive marriages, represents the triumph of hope over experience. The ballots were cast not by persons who had just finished such a dinner but by individuals safely buttressed behind a beefsteak or a plate of ham and eggs (which despite their small vote are generally good even in a New York eatery). Such persons, probably so fortunate as never to have ordered a vegetable dinner à la New York, were licking the chops of their imagination over some sweet and succulent green peas eaten ten years ago before they left the old town in Ohio, or were recalling an eggplant fried at home in such a way as to make it taste different from a pepper or a cucumber. We suggest that the victims of New York restaurants vote next time not for the best dish but for the worst cook. Whoever is elected will deserve to be.

THE LONG-CHERISHED DREAM of a direct air service between Egypt and India carried on by a subsidized private company is about to come true. The British Air Minister, Sir Samuel Hoare, has announced that he hopes to terminate next winter the fortnightly flights of the Royal Air Force from Egypt to Mesopotamia and to substitute a regular passenger line from Mantara in Egypt, to Ramleh in Palestine, Amman, and thence to Bagdad, Basra, Bussir, and along the coast to Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus. The distance is about 2,500 miles and the flight is expected to take two and one-half instead of the eight days now required; if night flying proves practicable the trip may be reduced to a day and a half. Proposals have already been invited and Sir Samuel is confident that there will be a responsible bidder to carry not only the mails, but the large passenger traffic which is expected. We have not a single such service planned in America and nothing corresponding to the daily cross-Channel flight, and yet the anonymous committee on civilian air development in America which recently reported to President Coolidge in opposition to government aid for civilian flying had the impudence to declare that America leads all the world in this field of endeavor.

AIR EXPLORATION fits the Chinaman's description of coasting: "Pling! Then back-walkee mile." Speed machines have their own diabolical economy, and their revenges. But Amundsen and his crew managed to dig out a frozen plane and to level crags of ice with knives and wooden spades, to transfer heavy equipment over treacherous ice floes, fall into the sea and be fished out—all on short rations that left them weak with hunger—and still to meet their leisurely rescuers in the King's Bay Harbor. The correspondents who saw them return never tire of describing their emotions, but the greatest moment must have been when the captain of the lonely sealer Sjoeliv, taking the N-25 for a patrol plane, shouted across "Any news of Amundsen?" and heard the answer "Yes—I am Amundsen." Donald MacMillan, undaunted, follows Amundsen, well equipped with two steamers, planes, and radio. In spite of all the reports of deep water around the pole, he still hopes to find land. His fellow-citizens expect him to claim it in the name of the State of Maine.

WE NOTE WITH REGRET the announcement that "The Villager," carried on for eight years and four hundred issues by Samuel Strauss and Kate Parsons, has decided to suspend publication. It has been delightful reading, full of wisdom and replete with knowledge, so that it has been perused with pleasure by many who would have liked a sharper viewpoint and a more clear-cut definition of aims. Its literary quality alone made it a welcome weekly visitor and we sincerely regret its disappearance, if only because it showed how a little journal of opinion of only four pages, without advertising, can make its way. Fortunately the editors intimate that they are going to try something else, though as to that they have not yet made up their minds. And so they have devoted their last issue to talking about their achievements. They stress *The Villager's* freedom from propaganda, their having had no other aim than to express their views, "to help make things a little clearer." This unquestionably they have done with a coolness, a good nature, and a detachment most welcome in the heat of these arduous years. We have the greater pleasure in *The Villagers'* undoubted success because until he began to write for this publication Mr. Strauss was known chiefly as a business man. Every reader of his and of Miss Parsons will await eagerly their next venture.

SENATOR LADD, who died four days after La Follette, was born in Maine, and his early years were passed in the laboratory, far removed from the hurlyburly of politics. Fate took his laboratory into politics. He was chief chemist of the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station when he discovered that good flour could be made from a grade of grain for which the farmers were receiving less than half the usual rate. A little arithmetic showed him that the millers were making five times the normal profit from the rust-affected Dakota wheat for which they paid so little. Bulletin 119 of the State Experiment Station aroused a terrific storm in the Northwest and made the chemist a hero among the farmers. He soon became president of the State Agricultural College; then the Nonpartisan League made him United States Senator. The scientist turned politician perforce was always a bit uncomfortable in Washington; he did not shine in public debate. He presided over the Committee on Public Lands in the famous sessions which revealed the oil scandals; but his selflessness never sought to claim a share of the credit which Senator Walsh's masterly inquisition brought him. It was inevitable that a man of his background and sympathy should enlist under the La Follette banner; and his last public act was to press a measure close to his chief's heart, the Ladd resolution against use of the armed forces of the nation to collect debts or protect private interests.

Robert Marion La Follette

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE was American to his fingertips. No other country could have produced a man just like this nor one truer to his convictions and his principles. It seems to us that he was closer to the people and closer to the soil of America than almost any other great politician since Lincoln. He knew what they wanted in a public servant and he gave it to them, and they in return who knew him and saw him at close range clung to him with a fidelity and devotion which were not in the least shaken by the unjust storm of abuse and calumny which burst upon him in 1917 when he dared to vote according to his beliefs on the matter of the declaration of war. Thereby he kept untarnished the oath he took when he became Senator. Thereby he kept his conscience clear, his soul his own. It is idle to prophesy what history will or will not say about such a figure, but if that fickle muse writes truly of him it will assign to him one of the noblest places in the annals of America—the man who deliberately chose what seemed political death and perpetual contumely rather than yield one iota of convictions held to the last drop of blood in his body. Like Bright and Cobden, Campbell-Bannerman and Ramsay MacDonald, he survived the attacks upon him for opposing his country's going to war. He has died stronger in the affection of the masses of the American people than ever before. Time has justified almost his every stand. The tributes, however grudging, paid him by the hounds of daily journalism, who for years snapped at his heels at their masters' behest, are proof that in the final test even the most vindictive must yield in respect to a character that knows no fear and is true to itself.

A very great American he was. Not in the sense of statesmanship. From the Old World standpoint he would hardly be classed as a statesman. His range of vision, until his later years, was too narrowly circumscribed by domestic issues, so that he was long debarred from profiting by European knowledge and experience. In Wisconsin he fought the devil with fire—he played the local political game with the bitter partisanship he had learned from his enemies. They gave no quarter, and he followed suit—in Wisconsin political enmities are almost as deadly as in Kentucky. He used the public offices and patronage of every kind to build up his machine. This was as natural a step in the process of political evolution as had been, until La Follette broke their grasp, the mastery of the State by corporations and the bosses whom they created and owned. He broke their hold not only by taking a leaf out of their book. He card-catalogued the State; he wrote to thousands upon thousands, establishing personal relations with them. Thus he offset the hostility of the daily press and established his own leadership. It goes without saying that that leadership, however established and maintained, could not have continued for a long political lifetime had he not been buttressed by principle, had he not been genuinely devoted to the popular welfare, had he not been absolutely selfless in giving himself to his causes. This it was, together with his understanding of them, that gave him that hold upon the plain people which nothing could shake, which made 5,000,000 voters acclaim him as their national last fall.

That he fought his admirable fight for popular control of our institutions and our government by piecemeal rather than with a comprehensive program or in accordance with far-reaching policies is undeniable. Our readers will remember that during the last campaign we frankly stated that Mr. La Follette's platform was not thoroughgoing enough for us. He was against privilege, but he failed to see that the tariff is the greatest bulwark and creator of privilege that we have; he opposed corruption, but he voted regularly for the tariff system which for generations gave rise to more political corruption than anything else. He was opposed to war, but he was not a pacifist—he could not see that he who compromises with this evil and refuses to break with it at all times, under all conditions, merely helps to continue it—helps it more than does the outright advocate of war. He believed in cooperation, yet lacked the vision to see what enormous benefits the whole nation would derive if it were made of paramount importance. In the matter of monopoly and the trusts, he based his last campaign upon conditions and policies which time had outlawed. He was only a recent convert to government ownership of railroads.

Yet, recording all this, we count it as one of the greatest privileges to have known and to have been able to support this man. For he was one of the small but noble company of whom it can be said that, whatever their mistakes, they were inevitably and eternally right. Accused of being an actor because of his histrionic manner, he was in reality destitute of pose. He spurned opportunity after opportunity to advance his fortunes and to trumpet abroad his virtues and achievements. Though accused of vanity he was often, in his disregard of slander and falsehood, the despair of his friends—not until a year after the Associated Press's abominable misreporting of his St. Paul speech, directly misquoting him, did he seek to set the public right. Once a brilliant journalist joined the Senator's office force for the express purpose of challenging misrepresentations of Mr. La Follette and getting the truth about him before the public. In vain; after some months the journalist resigned because he could not get the maligned man sufficiently interested in himself to make the task worth while. It was his causes alone which interested him and it was they that roused him and carried him through the slough of despond of war days, in which he daily met old associates who no longer spoke to him although they knew he was right and in their heart of hearts wished that they had had the courage and the manliness to do as did this outcast of the hour. Lonely he could never be because of his devoted family, the host of friends who adored this warm, this intense, this absolutely honest personality, with its record of actual constructive achievement far outweighing that of any other of his contemporaries. Here was a true leader of men, here a true patriot.

"I don't know how the people will feel toward me," he said to his son, Robert, as he lay dying, "but I will take to my grave my love for them which has sustained me through life." Never were truer and never were more sincere words uttered by a public man. Somehow we have no fears for Robert La Follette's posthumous fame. Historians may write what they please, in the hearts of the plain people Robert La Follette is safe, for their love echoes back to love.

Out of the East

FIVE years ago C. R. Das was the leader of the Calcutta bar. His practice was said to bring him an income of $50,000 a year; he lived in one of the show residences of Calcutta. Then he came under the influence of Mahatma Gandhi. For four years he did not take a single case as a lawyer. He turned his estate of some $800,000, including his house, over to a trust fund to serve India, part of it to go toward a university for women. The other day he died, a poor man dwelling in an attic room which a friend gave him rent-free. But he died mayor of Calcutta and president of India's Swaraj Party.

It was Das who persuaded Gandhi two years ago to permit the Swaraj Party to moderate the absolutism of its non-cooperation program. Das adopted the old Parnellite program of entering the legislatures and fighting the Government from within. It was his leadership which reduced the British scheme of diarchy in Bengal and the Central Provinces to ashes. He commanded a majority in his own legislature, and he boldly refused to vote salaries for the ministers of the "transferred departments." Diarchy provides that the less important departments of government shall be in the hands of native ministers, but it does not give them final power. Das said that the Government must accept responsibility where it had control; he would permit no camouflaged measures of near self-government.

The power of his personality was revealed last March when the final votes were taken on the ministers' salaries. Some of his followers were wavering, and there was danger that the salaries would be voted. Das was ill, but, disregarding his doctors, he had himself carried on a stretcher into the legislative chamber. British officials were so fearful that they would issue no passes that day; even the stretcher-bearers were barred at the door, and Das's colleagues had to carry him in. The sick man's followers rallied, and voted against the Government.

Das was more the politician than Gandhi—although he, too, sat at his spinning-wheel and wore chaddar—far more interested in the method and detail of self-government. At the Bengal conference of the Swarajists in May he appealed to the Government, offering cooperation: "Providing some real responsibility is transferred to the people there is no reason why we should not cooperate with the Government," he said. Such cooperation, he added, must depend upon a change of heart in the rulers and a definite guaranty of Swaraj in the near future. Will England give that?

Western leaders do not move toward political power by renouncing this world's goods. Das, like Gandhi, was beyond thought of self. And the power of these Eastern personalities drifts across the intervening oceans with an appeal like that of the ancient prophets. Do we in the West respond to such men? Are we as far from them as the economy program and modest twelve suits of Calvin Coolidge? Would we listen to such an appeal as this of Das's to his followers?

> Be it yours to offer yourselves as sacrifices in the interest of truth and justice, so that your children and your children's children may have the fruits of your sufferings.

If India can rise to that, we need not worry over the decay of Western civilization, for the East will offer us something better.

The Clinton Papers Appear

WHERE is the American historian who has not thrilled at the news that probably the most important collection of papers and documents, as yet unpublished, relating to American affairs between 1741 and 1780 is about to be sold? We refer to the papers of Admiral George Clinton, collected during his tenure of office as Governor of New York from 1741 to 1751, and those of Sir Henry Clinton when commander-in-chief of the British forces in America during the final years of the struggle for independence, 1778-1780. That such important historical material is not in the British archives or in the British Museum is no less than astounding, particularly when it is known that there is included in it Sir Henry Clinton's two manuscript volumes of his history of the American war of independence in which he sought to justify his conduct of the war to posterity.

What renders this collection the more tempting for Americans is that among the 12,000 letters and documents are many captured letters written by Washington, Lee, Gates, Putnam, and other American generals. Many of the letters are in the handwriting of Major John André, the unfortunate and gallant adjutant-general of Clinton, who deciphered many of the captured documents and also British correspondence from codes. Much of this matter has never been thoroughly worked over—the librarian of the London Library, Dr. C. H. Wright, declares that there is much hitherto unpublished matter dealing with the treason of General Benedict Arnold. Even Dr. Wright does not know the extent of these treasures, though an occasional letter like André's farewell to Clinton has been published in various histories. What is more important is the fact that there are here enormous sources of material dealing with the loyalists and their unhappy fate—a phase of the Revolution which has not yet received altogether adequate treatment. Indeed, from reading the current school histories one might almost believe that the American colonists were solidly behind the revolutionists. Few know that Washington was so much in enemy territory that when Mad Anthony Wayne undertook the short night march from Fort Montgomery to Stony Point rangers were sent to every farm house along the line of march, and for some distance on each side, to hold the farmers and their families prisoners in their own homes during the night lest one slip out and warn the menaced garrison.

Here is a treasure trove indeed, and the only question is who shall gain possession of it. Dr. Wright warns his countrymen that they must raise large sums of money if they would head off the American dealers, who seem to dominate all such sales. For ourselves we are indifferent as to where the papers remain if only they can be made available and the contents published at the earliest possible date after completely unbiased editing. Why some publisher does not jump at Sir Henry Clinton's completed work we cannot understand; it would be a best-seller, indeed, in the historical field. The danger, of course, is that this magnificent collection will be dissipated by being sold in small lots; if the British Government does not want it, it would seem that public-spirited American citizens or some one of our many patriotic societies, like the Daughters of the American Revolution, should place this wonderful collection in the Library of Congress, accessible to English and American students alike.

The Sixtieth Anniversary

THE ten years which have passed since the jubilee issue of *The Nation* in 1915 have been as pregnant with grave events as any decade in the world's history. In July, 1915, Europe had been for a year steeped in blood because its statesmen were too stupid or too criminal to find an end to a struggle destined to achieve none of the aims for which men died by the million. The foul propaganda which deceived all the world was under way from both guilty sides; in America simple-minded people were really beginning to believe that civilization was at stake, that out of war would come a cure for war, that international righteousness could be achieved and the kingdom of God more firmly established if only enough men of the other side were slaughtered. What the net result was all honest men must now admit: War has not been ended. Democracy was never less safe and is daily being stabbed in the back in America not less than in Europe. In Europe today there are more armed men than in 1914; bitterness, malice, hatred, the spirit of revenge, are enthroned. The crushing of great peoples offers no safeguard for the future. All Europe still hovers on the brink of financial ruin.

The Nation's experiences during and after the war Henry Raymond Mussey has set forth elsewhere in this issue. Suffice it to say that in those thrilling years *The Nation* resumed its separate existence and found, to the surprise of the editors, a tremendous accession of readers, giving it three to four times as many supporters as were ever won for it in its earlier days. More than that, *The Nation* suddenly discovered that its new course brought it friends the world over—Gandhi in India, Ramsay MacDonald in England, Anatole France, and many another fine spirit in every one of the embattled countries and in the nations of Latin America. From New Zealand, from China, from Tahiti, from Madagascar have come messages of good will and appreciation. Such success confirms the belief of its editors that the intelligent public *is* ready for accurate news—and that was Mr. Godkin's belief repeatedly stated when he founded this journal in 1865.

This is not the hour to recall at length any of *The Nation's* achievements since 1915. But on this anniversary we cannot forbear to remind our readers that we were the very first journal of opinion to denounce the Treaty of Versailles—calling it by its right name, the "madness of Versailles," the minute it appeared. The editors would like to believe that if *The Nation* had done nothing else in this decade it would yet have justified itself by the position it then took and has maintained ever since. They still think that as long as that infamous document survives the world is inevitably divided into two camps. *The Nation* will give support to no document, no league, and no alliance for security which is tied up to the Treaty of Versailles or helps to perpetuate it unchanged. Six years have only confirmed us in our belief that there can be no health and no peace and no real tranquility in Europe until that treaty is undone. Meanwhile, *The Nation* has had to fight for democracy in its every issue, precisely as in 1865, for, curiously enough, the lords of our political, social, and economic life who shouted loudest in 1917 that it was a war to preserve democracy are the very ones who more than anybody else are subverting and destroying democracy today. *The Nation* is undismayed in this struggle by the rise of one despotism after another abroad, or by the apostasy of great groups at home who demand mental subservience and slavery to the existing order under pain of excommunication for those who dare to exercise the old-fashioned American right to free thought, free speech, and free action. Service to those principles and to those human rights remains as compelling for *The Nation* as it was with the founders of the paper sixty years ago when they created a journal of opinion to be the organ of no church, or sect, or party.

The ten years that we are surveying have witnessed vast damage to the American press, first because it became so readily the tool of government propaganda and of wholesale lying, and second because of the growing cynicism and commercialization of its publishers. In the weekly field we have seen the rise and fall of the *Freeman*, that brilliant organ of criticism, and of the *Review*, which was to have refuted and confounded both *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. During this period the *Independent*, one of our oldest and most respected contemporaries, has changed hands twice, to arise Phoenix-like out of the ashes of its dead self full of new promise. Meanwhile, the *New Republic* has continued to flourish, which is the more gratifying because the journals of conformity, for all their incessant and tiresome acquiescence in everything that is said and done by authority, are no stronger than before. These ten years have also seen the extraordinary rise of the tabloid picture daily, which may yet make serious trouble for the commercialized daily of the old type. This new phenomenon is in keeping with the mental and moral exhaustion of the bulk of the people and their desire to read only such things as will cater to the senses but make no appeal to the brain.

As to the political situation, our readers know well what we think of it. Bad as it is, the reaction and corruption which followed hard upon the Civil War probably seemed as black to our predecessors. Certainly the world is infinitely better off today than ten years ago when men and women were perishing hourly by hundreds and thousands. Who can be discouraged because the odds are great? Robert E. Lee once said to his retreating soldiers: "We cannot win all the time." Fundamentally, *The Nation's* causes can never be beaten, because they are based on doctrines of brotherhood which must triumph in the long run unless the race is to destroy itself. It is this belief which gives *The Nation* such a zest for its causes and keeps its editors optimists. How could they be anything else? The *gaudium certaminis* is theirs in far richer and fuller degree than was the case in 1865. Then, in its beginning, *The Nation* was absorbed in purely domestic issues. Now it must interest itself in every country, and from the struggle in every clime it draws good cheer and inspiration. The lid of despotism may be clamped down in Hungary; it is suddenly lifted in China or in India.

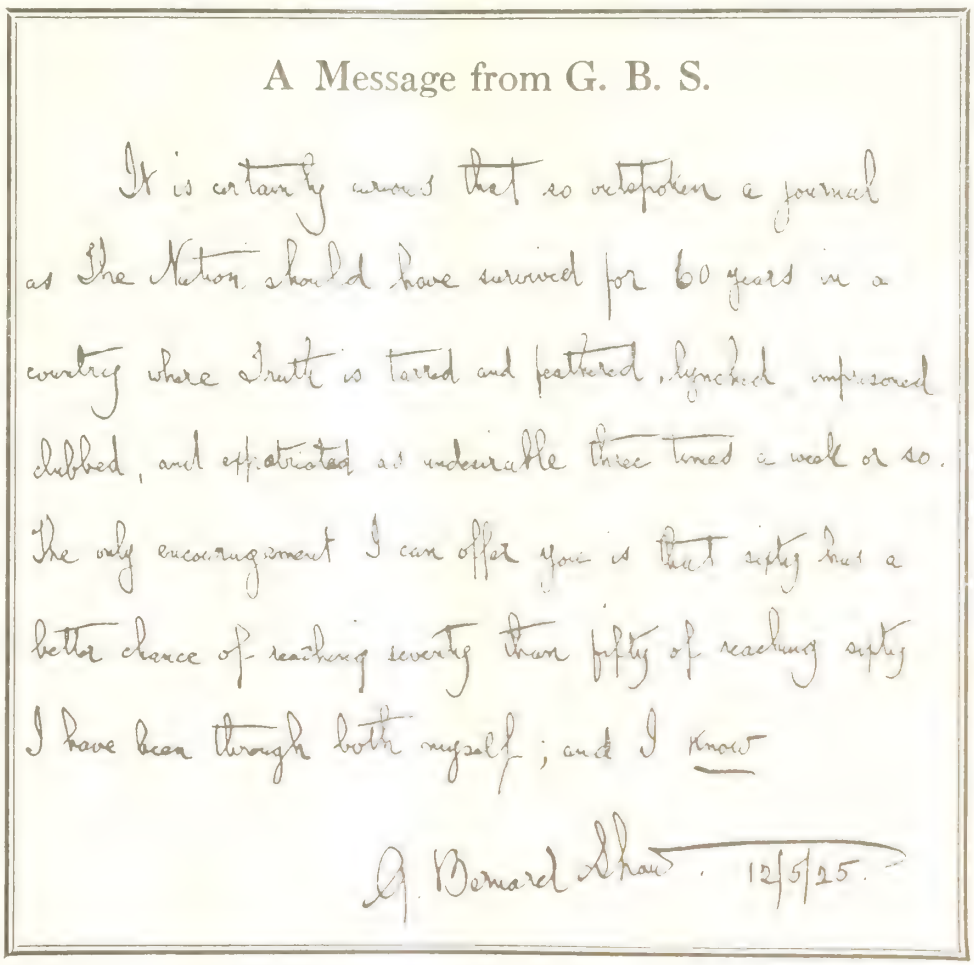
Finally, we should be recreant, indeed, if we failed to record our gratitude to the legion of friends who by their support, both financial and moral, have made the new-old *Nation* possible. May we be permitted to say that thanks to them the past is secure and the future full of hope?

The Nation 1865-1925

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"*THE NATION?*" "Oh, yes. It used to be a fine, conservative weekly. But *now!*" And then there follow the usual references to the radicalism, the bolshevism, the wildness of *The Nation* under its present wicked editorship. Well, the interesting thing about it is that *The Nation* was founded in the immediate aftermath of a great war to champion certain unpopular beliefs, to advance causes which speedily brought down upon it calumny and abuse unending. More and more it found itself compelled to a policy of criticism of the government, its policies and then, in Grant's regime, its far-reaching corruption. That critical attitude which compelled it to go counter to many an established privilege and prepossession is alone enough to have accounted for its failure to achieve a great circulation—that it never had more than 11,000 readers at any time under Mr. Godkin's and Mr. Garrison's management. Fortunately for its future existence, it fell, after sixteen years, into the hands of owners who not only put principles above profits but gave absolute freedom of control and utterance to its editors. They were willing to have it tilt at new and old wrongs and they valued it only as it cut to the bone in exposing shams and falsities; it never took too radical a stand for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Villard.

A Message from G. B. S.



It is certainly unusual that so outspoken a journal as The Nation should have survived for 60 years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned, dubbed, and effaced as undesirable three times a week or so. The only encouragement I can offer you is that sixty has a better chance of reaching seventy than fifty of reaching sixty. I have been through both myself; and I know

G. Bernard Shaw 12/5/25.

But the fact that *The Nation* of 1865 was prepared to challenge much in the existing order and that it was edited by an Irishman led to trouble from the outset and stamped it a disturbing influence in the community. A Richmond daily at once declared that its modest capital was made up of "British gold" supplied, as Mr. Godkin quoted it, for the purpose of "overthrowing our glorious, etc."—there are many who still think it bent on overthrowing our glorious Republic, our glorious self-satisfaction, our glorious belief that everything in America is perfect beyond all cavil. Many similar charges appeared in the first year of *The Nation's* life. Within a month Mr. Godkin protested at the "countenance which seems to be given in Boston to the semi-barbarous practice of taking the editor by the throat when anything objectionable in matters of taste and opinion appears in his paper, and digging into his private life in search of unworthy motives." In the sixth issue of *The Nation*, August 10, 1865, this editor was already so embattled as to have to express himself thus in his own defense:

> Of one thing our experience fully satisfies us. There is throughout the country an enthusiastic desire for an "independent" and "impartial" paper, which shall always take each reader's own side of every question. It is impossible for anybody who is not in constant contact with the public to understand how widely diffused this feeling is; and the bitterness of the complaints which come in, when it takes somebody else's side, are evidently due to a sort of vague impression that when a man subscribes for a newspaper or review the editor enters, by implication, into an agreement to supply him with his (the subscriber's) own opinions ready cooked.

All of which protests availed Mr. Godkin not at all—how could they? The criticisms that he bewailed, and the attitude of the ordinary subscriber which he set forth, are the daily experience of the present editor, the sixth this journal has had, as they have been of every other. Human nature does not change in such matters, only human recollection. Mr. Godkin was anathema to many from the day that he began his editorial career, for he was radical on a number of issues, he applied the yardstick of his foreign experience (and in those days America was far more sensitive to criticism from the European standard than is the case today), he compromised not at all, he had singularly high ideals, and he had vision. Now, all of these things are, in journalism, deadly sins. He who is possessed of them must be prepared for unpopularity, for non-success, for being writ down a scribe and a Pharisee. For his non-

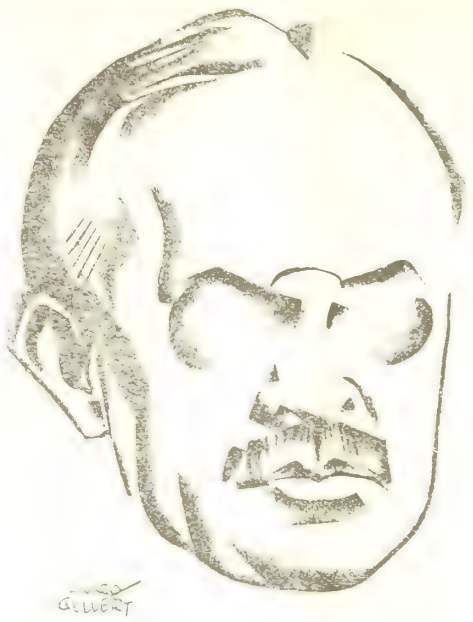
conformity he must be prepared to pay the price at all times, just as Mr. Godkin and his staff did.

The charge that he was subventioned by British gold pursued Mr. Godkin to the end of his career—he became editor of the New York *Evening Post* in 1882. His British birth was the simple explanation of many a criticism of America which was born of the most ardent Americanism, in its highest and noblest sense, that could possibly be found in the American press. It amused him in his old age to remember the charge, seriously printed, that he daily called the staff of the *Evening Post* together to sing "God Save the Queen" before beginning the editorial council—in 1918 it was alleged that the tune had been changed to "Deutschland über Alles." To the very end of his career he was written down a carping critic satisfied with nothing, a cynic, a pessimist, a "little-American," a traitor, one always destructive and never constructive, and all the rest. The recently published letters of Roosevelt and Lodge reveal how wicked those American worthies thought the great editor of *The Nation*. Writing to Lodge on November 16, 1892, the future President said:

> I read an article in the New York *Nation* the other day so foolish, so malignant, so deliberately mendacious, and so exultant that it fairly makes we writhe to think of the incalculable harm to decency that scoundrelly paper, edited by its scoundrelly chief, Godkin, has done.

From which it would appear that Mr. Godkin had trod on somebody's toes. And once in 1898 the McKinley Cabinet was in session for a morning to decide whether it should arrest Mr. Godkin and the editors of *The Nation* and the *Evening Post*, and Mr. Samuel Bowles and his staff of the *Springfield Republican*, for treason in time of war—Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, subsequently informed me of this fact.

So when I hear people bewailing the departure of the present-day *Nation* from the conservative standards and the conformist point of view of the earlier *Nation*, I know at once that those critics never read *The Nation* in the "good old days" of which they speak. For Mr. Godkin not only had an exceedingly exacerbating style; he every now and then said things which profoundly shocked people of good form. He began by writing himself down a "nigger-lover," for the earliest issues of his paper were given to an ardent championship of the demand that the Negro be enfranchised forthwith. He, the aristocrat of the press, a man of highest intellectual attainments, actually wanted to have every last untutored, black freedman given the right to vote, yes, to vote in all his rags and in his ignorance, with his total lack of any training for citizenship except that provided by master or overseer. Such was the measure of his faith in democracy and universal male suffrage. He early shocked people by refusing to accept the Republican Party, savior of the Republic that it was, at its own face value. Protection had then not become the fetish and the prolific source of privilege and blackmail it has since grown to be, but Mr. Godkin's radicalism went to the furthermost limit—he was until his death for absolute free trade. In the matter of the civil service he was one of the first to take the dangerously new and radical viewpoint that the offices ought not to be the spoils of political victory—which was, of course, described as a brazen effort to saddle a bureaucracy upon America.



Oswald Garrison Villard

But he did not stop with this shocking of the conservatives. Having been an eyewitness of two wars, notably The Crimean, he came to abhor war in its every form. He once actually wrote that the soldier's trade would some day be ranked where it belonged —"next after the hangman's," a sentiment that would have put him in jail not so long ago and would at best have made him socially impossible today in many of the *salons* he once graced. As for the modern hundred-percentism, the worship of the flag, the enthronement of the President as a sacrosanct being, and our generally pitiful imitation of foreign imperialism and rampant nationalism, there was nothing against which he launched so readily his barbed arrows. So he opposed not only the war with Spain but President Cleveland's mad proposal that we go to war with England over an unheard-of boundary dispute in Venezuela.

When he began devoting his attention to the political conditions in New York City he turned his guns upon the citadels of privilege and of wealth by showing that the bosses were allowed to wreak their will in and on the greatest city of America because they were owned and financed by crooked corporations and their officials. Naturally, only a part of this fight was carried in the columns of *The Nation* because of the limited space of a weekly, but it did its share, and as I survey Mr. Godkin's career I do not believe that he ever rendered a fine service to America. Had the term been invented then he must have repeatedly been called a Bolshevist. A radical he certainly was, save only in the field of labor and along certain economic lines. This was not unnatural, for he grew up in the Manchester school and, as Mr. J. A. Hobson has pointed out, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone were so filled with the spirit of revolt against the artificial restrictions upon individual liberty by class governments that they failed to recognize "in the distribution of the ownership of land and capital, the control and motivation of industry, and the visible class cleavages thus created, social diseases even deeper seated than those which engaged their reforming energies."

To belabor the point is needless. I venture only to point out further that many of the so-called revolutionary changes in *The Nation* in 1918 were merely a return to its original plans and, in some degree, to its original make-up. The earlier years of *The Nation* were its richest. After it became affiliated with the *Evening Post* in 1881 it lost much of its spontaneity and under Wendell Phillips Garrison's influence (1881-1905) it became less and less polemical and more and more the organ of an intense scholarship—not forgetting still to advocate unpopular and far-reaching reforms such as woman suffrage. What he did for scholar-

ship in America was declared inestimable by many a scholar on Mr. Garrison's retirement, yet there was almost no official university recognition of this life of extraordinary devotion to literary and scholarly ideals. He, the son of William Lloyd Garrison, ranked, of course, as a radical and a dissenter.

Wendell Phillips Garrison, one of the most devoted, self-controlled, and self-effacing of men, who ordered his own life with extraordinary asceticism and gave everything there was in him for thirty-five years to *The Nation*, hoped ardently that it would die with him—until he found that his successor was to be Hammond Lamont. To know Mr. Lamont was to conceive the highest opinion of his intellectual integrity, his devotion to truth, his readiness to meet any new issue or cult and to challenge it to prove that its doctrines, or *The Nation's* preconceived ideas, were wrong. Under this admirable character, with its extraordinary combination of a judicial temperament and passionate championship of certain causes, *The Nation* began to flower again, its circulation rising slowly from low-water mark. Unfortunately Mr. Lamont's untimely death, as he was reaching the fulness of his powers, ended his career just as he was beginning to reach out and to impress his individuality more strongly upon this weekly. *The Nation's* debt to him can never be forgotten. Nor can the present management fail to record once more its indebtedness to Paul Elmer More and Harold de Wolf Fuller. They had their visions and their policies and they held to them ably and honestly—as gentlemen and editors ought all to do.

As for the revolution in *The Nation* of 1918, the most significant facts about it were its resumption of its separate existence and its rebirth in the middle of the war which altered the world and achieved none of its purposes. It is not for me to pass upon the worth of its achievements since. No one realizes better than its staff of 1925 its present shortcomings. It has no longer the note of pure scholarship, perhaps not that of deep political knowledge. Its editors would be the last to compare themselves to Edwin Lawrence Godkin and his associates in either training or skill in presentation. But they yield to no one in their passion for human liberty and for international brotherhood and righteousness. If they do not see eye to eye with Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison in matters of labor or of economics, it is not because they deem their judgments infallible, but because times have changed and new problems, which the elder generation could not have foreseen, challenge all thinking men.

Finally, they heartily rejoice when they find *The Nation* and its editors blacklisted by the reactionaries and denounced as destructive critics who seek to "overthrow our glorious, etc." For it makes them feel that their blows are occasionally telling; that possibly they have at times reached the midriff as did Mr. Godkin's rapier so regularly, and that they are, in their own way and in some degree, following in the footsteps of the two founders who never knew what it was to compromise or to count the cost. What more priceless heritage than that could one generation of editors bequeath or another receive?

The Heroic Age

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

IS it possible to have a heroic age without heroes? If so, it is perhaps not inappropriate to place the heroic age of the new *Nation* in the unhappy far-off times of 1918-1919, times of war and revolutionary upheaval, times when the church blessed mass slaughter and the universities scientifically taught hate, times when, in consequence, unpopular opinions often meant tar and feathers or a beating up by patriotic thugs. Now, *The Nation* had always held unpopular opinions, and held them proudly—defiantly, if need be—from those very earliest times when Mr. Godkin was fighting a brave battle for free trade and civil-service reform among a people besotted with protective plunder and the spoils of office. But *The Nation's* opinions had never been more unpopular than in those days when it stood for a just peace of reconciliation while all about it surged the roaring flood of public passion hell-bent on victory alone, stood for truth amid the raging storm of lies religiously whipped up by every possible agency of public and private mendacity, stood for tolerance and fair play amid a mob who called tolerance treason and labeled fair play pro-bolshevism. It is not that *The Nation* was always right, though I think that its major positions have already been vindicated. It is not that we possessed any monopoly of righteous emotions, though I can say with all honesty that we fought the best fight we knew how for all the truth we could find, and fought it, too, without rancor against a host of enemies who would have crushed us without compunction had they been able. But the days demanded, above all, courage in the servants of unpopular truth, and though they might call us slackers, no honest man ever dared call us cowards.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Perhaps the hardest thing was to follow your own judgment and convictions against the judgment of men whose thought you respected almost more than your own—and particularly when no one could certainly tell what was right, and when every government in the war was using its unrestrained power to make you believe lies, to the supreme end of victory. You wondered, is the whole world wrong, or am I? For comfort and assurance you sometimes sought the company of the little group of like-minded doubters.

It was in January, 1918, just as the old bonds were breaking, that I came to *The Nation*, came without the slightest experience in such editorial work. Four weeks later, with rare daring, trusting my cheerful assurance that I couldn't wreck *The Nation* in a month, the editor de-

parted on a thirty-day speaking trip through the West, leaving the paper to my tender mercies—and God took care of us. The anxious months of the spring and early summer wore on, while the military situation grew more tense. Every mail brought us batches of cancelations from grieved and scandalized oldest subscribers. We pushed ahead, and our issue for July 6 announced the entire separation of *The Nation* from the New York *Evening Post*. We had cut loose from the last of the old moorings. Thenceforth we must sink or swim alone—and the morning mail always made it look extraordinarily like sinking.

Then Mr. Burleson came to our aid. We irreverently referred to the late Mr. Gompers, who was touring Europe with the blessing of our government, as a bagman of the war. A vigilant and stupid censor pounced down on us and held up our issue for five days, till the President himself, according to report, freed it—but not till after the editor had shown fight. Our attempted suppression marked the nadir of liberty of the press. Meanwhile the news reports of our fight had advertised *The Nation* all over the country, and our circulation began to climb. *The Nation* had suddenly ceased to be what our London correspondent once described with entire accuracy, but with unconscious humor, as "a periodical that lies on the table in college libraries."

Another month, and we started the International Relations Section, under the greatest difficulties, and in the face of a universal government conspiracy of silence. Friends who for twenty years had deserved well of every good cause made it financially possible, and we began publishing foreign documents that could be had nowhere else in the United States, though we had no extraordinary facilities for getting them. We fed real foreign news to a public hungry for facts, for years systematically starved of such facts by government censorship. Thenceforth even our enemies—and under our wholly independent auspices, with the flag of peace and reconciliation nailed to our masthead, they multiplied like flies in summer—even those who hated us worst had to come to us for facts at a time when facts were most unwelcome to those in authority. The circulation manager began to smile, but all the while the deficit mounted threateningly.

The armistice and the departure of the editor for the peace conference only brought fresh difficulties in the office. The utter disorganization of mails, interrupted cable communication, and censorship, together with the multiplicity of immediate and insoluble world problems for which we had to furnish a final solution every Thursday morning—and a solution, too, that would not do violence to the deepest convictions of an absent and inaccessible editor, to say nothing of our own—made those months a time when we in the office occasionally thought that the best thing would be to go away and study astronomy. Sometimes devoted readers (of the newer type) tell me of the help they got from our consistent policy in those days. I recall the uncertainties and disagreements in our editorial council at 20 Vesey Street, the blundering gropings after truth—and I remember with gratitude that God looks after fools and children and the United States.

One cold December afternoon a Russian business man turned up at the office. How much would we give him for a book of laws and decrees of the Soviet Government? Not so much as he thought them worth. How had he got them past our sleepless censor? By tearing the book into separate leaves and crumpling them up as packing for his baggage on his recent journey from Vladivostok. Might we have the documents competently examined? Yes, he thought we might.

Next day Providence again helped us. A patriarchal-looking man, a translator in the Library of Congress, in New York for a few days, dropped in to urge us to publish in the International Relations Section translations of Russian documents that were being received by the library. We showed him our mysterious book of laws. Oh, yes; the library had all those, and more too. Thereafter our first visitor held his book at lower price. We printed a collection of the decrees in our issue of December 28, 1918, and followed them with Russia's new constitution on January 4, 1919. For February 1 we had to print just double the number of copies that we issued on January 4. We began to see *The Nation* as a rival of the *Saturday Evening Post*, but we soon learned wisdom, though not without cost to our absent editor and proprietor, who paid the bills.

It was an exciting winter, and I suppose that nobody enjoyed that dark period more heartily than we did, as we hammered away week by week at the iniquity that was being shaped in Paris, and as we dragged to light carefully hidden facts that we dug up from every out-of-the-way corner of the world. The editor's letters gave the country some of its earliest real information concerning revolutionary Germany. We saw armed intervention in Mexico impending. A bold editorial, to our great delight, brought a counter-blast from the oil men, against whom we had made no charges, provided us with a fresh crop of enemies, and incidentally brought us a visit from a delightful lady who had just been touring Mexico (in the pay of those same enemies) and who was eager to enlighten our darkness. We lambasted the inanities of the Overman Committee broadcasting drivel about Russia, and we poked fun at the incredible Archie Stevenson, who counted that day lost in which he had not discovered a new mare's nest. We kept busy, we told the truth, so far as we could discover it, no matter whom it hit, and we said what we thought about things at a time when most periodicals had made themselves into mere government megaphones. And if the common people did not hear us gladly, at least the uncommon ones did.

At last the peace conference was over, and President Wilson brought home the treaty. Our editor, too, returned, and we took up with even greater vigor the fight against the iniquitous and foolish pact of Versailles, not with the slightest hope, at first, that its ratification could be prevented, but simply with the idea that it was our task to fight international wrong-doing. For once we were on the winning side. It is only fair to say, I think, that we helped make it the winning side.

The currents of popular hatred, so sedulously stirred up, and so skilfully directed against the Germans, were then turned with amazing swiftness against the economic and social "radicals." We had the witch-burning mania of the Lusk Committee, and the anti-Red propaganda that wrecked the steel strike. We had the government breaking its pledged word in order to break the coal strike, and we had business coming back into its own, determined to teach labor a lesson after the war debauch. *The Nation*, as usual, found itself on the unpopular side, defending the constitutional rights of "Wobblies" and "Wops," of political prisoners, of browbeaten strikers, of helpless aliens. And, as

usual, it was cursed for advocating doctrines that it never espoused, but whose utterance it rightly held to be lawful.

The revolutionary unrest that ran through all Europe in 1919 was not without its feeble stirrings here. The sober and godly, believing still in force, sat grimly behind their riot guns, terrified yet determined. *The Nation* greeted the movement with sober joy, not as the precursor of violent change but, too hopefully perhaps, as the assertion by common men of a well-justified claim to a fuller life. We hoped too much, but it was a generous and noble hope, and, by contrast with the selfish craven fear that drove on many of the masters of our industrial life, it appears only the finer. As I turn again the pages we wrote in those days, I see nothing for which we need apologize; only I see occasion for regret that the common man, and the uncommon one too, were not able to live up to what we hoped of them. It is an old story, and because humanity goes on hoping, it goes on forward.

Yes, they were great days, and *The Nation*, boldly facing the new day with a new policy and outlook, lived up to its traditions. We who had a chance to help make it what it was in those days were grateful because we could speak truth as we saw it in a world where few had such freedom. Whatever our mistakes, they were not those of cowardice, pusillanimity, or voluntary ignorance. And at a time when everyone was unhappy because he was compromising with evil and falsehood, we were happy because we were fighting as best we knew how for truth without evasion. It was a great fight. It is good to have had part in it.

Books and *The Nation*

By CARL VAN DOREN

WHILE I cannot claim to be one of those oldest subscribers who are the backbone and the terror of any magazine, I have been a reader of *The Nation* for precisely one-third of its existence and one-half of my own. Moreover, I was its literary editor for three exciting years, and for three more have been associated with it, particularly with its literary department, on terms which have made me feel as close as a brother, if not, at times, even closer. And when I remember the hours I have spent scouring its files for material on the history of American literature, I do not hesitate to claim for myself some degree of familiarity with its critical career. These facts I state, with proper modesty, as my excuse for the superlative upon which I hereby venture. That superlative is: *The Nation* has set itself, and has held to, a higher standard of book reviewing than any other American or British review has ever done over a period of sixty years.

CARL VAN DOREN

The anonymity of its reviews during the early days hid from the public the eminence of its reviewers. Among them, however, were the weightiest scholars of the universities, particularly of Harvard, whom Godkin enlisted in his new venture. Howells, back from his Italian consulship, and Henry James, still see-sawing between two continents, lent their delicate pens at the outset. In time came William James, learned and audacious, and the three Adams brothers, who were as learned as anybody and so audacious that they set the fathers of the republic revolving in their austere tombs. The list of all the writers who reviewed books for *The Nation* in its first quarter century would amount virtually to a list of all the critical writers who adorned the last quarter century of America's silver age of literature, from the close of the Civil War to the more disturbed and argumentative nineties. If the next generation was perhaps less eminent, it was not less expert. The nature of the change is to be found in the fact that American literature had arrived at a point where a division of labor had become necessary. Poets like Longfellow and Lowell could no longer be expected to carry the added burden of criticism which those men carried. Some created, and some criticized; few did both. The natural tendency for *The Nation*, with its tradition of expertness, was to become more and more interested in critical and learned books, and to grow more and more minute in its discussions.

This tendency was interrupted by the break in 1918, which reconcentrated the attention of the paper upon international chicanery and upon the danger to civil liberties of unrestrained majorities, which turned its attention to phases of economic exploitation not hitherto regarded as so important. With the break went a large increase in circulation, among readers, furthermore, who were notably concerned in the creative and speculative aspects of current literature, rather than with the erudite and technical. The literary department of *The Nation*, not so quick to respond to the change as its political columns, nevertheless gradually did respond. It had the tact to see that its task was not to become less expert but to carry its old expertness into wider fields. For the past half dozen years it has gone on the assumption that, though it might not be called upon to examine every treatise or encyclopedia, it was called upon to examine every outstanding novel or play or book

of poems or philosophy or religion or political planning or economic reconstruction with the same precision which it would formerly have used with a treatise or an encyclopedia. That the department has always been correct in its opinions under the new regime no one associated with it would think of contending. Vigor, of course, not correctness, is the mark of good critical, as it is the mark of good creative, writing. And *The Nation* has been almost uniformly vigorous. Mere noisiness, indeed, it has eschewed, as it has eschewed the easy triumphs of singularity. It has preferred, instead, the weight of criticism which comes from the marriage of only two qualities: knowledge and reason. Though the reviewers make little parade of learning, they are as a rule actually learned, rarely surprised into thinking an idea novel to the world merely because it is novel to them, and unlikely to touch a book upon any topic concerning which they have not already read many books. With this initial advantage, they combine the further advantage of exact analysis which they owe not only to their own habits but to the freedom of statement which *The Nation* permits them. The combination wants nothing further to make it ideal except an edged and rapid style. This the literary department has at least regularly sought for, and often found.

Though I say this of the department as lately administered, I could as well be saying it about the department from the first, so far as its methods go. The distinction often drawn between the "new" *Nation* and the "old" *Nation* seems to me somewhat meaningless. There is, for example, the remark sometimes made that the paper under Godkin had an array of contributors not to be matched by any similar array since 1918. This, I believe, is an illusion of time. When Howells came upon the staff he was an obscure young man, as was Henry James in those years. Their fame rose later. If I were a prophet, I should be willing to prophesy that in 1985 the list of *Nation* reviewers between 1918 and 1925 will look as distinguished as the list between 1865 and 1872 or any other septennium in its record. I would go further and say that this later list promises to have a livelier look than the old list. To mention only one reviewer and one review, I doubt that any critic has ever written more dashingly for the literary department than Preserved Smith or that any discussion of a book has been more searching and yet readable than that devoted in 1920 to Wells's "Outline of History." And in general, it seems clear to me that the group of writers who have lately commented upon literary matters for *The Nation*, though some of them are as obscure as Howells was in 1866, are certain to emerge a long way from obscurity as they grow older.

These same writers have written also for other critical journals. *The Nation* has to sustain an amount of rivalry today which it did not have even to dream of sixty years ago, for the republic of letters is more populous, more varied, and more active than it then was in the United States. No review can now claim unchallenged priority. One is more bulky and timely, perhaps, than the others; one more diversified in the range of books it notices; one more generous in the space it allots to individual books; one more personal and assertive; one more nearly the organ of some special coterie. Though I cannot, writing in *The Nation*, quite decently discuss this rivalry in detail, I can at least say that on those occasions when I have seen a single reviewer notice a book for *The Nation* and for some other review as well, I have almost invariably found that his best work did not go elsewhere. Often given less space in *The Nation*, he would generally say more. He would be more evidently on guard against lax assertions. He would be customarily more thoroughgoing and outspoken.

I admit that I here hint at what may be called *Nation* virtues, and I know that there are other softer, sweeter, kinder, more optimistic virtues. Indeed, throughout the paper's history it has had the reputation of being exacting if not cantankerous. Roosevelt, for example, hated it for its drastic assaults upon such ways of compromise as he liked to practice under cover of a tumult in behalf of righteousness. Nor have *The Nation's* opponents generally been mollified by realizing in the end that it and not they was justified by the outcome. So in the matter of book-reviewing, it must often have irritated many persons to see that *The Nation* refused to take certain windy reputations seriously and that it insisted upon praising certain authors whom the public overlooked. But it has held emphatically to its principles of rigor. Even where it was plainly in the wrong, as in its reviews of the first part of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" and of Theodore Dreiser's earlier books, it has at least made its stand in a fashion to be respected if not approved. Its faults have been almost always the defect of its virtues.

This, perhaps, is as much as may be asked of any critic or critical organ. Criticism is a trying art. All around it flows the stream of creation. It is a violent, incalculable stream, coming from a head no one has discovered and moving toward a level about which no one can be sure. Often it is but partly intelligible. It leaves few permanent traces, cuts many new banks, now lags and now rushes, deposits strange sediments, sweeps away ancient landmarks. The critic, though he thinks he is fixed upon some rock in midchannel, may find out that he is suddenly adrift in a spinning boat or that he has been left stranded unaware. He can trust to no provisions for his adventure besides such knowledge as he has been able to obtain from a study of the past behavior of the torrent. He can trust to no method for his art except the method of reason. His temptation is either to drift complacently or else to deny that there is any current. Both temptations are fatal. To be a critic at all, he must work with the tools he has, no matter what the rest of the world may think of his performance. This *The Nation*, it seems to me, has done. If it has resisted more than it has flattered, that is what knowledge and reason always combine to do. And for sixty years books at large have fared better from *The Nation* than they could have fared from a merely amiable review.

Dusk

By S. FOSTER DAMON

Through the dull dusk my loved one stole
Into the graveyard. Tenderly
She bent, searching knoll and knoll;
But each time the crumbling soul
Answered: "I am not he."

She found the grave she sought for soon—
My grave—but silent was my voice.
An hour then under the sickle moon
She sang tune after familiar tune,
Hoping I might rejoice.

"Just a Few Words"

For *The Nation's* Sixtieth Birthday

London, May 7

DEAR VILLARD: I cannot say how many happy returns —returns in every sense, except copies sent back—I wish yourself and your paper. Sixty! Believe me that is a fine age; and to have kept a reputation all those years! I too am sixty, and over. But I am as fresh as a lark or your paper. You never know what may happen to you at sixty. The other day Captain Amundsen urged me to fly with him to the North Pole. I replied I was too young to begin Arctic exploration yet, but would consider it when I came to maturity. Except for its wisdom and knowledge, your paper is very much like me. In its love of freedom and its moderation, exactly like.

By Bertrand Zadig

HENRY W. NEVINSON

I suppose that is why I have taken it so long, and have always been so delighted when you have asked me to write for you. But let me tell you what I do in the way of reading and writing now —in journalism, I mean. Every morning at 7:30 an invisible hand pushes the *Times* and the *Daily Herald* through my letter-box. I take the *Times* because it is such a decent old institution, and has returned to the paths of virtue since Lord Northcliffe's death. You lively Americans may call it dull, but oh, it is so deserving! Everyone who follows "The Public Life," on which my old friend J. Alfred Spender has just published so excellent a book, must of necessity read the *Times*. On the whole it has the best foreign correspondence all over the world, and long experience has taught me how difficult is a foreign correspondent's work. It is never finished. Morning, noon, and night the wretched man is kept continually on the strain of anxiety. Suppose he is in the Balkans. Hardly has he sent off his last wire and settled down in bed when there is a revolution, or a cathedral is blown up with a disturbing bang, or the telephone summons him to the Prime Minister, or a messenger crashes at his door with a telegram from his editor in London demanding details of the fighting, which has not yet begun. I have suffered all that. I know the lot of a foreign correspondent, how restless it is. Yet the foreign news in the *Times* is nearly always good, except perhaps when the correspondent is excluded from the country he has to tell about, as now from Russia.

And then the "leaders"—as a rule how sensible they are! Of course I hardly ever agree with them, but that does not matter. I recognize their general good sense and fairness. Reading them is like talking to a worthy old gentleman in one of our most comfortable clubs—not a sporting or literary club, but one like the Carlton or Reform or Devonshire. It gives you the opinion of the solid, well-dressed, kindly old boy, who knows nothing about the "lower classes," but would like to see them doing the necessary work of the country under happy and contented conditions. And then those "middles"—those nice little essays that go in as the third or fourth "leader" every morning, new as the love of God! How sweet and gentle they are! With what a sense of style and literature they pervade the day! But I never read them.

Besides, I always like to hear what dear old Walkley (A. B. W.) has to say about the drama, for his quotations from Aristotle and Molière remind me of my happy boyhood. And he gives me a sense of permanence, for he was writing just the same thirty years ago. And, again, in the *Times* one finds such excellent letters on vital and diverse subjects, such as plovers' eggs, Anglo-Catholicism, rating, Kenya Colony, women's stockings, the Gold Standard, or the first cuckoo heard in Surrey. How could one live without that fine confused feeding for the mind? And occasionally, following the "leaders," comes some special article written with such knowledge and freedom that one is astonished at the editor's boldness in inserting it. Such was the article last Monday upon Huxley and his centenary. I read and read, expecting some qualification of the praise, some admission that the great biologist had been mistaken in his assaults upon orthodoxy, but none came. The article was of a piece throughout, and I remember the time when it would have wrecked any British paper.

But also, as I said, the invisible hand thrusts the *Daily Herald* into my letter-box, folded up in the *Times*, like a child's powder in jam. I look at the *Herald* because I belong to the Labor Party, and the *Herald* is its organ. It shows the general tendency of Labor desires and Labor criticisms. Sometimes it has a good article from a Labor leader, and the comic or satiric verses by that woman, "Tom Fool," nearly always hit the mark. Its sporting news is thought fairly good too, though I did once go to the Derby with its racing expert and two women who by following the expert's counsel lost all the money they put on. But somehow the paper is not the success it ought to be. I admit all the difficulties in the way of any Labor paper—the want of good advertisements, the consequent shabbiness in appearance, the general seriousness that rather

frightens the working man, and the persistent note of complaint, always so wearisome in man, woman, child, or paper. I see the difficulties, but I do wish the *Herald* had greater influence; for in fact it has little.

About an hour after the arrival of the *Times* and its antidote, a cycle draws up at my front gate (don't think me purse-proud, but I have a back gate too, though it is never used except by the dustman), and, dismounting the cycle, a boy inserts a copy of the *Manchester Guardian*. It has reached London by the night train from Manchester, with about 20,000 other copies, I believe, but I do not suppose the boy is aware that in the sack slung on his back he carries the greatest daily paper in the world. You will think that vain boasting, because I have done such a lot of work for the paper in various parts of the world, including your own peculiar country. But I am too old for vanity and as to boasting, let others speak. Two nights ago, at the dinner of the Newspaper Society in London, our present Prime Minister, a fair-minded man and yet a Tory, quoted the following words as his ideal of the highest journalism:

> Fundamentally the conduct of a newspaper implies honesty, cleanness, courage, fairness, the sense of duty to the reader and the community. The newspaper's primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. Propaganda, so called, by this means is hateful. The voice of opponents, no less than that of friends, has a right to be heard. Comment also is justly subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank. It is even better to be fair.

After quoting that passage, Mr. Baldwin continued:

> Those are noble words, and it is counsel possibly of perfection, but in that is the ideal of the highest type of English journalism, which is the highest type in the world, and they are the words of Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Well indeed does C. P. Scott deserve that high praise, all the more remarkable in coming from the leader of his political opponents. I think Massingham was the greatest editor I have ever worked under—so impulsive, passionate, courageous, and yet at heart so fair, so placable when justice was at last accomplished. But in Scott I do recognize a solid dignity and a confidence in righteousness which were sometimes obscured by Massingham's passionate detestation of wrong. And what a paper the *"M. G."* always has been and steadily continues! How full of quiet wisdom! How accurately written! Abounding in what variety and charm! And on two pages at least illustrated with reproductions that are the astonishment of all the picture papers in London. The only fault of Scott is that he is old. I believe he still cycles the three miles from his house to the office every day, edits the paper, writes a leader, and cycles back at night. It is magnificent, but he cannot choose but be old. I fear he is some ten years older even than myself.

Then again, on Friday morning, wrapt up with the *Times* and the *Herald*, comes the *New Leader*, best of the Labor weeklies, edited by my friend Brailsford, my doughty comrade in so many embattled fields both of war and politics. All the world knows the man's courage and pertinacity; not so many know, as I know, his extreme sensitiveness, his wide knowledge of music and art, his love of the best literature, and his acute perception of beauty in every form. In old days he foretold that neither of us would ever be an editor, chiefly owing to our reputation for violence—so false a reputation in my case, but in his partly true, as is seen in his hair that always stands on end, like a Russian revolutionist's. Yet his prophecy was right in my case, but wrong in his. The *New Leader* that he has edited from its foundation is nominally the organ of the "I. L. P." (Independent Labor Party) that is supposed to be the thrusting spear-point of the Labor Party whether in office or opposition. His small staff, of which I have the honor to be one, meets every Monday for lunch in the "1917 Club," founded at the time of the first successful Russian revolution. There the members of the staff, usually including one or two "distinguished strangers," discuss the prominent subjects of the week, and as far as possible formulate a policy, the editor of course retaining supreme and final control. It is something like the old London *Nation* lunch under Massingham, or like your own lunch in the beautiful upper chamber that I remember with such pleasure. As on similar occasions, I generally sit silent, because my mind moves more slowly than others, and I usually think of my witty observations on the way home. Also the discussions are often on points of doctrine or other abstractions, which belong to a higher world than mine. For sight is my only faculty, and doctrines or abstractions sometimes pass out of sight.

Some complain that the *New Leader* is a trifle "high-browed" for the working man. I think they are wrong. Some of the articles, like Bertrand Russell's on Epstein, may have puzzled the average worker, but they were utterly incomprehensible to me also, and I think the brains of the average working man, especially in the North, are every bit as good as mine. However, perhaps for this reason, or because Brailsford's staff are not "advanced" enough for the Left Wing, dear old George Lansbury, whom I have called "The Last of the Christians," and who is the only man I can endure to call me "brother," has lately started a rival called *Lansbury's Workers' Weekly*, and it is running well on lines of sweetness, general benevolence, and all-share-alike. I suppose our party cannot have too many papers, and certainly what we want most is a first-rate Sunday paper, containing all the news and all the suitable comments—a paper that the British workman may really enjoy reading on his one leisure morning, and the British workwoman may also enjoy on her leisure afternoon when she has cooked the Sunday dinner and done the washing-up.

For Sunday, I myself always read the *Observer*, a paper that the spirit and resolution of J. L. Garvin have raised from the depths to become the finest weekly in the country. He is an extraordinary man. Have you ever trained a colt? You tie him by a long rope and let him run. He runs this way and that, dashing off in all directions, or circling round you, enough to make you dizzy. But by degrees he grows reasonable, and if you give him rope enough, instead of hanging himself, he learns to keep the road and trot or canter along quite prettily. Garvin often reminds me of such a colt. At first he doesn't care which way he goes provided he goes fast. You see it in his eye, in his talk, in the rapidity of his handwriting. Often enough he starts all wrong, but give him time and he will almost invariably come to hand and take the straight and useful course. Besides, he has a real love of the best literature, and a genuine knowledge of it, and the man who possesses those two qualities cannot go far wrong. I write as his opponent at one

time or another on nearly every political subject, but still as his friend.

Well, dear Villard, those are the British papers I read as a rule. As long as the *Westminster Gazette* was an evening paper, edited by J. A. Spender, I generally read that also, just to keep my balance trim; for I suppose Spender is the most accurately balanced man in the world. I ought to read the *Morning Post* more, for it is excellently written, it represents "Society," aristocracy, and the fastidious or educated scorners of the crowd—just the kind of people I ought to abhor most, and yet I love their charming manners and their satiric wit. Besides H. A. Gwynne, the editor, has been with me in various campaigns, and one always likes a comrade-in-arms. And then there is *Punch*. I try to see that, partly for its occasional joke, partly because Sir Owen Seaman, the editor, was at school with me, and though I am violently opposed to him on every principle, I like him for that ridiculous reason.

Of course there is the *Daily Mail*, too—the *Mail* and all its imitators, which I have neither time nor desire to see. I detest them for many reasons, but especially because they seem to me often to "color their news," in breach of the very principles laid down by C. P. Scott and Mr. Baldwin, as quoted above. The numerous picture-papers seldom concern me, for what do I care whether Countess this has twins, or Marchioness the other keeps lap-dogs, or Lady the third wears a divided skirt when she goes in pursuit of a wretched little fox with thirty or forty large dogs? After all these things do snobs and the vulgar seek, and I admit that snobs and the vulgar are numerous enough to make silliness pay. But, as Virgil said to Dante, let us look and pass. Or rather let us pass without looking.

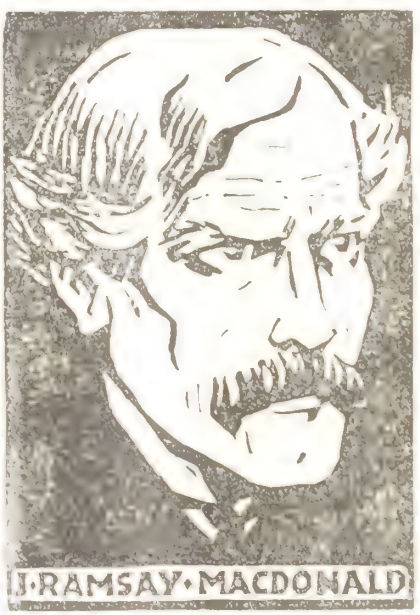
And lastly, dear Villard, there is one other paper that I read every week. It arrives usually on Saturday night, and I spread it over two or three days according to the pressure of my own work that has always to be done against time. I read it to keep me in touch with your complicated but enviable country, and with the many friends whose names appear in its pages from time to time. But I read it especially to maintain the assurance that across the ocean one may find an editor and a staff who in courage, in fair treatment, in the passion for justice, and in the power of expression follow the highest traditions of noble journalism. You may guess that paper's name, for I am, dear Villard, your grateful friend,

HENRY W. NEVINSON

The Only Road to Peace

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

I OFFER my heartiest congratulations to *The Nation* and hope it has many years of life to give to the service of America and democracy. A journal of intellectual distinction that is both fearless and independent is a precious possession for a nation to have. In these days the press tends to become more and more the property of rich men who use it to advance their own whims and foibles, or to give them the substance of power greater than that of governments and institutions, and so to control the policy of nations as they do menus for their dinners. The call of great causes is thus drowned in the shrieks of fussy stunts, and fever and falsehood take the place of reason and reflection. In these days of adult suffrage, the danger of states does not lie in the ignorance of the neglected masses (always rather a class delusion) but in the gullibility of the semi-educated grades of the middle classes —the people who think that they are somebody. In that broad untilled soil grow the noxious weeds of timorous reaction that shiver and sway in every puff of wind.



The work of *The Nation* has always been to reclaim that soil, and like every doughty cultivator you have been covered with the burrs that grow thick on the weedy land.

I take no sides in your policies. I welcome courage and distinction to whatever party or cause they profess allegiance. I have valued in particular your international spirit expressed from the American standpoint. America is like a city that has stood alone for generations but up to the borders of which, in the due course of time, neighboring cities have grown so that it can no longer remain apart. It will never enter into alliances and get mixed up with other people's affairs, but the world needs its influence and it cannot neglect the world. Its capital has become international; it will seek security and markets; it will more and more look for a world stability in its own interest if for no other reason. Wise is the state, however, which devises a policy in accordance with its sense of justice and of right; and does not content itself with following capitalist adventures or have responsibilities thrust upon it from which it can have no honors and no respect. The British statesman who is to guide his country through the difficulties of the coming generation will have to possess a mind very clear upon this and it is not only British statesmen that are to be so placed.

This moment is unique in its opportunities. Europe has not yet emerged from the war nor will it do so for years. Poverty and unsettlement is the lot of every community—victorious or vanquished—after a war. At the time when I write the docile conservative press in this country is heralding as a piece of statesmanship an agreement which it is alleged has been reached by which we are to help France with armed force if its Rhine frontiers are challenged and with diplomatic backing if the boundaries on the east fixed by the Treaty of Versailles come to be disputed, as inevitably they must be. If this report is true, all that it does is to expose the perilous condition of Europe and the utter hopelessness of its existing state of mind. We have had

our chance to remove the causes of war; we are only taking steps to secure victory when the next war breaks out. Admittedly to all the world, the last war settled nothing, removed no menaces; apparently it only multiplied dangers to be provided against. None of the explosions of the last war have been powerful enough to blow governments out of the old deep militarist ruts, and we are back to 1900 or 1906, consulting the same oracles, resorting to the same remedies, and provoking the same fate. Apparently at Geneva in September the voice of peace will be stilled, and the world will go forth for alliances and armaments to pander for the moment to the nerves of nations and to lead them in the end to inevitable destruction. And the worst of it is that the peoples that are supposed to be punished are only being hardened and tempered on the anvil. We are not beating the life out of them, we are beating the steel into them. These nursery escapades get palmed off upon the world as triumphant statesmanship.

The closer one gets to the realities of government, the more one sees, I think, that the first thing which the reformer with clear conceptions of what he wishes to accomplish has to do is to strengthen the will of the nations to do what is right. A new outlook always rouses fear, and the cry of "Radical" or "Red" can always be raised to overawe our Pilates and stir up our mobs. Risks always look formidable on paper, and no journalist worth his salt can fail to stir up, for any or for no reason, agonies in the breast of his readers. In the taking of risks there is always an alternative—but that is all. No policy which really attacks dangers can be without risks. The only question which intelligent people are asked to answer is: "Which body of risk are we to take?" The question before Europe now is: "Are you going to take the risk of military alliances to defend certain points—for instance, the Rhine frontiers as defined by the Treaty of Versailles; or are you to take that of establishing a general system by which every cause of war will be the subject of arbitration or conciliation?" In view of history, the first risk, I should think, is no risk at all. It is a certainty. If this is the defense that France wants, France is doing nothing more than making its own invasion as sure as anything in this life is sure. The very best thing that happened for the peace of Europe was the refusal of America to join the pact of guaranty arranged at Versailles; the worst thing that is now happening is the revival of that pact. Good soldiers study the tactics and the strategy of battles fought long ago; accepted statesmen appear to study nothing except how to get over the problems of the moment—anyhow and irrespective of consequences. How little has really been learned from the progression of events from 1900 onwards!

For this there are several reasons. One is the myth that Germany was solely responsible for the war. This carries with it a policy regarding Germany which assumes that for the rest of time Germany can be kept in a kind of compound watched by armed warders. This notion of preposterous impossibility is at the back of much of the policy that, for the time being, dominates Europe. If all we care for is the literal fulfilment of the prayer: "Give peace in *our time*, O Lord!" that policy may just see this generation to their graves. But another and more firmly rooted reason is our psychology. Europe is still being taught to trust to arms and a diplomacy that issues from such a trust. It has the best intentions, and those who support it are not lacking in sincerity or good will. The simple fact is that Europe is only frightened enough to rush to arms and not frightened enough to rush away from them. Communities are still, strangely enough, in the cavemen state of mind when fear possesses them, and only men shivering in dark corners dreading what is to come and moved solely by emotion make military alliances and compacts to preserve themselves.

From much of this the Atlantic has preserved America, as indeed the Channel has preserved us from some of it. But as national responsibility and interest widen, and, conversely, as the world shrinks by the thousand new devices for encompassing it, and, still more, as the quickening of the moral conscience proceeds slowly, geographical situation must play a diminishing part in national policy. This century is to be a century of world policy, which will have to be developed alongside of, and consistently with, national self-determination. The state that can combine both will take the lead in the councils of the world. Such a state will for the present be guided by several broad rules:

1. It will give neither countenance nor aid to any military alliance however it is cloaked or by whatever name it is called.
2. It will give no financial or diplomatic backing to any of the militarist developments of today under the guise of providing for national security.
3. It will give what support it can to every attempt to reach general agreements to keep the peace.
4. It will allow no state to treat debts as though they were gifts, though it will help a general liquidation if it has some guaranty that economies, especially in military expenditure, will be practiced.
5. It will frown actively upon traffic in arms.
6. It will not act on the assumption that the war is still on, but will consider the state of Europe objectively; particularly it will avoid the error of assuming that military alliances of convenience indicate friendships which can be counted upon as problem after problem arises for attention. Looking deeply into this European situation, it will see that the goal to aim at is the establishment of a friendship which will reason and tolerate, rather than one of alliance against some dreaded event which is of itself not being removed.

The nation that pursues such a policy and works it out in relation to actual problems, and not merely in sentiment or on paper, is the nation that is to gain honor and authority in the world of the future.

Words to Be Flung Up a Stairway

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Never you mind about my milksop heart!
If I no more shall be the full of the door
In your high hallway, O be very sure
That I have learned at least the way to part.
Taller than ever now, and haughtier,
The arrant body smolders, magnified
And swollen by the hot internal pride,
And saying "Ha! Well done, well rid of her!"

So to the street, my body and pride and I
Stumble?—not we, but walk the paving-stones
In rage and passion, feeling in our bones,
Under their singing tension, that whereby
We live and nourish our condign estate—
Our final precious food, the marrow-fat of hate.

The Policy of France

By EDOUARD HERRIOT

WHAT is the policy of France on the morrow of the elections of our municipal councils? I am glad to explain this through *The Nation* to our friends of the United States, for, as I have often observed, peoples may admire without understanding each other. Just as Frenchmen often have a superficial and erroneous view of American politics, so our American comrades who did so much for us in the last war may be ignorant of the realities of French public life and of the public opinion of our provinces, which is often falsely reflected in the great newspapers of Paris. Yet if the world is really to have the regime of work and peace which it needs, mutual understanding is indispensable.

I am a party man. During my ten months in office I sought to realize a program upon which I was elected, but I would not be so foolish as to believe that my fall from power was more than a banal incident of politics, and I shall attempt to judge without passion—objectively, as they say—the political situation of my country.

The war clarified that political situation. In 1919, after Parliament had voted a strong electoral law which provided neither for majority vote nor for proportional representation, a group came into power which bore the name of the "Bloc National." The pre-war Republican majority suffered a harsh defeat, and the middle parties, as in various other countries, were crushed. One might give several explanations of this event; one is enough. The Socialist Party had not yet cast out the Communist elements from which it has since so brilliantly separated itself. The terror inspired by the Russian Revolution was ably exploited by the conservatives. In one way Socialism aided them. It refused any form of alliance with the Radical Party, which in France corresponds with the British Liberal Party. The coalition of the Bloc National, aided by the electoral law, easily defeated the Radicals and Socialists, who fought under separate banners. For four years this bloc held office. We owe to it the policy of M. Millerand and that of M. Poincaré, as well as the more liberal experiment of M. Briand, which was brusquely interrupted by the incidents to which the conference of Cannes gave rise.

The lesson was hard but healthy for the men of the Left, for the French Democrats. In the course of the last session of Parliament it became clear to them that French policy could not be returned to its traditional course and reestablished in its pre-war equilibrium unless the Left parties in their turn formed a coalition. That is the essential condition of success under the present electoral law. In other words, it was necessary to unite those radicals who had remained in opposition, those who had not rallied to the Bloc National (in politics as in love it is sometimes hard to await one's hour!) with the Socialists who had rid themselves of the Communists and openly broken with the Moscow International. Out of this union grew the "Cartel," which included and still includes four essential groups: the Radical Left, in which Loucheur is the most representative figure; the Radical and Radical Socialist Party, over which I have the honor of presiding; the French Socialist Party, with MM. Painlevé and Aristide Briand; and the United Socialist Party (the French Section of the Second International), led by MM. Léon Blum, Vincent Auriol, and Paul Boncour.

In the elections of May, 1924, this Cartel won a great victory; in its turn it was able to dominate the hostile Bloc National and to provide solid parliamentary majorities for the ministries which followed — provided that the doctrines of the majority were reflected in the acts of the Government. Difficulties arose only because of the contrast between a Chamber of Deputies, which resolutely faced Left, and a Senate, which was infinitely more moderate and strongly anti-Socialist. I can speak of this difference between the two houses with a certain assurance, although without rancor. For to it I owe my fall from office and my return to relative liberty.

The municipal elections of May, 1925, marked a decisive and categorical indorsement of the Cartel and of its policy. The Right cannot deny the gains of the Left Bloc. These gains were marked not only at Paris and Lyons, in our largest cities, but also in departments like the Ardennes, where the cruel memories of recent invasions might have stirred the nationalist spirit. Bordeaux fell into our hands at one blow. Marseilles, where our opponents attempted to exploit the Communist outbreaks, remained faithful. A great department like the Pas-de-Calais, where our American friends fought so heroically, turned so resolutely to the Left that there, as in the Rhone, every Senator will soon belong to the Cartel. Even the West, where the clerical propaganda had been so active and audacious, brought us unlooked-for gains.

At the same time communism fell to pieces. That confirmed an opinion which I had often expressed, that communism could not take root in our country if the Government followed a determined democratic policy, clearly pacific abroad and devoted to fiscal justice and social progress at home. All the propaganda of the great Paris papers of the Right cannot overcome this indisputable law. It is, incidentally, one of the great mistakes of foreign opinion to believe that France is truly represented in a few old newspapers, malevolent and bigoted, which weigh upon our policy like a dead body and owe their remnant of authority to the timid

A Word From Across the Rhine

Periodicals like The Nation *are the salt of journalism; their courage and enthusiasm accumulate for the rest of the press the moral capital on which it lives. The influence of* The Nation *extends far beyond America. Liberals everywhere owe it a debt. We Germans are happy to acknowledge it on* The Nation's *sixtieth birthday.*

Berlin, June 10 HARRY KESSLER

complacency of governments which fear their senile pedantries. France is not truly represented in these leaden journals. It lives in the good sense of its villages, in the generous ardor of its workers, in the enthusiasm of its republican youth, in the determination of its ex-soldiers, as devoted to peace as to the honor and security of France.

There is no possible doubt. Twice—and even more strongly in 1925 than in 1924—France has spoken for the policy of the Cartel. Until 1928, when the term of the present Parliament expires, no other policy can claim the support of the country. The only normal action for the Government of France will be that of this group.

The leaders of the opposition, beaten by the voters, may attempt to take their revenge inside Parliament. They can become strong only if the victors are weak or false to their faith. Never has France marked with more force its devotion to the Republican policy of pre-war days, appealing neither to the Right nor to the Communists. Friends of America, do not believe those who tell you that the policy of the Cartel is a step toward communism. That poor bit of polemic was reduced to nothing at the last election. It was the Republicans who defeated the Communists, and they alone.

What is, then, this policy of the Cartel, more vigorous than ever? It asks nothing that is not just. Abroad it asks peace in a world in which the security of France will be assured. We cannot permit our country to remain exposed to future offensives by her enemies of yesterday. The drama which drenched our soil in blood from 1914 to 1918 must not be repeated. We want to be able to work freely within our frontiers. We beg our American friends to understand how legitimate it is for us to speak thus and how necessary it is that we be helped to obtain this indispensable security. But if we are thus ardently patriotic it is still true that we repudiate all imperialism and even all nationalism. We were happy to sign the agreements of London. At Geneva we offered peace to all people in a voice which unfortunately was not sufficiently heeded. We protest against any idea of conquest or annexation. We demand peace through justice. We are ready upon the basis of treaties sincerely respected by both sides to resume or even to develop our relations with a democratic and pacific Germany. We follow with interest efforts like those of Fritz von Unruh. We know that the world will never have a durable peace until France and Germany have been able to reach a sincere reconciliation based on mutual respect.

We also want to see Russia reenter the concert of nations. Beware! Russia is moving forward. An industrial reawakening is making itself felt there. Her budget is being balanced, thanks to the success of monetary reform. The diverse national aspirations of the Ukrainians, of the White Russians, and of the peoples of Asia are developing, and the territory of the Union is tending to grow. Henceforth one may look forward to a possible cooperation between the nationalized industry of Russia and Chinese industry. These are developments to be watched.

At home we want financial justice, to be obtained by applying more and more precisely the fiscal system to which France, perhaps too late, has come. We want to pay our debts. But be just to us! Because of Germany's long bankruptcy poor France, already weighted down by the charges of the war which raged upon her soil, has had to pay from her own pocket the formidable sums required to rebuild her ruins. What people, I ask, has ever known such tragic obligation? So sometimes we seem to bend under the burden. I have known hard hours; my successors perhaps will pass through others. We do not ask such postponements as laziness or bad faith would seek; we ask the credit, even the long credit, which men who are zealously rebuilding a structure destroyed by the cruel will of the enemy feel they deserve. Who among those who have seen France would deny the power of her laboriousness and thrift? Does it not merit confidence in her future?

For we have other tasks, too. We must move forward and give the people who have fought and suffered with so much courage the new institutions which they deserve, develop the school system, organize social insurance, protect childhood and babyhood. If there are lazy folk among us, if the visiting foreigner is sometimes shocked by the vulgarity of certain displays of luxury, I dare plead that the true post-war France is something very different. It is a nation which has broken absolutely with the forms of the past, which would never for a single week endure a monarchist adventure or a Communist enterprise, which intends to remain in the front rank among the nations which want progress, which sets no other condition for the peace of the world than its own security, which is working, through order, toward a new set of social values.

That is the France which the policy of the Cartel represents. That is the France for which I am fighting.

Mexico Today

By PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES

THROUGHOUT its career *The Nation* has consistently battled for its conception of what was right. In the confusion of ideas that have overwhelmed our present-day world it has taken an advanced position uninfluenced by outworn tradition or intrenched interests. It has therefore come quite naturally to espouse repeatedly and courageously the cause of the weak, of the oppressed, of those whose pleas and yearnings would otherwise have gone unheard. And so, though now ripe in years, it has happily remained young in spirit.

In Mexico, the Mexico emerged from the turmoil of revolution, we are confronted with the problem of making heard and felt, and of answering, the long inaudible cry of a submerged people, a people which throughout centuries was enslaved mentally and physically, politically and economically.

In part the shackles of our people have been broken, but the devastating effect of their long serfdom is still visible on every hand. It is to the task of completely emancipating them, of making them happy, healthy, hopeful men, women, and children, citizens of the republic in the fullest sense of the word, conscious of both their rights and their duties, that the present government is dedicating its every effort.

The task is not an easy or a short one. The evils of the long past are deeply rooted in our midst. Prejudice

and hostility meet many of our efforts at every turn—opposition from those whose fundamental philosophy is incapable of admitting that every human being has, as your own Declaration of Independence one hundred and fifty years ago so well put it, an inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Nevertheless, despite all obstacles, we are progressing steadily and shall hold to our course unflinchingly. The economic condition of a great number of our people is still deplorable, but there is hope in their hearts, for they have begun to know and to feel instinctively that the way out and up for them is no longer barred. The premises of our revolution, a revolution which in varying forms has gone on for a century, of which the last decade and a half has witnessed merely a fuller manifestation, have been generally accepted. The carrying out of a definite program of material betterment remains before us.

At present Mexico, probably potentially the richest land on earth for its size, needs and welcomes the entry of foreign capital. It will fully protect all capital that is willing to obey the nation's laws. These laws are not drastic and confiscatory as some persons hostile to our purposes continue to allege. The laws do aim to make sure that the worker is not unconscionably exploited as formerly, and that he receives a just proportion of the fruits of his labor. These principles are fundamental with us and no power on earth can induce us to change or modify them. We know that these very laws, if properly applied, not only do not damage but protect capital that has the proper appreciation of its responsibilities.

It is true that in the working out of Mexico's problems instances of abuse of labor's new-found power, of failure to understand the reciprocity of service and responsibility that must exist between capital and labor, have occurred. They are deplorable, although not in any way comparable in their effect to the ruthless abuses which were the rule and not the exception of capital here in the old days. These occasional current errors are not unnatural, considering the rapidity with which our new social edifice has been erected, but they do not represent the oft-declared and demonstrated purpose of the present Mexican Government. The truth is that the Mexican worker, whatever his mistakes may have been and may be, is in an extraordinary and gratifying way rising to his new opportunities.

Today Mexico is at peace. Life is more secure than it has ever been. The violence of the struggle has passed into history. The era of reconstruction has been fairly launched. We welcome to our land of sunshine, of beauty, and of opportunity those elements from all parts of the world which can genuinely contribute to the development of our nation in consonance with the deep-seated and long-deferred aspirations of our people.

An American Views the Huns

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

THIS is not a learned article upon economic conditions in Mitteleuropa. It is the letter home of a Cook's tourist; it is an impression of Central European morale by a first-time traveler in Germany and Austria.

During the Great War I learned thoroughly at the skilled hands of Mr. George Creel that whatever the Germans were, they were brutal. I learned that all German officials were tyrants, and that everywhere in Germany there were signs "Strengstens Verboten." It was with a certain thrill of risk that I entered Germany four months ago.

At the first station beyond Strassburg—Strassburg, that unfortunate city in which people with the names of Schwartz, August Hofburg, and Emil Botz have for all these years since Daudet recounted the tragedy of the War of 1870, longed for the return of the French—I first encountered the evil German functionary. He was a customs man. He looked as though he might have killed babies in Belgium, or have rejoiced in blowing up the "Lusitania." To my regret he was for a moment not acting properly as a German. He touched his hat, he asked me how long I was going to be in Germany, and passed all of my bags without asking me to open them. But immediately afterward I received my first authentic impression of the brutal petty official. Before I left the custom-house I had to show my ticket, and I was unable to find the ticket. There was a very dreadful man at the door. He refused to let me return to the train without seeing the ticket, and any free-born American has a right to take any train without the trifling duty of having a ticket.

SINCLAIR LEWIS
(*of Main Street*)

While I searched through my waistcoat pockets for the ticket, this dreadful functionary barked out the discomforting insults with which we are familiar in our popular fiction (meaning magazine articles) about Germany. He said that it was a warm day. He said that the cherry trees would soon be blooming. He said that it was a great shame that the gentleman could not find his ticket. He said that it was a great joke that the gentleman's friend had been able to find his ticket at once, while the gentleman himself was unable to find his. He said that the gentleman must be an American, and he himself had a cousin in Wisconsin and he wondered if the gentleman knew Wisconsin. In fact, he gave a perfect exhibition of German viciousness and when the gentleman (pro tem.) had found his ticket—having carefully placed it in his pocketbook in order that he might not lose it and, therefore, having lost it—he

said that it had been a great privilege to have discussed Wisconsin with the gentleman and he hoped the gentleman would have a joyous journey to Munich.

And so we came to Munich, and saw on the streets the grim military police who have now been forbidden by the overlords of Germany. The first time I asked a direction of one of these villainous Huns, I had a shock. Instead of saying, like any free-born American cop, "What d'yuh want, Billy?" the policeman saluted and stood at attention. Worse than that, he brought out a map and made clear the directions. By this time I realized the dangers of the military police in Germany. They were trying, by subtle propaganda, to win over the Americans.

After this early initiation into the horrors of German brutality, matters became worse and worse. In Munich I met a publisher. As a part of his propaganda he spoke English (incidently he also spoke French, Italian, and two or three other languages). He received my friend and myself with a shocking question as to what authors in America were most honestly expressing the spirit of the American people, so that he might have their books translated into German. He particularly asked me for the names of books by people who could not be suspected of German affiliations. Using the dangerous propaganda by which Germany won the war, he insisted that what they wanted today was to understand America in its vices and virtues, its strength and weakness, its pep and its beauty. After that we were invited to a party at the publishing house.

Perhaps seventy people were assembled for the party, in the drawing-room of what had probably once been the house of a Duke. They were all Germans. Therefore they were all grim and fond of baby-killing. But they disguised it in the most dismaying manner. All through the evening, people whom we had never met smiled at us and said, in uncomfortably perfect English: "Are you enjoying yourselves? Is there any one here whom you would like to meet?" It was another form of propaganda. Despite the fact that all of those tall, slim men, so much like English officers, had killed babies in Belgium and raped virtuous peasant wives in France, they pretended to be friendly to the two lone Americans. And when we gathered for supper my friend and I had six different invitations to join as many tables.

Then we met a typical Hun. He was not only a Hun but a Baron. And to be a Hun and a Baron is, of course, to be the lowest type of animal life—to be a cruel, humorless, vicious fellow. He said to us in his Hunnish manner, although in English: "What are you doing for lunch tomorrow? Will you be so good as to join my wife and myself?" And then began the downfall. And then began the confusion of a reporter who had been trained thoroughly to know that all Huns are sadists. The Baron was of an old Viennese family, and, worse than that, he was a banker. And it was he who accompanied us to Vienna, carrying out the propaganda. He pretended that many of the Germanic families are not rich now and that, whatever their social position, they prefer to go second-class rather than first.

The train to Vienna was two hours late and M. le Baron went out on the station platform to buy oranges. Worse than that, still carrying on the propaganda against the decent part of the Nordic races, he made us all play catch with the oranges in our second-class compartment. And when we had come to Vienna he further insisted on introducing us to his brothers and sisters and father.

By this time it was only with the greatest difficulty that a True American could keep up the hatred of the Middle European which befits any True American. To go to the Heuringen and to hear the yodeling—to go to the Redoutensaal and hear perfect chamber music—to go to the Hermes Villa and see the rooms of the ex-Emperor—to drive through the lovely hills—and most particularly, to meet peasants on the road at sunset and to have them cry "Grüss Gott" as though they meant it—these things made it difficult to keep up a respectable hatred for the Hun.

But perhaps worse than any of these shocks was the attitude of the waiters in all of the hotels and all of the restaurants. It was an unfortunate fact that 97 per cent of them spoke English. It is a still more unfortunate fact that they recognized one as an American and, without being intrusive, tried to give their greetings. It is an unfortunate fact also that they insisted that, whatever their opinion of France, they loved England and America and wanted to join with them in a firm alliance.

In fact, the whole trip through Germany was thoroughly discouraging.

Now may I give my greetings to *The Nation* on its sixtieth birthday?

One of the most agreeable spots in America is the Adlon Bar in Berlin—not Berlin, Kentucky, or Berlin, New Jersey, but Berlin, Germany. To the Yankee tourist who is enjoying his adventure yet who is never quite content without having a hint as to what is happening in America, there is no more perfect scene for news. The first time I ventured into that bar—in search of Coca Cola—I found a group of six American newspaper men gathered before the bar—also drinking Coca Cola. I suggested mildly that I was a newspaper man myself and I was welcomed. We discussed at some length the question as to whether Spike Hunt or Billy Hard was the most popular newspaper man in the world; we shook for drinks; we gave our views on William Jennings Bryan. This, however, was merely the pleasant greeting of the international tramps. The real moment came when one of the men at the bar suggested: "Have you seen *The Nation* for the last few weeks—I happen to have all the latest arrivals in my pocket."

Then I realized that the thing for which I was most hungry in my wandering through Austria and Germany was a glimpse of *The Nation*.

I do not approve of *The Nation*. I am a safe, sane, conservative citizen of the United States. I must be, because I am a best seller. Therefore, I insist that in writing for the Sixtieth Anniversary of *The Nation* I am doing so under protest, merely because I like to read the darned sheet. I find that it gives the other side of all the affairs which are so confidently and so inaccurately reported in all of the really respectable periodicals.

In fact, to paraphrase that greatest of poems, Tobacco is a Filthy Weed, may I wind up by saying:

The Nation is a yellow scold.
I like it.
It's subsidized by German* gold.
I like it.
It makes you hot, it makes you sore,
It's either silly or a bore;
It's all the things I most abhor—
I like it.

* Also Bolshevik, Irish, and probably Haitian Gold.

In Tennessee

By H. L. MENCKEN

ALWAYS, in this great republic, controversies depart swiftly from their original terms and plunge into irrelevancies and false pretenses. The case of prohibition is salient. Who recalls the optimistic days before the Eighteenth Amendment, and the lofty prognostications of the dry mullahs, clerical and lay? Prohibition, we were told, would empty the jails, reduce the tax rate, abolish poverty, and put an end to political corruption. Today even the Prohibitionists know better, and so they begin to grow discreetly silent upon the matter. Instead, they come forward with an entirely new Holy Cause. What began as a campaign for a Babbitt's Utopia becomes transformed into a mystical campaign for Law Enforcement. Prohibition is a grotesque failure, but the fight must go on. A transcendental motive takes the place of a practical motive. One categorical imperative goes out and another comes in.

H. L. MENCKEN

So, now, in Tennessee, where a rural pedagogue stands arraigned before his peers for violating the school law. At bottom, a quite simple business. The hinds of the State, desiring to prepare their young for life there, set up public schools. To man those schools they employ pedagogues. To guide those pedagogues they lay down rules prescribing what is to be taught and what is not to be taught. Why not, indeed? How could it be otherwise? Precisely the same custom prevails everywhere else in the world, wherever there are schools at all. Behind every school ever heard of there is a definite concept of its purpose—of the sort of equipment it is to give to its pupils. It cannot conceivably teach everything; it must confine itself by sheer necessity to teaching what will be of the greatest utility, cultural or practical, to the youth actually in hand. Well, what could be of greater utility to the son of a Tennessee mountaineer than an education making him a good Tennesseean, content with his father, at peace with his neighbors, dutiful to the local religion, and docile under the local mores?

That is all the Tennessee anti-evolution law seeks to accomplish. It differs from other regulations of the same sort only to the extent that Tennessee differs from the rest of the world. The State, to a degree that should be gratifying, has escaped the national standardization. Its people show a character that is immensely different from the character of, say, New Yorkers or Californians. They retain, among other things, the anthropomorphic religion of an elder day. They do not profess it; they actually believe in it. The Old Testament, to them, is not a mere sacerdotal whizz-bang, to be read for its pornography; it is an authoritative history, and the transactions recorded in it are as true as the story of Barbara Frietchie, or that of Washington and the cherry tree, or that of the late Woodrow's struggle to keep us out of the war. So crediting the sacred narrative, they desire that it be taught to their children, and any doctrine that makes game of it is immensely offensive to them. When such a doctrine, despite their protests, is actually taught, they proceed to put it down by force.

Is that procedure singular? I don't think it is. It is adopted everywhere, the instant the prevailing notions, whether real or false, are challenged. Suppose a school teacher in New York began entertaining his pupils with the case against the Jews, or against the Pope. Suppose a teacher in Vermont essayed to argue that the late Confederate States were right, as thousands of perfectly sane and intelligent persons believe—that Lee was a defender of the Constitution and Grant a traitor to it. Suppose a teacher in Kansas taught that prohibition was evil, or a teacher in New Jersey that it was virtuous. But I need not pile up suppositions. The evidence of what happens to such a contumacious teacher was spread before us copiously during the late uproar about Bolsheviks. And it was not in rural Tennessee but in the great cultural centers which now laugh at Tennessee that punishments came most swiftly, and were most barbarous. It was not Dayton but New York City that cashiered teachers for protesting against the obvious lies of the State Department.

Yet now we are asked to believe that some mysterious and vastly important principle is at stake at Dayton—that the conviction of Professor Scopes will strike a deadly blow at enlightenment and bring down freedom to sorrow and shame. Tell it to the marines! No principle is at stake at Dayton save the principle that school teachers, like plumbers, should stick to the job that is set before them, and not go roving about the house, breaking windows, raiding the cellar, and demoralizing the children. The issue of free speech is quite irrelevant. When a pedagogue takes his oath of office, he renounces his right to free speech quite as certainly as a bishop does, or a colonel in the army, or an editorial writer on a newspaper. He becomes a paid propagandist of certain definite doctrines and attitudes, mainly determined specifically and in advance, and every time he departs from them deliberately he deliberately swindles his employers.

What ails Mr. Scopes, and many like him, is that they have been filled with subversive ideas by specialists in human liberty, of whom I have the honor to be one. Such specialists, confronted by the New York cases, saw a chance to make political capital out of them, and did so with great effect. I was certainly not backward in that enterprise.

The liars of the State Department were fair game, and any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. Even a pedagogue, seized firmly by the legs, makes an effective shillelagh. (I have used, in my time, yet worse: a congressman, a psychiatrist, a birth controller to maul an archbishop.) Unluckily, some of the pedagogues mistook the purpose of the operation. They came out of it full of a delusion that they were apostles of liberty, of the search for knowledge, of enlightenment. They have been worrying and exasperating their employers ever since.

I believe it must be plain that they are wrong, and that their employers, by a necessary inference, are right. A pedagogue, properly so called—and a high-school teacher in a country town is properly so called—is surely not a searcher for knowledge. His job in the world is simply to pass on what has been chosen and approved by his superiors. In the whole history of the world no such pedagogue has ever actually increased the sum of human knowledge. His training unfits him for it; moreover, he would not be a pedagogue if he had either the taste or the capacity for it. He is a workingman, not a thinker. When he speaks, his employers speak. What he says has behind it all the authority of the community. If he would be true to his oath he must be very careful to say nothing that is in violation of the communal mores, the communal magic, the communal notion of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

Here, I repeat, I speak of the pedagogue, and use the word in its strict sense—that is, I speak of the fellow whose sole job is teaching. Men of great learning, men who genuinely know something, men who have augmented the store of human knowledge—such men, in their leisure, may also teach. The master may take an apprentice. But he does not seek apprentices in the hill towns of Tennessee, or even on the East Side of New York. He does not waste himself upon children whose fate it will be, when they grow up, to become Rotarians or Methodist deacons, bootleggers or moonshiners. He looks for his apprentices in the minority that has somehow escaped that fate—that has, by some act of God, survived the dreadful ministrations of school-teachers. To this minority he may submit his doubts as well as his certainties. He may present what is dubious and of evil report along with what is official, and hence good. He may be wholly himself. Liberty of teaching begins where teaching ends.

The United States and the Artist

By ZONA GALE

ONE'S first light thought was: "What United States? New York—or the Middle West—or Pasadena?" It must be difficult for an artist to function in New York, with so few hours and so much food; and still more difficult in California, with all the scenery and the leisure. If I were an artist in the United States, I should work in the Middle West, with dashes to New York for brief vacations (not for stimulus) and with occasional golden dragging days across the desert, to establish a relationship with actual space. And when I came home again, from either direction, my town would say: "I suppose you go away to get points, and come back and write them up?"

It should be a small Western town, with a lawn running down to a river, a river intent not to say distrait. On the other shore there should be only green, with a far brow of hills. At noon one could go out and lie in the sun, and stay there through the whole afternoon. If winter came, the lawn and the farther shore would be white, and the whiteness would not darken; and one's window would have a long chair and a primrose.

Nothing would happen. Morning would be four hours long, sunny or in the ancient expressionism of cloudy light. A squirrel, the Westminster clock, a chickadee or a grosbeak, and the wheels or the runners under a passing load of straw would offer the principal sounds. Afternoon would end when it chose, in a walk across the river, the levee and the open fields being not a ten minute distance, the white or the green intimately at hand. The evening would be for reading or for writing or for friends. All the days would be the same. One wouldn't be invited to lunch because one doesn't play bridge. One wouldn't be invited to dinner because one isn't married. One's evening would be intact because one doesn't dance. But an intimate touch with the town would be held in other ways—by school, park, library, and many a hearth. Above all, by children.

ZONA GALE

Can an artist exist and function freely in the United States? I think that he can do so if he knows where and how.

Unless he falls upon a place or a period of cliques, extolling new conformities and their resulting classification, the artist leads among men the loneliest life of them all. This he must do, because his work is as solitary as being born—more so, when you come to think of it. And it is true that in whatever country he works, even in one long ridden by prejudice and standardization, his four walls and his tools are all that he needs—during his actual hours of creation; and that in the ripest nation as in the most callow, while he is at work, the artist is independent of the state. But it is when he emerges from that room and becomes again a social being that he sighs to think—if he does—of the disabilities of his country as a garden for his growth. It is then that he fears its effect—if he does fear—upon his exalted hours of creation.

A former sigh for the lack of adequate criticism he need no longer breathe. Synthetic criticism arrived among us abruptly. The last ten years, having seen the rise of the

liberal weeklies and reviews, have welcomed the rise of a critical estimate as high and free for literature, including drama, as for government, including the pageant of politics. Careful criticism of music and of painting was known in the United States much earlier than was significant literary criticism. The proportion of critical work to the totality of mere review work is still approximately that of the new pyramidal architecture of Manhattan to its old expressionless acreage of brick and brown stone; but of such cardinal criticism there is a surprising weekly amount, and it is a momentous part of our new national life in art. The growth in general art criticism is provable not only in New York, Boston, and Chicago, but in the newspapers of Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, St. Paul, and in the fascinating bulletins of print shops, book departments, the small galleries, and non-professional dramatic groups in Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and the Far West. There are writers putting out such subtle and synthetic comment as a dozen years ago was quite unknown to us, outside the established reviews; or inside, either. To what nation shall we turn, however, for an accurate estimate of all artists; and what have even the mellow nations not done to both the little artists and the giants?

A modern international tendency to revalue prize offers and even "learned societies" is saving the artist of this country regret that his land goes in so gingerly for both. The artist is in a mood to criticize the efficacy of prizes, and to say that these are to art what the Golden Rule is to conduct—something for a people to outgrow in favor of the thing itself. Likewise he questions the function of the older art organizations—boldly if he is a pictorial or a plastic artist; shyly, for some reason, if he is an artist in literature. For such lusters and elevations the American artist might have longed a half century ago, but now, having made out without them, he openly challenges them in both old world and new. To be sure, pensions and their like the artist of either world may regard wistfully, especially on being admonished: "Go out and prove that you can earn your living with your hands, and *then* you'll have the right to be an artist."

I am unable to believe that the United States is flawed for the creative worker by that which may be called a Constitutional taint. In a land in which all men are created equal, there are yet many who one can be perfectly sure are wiser than oneself. The search for mental superiors to rub up against is assuredly rewarded, for in every town are beings ripe, wise, international in their literary and musical loves; and these, created equal though they may have been, have become undeniably and even unpatriotically more interesting and more stimulating than their fellows. I do not speak, of course, of the privileged as such, but of the great and simple. There is in the United States a growing body of those with whom Henry Adams might now adventure toward his spiritual inconclusions. It may be charged that the American scene abounds in those who are neither great nor simple; but even the English artist of humor has some uncongeniality to meet. For such a name —to improvise—as Araminta Throgmorton is not humorous in London. And once a celebrated British critic cried, apropos of free verse: "If this goes on, what is to become of the iambic pentameter?"

Certain hazards among us then are to be conceded and survived. Others there are, and if the artist is a Negro, his difficulties are needlessly greater in this country than in any other land in the civilized world. In general the great United States handicap is none of these. It lies deeper and is not to be conquered by praise or fellowship or loaf and flask. It is that which we know well, that whose despair is in the very form of the query put by *The Nation*. It is the lack in the national life of that indefinable control by the ordered, the accustomed, the mellow, the dreaming, the old. For there can be no doubt that we have of these nothing to enjoy that is at all commensurate with our wistfulness. That rhythm, that murmur, that balanced movement which is confident but not complacent, which is exquisitely practiced and withal a little weary—we have not its moderations or its measures. In one hour of Rome or of Chartres, before proportion, relationship, serenity, equilibrium, we follow the line that goes straight from the human spirit to its evocation in art; and thereupon an image of our industrial city or of our frontier town becomes a weariness. We know that we are without memories or echoes. Time is neither our asset nor our despair, but merely our hope. We are not the old world.

We are not the old world. But yet this cannot be called precisely the condition from which, in order to function creatively, we are seeking to recover. The memory of the Mayflower must have been, at moments, a weariness to the Pilgrims who had chosen her. Still, on completing a meeting-house in the woods, none did inquire: "Where is the nave and where the transept?" Nor did one of them step upon Cape Cod or Plymouth Rock and observe: "This place appears to lack the austerity of the tombs in the Abbey." Or if anybody did we shall never know it, for the fathers dispensed with him into the deep. They had come in search of liberty of expression and not to mourn old power or beauty. They had come to express themselves in a life which had yet to be born; which is still being born, when traditionalists and fundamentalists will keep out of the way. Unluckily no effective revolutionists in art accompanied the Pilgrims. We had to wait for Whitman to begin that nascency; but since Whitman, it has not been so leisurely a business. Now we face our native art at a moment comparable to that of 1776 and after. And who was there in 1776 and after who was saying: "Yes, aristocracy best fosters us. We have made our experiment, we have proved that England is more mellow than the colonies. We wish to be mellow."

Now, in 1925, we are still committed to our experiment. And it was not made of political and religious bread alone. Laboratories in faith and in government have added unto themselves laboratories in social theory, in industrialism, in science, in behavior. And quietly our art is arising. Art is not a department by itself. Art is the imaginative interpretation of the life of the people, whatever that life may be.

If I were an artist I should, in the light of my experience, stay here and confidently expect to do my work. I should know that from out the decays of Italy and the fatigues of France and the deepening impassivities of Great Britain one could look and imagine no more challenging artistic adventure than waits in this land with the unimaginative name. (Perhaps our name is our only artistic handicap. Perhaps if we had to ourselves the lovely word America, or if we were called Columbia, we should already be acquiring a fragrance as of harvests.) Name or no name, I should know that if in the ancient days I had gone questing for a field I should very likely have renounced

everything in exchange for the terms of our unique life. Our breathless North American industrial towns, plump suburbs, motionless farms, preoccupied mountains; our desert, either as pure color today or as seed of the cities of tomorrow; and our little towns, faintly figuring the velvet of their vast fields, white or green—these are not mere material for art. These are the stuff of the life of art. That definition is a repetend for our thinking: Art is the imaginative interpretation of the life of the people, whatever that life may be.

Art is more than this. Art seeks to interpret the human spirit, naked in the universe, itself without nationality or academy or learned society or pension or past. The chief claim to be an artist which any artist has is his incurable gift of discerning that lovely laboring progress of the spirit. If, then, an artist looks out upon that spirit hard enough, even in this land so lacking in the scrutiny, the pattern, or the label of the past, albeit not without something of the fragrance of the universal breath, it may be that he will forget the difficulties of keeping his covenant in the United States.

He will be in no illusion. He will know, sadly enough, that he has turned from the flowered debris, the resonant footsteps, the delicate somnolence, the emanations of genius and of ruin. He will be in no illusion. And when our one hundred percenters come and tell him that he has the best country on earth to write in, he will emphatically demur. He will reply that there is no best country to write in. There are only an old world and a new. You make your choice.

This is the fourth of a series of articles by American writers, answering in the light of their personal experiences the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather, Edgar Lee Masters, Eugene O'Neill, and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, and Sherwood Anderson have hitherto contributed.

The Economic Urge Toward Free Trade

By JOHN A. HOBSON

THE principle or policy of Free Trade, which *The Nation* has persistently advocated year in and year out during the sixty years of its activity, is subject to much misapprehension because it is so often torn from its broader economic and human context and relegated to the category of a purely trading policy. But, rightly conceived, Free Trade is much more than a profitable interchange of surplus goods on easy terms between members of different nations. It is a continuous and various cooperation between the inhabitants of our world which, transcending the barriers of nationality, helps to generate and nourish the wider interests and sentiments of a common humanity, each section of which needs the rest and has some special contribution to make towards the welfare of the whole. From earliest history, upon trade routes have flowed those currents of thought and knowledge, feelings, customs, and institutions, religious, cultural, political, which have extended the bounds and enriched the contents of civilizations. To confine trade within national limits is to cut off these sources of intellectual and spiritual enrichment.

America's tariff system has admittedly been consistent with the growth of a higher standard of material prosperity, not only for a few but for the many, and it is natural enough for the interested supporters of protection to press the *propter hoc*. The Free Trade rejoinder, that this prosperity itself attests the gain of free and ever extending intercourse within the wide area of the forty-eight States, and therefore the greater gain that would attend the still further enlargement of free commercial intercourse, though quite valid in reason, has so far failed to carry political conviction to a people drenched with the sophisms of protectionism and endued with an insufficient understanding of the true sources and supports of American prosperity. An unfortunate conjuncture of circumstances has led many Americans for the time being to envisage their country as a separatist experiment in democracy, needing for its full fruition safeguards against the contaminating influences of European failure and decay. Let America keep out as far as possible, the inferior population, the dangerous ideas, the alien institutions and valuations, the sweated goods which foreign countries, in their unsettlement and distress, seek to intrude into this happier and more prosperous country! Protection is an important ingredient in this new or more conscious concept of Americanism.

This brief analysis may suffice to make it evident that American protectionism is a plank in a wider nationalist policy, transcending the purely economic interests, and incorporated in the pride of a manifest destiny which bestows upon America the role of God's own country and his "peculiar people." Such a statement doubtless overstresses the consciousness of the meaning of what is happening. But the policy itself is so strongly seated in the saddle of government, attested by so many acts and signs, that its immediate dominion is undeniable. Restrictive immigration acts, prohibitive for Asia; a *cordon sanitaire* against unsettling speeches and publications of alien origin, with deportation of offenders; repression or discouragement of foreign languages and presses; the active steam-roller of the standardizing public school with its falsifications of history for the glory of America—all these political and intellectual pressures cooperate with national economic self-sufficiency for the withdrawal of America from internationalism and cosmopolitanism.

During a recent long stay in America I found among men and women of liberal minds who bewailed this narrow nationalism a feeling of deep discouragement, almost of despair. Reactionary government was a different and a worse phenomenon in America than in Europe where it was a passing phase in the post-war disturbances. Reaction, or at any rate conservatism, in America appears as a popular acquiescence in things as they are, or a rejection of any risky proposals to alter a state of things which upon the whole gives satisfaction. In discussing with liberal economists the tariff question, I found a pretty general conviction that Free Trade in any large sense, though sound in theory, was impracticable as an American policy. The economic system had there been built up so closely, and buttressed so firmly, by tariffs, so many and so strong were

the interests involved, that even believers in Free Trade would neither urge nor support any but a slow and tentative reduction of the tariff. Nor was this, they thought, a favorable time even for such amelioration of the burden. Indeed, the actual pressure of economic interests, or policy, lay in the direction of a higher, fuller, and more balanced protection. Agriculture, hitherto left free to the casual intrusions of foreign foods and materials, must be accorded a due share of protection for wool, hides, sugar, fruits, and other exposed products; while the textile industries, especially cotton, must be rescued from their present depression by the strong right arm of restrictive duties upon competing foreign goods. Free Trade economists in general seemed to regard themselves as so impotent to influence policy upon an issue which the practical business men who rule America had taken firmly in hand, that it was not worth while troubling about the matter. Indeed, with few exceptions, economic teachers appeared to relegate alike the logic and the utility of Free Trade to a subordinate, even an insignificant, position in their teaching. The contrast in this respect between academic political economy in England and America is most significant, as indicating how this supposedly disinterested science is insensibly but powerfully affected by the dominant business points of view. Though English economic teaching is less dogmatic and unreserved in its free-trade doctrine than it was a generation ago, both neo-classical economists and social economists adhere to its principles and policy, in spite of the strong wave of political protectionism that has marked the past two decades. But in America it appeared to me that the younger and more vigorous economic thinkers accepted and acquiesced in the protectionist policy, and preferred to busy themselves in other issues where their thinking might have greater efficiency. As regards politically-minded Americans in general, it is quite evident that the wave of isolationist sentiment, following the disillusion of the war episode, imparts new confidence into the prophets of high tariff. Let America keep as free as possible from foreign entanglements, and to this interest let her live as far as possible upon her own economic, political, and moral resources! The basis of true Americanism is economic self-sufficiency!

Yet I venture to predict that the very war experience, which has seemed to intensify this resolve and confirm this policy, will be its undoing. This change will not come about by process of intellectual conversion, a repudiation of protectionist fallacies and follies, but will proceed from a change in the balance of economic interests. There is nothing recondite in the transformation of the economic situation of America which the war has helped to bring about. Before the war it was more important for America to sell abroad than to buy. For on balance she was a debtor, and had to pay a substantial sum per annum in exports. The last decade has converted her from debtor into creditor, and she is entitled to receive a large sum per annum in imports. Whereas before the war American investments abroad were estimated at some two billion dollars, much more than offset by indebtedness to foreign investors, American investments abroad amount now to some ten billions, while her indebtedness is reduced by some three billions. This rough estimate takes no account of the huge war loans, amounting, with accumulated interest, to nearly twelve billions. The ten billions already invested abroad mean an annual income of more than half a billion, taking a low figure for the rate of interest. But the process of investing abroad has not ceased, nor is it likely to cease. Hitherto trade statistics show that Americans have been reinvesting a large part of this foreign interest, instead of receiving it in goods or gold. In addition, they are continuing to invest abroad a large amount of new savings. During the first quarter of this year European governments and corporate enterprises alone absorbed $139,000,000 of borrowed money. Last year some billion and a half was added to the aggregate. Is this a merely temporary policy? I think the weight of evidence goes to prove that it is not. In the first place the volume of American savings has been growing rapidly. Partly, this is due to the higher price and income level, but largely to increased productivity and prohibition. In 1923 the total addition to national wealth by savings was computed at some twelve billions, last year at about ten billions.

Such large additions cannot find full lucrative employment at home. Even in prosperous times with large demands for industrial enterprise there will remain a considerable surplus that will flow abroad and help to swell the annual tribute due from foreign nations to America. Hitherto the habit of foreign investment has been confined to sections of investors in the more educated East. As it spreads, larger sums may be expected to go abroad. When we reflect that foreign investments can only take real shape in export trade, we realize how powerful will be the propelling force of this foreign investment urge. It will probably proceed, both from the need of foreign markets to take off agricultural surpluses and so maintain home prices, and from the growing competition of the great standardized manufactures in the world market. If, as some hold, agriculture may dwindle towards the level of a slowly expanding home market reduced in its rate of expansion by restricted immigration and decreased birthrate, the larger flow of population into city industry will stimulate greater efforts to dispose of the industrial surplus in foreign markets.

This movement will proceed, not by a considered national policy, but as an aggregate of the pressure of private trading and investing interests. But it must have the effect of forcing at no distant date large modifications of the tariff. For the present policy of reinvesting foreign interest, and supplementing it by increasing flows of new investment the interest upon which shall in turn be reinvested, is so palpably absurd and wasteful as to force early reconsideration of the instrument for refusing payment, viz., the protective tariff. It is one thing to flout the helpless consumer in favor of an organized business interest, quite another to refuse to business interests the opportunity to take payments for sales abroad and for foreign investments. A country in the situation of England, needing to pay large annual sums for necessary supplies of foreign foods and raw materials, may reasonably continue for an indefinite time its policy of reinvesting foreign interest on past loans and furnishing new loans. But America, virtually self-reliant for foods and materials, must soon face the necessity of taking in imports the large growing sums due to her for foreign interest. By no expansion or expenditure on foreign travel, or philanthropic aids or scooping in of barren gold, can she long evade the internal pressures of business interests compelling her to let in the foreign goods which are the rightful property of her citizens and which come knocking at her doors for entry.

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Emerging Mexico

By ERNEST GRUENING

IV. Democracy

MEXICO has never enjoyed democracy. For the first half-century of autonomy a power and loot-seeking oligarchy gave the country some fifty rulers—"regular" presidents, provisional presidents, dictators, not to mention a couple of emperors, regencies, and other special-directing bodies. Change of office was always wrought by force—never by constitutional methods. Diaz merely had the strength to maintain himself in power and the processes of self-government were even further atrophied. Revolutionary Mexico continued the same tradition until Obregon. His greatest achievement was that he moved for a peaceful and democratic succession.

He didn't succeed wholly, of course. Calles's title to the Presidency, like Obregon's, had to be cinched on the field of battle. But the fault was not theirs. Whatever the unavoidable circumstances, Calles's election marked the epoch-making and unprecedented event of one President completing his full term, peacefully and voluntarily retiring from office and leaving there a duly elected successor.

But just as one swallow does not make a summer neither does one such election make democracy. It will take a generation of similar and even better elections—for they should be without the military prelude—to establish the constitutional method firmly as the Mexican practice. And a national election is only the culmination of a political system which must express itself in village, city, and state. Under Diaz, governors and their local subordinates, the *jefes politicos*, were appointed, as were senators, deputies, and judges, although the farce of an election form was generally complied with. Under the revolutionary regime most of the elections for governors have exhibited varying degrees of force or fraud or both. The struggle has generally centered on possession of the ballot-boxes, and whoever counted the ballots won. Some few elections were honest—generally in which the winner was so dominant or popular that he had no real competition. Such was the election of Felipe Carrillo in Yucatan in 1921. Much was properly made of the fact that after the "free," i. e., honest election in Guanajuato in 1923, the defeated candidate, Aranda, shook hands with and publicly pledged his support to the winner, Colunga. The old method, the Diaz method, which Carranza tried, of imposing governors on states, is passing. Obregon tried to do away with it entirely and let each state really conduct its own elections. But what happened? The local struggle became bitter, often bloody; the tabulation of votes would never be conceded by the vanquished—usually with reason. Rival governors and legislatures would declare themselves elected and start functioning. Three of each at once were not uncommon. The ensuing chaos and anarchy would oblige the central government to intervene. It was Obregon's practice to hear both sides, study the evidence, and decide in favor of one of the two or three contestants. Naturally, such a decision was beset with the utmost difficulty. Evidence of fraud on both sides was generally plentiful. Obregon tried in the majority of cases to base his decision on the testimony available while allowing his belief as to which of the candidates was the more popular to be a factor. It was impossible, of course, to omit the human element, and in some of his later decisions it showed. I strongly suspect that he repaid Vasconcelos for his inexcusable "neutrality" in the De la Huerta rebellion by awarding the Oaxaca governorship to his opponent.

In the case of the bitterly contested election of San Luis Potosi in 1923 the evidence of intimidation, violence, and fraud was so marked that Obregon adopted the course of declaring the election void and refusing to recognize either contestant. Calles has already followed this procedure in two cases that have come to him, the governorships of Puebla and Chiapas. The executive then presents a slate of three other candidates of which Congress names one as governor. The advantage of this method, as President Calles sees it, is that it will serve as a powerful deterrent to corrupt electoral practices. A candidate is far less apt to compete in dishonesty if such procedure may disqualify him no matter how great the total of alleged votes he presents.

The elections to Congress for the last fourteen years have been similarly corrupt. The significant thing, however, is that nullification of democratic procedure has rested not so much with the largely illiterate electorate as with the supposedly educated legislators. I know of numerous instances where the undoubted choice of his district in an election of reasonable regularity has been shamelessly thrown out by the Chamber of Deputies, which under the Constitution can decide the validity of its members' elections. This has been one reason why the number of labor deputies has remained so small. The bureaucratic majority has been determined to keep its majority.

This group secures cohesion only because it is actuated by a common yearning for spoils. It has no other political philosophy or program, despite high-sounding pronouncements, and no popular following. Its members change their allegiances as easily as their coats. The Liberal Constitutionalist Party of four years ago became the Cooperatist Party. When the De la Huerta rebellion which found there its political support wrecked the party, its survivors coalesced as the Confederates. Last November a fusillade broke out in the Chamber of Deputies. Its object was to kill Morones, who it was known would be influential in the Calles administration. Morones, severely wounded, recovered by a miracle. The intellectual author of the attempted assassination, it was generally conceded, was General Jose Maria Sanchez, a former "revolutionary" Governor of Puebla and one of the majority. The stain for the crime, however, rested on the entire group. So it changed its name overnight and, reorganizing without Sanchez and a few of his followers, became the Socialists of the Left. Yet this group under its varying nomenclature has managed thus far to hold its dominance in Congress, to choose the judges, and to elect most of the state governors. The Labor and Agrarian parties, which, on the other hand, have a real economic program and a following through the country, have between them but one-fourth of the seats.

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Napoleon once said that the man who speaks seven languages is worth seven men—he will be abreast of affairs in seven differing traditions.

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The Baltimore Sunpapers have recently secured exclusive rights in the United States to all the news stories, editorials and feature articles appearing in the Manchester Guardian and the Manchester Guardian Weekly. These articles are not syndicated to any other newspaper in the United States.

A London Bureau has been opened at 92 Fleet Street, in charge of Mr. John E. Owens, well-known to Nation readers as a former member of The Sun's Washington Bureau and a political observer of uncommon brilliance and acumen.

Everything in Baltimore Revolves Around

THE SUN

MORNING EVENING SUNDAY

Regular Contributors

From England

Henry W. Nevinson, a man of great personal charm, for thirty years a leader among British journalists, and (for perhaps as long) familiar to Nation readers.

George Young, an influential member of the British Labor Party, author of "Nationalism and War in the Balkans"; "Diplomacy, Old and New"; "Portugal: A History"; "New Germany"; and a Compilation of Ottoman law.

Hector C. Bywater, a leading naval commentator and a regular contributor to various scientific and literary periodicals, author of "Sea Power in the Pacific."

From France

Georges Lechartier, former Washington correspondent of Petit Parisien, a member of the editorial staff of the Journal des Debats, representing the conservative French point of view.

Jean Longuet, an influential member of the French Socialist party, representing the radical French point of view.

Pertinax, the brilliant editor of L'Echo de Paris, a vigorous representative of the extreme Right.

Robert Dell, former Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, recently returned to Paris after having been expelled during the war for his too frank dispatches to the Guardian.

Harold Stearns, author of "Liberalism in America" and "America and the Young Intellectual," whose descriptive letters from various picturesque corners of the old world make most delightful reading.

From Germany

S. Miles Bouton, an American long resident in Berlin, author of "The Kaiser Abdicates; The German Revolution."

From Japan

John A. Brailsford, an English journalist for some time resident in the Far East and a close student of developments there.

K. K. Kawakami, the American correspondent of several Japanese Chinese and Korean newspapers including the Jiji Shimpo of Tokio. He is author of several books including "The Real Japanese Question."

From India

Sir Nihal Singh, lecturer and writer, author of "Essays on India," "The Rajahs and Their Topics," "The Road to India's Past," "India's Problems," etc., etc.

From China

Edward H. Hume, a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School and president of Yale-in-China University at Changsha.

At Home

Leo Pasvolsky, member of the American Institute of Economics, author of "Economics of Communism," and "Russia in the Far East."

Capt. Dudley W. Knox, U. S. N. (retired), who is a regular contributor on naval affairs, writing as an American Naval officer, as contrast to the articles of Hector C. Bywater.

H. L. Mencken, of The Sun staff, who needs no introduction, writes a weekly article for The Evening Sun, specially [illegible] articles a week, and will write exclusively for The Morning Sun on the forthcoming Tennessee Evolution trial.

Baltimoreans Don't Say "Newspaper"—They Say "Sunpaper"

When writing to [illegible] *please mention* The Nation

The disintegrating effect on the nation may be imagined. "Justice in Mexico is really much more satisfactory than in the United States," a prominent American business man told me about two years ago, "because at home you never know how your case is coming out. Here you know to a peso the price of each judge, and if the stake involved in your litigation is worth that price you pay it."

One of the sincerest revolutionaries said to me about the same time: "State governors who do not enrich themselves through their office are the rare exceptions. Of the twenty-eight I know just two at present for whose honesty I'll vouch. Two others are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. The difference between a good governor and a bad one in Mexico is not between one who helps himself and one who does not but between the executive who while feathering his own nest does *something* for his state and its people while in office and the executive who is so greedy that accumulating his own fortune alone occupies him."

It was a member of President Obregon's personal staff, an extremely intelligent young man, who once rebuked me when I applied the word "grafters" to the gang of politicians who were looting the municipality of Mexico City, a rich prize eagerly sought. "'Grafters' is not the word," he said. "The word 'graft' implies a certain finesse; it connotes skill in extracting a fraction of the public revenues. These people are just plain thieves; there is nothing fractional about their activities; they take everything and leave nothing."

The condition of the capital's streets eloquently testifies that little of that wealthy metropolis's income has been spent on its maintenance.

As for the army—it has always lived by and for graft.

Needless to say, the deputies, governors, judges, municipal officials, and high army officers here referred to all proclaim themselves fervently to be "revolutionaries."

Now the juxtaposition of these glimpses of various branches of Mexican bureaucratic life may possibly paint the picture in blacker colors than it deserves to be. I know many Mexican public officials who are scrupulously honest. I have known men who have done business for years with Mexican officials and never paid nor been asked to pay one cent of graft or bribe money. On the other hand, the number of officials, penniless a few years ago, who have recently erected great houses in the capital, and in other ways flaunt their new affluence, is revealing.

President Calles is meeting the situation head on, and in doing so is undertaking the most radical, the most fundamental, and the most beneficial reform possible in Mexico. Apart from the vast sums which such a policy can save for the country's benefit—for schooling, public works, sanitation, and countless other needs—the transcendent significance of such a policy lies in its spiritual effect on the Mexican body politic.

It has been considered axiomatic that democracy cannot be imposed, cannot be handed down from above, must evolve slowly from within. Yet if one fact has impressed me above all others in Mexico it is of the great possibilities that inhere there in personal leadership. Both the country and the revolution need supremely a great leader. Obregon was a great general, an able diplomatist, an attractive personality, a just and civilized executive, and the one really sincere dominant figure in the first revolutionary decade. But he fell short of great statesmanship because in his internal policies he allowed himself to drift rather than to lead. I know that the belief is current that leadership no longer counts much in this world; that change responds to impersonal forces beyond the power of any individual to alter; that progress comes through the accretion of myriads of minute factors. To whatever extent this may be true in a highly organized country like the United States, it is certainly not true in Mexico. There the executive's power is enormous—he is bound down by the Mexican heritage, cabined by his environment, but despite the constitution his powers are virtually unlimited without the necessity of infringing on the written law. His influence is so great that he could if he chose, and managed wisely, tactfully, and firmly, fill the important electoral as well as the appointive offices in the land. Obregon did not do it, and there is likewise a strongly revolutionary, a strongly democratic, instinct in Calles that is likely to militate against his doing it. The revulsion among the true revolutionaries against the Diaz practice is so strong that Calles, I know, would dislike to inject himself ever so slightly or indirectly into gubernatorial or judiciary elections. Yet in my judgment he will have to do this if he wants to give the country a strong impetus into a democratic path, if he wants to become a hundred per cent efficient in the reconstruction of Mexico, if he wants to carry out to the utmost the promises of the revolution—the three objects are synonymous.

And for this reason. He is raising a new standard of efficiency and honesty in public office—a Herculean labor. Space is lacking here to go into details. But he has set his face like flint against the idea that office is a perquisite, and in pursuance of the "public service" ideal is weeding out, reorganizing in every branch. I believe the force of this example will go far, but it will not go far enough unless he has a far greater number of capable subordinates in national, state, judicial, and municipal offices than he can now count on. The people in his immediate entourage will be subject to his magnetic and virile personality—at a greater distance their responsiveness will be slighter. It is essential that governors that measure up to his standards and judges unversed in corruption fill their respective offices. At present democracy is served neither by the method of their election nor by the performances of many of them in office. It would be more nearly served in the long run if the presidential influence were directly exerted to bring a better type of official to the fore.

Nor is there any guaranty of honest and enlightened government in a Labor label *per se*—although I believe the Mexican Labor movement holds out the possibility and hope of being the most constructive organized force in the country. Labor has just got control of the municipality of Mexico, and the administration will be and must be judged by its fruits, not by its declarations. It cannot help improving on its predecessors. Morones himself said to me: "We are of course not prepared as we should like to be." Labor, as I have pointed out, is still too young and still too close to its misery to function restrainedly and effectively. Such episodes as a Labor mayor of a Labor-controlled suburb caught flagrantly grafting, or the expressed regret of one of the most prominent figures in the movement that "Comrade" Ezequiel Salcedo (one of the sterling revolutionary figures) had not used his office as temporary governor of Zacatecas to get railroad passes for Labor men, show that Labor in Mexico is, quite naturally, subject to the weaknesses and temptations of the environment. Calles has need to be discriminating within as well as without

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the ranks of organized labor—and apparently he has been.

It is useless to argue that a one-man government isn't democracy. Neither is a many-men chaos. Let Mexico have a generation of economic reconstruction, of intelligent universal education, of political peace without militarism, and democracy will, I am convinced, evolve spontaneously. But the beginning must be made on a clean and firm foundation.

The one-man government has weaknesses too obvious to need elucidation. The good work of one administration can easily be swept away. This is precisely what happened in Yucatan, where the heroic efforts of Felipe Carrillo are visible for the moment only in the good roads that he built. His successors, of course, call themselves "revolutionary" and invoke his name for their purposes, but they are merely political spoilsmen. Yet I believe that much of what Carrillo did for Yucatan in his short twenty-two months' governorship could be recovered with the right kind of successor. It is continuity, continuity, continuity that Mexico desperately needs—the working out of a program without interruptions by rebellions, by change of administrations. At present the first and last years of a presidential term are apt to be wholly wasted, and much time is spent undoing what someone else has done instead of proceeding uninterruptedly to further achievement.

I was introduced last December to the new head of the Division of Fine Arts in the Department of Education. What was to be his program, I asked. "First of all to abolish all this charlatanry of Diego Rivera," said he, sweeping his hand toward the magnificent frescoes of Mexico's foremost painter, "and of Best-Maugard"—the artist chiefly responsible for the artistic revival in the Mexico City schools.

"But," said the man who had introduced us, "Diego Rivera is a good friend of Calles."

"Ah, in that case—" the new director of art raised his hand deprecatingly—"I should, of course, inform myself fully as to that before taking action."

Apparently the difference between an artist and a daubster lay in the degree of one's intimacy with the powers that be. Certainly that kind of intellectual subserviency is a tragic legacy of the past, which Calles's policy of rewarding efficient and honest service will go far to dispel.

It would be well for those who are impatient with Mexico and her ways to remember that democracy is a recent innovation in the world; that it exists as yet on only a limited part of the globe; that nowhere does it approach perfection; that in those countries where it has been most successful special predisposing factors—historical, racial, and physiographic—have fostered it. Despite setbacks, and all manner of beclouding intromissions which will long dog her upward climb, Mexico is today more nearly a country governed *for* the Mexican people than it has ever been. It remains to be seen how soon it can evolve into one governed also *by* the people.

Poems

The Loss of Love

By COUNTEE CULLEN

All through an empty place I go,
And find her not in any room;
The candles and the lamps I light
Go down before a wind of gloom.

Thick-spraddled lies the dust about,
A fit sad place to write her name,
Or draw her face the way she looked
That legendary night she came.

The old house crumbles bit by bit:
Each day I hear the ominous thud
That says another rent is there
For winds to pierce and storms to flood.

My orchards groan and sag with fruit,
Where, Indian-wise, the bees go round;
I let it rot upon the bough;
I eat what falls upon the ground.

The heavy cows go laboring
In agony with clotted teats;
My hands are slack; my blood is cold;
I marvel that my heart still beats.

I have no will to weep or sing,
No least desire to pray or curse;
The loss of love is a bitter thing:
They lie who say that death is worse.

A Sail

By M. Y. LHERMONTOV

Translated by MAX EASTMAN

White is the sail and lonely
  On the misty infinite blue;
Flying from what in the homeland?
  Seeking for what in the new?

The waves romp, and the winds whistle,
  And the mast leans and creaks;
Alas! He flies not from fortune,
  And no good fortune he seeks.

Beneath him the stream, luminous, azure,
  Above him the sun's golden breast;
But he, a rebel, invites the storms,
  As though in the storms were rest.

Final

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

A far barbaric sadness haunts these hills
In mist of autumn and magnificence
Of clear unearthly color—
  I have crossed the wall
Past mortal sorrow and its single sense;
I am a human dying of my ills
Who comes upon a cosmic funeral
And the still splendor of indifference.

The BORZOI *feels an especial kinship with* THE NATION

for the liberal attitude and the courageous diligence in presentation of truth which animates THE NATION *is also characteristic, we believe, of the* BORZOI *policy. Therefore we feel that every reader of* THE NATION *is either actually or potentially a member of that intelligent minority which supports* BORZOI *Books. The following editors and contributing editors of* THE NATION *are* BORZOI *authors: Oswald Garrison Villard, J. W. Krutch, H. L. Mencken*

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In the Driftway

A SPARKLING spring day; an hour's run in a third-class carriage and the Drifter found himself at Eton. What visions does the name conjure up of infant noblemen in chimney-pot hats and orators in their dewy babyhood: future prime ministers and leaders of His Majesty's opposition. There they all were, to be sure, only with that difference, that superior savor that reality holds over the imagination. Up and down the streets they walked, assorted according to sizes; the little ones together, round, pink, naughty, lovable, their clothes, excepting for the short jacket, in quaint semblance of manhood and astonishingly dirty. The older ones lanky and sheepish in cutaway coats, but with bright complexions and noble hawk-like noses emerging from faces of childish softness—splendid barbarians; bearers of great names, clad in a soiled travesty of a gentleman's conventional afternoon costume.

* * * * *

WHAT an incongruous garb for boyhood! Would a mere American Drifter dare to call it snobbish? In any event, the stains incidental to time and boyish tussles showed that the youths had been in no awe of their genteel habiliments and had distributed soup and minute particles of the cabbage family (known to the lowly as veg.) over them with complete impartiality. The Drifter thought he caught a resemblance to the elder Pitt in one youngling, half of whose top hat was brushed the wrong way and whose hobbledehoy shoes were somewhat in need of repair; and was that golden-haired cherub a Georgian Shelley feeling the bourgeoning of a great poem, or was it a suppressed longing for tuck that gave his eye an inner glow?

* * * * *

THE Drifter and an English friend were on their way to Windsor. Scillas bloomed, daffodils twinkled from the gardens, and the snow-drops looked as though they had forgotten to remove their night-caps and were hanging their heads in shame. Windsor is a country retreat of the present royal family. They and their retainers withdraw to its icy halls for a few weeks yearly; otherwise, its chief use seems to be to inspire awe in Americans and provide a livelihood for sundry elderly gentlemen who serve as guides and caretakers. The one who herded a large group of us through the interminable rooms was free of information, which the Drifter has, alas, forgotten. He can only remember that the outstanding associations of Windsor are for him Charles the Second and Queen Victoria—the antipodes of vice and virtue. Unfortunately for the moral, Charles had all the taste, at least in interior decoration; while the good queen's ideas in upholstery, of which there was a generous supply, were undoubtedly gaudy rather than neat.

* * * * *

"AND now 'ere, ladies-'n-gen'lemen, is the finest gem of 'Er Majesty Queen Victoria's collection; this 'ere peacock is solid gold, there ain't no alloy, an' 'e is covered clean over with rubies, emeralds, and diamings. It was took from the top of a Indian prince's umbreller, in a raid by honest British redcoats. That's all right sir, 'ave another look."

* * * * *

IN the Drifter's ear, his English friend muttered smiling: "Well really; Queen Victoria . . . stolen goods . . . they might at least not be quite so frank about it. . . ."

Then as we filed out, the grassy Windsor courtyard once more, and a stroll through the old town, with its lush lawns, winding streets between brick walls, jasmine-covered, English gardens, cool, fragrant—the impassive perfection of English manners. What ages of training at Eton, followed by conquest and rapine, had gone to making the security wherein this calm beauty could flourish; but the beauty was there, and the Drifter found it good.

Softly I trod, and with repentant shoon,
Half fearfully in sweet imaginings,
Where lay, like courtyard of departed kings,
The old quadrangle, paved with afternoon.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Greeting

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who for so many years was chief proprietor, I cannot let the Sixtieth Anniversary of *The Nation* pass without expressing my congratulations and my happiness at its continued growth and virility. I am greatly pleased to know that its circulation is now four times what it was when the present management took hold.

It has seemed to me of late to be better than ever and I rejoice that it still champions those unpopular causes which must be won if the world is to progress and America is to be kept true to its boasted traditions.

No one living has had longer or closer ties with the paper than I, and I have read it during the entire sixty years of its existence. I am sure that it has never stood more clearly and more fearlessly for its principles than today.

May it carry on its work of education sixty years longer!

New York, June 20 FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

The Federal Trade Commission

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to your editorial in *The Nation* of May 27 concerning the Federal Trade Commission, wherein you make the statement that only 42 cases out of 8,661 complaints were dismissed for lack of proof, we question the figures. They are divergent from those of the bulletins issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and also divergent from facts presented in *Forbes Magazine* in three recent issues.

It so happens that this company is one of those whose case was dismissed for lack of proof. The charges, presented by a competitor in this particular case, arose from the fact that the competitor had been beaten in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in the Court of Common Pleas by this firm, which secured an injunction against him for the use of certain dies and advertising matter which had been taken from our premises. The case was appealed by this firm to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, where the competitor lost his appeal. Then, in a spirit of revenge, he made certain charges to the Federal Trade Commission. It did not cost anything to make these charges. He did not even have to employ an attorney. The Government prosecuted the case on the charges presented, gave the matter widespread publicity, and our competitor used the publicity against us for a period of two or more years during which the Federal Trade Commission was trying to reach the case.

On all of the charges presented to the Federal Trade Commission, the competitor had ample recourse at law under the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, but had he made these charges to any court in this State he would have been liable to a return suit and damages in event of his failure to prove the charges which he made against us; not so when the charges were made through the Federal Trade Commission.

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We had no opportunity of return suit then, and for a period of two years or more the charges, not being tried but having been given widespread publicity by the commission, stood against us as true, until finally the entire matter was dismissed by the commission for total lack of proof on any of the charges.

Again, when the investigator from the Federal Trade Commission came to this office he was, by advice of our attorneys, given free access to our private papers, documents, etc. The next time the writer saw these papers they were in the hands of the president of the competing firm sitting side by side with the Federal Trade Commission's attorney in the city of Philadelphia. Now we presume, of course, that you are human and, if you are, you surely have certain documents and papers in your possession that you would not care to hand to your nearest competitor, even though the government's agent performed the trick for you.

The hearings in this particular case were held in Philadelphia, Boston, and Washington. The government probably spent about $2,500, which is about what this firm spent to defend the charges. This is a very flagrant case of abuse of the powers of the Federal Trade Commission, and when the matter was finally settled, we got about four lines of publicity on the inside of the trade papers, whereas, when the case was first started, they spread the news in large headlines over the front of the paper.

There was no use of an appeal to the Federal Trade Commission in this particular instance or no necessity therefor except the spirit of revenge. If one firm can do this, other firms can do it. As far as the Federal Trade Commission is concerned, their work since the inception of the commission has not in any way made crooked people more honest.

The Federal Trade Commission is just another useless expenditure of money on the part of the government. It could be done away with without affecting the rights of the people in any way whatsoever.

In conclusion we would say that we do not read *The Nation* because we like it; we read *The Nation* because we get another angle on pretty nearly everything from your paper. We do not agree with you 50 per cent of the time, but we are fair enough to say that we like to get the slant of the opposition. Should we confine our reading to just such papers or magazines as entirely agree with us, we would lose a judicial attitude of mind which we strive for. However, to our mind, there is so much in this editorial which is erroneous that we could not help writing you regarding it.

North Philadelphia, May 26

THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY,
HARRY V. ELLIOTT, *Vice-President*

Birth-Control Laws in Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Marie C. Stopes of London writes in your issue of May 27 to correct a statement by Dr. Aletta Jacobs that Holland in 1882 was perhaps the only European country which did not forbid the giving of contraceptive information. Dr. Stopes says that England has never had any laws against contraception.

So far as I can discover, with a single exception, no other European countries have had such laws either. That exception is France, which experienced a depopulation scare after the war, and passed a law prohibiting access to contraceptives. I have repeatedly inquired, but have as yet been unable to find any such statutes in other countries, though there is said to be in Holland a regulation against the *display* advertising of contraceptives.

These United States of ours seem to be the only country with a wholesale and long-standing prohibition of this sort, and by way of having the prohibition as obnoxious as possible it was made a part of the "obscenity" statutes. In this regard we are unhappily unique among nations. It is a thousand pities that our country should have to stand alone as the prize benighted

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nation of the earth, with its fifty-two-year-old Comstock contraceptive prohibition. How much longer will Americans enjoy this unlovely distinction?

New York, May 25 MARY WARE DENNETT,
Chairman of the National Council of the Voluntary Parenthood League

Lead Us to It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend of mine showed me a copy of your paper today in which I see you give the Pirates a knock. I personally don't read your magazine and never seen a copy of it before and in fact didn't know there was such a paper. I looked the whole works over and would much rather have the *Saturday Evening* or *Liberty* for a nichol than a bound file of your whole thing.

But that's neither here nor there. I can see you're one of those guys that would rather be right than be Rockefeller. However, I don't care for the kind of cheap publicity you people give and the slur on my friend the commissioner, Teddy Glynn. The paper that printed the story on the Pirates dance is the best paper in Boston, or the Hub as you call it, and if you people think the Pirates dance didn't have any news value I just wish you had a been there. It was the biggest dance ever run in Roughan's Hall. I don't want no apology or nothing like that, because personly I can stand those kind of knocks, but if your paper had any kind of circulation in Charlestown, for the sake of the Pirates, I would ask for an apology.

Just to show you that I'm a good fellow, though, I'll extend to you right now, a cordial invitation to you and the other member of your staff to attend the dance and see for yourself if it wasn't worth all the publicity we got on it.

Boston, June 2 J. W. B.

"More Hair and Less Straw"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The straw hat is a nuisance at best and much warmer than many a felt one—and, besides, the wearing of hats in general is positively harmful to the hair and scalp and conducive to the loss of hair, which many of us would surely like to avoid.

I tried last year to discard my straw hat for a three-day period. I was comfortable, never sweltered about the brow, and kept cool. My neighbors looked at me jokingly and had me classified as one of the many "nuts" who infest the community. I proclaim that I am perfectly sane, and demand that each person who feels as I do discard all headgear from May 1 to November 1, at least.

Let us form a hatless brigade and combine for the common good. I am prepared for the opposition of the hat industry and would gladly debate the question with such giant opponents as Truly Kaufman or Young Long Stetson, who will look with dread upon this healthy movement.

I know that thousands of your readers will welcome my league. Let us start at once. Let the slogan be "A Hatless Manhattan," or "More hair and less straw," or better still, "Let straws show which way the wind blows."

New York, May 4 ABRAHAM VOGEL

Discriminating Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your eternal yawping about having the Government do it makes me tired, but even at that *The Nation* is the best edited magazine in the country and I am sending you the $5 for a renewal.

Akron, Ohio, May 23 C. L. K.

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Books and Music

Reviewing in 1865

(Extracts from three book reviews in the first issue of The Nation, *July 6, 1865)*

CARLYLE

(From a review of the "History of Frederick The Great," by Henry James, Sr., father of the novelist and of William James)

We should shrink very keenly from doing any personal injustice to Carlyle. All his friends know him, and indeed all his books show him, to be a man of even a genial practical morality, an unexceptionable good neighbor, friend, and citizen. All we want to say is, that in respect to the public questions which are now soliciting examination, he is incompetent even to puerility. Probably no man connected with public affairs in England is so utterly deficient in the instinct of statesmanship, if statesmanship involve any respect for the principles of human nature; and yet he larrups Peel, Cobden, Palmerston, and the rest in his voluble pedantic way, as if he alone in all England possessed the true secret of governing. He is all the while himself a literalist of the most unqualified pattern, pinning his faith upon some futile person or other, and incapable of uttering an inspiring or even soothing word in behalf of any struggling manifestation of human hope. True, he abuses every acknowledged and every aspiring guide of the political world with such an insane relish, that many thoughtless persons, bewildered by his audacious oracles, begin timidly to count upon him as a statesman of the new order; as an intelligent herald of the new or spiritual Divine advent in human nature. But the claim is absurd. With much picturesque squinting in that direction, Carlyle has no philosophic belief of a real Divine presence and efficacy in human affairs. He feels a vague menace in his understanding that there is somewhere on high some very peremptory person or other—some huger Cromwell or more unscrupulous Bonaparte—who will infallibly have his own will in the end, simply by coercing all other wills; and he is able consequently to variegate his conversation and writing on occasion with certain devout lights and shades that seem most orthodox and pious to innocent imaginations, and would make the ghost of John Knox roll up the whites of his eyes in grateful astonishment. But that is literally all. He is an amateur prophet exclusively, having as little real resemblance to Isaiah or John, as Charlotte Cushman has to Lady Macbeth. He is a prophet "on his own hook," in the sole interest of his own irritable cuticle, without a glimmer of sympathy with the public want, or a gleam of insight into its approaching Divine relief; a harlequin in the guise of Jeremiah, who feeds you with laughter instead of tears, and puts the old prophetic sincerity out of countenance by his broad persistent winks at the bystanders.

THE NOBLE SCHOOL OF FICTION

(From a review of Henry Kingsley's "The Hillyars and the Burtons," by Henry James, Jr.)

The main object of the novels of Mr. Charles Kingsley and his brother has seemed to us to be to give a strong impression of what they would call "human nobleness." Human nobleness, when we come across it in life, is a very fine thing; but it quite loses its flavor when it is made so cheap as it is made in these works. It is emphatically an occasional quality; it is not, and, with all due respect for the stalwart Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time and eke of Queen Victoria's, it never was the prime element of human life, nor were its headquarters at any time on the island of Great Britain. By saying it is an occasional quality, we simply mean that it is a great one, and is therefore manifested in great and exceptional moments. In the ordinary course of life it does not come into play; it is sufficiently represented by courage, modesty, industry. Let the novelist give us these virtues for what they are, and not for what no true lover of human nature would have them pretend to be, or else let him devise sublime opportunities, situations which really match the latent nobleness of the human soul. We can all of us take the outside view of magnanimity; it belongs to the poet to take the inside one. It seems to us that the sturdy and virtuous Burtons in the present tale have but a narrow scale of emotions. Mr. Kingsley would apparently have us look upon them as heroes, which, with the best will in the world, we cannot succeed in doing. A hero is but a species of genius, a genius *pro tempore*. The Burtons are essentially commonplace. The best that can be said of them is that they had a good notion of their duty. It is here, as it seems to us, that praise should begin, and not, as Mr. Kingsley would have us think, that it should be content to end. The notion of duty is an excellent one to start with, but it is a poor thing to spend one's life in trying to compass. A life so spent, at any rate, is not a fit subject for an epic novel. The Burtons had none but the minor virtues—honesty, energy and a strong family feeling. Let us do all justice to these excellent qualities, but let us not shame them by forever speaking of them with our hats off, and a "so help me God!" The only hero in Mr. Kingsley's book is, to our perception, the villain, Sir George Hillyar. *He* has a spark of inspiration; he is ridden by an evil genius; he has a spirit of his own. The others, the good persons, the gentlemen and ladies, whether developed by "a year and a half at boarding school," or still in the rough, have nothing but the old Kingsleian *air noble*. We are informed that they have "great souls," which on small provocation rush into their eyes and into the grasp of their hands; and they are forever addressing each other as "old boy" and "old girl." "Is *this* ambition?" Has the language of friendship and love no finer terms than these? Those who use them, we are reminded, are gentlemen in the rough. There is, in our opinion, no such thing as a gentleman in the rough. A gentleman is born of his polish.

WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE

(From a review of Richard Grant White's "The Works of William Shakespeare", by Charles Eliot Norton)

We are glad to announce this long-expected volume as soon to issue from the press. Mr. White's Shakespearian labors are worthily concluded, and his edition of "Shakespeare's Works" completed, by this publication. The merits of Mr. White's previous labors are now established. His "Shakespeare's Scholar," which preceded his edition of the work, not only displayed a degree of scholarship highly creditable to its author, but also gave evidence of his possessing a fine critical taste and genial appreciation, as well as a fund of good common sense—that rarest and most needed qualification in a commentator. His "Notes and Introductions to the Plays" fulfilled the expectations he had thus awakened, and in England as well as in this country his edition has taken rank among the best. An *editio optima* of Shakespeare does not exist. Mr. White has had many competitors in the field. Knight, Collier, Halliwell, Dyce, Wright, and Aldis, to say nothing of Staunton, and in our own country of Verplanck and Hudson, have each in their respective editions exhibited especial and distinguishing excellencies. Each has his distinct place. The thorough critical student of the letter or the spirit of the text can spare neither. . . . It is creditable to Mr. White that by the side of these recent editions his holds an even place. In certain not unimportant respects it is better than any one of them. He possesses a rare faculty of delicate and acute literary criticism and insight, combined with a hardly less rare faculty of expressing fine distinctions of thought. These valuable qualities are frequently displayed in his comment on passages of which the meaning is obscure or has been disputed, and in his longer discussion of points connected with the origin or composition of the plays. His essay on the authorship of Henry VI . . . is a masterpiece.

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The Race Problem

The Mongol in Our Midst: A Study of Man and His Three Faces. By F. G. Crookshank. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Race Hygiene and Heredity. By Hermann W. Siemens. Translated by Lewellys F. Barker. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Race Prejudice. By Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Christianity and the Race Problem. By J. H. Oldham. George H. Doran Company. $2.25.

A GOOD meal generally begins with a nibble of celery and so we can hardly do better in plowing through some nineteen hundred pages of race matter, now minatory, now pacificatory, than to start with Mr. Crookshank's fantastic brochure on the Mongol in our midst. It is as light as the vegetable, but it is completely devoid of vitamines. The author's thesis need only be stated to be refuted with a laugh. Mr. Crookshank is a man of considerable literary taste who knows how to quote aptly from Sir Thomas Browne, and one would like to believe that his interest lies in the whimsicalities rather than in the truth of his race theories, very much as Charles Lamb is known to have relished the manner of his Hooker and Burton without being in the least disquieted by their ponderous matter. Our guess, however, would be that he is serious. Should it appear, in the wash, that Mr. Crookshank has been holding a huge chuckle in reserve, we should be the first to take off our hat to him as one of the most brilliant hoaxers in contemporary scientific literature.

The thesis may be summarized as follows. Man is derived from three distinct apes, the orang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee. The descendants of the orang are the peoples of Mongolian race and the so-called "Mongolian" imbeciles among the whites, whose resemblance to the true Mongolians is generally regarded as superficial. The gorilla is the ancestor of the negroid peoples. From the chimpanzee stem the whites, particularly, it would seem, the Semites. The chief evidence for these genetic theories is furnished by instinctive posture and by characteristic lines of the palm. The Mongolian or "orangoid" posture is the one illustrated by the sitting Buddha, who, one may irrelevantly remark, was a Hindu invention. Orang, "Mongolian imbecile," true Mongolian, and sitting Buddha form a series. Chimpanzee, cases of dementia praecox, and White form another. It all works out rather neatly and we learn many curious bits of information by the way. The temptation to quote a number of charming passages is great, but we must limit ourselves to two. "It is . . . singular," says Mr. Crookshank, "that the Mongolian imbeciles should not only love to sit like a Buddha but to sway the head, backwards and forwards, like a porcelain mandarin, whilst I have seen a baby Mongolian idiot prostrate himself in his cot, for hours at a time, doing the kotow. Now, when an English idiot of Mongolian physique performs in his cot the symbolic act of humiliation practiced by the Chinese race, and does it *instinctively and persistently*, it is idle to declare airily that no real homology is involved!" Cultural anthropologists to the rescue! But they are probably too busy to take up light skirmishing. Further on we read: "Mongolian imbeciles speak late, and it is remarkable that they alter many consonantal sounds, saying 'lellow' for 'yellow' and so forth, like a stage Chinaman, whilst they never construct long sentences. They tend, in fact, to employ only monosyllabic and asyntactic forms of speech." Chinese monosyllabism, one infers, is an instinctive reaction of the Mongolian-orangoid-imbecile stock. The fact that English has more and more tended to a Chinese-like structure must, we fear, be construed to mean that Anglo-Saxon civilization is going to the orangs.

Why such books are published it would be hard to say, but it is undeniable that they are delightful interludes in the grim and weary drama of race-discussion that we are in for these days. Mr. Siemens's book, to which the translator has appended a very useful bibliography and a technical glossary, is of a very different sort. It consists of two parts, an admirable and not too technical introduction to the theory of Mendelian heredity and a far less closely reasoned section on the degeneration which he believes to be threatening the more valuable strains in German society—and in European society generally. His fears for the future of European culture are grounded in biology pure and simple, not in a philosophy of culture such as a liberal anthropologist or historian could honestly follow. The gist of his thesis—for the sober chapters on heredity merely pave the way for a thesis—is probably contained in the following passage: "Now the threat of extinction of all existing European culture lies precisely in the fact that the leading circles, which include with respect to both bodily and mental make-up the greatest number of the best hereditary stocks, are succumbing in the struggle for existence with those that they lead, because their fertility is not great enough even to maintain their present numbers. Thus, gradually, all those hereditary stocks that are capable of preserving and advancing our civilization are being exterminated from the earth by a progressive '*proletarianization of our rising youth.*' The disappearance of so many noble and patrician families is only one symptom of that great 'dying out' which, more frightful than the most terrible war, demands its sacrifice from the peoples of European culture." And "the first task," he proceeds in italics, "of the racial hygiene of today seems to me, therefore, to lie in an attempt to arrest the dying out of the socially higher classes which seems now to be in full swing." The conservative wing of eugenist opinion could hardly be stated more bluntly. In other passages of his book the author takes it quite for granted that the mingling of German and alien, particularly East European, blood is tantamount to the introduction of biologically inferior strains into the German-speaking dominions.

Like so many biologists concerned with the problems of society, Mr. Siemens sees in cultural achievement a direct indication of the working out of the physical and psychic traits of the hereditary endowment. He suffers from the characteristic illusion of the biologist, who is persuaded into accepting his genetic technique as a sufficient interpretative guide to the cultural behavior of man. It requires but little consideration of the data of history and of the social sciences to realize that the levels of culture, both within the national group and as between nationalities, are the complex and cumulative product of historical factors which possess continuity not on the biological plane but on that of social inheritance. Now the process of social inheritance is simply the continuous imitation, both consciously and unconsciously, of socially, that is conventionally, significant reactions of an acquired, non-instinctive, and indefinitely plastic sort. The cultural process is carried by human organisms, to be sure, but it is no more truly explainable in terms of biology than the ever-changing aspect of the wind-blown sea is explainable as a specific resultant of the chemistry of sea water. Such terms as "our civilization," "noble and patrician families," and "backward peoples" are highly derivative concepts of a cultural, historical order. They have no relevance for the biologist whatever, and if the biologist, as biologist, does nevertheless insist on being interested in them he indulges in an application of his science which is not in essence different from the astrological labors of the early astronomers. It is very remarkable that in the earlier part of his book Mr. Siemens is at the greatest pains to prove that the acquired or "parakinetic" features of the organism are of no influence on its properly hereditary or "idiokinetic" features but in the later chapters forgets or misapplies his own principles. The colossal assumption that the conventional values ("higher" and "lower") that we assign to different types of cultural behavior are at the same time intelligible as

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corresponding biological differentia can only be "excused" if we remember the average biologist's contempt of history.

"Race Prejudice" is a reprint of a work that appeared in the first decade of the present century, but it may still be read with profit. Finot's manner is rather that of the eloquent and idealistic publicist than that of the scientist who has the air of examining his data without knowing until the last chapter what conclusions they lead to. This is not to say that there is not in his book a great deal of telling criticism of the claims made by Gobineau and his tribe for the cultural significance of race, of the supposed differences in the basic psychology of different peoples, of the "Aryan" and "Latin" legends, and of many other exercises in mythology. It is only fair to say, however, that Finot unduly minimizes the biological importance of race.

Mr. Oldham's book is in many ways the most interesting of the four. It is lucid, sympathetic, and admirably free from any taint of bitterness or polemic heat; it exhibits familiarity with the practical aspects of race contact and race conflict and a sufficiently firm control of the biological and anthropological background of race theory—indeed, the chapter on The Significance of Race is the best untechnical summary of the fundamental facts of human heredity that we have seen; and it combines a willingness to see the unpleasant or disturbing facts of the rough-and-tumble world with an obviously sincere and determined Christian idealism.

If anything, Mr. Oldham understands too clearly what are the obstacles that seem to make impossible a simple, sweeping application of the Christian ethic to contemporary and impending race problems. He has no spiritual insight to offer that can burn away prejudice, injustice, political tyranny, and commercial exploitation. The communion of saints in whom color of skin is invisible is hardly more than a verbal formula; it certainly is not a flaming vision. This Christianity of Mr. Oldham's—and we believe it is as sincere a variety as our parliamentary, Protestantized world has to offer—is an exceedingly modest, patient, and well-behaved faith. It is at least as familiar with the interrogatory give-and-take of the committee room as it is with the thunder of the pulpit, the madness of crusade, or the ecstasy of revelation. Perhaps it is ungenerous to expect fervor and the courage of paradox from the guardians of the sublimest and most paradoxical of religious messages, the gospel of Jesus Christ. This is a "reasonable" age, a trimmer's age, in which courage has been surrendered to the limbs and to the angry heart while faith sits frozen and ashamed. The gospel of Christ is not concerned with the philosophy of the germ plasm, nor does it wait on the statistics of intelligence tests for its mandates to become operative. A conditional Christianity will not bring conviction to a world already riddled with inner conflict and skepticism.

"In a church which is conscious of its mission to the world," says Mr. Oldham, "there can be no exclusion or separation on the ground of race. This does not mean that as a matter of convenience members of different races living side by side may not worship in separate congregations. If there are differences of disposition and aptitude between races the genius of each will doubtless find its best expression if the religious life of each is allowed to develop on its own lines. There is nothing in this contrary to the catholicity of the Church of Christ." To quote only this passage, we hasten to add, is not entirely fair to the spirit in which Mr. Oldham's book is written; but the passage is ominously indicative, none the less, of what has happened to the essential gospel of Jesus. A too insistently instrumental habit of thought has tortured this gospel into the semblance of a program buttressed by science and expediency. The gospel itself, smothered by these kindly ministrations, lies either dead or in a state of indefinitely prolonged coma. Only the humblest of incidental services may be expected from its tradition in the solution of race problems.

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A Lesson for Ladies

Serena Blandish: or The Difficulty of Getting Married. By a Lady of Quality. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.
Mayfair. By Michael Arlen. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

"SERENA BLANDISH" is, as the pseudonym might suggest, cast mockingly into the mold of the classical *conte.* Mrs. Behn recounted amorous tales in this same grave manner, and Restif de la Bretonne managed through the use of similar means to give to his stories piquancy not wholly in accord with the exemplary lessons in practical morality which they professed to teach. The secret is the secret of deliberate simplicity, of narrative which tells everything while it seems to concern itself only with externals, and it is no easy one to catch. Once caught, however, it furnishes one of the most refined of delights, and it is the form of expression to which sophistication inevitably tends. It is, in part, the secret of assuming that your reader does not need to have explained to him either your point of view or your intentions, and it teaches one to begin not with the exposition of one's philosophy or the elaborate description of a milieu, but thus: "Among all the women who lived in a garden city adjoining the southern docks of London, none was so uncommon as Miss Serena Blandish, a young girl of nineteen to whom nature had given every grace of figure, face, ankle, wrist, and expression." Such is the classical manner, and classicism, as is sometimes forgotten by those who like to explain that its essence is a concern with general nature rather than with peculiar exceptions, can be cynical as well as heroic; for charm of ankle no less than sweetness of character may be assumed as one of the essential traits of a typical young woman.

Serena, heroine of this modern exemplary novel, is a girl whose face and figure are her only fortune, but who is never able quite to realize upon her assets because of too yielding a nature. She has a fresh charm which even green youth can appreciate, combined with a mature experience which only middle-aged roués can value at its proper worth; and, since she is consumed by a wholly unfeigned longing for the security of honorable marriage, she has obviously, according to eighteenth-century standards, the roots of virtue in her. Yet for some reason unknown to herself the men whom she would have propose marriage always propose a little supper in their lodgings instead, and Serena, because she is too modest to seem to set too high a price upon herself and too obliging to deny an agreeable man anything, always goes. Now classicists have always recognized as one of the general traits of the male sex an unwillingness to pay the high price of matrimony for what they can get for nothing; and so Serena, in spite of all those who are willing to make ardent love to her, is left forlornly unwed with nothing to do except meditate upon her tragic defect: "It is, alas, not in my power to refuse any man anything, but how is it that they know so soon how readily they may ask?" The father of the English novel wrote, as every one knows, a great work with the subtitle "Virtue Rewarded" in which he showed his heroine reducing the rake who would seduce her to abject honorableness by exercising her talent for persistent refusal; "Serena Blandish" may be said to point the obverse of this moral. Ladies who cannot say "no" must not hope for more than a second-rate marriage.

Whoever the author of this little *jeu d'esprit* may be, he is one of the cleverest of contemporary writers, and he has managed by his mastery of the classical manner to produce a narrative in which layer after layer of irony reveals itself to the reader who brings a perception delicate enough to catch it. All the worldly wisdom which eighteenth-century cynicism presupposes is there, and below the surface lies delicately implied the modern criticism of the morality of that same great century. Somehow, and for sufficiently complicated reasons, the injunction: "Always ask to see the wedding ring first and some day you will really get it" does not seem to embrace so satisfactorily

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as once it did the whole scheme of female virtue together with the rewards appropriate to it. Actually, none of the more exalted reasons which have been subsequently urged in favor of continence are so demonstrably sound as this one; but the fact remains that we are not quite classic because we cannot help thinking it at least a little bit funny. If Mrs. Behn had written the story of Serena she would probably have made it considerably more scabrous, but she would never have perceived the irony of its moral.

In "Mayfair" Mr. Michael Arlen has managed somehow to display at full length all his vices as a writer and to conceal completely the virtues which in some of his books, particularly "The Green Hat," deserved the acclaim which they received. Trusting wholly to the exuberance of his style he has allowed himself to concoct the most absurdly meretricious stories and then permitted his manner to sink to the level of his matter, with the result that whereas he was once brilliant he is now merely showing off. "Mayfair" obviously challenges comparison with "Serena Blandish," since both books are intended to be sophisticated satire upon contemporary society; but once the comparison is suggested Mr. Arlen's book is revealed as hopelessly inferior. Long-winded and extravagantly mannered, it never achieves by a whole paragraph the effect of any one of a hundred phrases in the anonymous tale, and it sinks more than once to the level of intolerable silliness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In the Solomon Islands

The Threshold of the Pacific. By C. E. Fox, with a preface by G. Elliot Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THIS work forms the seventh volume of "The History of Civilization," edited by Mr. C. K. Ogden, and is one of those volumes not represented in the parallel French edition of the series. Indeed its appearance in a set of general treatises is intelligible only from its connection with a distinctively British theory of culture history—the well-known pan-Egyptological scheme of Professor Elliot Smith which was ultimately accepted by the late Dr. Rivers, who stimulated and directed Dr. Fox's ardor as an investigator of primitive life. Otherwise there would be no justification for singling out a descriptive account of one of the Solomon Islands from corresponding monographs on hundreds of other regions.

The reader will do well, however, to ignore Dr. Fox's association with a particular school and to enjoy his record of observations. As Goethe said of Byron, so one might say of Dr. Fox: "When he reflects, he is a child." He is quite capable not only of accepting his anthropological friend's interpretations—that is natural enough—but of regarding as real the legendary people known to the natives as *kakamora*. Considering that these were sometimes described by his informants as straight-haired pygmies from 4 feet 6 inches to 5 feet in height, their existence would be sufficiently interesting to physical anthropology. But in the chapter specially devoted to this race of men we learn that in San Cristoval they average six inches, yet have the strength of three or four men; that they have no arts, weapons, houses, clothes; that they live in the clefts of rocks and sometimes attack men with their long sharp finger nails and even eat them. It is not surprising to gather that Dr. Fox has never seen any himself and that the *kakamora* actually captured or seen at close quarters by "trustworthy witnesses" are always "about the size of small men, not much smaller than the pygmies of Bugoto or New Guinea."

It should be noted that when the author confines his interpretations to historical relations within Melanesia he scores excellent points. Thus he is undoubtedly right in identifying the masked dancers who impersonate ghosts to terrify the children as an attenuated form of the Dukduk and Tamate societies of New Britain and the Banks Islands respectively, and there are other features characteristic of Melanesia.

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Though there is an astonishing variation in the social organization of the several districts of the small area of San Cristoval, the clan division with maternal descent made familiar to us by Dr. Fox's precursors in Melanesia recurs in this island as well; in the district of Baure there are moieties; and bird totems are at least prominently associated with the clans.

Probably it is the chapters on religion that will make the widest appeal. Here again the reader versed in the older authorities on Oceanian ethnography will recognize long-standing acquaintances. The *mena* (pp. 100, 252) or magical power that is imparted to an object by blowing upon it or that is ascribed to a great warrior—nay, to the club he wields—is nothing but Codrington's *mana*, a concept widespread in Polynesia as well as in Melanesia, and according to many writers the most basic principle of early religion. Similarly, incantations of the kind so prominently interwoven with every phase of aboriginal life in New Zealand and New Guinea are not less potent in the estimation of the San Cristoval aborigines: every craft had its hereditary spells, without which the technical manipulations—weaving, e. g., or canoe-building—could not be properly carried out.

If the account of supernatural beings is not altogether clear, the fault lies largely in the inconsistency of the native classification. Dr. Fox attempts to correlate their *figona* and *adaro* with Rivers's spirits and ghosts respectively; but, like the classifications of grammar, that of the Melanesians is highly capricious and mocks at academic logic-chopping. For by no means all *adaro* are ghosts . . . there are those of the sea and woods and other natural phenomena, not all of whom are supposed ever to have been ghosts. Incidentally, the weird native drawings illustrating these beings are among the most interesting features of the book. Foremost among all supernatural beings is a *figona* named Agunua, who is represented as a winged serpent and figures as a creator of the world and man.

Enough has been said to justify the claim that the reader will be rewarded by a capital description of conditions rapidly approaching extinction. Unstinted praise must be given to Professor Elliot Smith for having effected the publication of so specialized a piece of research.

ROBERT H. LOWIE

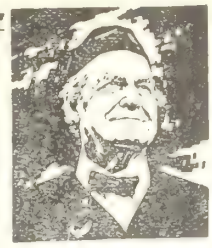
Pure Political Philosophy

Studies in the History of Political Philosophy. By C. E. Vaughan. Longmans, Green and Company. 2 vols. $14.

THIS is, granted its standpoint and method, a most valuable and suggestive work. Professor Vaughan takes the outstanding political thinkers since Hobbes and analyzes with infinite patience and exactness the systems they represent. The analysis is so made that there is combined with it criticism of a high order; and there will be few readers who do not rise from the study of these volumes with greater knowledge and more richly stored minds.

It may perhaps be useful to warn the reader what he is not to expect. There are, in the first place, two great gaps; the treatment of Rousseau—to Vaughan the greatest of all political thinkers—is to be found elsewhere in his magistral edition of Rousseau's political writings, and there is no treatment of the Utilitarians. This last omission is particularly unfortunate since Vaughan himself belonged to the school of T. H. Green; and an indication of the grounds of his dissent from his opponents would have been of great value.

Nor, it should be added, does the work constitute history in the rigorous sense of the word. The studies are arranged in chronological order; but that is all. What Vaughan attempted was the analysis of certain abstract systems of ideas. He did not attempt to place them in historical perspective; he did not inquire into their relationship with the works of contemporaries; he did not even seek to seize the relationship between the thinker and his environment which is so often the



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The Commoner is their accepted spokesman. In the July FORUM Mr. Bryan tells *just what he is thinking* and reveals the working of a mind convinced that the theory of evolution is absurd. This article is by way of answer to PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN'S challenge in the June FORUM on behalf of the evolutionists.

The Literary Editor of THE FORUM, who has recently returned from a trip to the scene of battle in Tennessee, contributes interesting observations upon the impending trial of J. T. SCOPES, indicted under the anti-evolution law of Tennessee for teaching the biology of evolution. THE FORUM predicts that MR. SCOPES will be found guilty and fined $100.00.

The publishers will enter introductory subscriptions —4 months for $1.00—and while the limited supply lasts a copy of the June issue, containing PROFESSOR OSBORN'S article, will be included without extra charge.

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main clue to his ideas. The results, accordingly, need to be judged by scholars who can themselves supply these missing items. We cannot really judge Hobbes save in the background of the Civil War; we cannot, either, really understand him unless we adjust the "Leviathan" to what Aubrey tells us of him in his delightful sketch. And that must lead us to seek to measure the influence upon him of Bacon, who was the pupil of Bodin, who was the pupil of Machiavelli. We cannot explain the marvelous success of Locke unless we think of him as only the most successful of a whole host of writers who were saying the same thing as he, though with less pungency. Vaughan's angle of approach did not allow him to assess these things. The result is, I think, that his book lacks the sense of movement. The ideas become free of those conditions of time and place which gave them birth: and, for example, he is led to blame Hegel and Fichte for professing doctrines which were the quite natural views of men who were passionately anxious for German freedom.

Something, also, in criticism could be said of Vaughan's philosophy. Much of it, I believe, is due to the meaning he pours into the terms he uses. Vaughan was a professor of literature and not an administrator. Accordingly he does not think, as an official would think, of state action as, in daily fact, something done because President Coolidge or Harry Daugherty has ordered it to be done, but as something done in the name of a mystic entity whose minds and hearts and wills are bound into the action achieved. That is, in fact, mythology; and I do not think it is even edifying mythology. It gives to actions of the state a prestige to which they are not entitled. It omits to notice that, a priori, those acts are neutral in ethical substance until we know their intent and consequence. The neo-Kantianism Vaughan so eloquently expounds is, I think, deceptive just because it sweeps into the ambit of its terminology consent and authority to which, if we patiently unravel the facts, it is not entitled.

All of this is not to say that Vaughan's book will not be invaluable to the student. His exact knowledge of his text enables him to help even the closest inquirer into these problems. He had a mind which was sympathetic and generous. If on occasion that tempts him into substituting eloquence for thought, the occasions are rare. It is a tragedy that he did not live to give his book final form. But every scholar will be grateful to his friends for raising to him this noble memorial.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Sociological Invasion

Sociology and Political Theory. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE famous battle of Jericho, it will be remembered, was won not by massed frontal attack but by the subtler strategy of circumambulation. It will also be remembered that the besieged Jerichees made unholy sport of the circumambulators. But in the end the walls of the city fell; and they who, throughout their parading, had turned the other cheek to the cat-calls of the foe marched in and solemnly trod on the necks of the scoffers. In like manner, a generation ago, the high lords of political science and political philosophy stood on the ramparts of their city and poked unmerciful scorn at a motley crowd that had streamed up out of the slums of the earth. Sociologists the latter called themselves; and they looked as queer as their name. "Those shoddy brethren take possession of us?" laughed the *aristoi tes politikes.* So, detailing a few outposts they went back to their metaphysical discussions of sovereignty and of the limits of state interference. But the sociologists began their march—a quiet, polite march at first, nothing menacing; till they began to strike up a little with their charity organization jazz bands; a little louder with their family budget bazoos; and finally, loudest of all, with their statistical socio-psychological toot-horns. It has just been told in this book how the walls of

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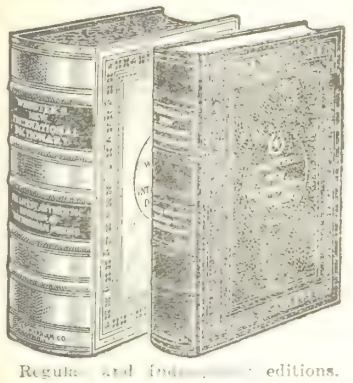

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that older political science began to tremble; how, in the end, they fell; and how the despised sociologists marched in and routed the last—or almost the last—defenders from their bulwarks of abstraction.

One needs to be reminded that this actually happened. It makes the whole enterprise of social and political thinking far less a matter of tag-ends and tatters to know that something radically transformative has occurred; that the point of view and technique of a basic social science have changed. The typical older political science, in brief, no longer exists. Its concepts have been so riddled by the apparently innocent observations of socio-psychologists that they have no force today; they are simply pathetic.

So the state no longer exists as "a single unique entity existing alone in a circumambient void," to quote Cole's ironic phrase, nor as the "perfected rationality," the "eternal and necessary essence of spirit" of Hegel, but rather as a tentative, growing, compromising, functional organization of fairly ordinary and more than fairly unintelligent human beings. So "sovereignty" is no compulsive metaphysical principle handed down by God into the austere hands of Austin *et al.;* it is seen to have been, for the most part, a rather shoddy, man-made defense of the dominant interests. So "liberty" and "individual rights" are no longer "pure ideas," discussable *in abstracto;* they are conditions, more or less realizable, in lives subject to all kinds of psychological and environmental obstruction. So the state is no longer, in legalistic spirit, regarded as a policeman set up to guard the innocent and clap the guilty into jail; it is rather an imperfect but improvable organization for adjusting the conflicting interests of groups. So it is only in the backwaters of political intelligence that the national state is regarded as final and inviolate; the national state, like everything else that really lives, is only a stage in an evolution. So also that curious misobservation of Montesquieu's about the "division of powers" has come to be discounted; so the hoary classification of states into monarchies, aristocracies, etc., has given way to classifications grounded upon the interplay of human nature; so the mythologies of race superiority, etc., except in the stagnant regions of prejudice, have been transformed into critical ethnological and psychological analyses.

The primary value of Mr. Barnes's book lies in the fact that by marshaling before us in a remarkably accurate and comprehensive way the wide and intricate work of sociologists he is able to produce a vivid sense of the extent to which the older metaphysical views in politics have been effectively undermined. This is a very real service. Most of us read one or two or a half dozen books on social problems. We get, let us say, the slant of Lippman, or Wallas, or Follett, or some one else. But for the most part we are quite ignorant of how these particular views fit into the larger enterprise of socio-psychological thinking. We fail to realize the extent to which the many diverse, often conflicting views have contributed to a very basic reorientation in the field of social and political thinking.

Mr. Barnes, however, is not the kind of sociologist who believes that the sun began to rise only on the first of January, *Anno Comte-iensis.* He gives credit wherever in older centuries the essential sociological spirit and technique have manifested themselves. That spirit and technique have lain in the attempt "to analyze the social process as a whole" rather than to abstract parts of it into independent, self-enclosed entities. In the United States he finds this more comprehensive kind of analysis to have been retarded chiefly by the ascendancy of the lawyer type of mind, the "aristocracy of the robe"; but here again his book has value in calling to our attention the powerful present-day sociological trends as exhibited in such men as Gierke, Maitland, Duguit, Pound, Freund, Goodnow, and in such judges as Harland, Holmes, Brandeis, Hand, G. W. Anderson, Cardoza, and others.

There is only one suggestion we should like to make with regard to Mr. Barnes's book. Save for references here and there, it omits consideration of the field of economics, in which

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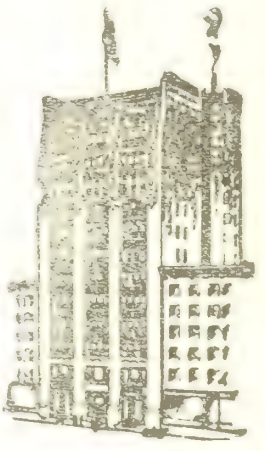

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much the same kind of subtle undermining has been taking place, with important bearings upon political theory. It is to be hoped that a companion volume will before long appear in which the same comprehensive marshaling of views will be carried out and the same stimulating sense given of a fundamental and perhaps even more important reorientation taking place among economists. H. A. OVERSTREET

Censored Recollections

Things I Shouldn't Tell. By the author of *Uncensored Recollections.* J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.50.

THE more or less anonymous author—"sweet, hectic babe," he calls himself—of "Uncensored Recollections" has been persuaded, not against his will, to write a second book about things that are generally not worth telling. To speak precisely, he did not write either book, but "gave the material to a friend, who not only put it into shape for the press but introduced some anecdotes and matter of his own." It is clear, therefore, that the "author," whoever he may be, has led a consistent life, for in his old age he toadies in literature as he has toadied for some sixty years to a curious collection of celebrities, most of whom were not worth knowing.

He tries his best to be very correct, very nice, and withal rather naughty. His desire "to be accurate; and to avoid, even in my gossip, anything resembling the *blague* of the *boulevardier* . . . to be lenient and generous" is constantly thwarted by his enormous zest for decorous scandal. He piously comments that he *could* tell some things "quite unfit for publication," but of course he won't; then, with the strangely perverted morality that always distinguishes minds of his type, he exudes this bit of innuendo: "He [Lord Charles Beresford] delighted in calling the Duke of Edinburgh 'darling Mathilda' for reasons I cannot chronicle, but which referred to midshipman days." With goatish glee he chuckles over memories of the time when he—sweet, hectic babe!—slept in ladies' bathrooms, played a noble part in dozens of ignoble episodes, and reveled in "the most delicious wine I ever tasted, except perhaps Yquem Lur Saluces." He gloats over country house parties at which "when the ladies began to ascend the stairs to go to their rooms, they would be pelted with all kinds of articles of a more or less intimate, personal, or domestic character: socks, pants, jerseys, pyjamas, would come floating down from above; brushes, combs, boots, etc., etc., come rattling about." But when he speaks of persons who publicly flouted all the accepted canons of morality he becomes deliciously moral. "I never spoke to Wilde; his appearance was quite enough for me." "I have referred to Raymond Seillière as a scoundrel. He certainly was all that . . . he had a hideous passion for ruining poor little helpless girls."

Of all the persons who fill his crowded canvas, the Prince of Wales and Swinburne are most entertaining. The Prince, it appears, "was very well read, and he appreciated anything that savored of literary knowledge—if used lightly, of course, and with nothing of the *Précieux* about it—in general conversation." When the author noted with deep concern that the fair-skinned Prince was becoming very wrinkled he performed the only constructive piece of work that he ever did. "I knew the real reason; he was in the habit of washing his face with soap. . . . Now, soap on the face is a mistake." He gently hinted the awful truth to the Prince, who thenceforth, it seems, led a soapless and unwrinkled life. As for his "dear friend, squirming, hand-wringing, red-haired little Swinburne," he "knew him intimately." Once an American widow, "very rich, from Cincinnati," came to the poet, determined to conquer or die: "she threw herself at him with all the vigor with which her late spouse had packed pork." Gazing fervently at Algernon, "with a very wicked look in her eyes [she] would read to him some of his naughtiest lines:

> Ah, sweet, one sin worth sinning
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and so on, till the frightened poet fled in complete dismay.

As one finishes this book, one would like to know more about certain people. Prince Constantine Radziwill, for instance, who "was a most extraordinary man; deathly pale (I never saw a man with face so white—that is, a live one) and for the most part mute—listening, bowing his head, but hardly ever speaking, and, when he did, only saying 'Oui' or 'Non' or 'Parfaitement.'" In certain moods one would even like to know more about that "complete dinner set in Sèvres china made for the Regent Philippe d'Orléans—everything, every plate, every dish, even the salt cellars, erotic and obscene." But perhaps one eventually *will* know more; for in one place the author remarks that he once "said something very grotesque to His Royal Highness (I remember very well what it was, but am reserving it for the *Christian World*)." Subscriptions to the *Christian World* are now in order.

R. F. DIBBLE

Music

The Bach Festival

THE Nineteenth Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, held on the week-end of Decoration Day, was greeted this year with double joy. The extended illness of Dr. J. Fred Wolle which resulted in the cancelation of last year's concerts had caused many to fear that the Eighteenth Festival, in 1923, was to be the last. The thought that Dr. Wolle might not again conduct had led some of us to appraise the prospect of the Bach Choir without him. Its continuance would, of course, be impossible.

If we were called upon to find a successor to Dr. Wolle we should look in the first instance to the great cities where many men conduct Bach. But what can these men bring to Bethlehem, these men who squeeze Bach into the occasional afternoons not occupied by their symphonic engagements, American tours, or European visits as guest conductors; and who face from the podium an orchestra drafted from the opera house and singers rehearsed by a chorus master? The Bach Choir prepares for its Festival from October to May. Frankly, the gentlemen from the cities cannot be bothered.

They will say, doubtless, that the finer voices and the better trained minds with which they work would make eight months of rehearsal unnecessary, even if city life made them possible. And though the gentlemen might not express it they would add the thought that eight months' study of a single composition on their part would be supererogatory. I suppose Dr. Wolle would be the first to admit that his chorus is not a galaxy. I imagine he has often wished that he could have such a group as the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto to work with. How much greater their beauty of tone! Dr. Wolle's tenors upon a forte entrance tend to bawl; Dr. Davidson's Harvard boys would always sing purely. Yet when the Mendelssohn Choir sang several choruses from the B Minor Mass Dr. Fricker tore them through at such a breathless rate that the audience was left dizzy; and the Harvard Glee Club singing Cum Sanctu Spiritu could produce nothing but a blur of sound.

These and similar incidents must make Dr. Wolle smile. Apparently it does take eight months—and eight months through many years—to instil a conductor's thoughts even into sophisticated minds. And even more apparently it takes many times eight months for a leader to penetrate far enough into the complexities of the Confiteor (probably one of the most terrific choruses ever written) to have any thoughts to instil.

And if the Bach Choir is hopelessly out of what the haberdashers call the New York manner, is some other town which boasts a community chorus going to supply Dr. Wolle's successor? The question almost answers itself. The timidity which offers only sentimental banalities even in communities like those which partook in the recent Westchester County

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MEXICO

The American public is once more keenly interested in the affairs of our Southern neighbor due to the utterances of the Secretary of State Kellogg, published and commented by the leading journals and the statement of the President Elias Calles.

Business men and investors are specially concerned as to the conditions of Mexico. Many of them are dealing with that country and cannot realize why impending changes are forecasted as everything looks promising if one is following the developments of the policy of the new Administration.

From the induction into power of President Calles up to a few days ago everybody was optimistic on the outcome of Mexico by reason of the frequent reports regarding the sound policy, the plan of economy and the working out of the platform of the present ruler. Statesmen in the United States and in Europe were elated and reassured of the rehabilitation of a country so long disturbed and apparently settled after the successful suppression of the last revolt enhanced and supported by the large land owners, the reactionary elements and certain greedy foreign elements.

Now the excitement caused by the so-called controversy between the Secretary of State and the Mexican President has greatly subdued and better feeling is shown everywhere. Further and immediate developments will no doubt demonstrate that Mexico follows its destiny according to her own ideals and is trying to fulfill all obligations for the benefit of her own people and the foreign interests cooperating to her development.

For illustration we are giving some accurate data showing the true financial status of Mexico.

BUDGET

According to official figures the Budget for 1925 is about 286,399,372 Mexican dollars expenses and the income taken as basis the Federal Revenue, about 290,000,000 Mexican dollars, which leaves a surplus of several millions. Nevertheless, it has been stated officially and publicly that since General Calles assumed his post as President there has been a sharp cut in the expenses amounting to 40,000,000 Mexican dollars, besides the payment of salaries due to Federal employees amounting to nearly 12,000,000 Mexican dollars and the debt to Merchants estimated in 11,000,000 Mex. dollars. It is calculated that by the coming September after paying to the merchants 3,000,000 Mex. dollars more, the Mexican Government will have in its Treasury a sum of 50,000,000 Mex. dollars. The present Administration has paid 2,000,000 Mex. dollars of a loan made to De la Huerta.

Since April 1st, the stamp revenue on checks, drafts and notes, as well as other documents, has been suppressed. This measure has received a hearty approval by the bankers and business men.

The Federal income in recent years has been:

GENERAL INCOME

1920	$256,734,090.62
1921	298,398,772.10
1922	285,017,576.55
1923	256,259,122.63
1924	270,796,238.70

TAXES ON OIL PRODUCTION

1920	$45,479,168.16
1921	50,604,049.35
1922	58,374,155.66
1923	42,152,722.48
1924	38,952,735.65

TAXES ON OIL EXPORTS

1920	$
1921	12,120,455.08
1922	27,605,988.85
1923	18,382,916.86
1924	15,669,256.45

The Consulate General of Mexico in New York has collected $2,946,037.66 American Currency, it is an average of $589,207.53 American Currency per month.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

The amount of imports to Mexico in the year of 1924 was 321,315,824.00 Mex. Currency corresponding to the United States the sum of 233,193,644.00 Mex. Currency or about 75%. The remainder was imported from England, Germany and France.

The American imports during the first three months of this year were 76,750,000.00 Mex. Currency, showing an increase of 40% compared with the same period in the previous year.

The exports of Mexico into the United States during the same periods amount to 106,260,000.00 Mex. Currency, which is 43% more than in the first quarter of 1924.

The development of the oil industry in Mexico is on the increase and conditions are very satisfactory according to the reports of the American press.

The Department of National Statistics reports that on the first three months of this year there were coined at the Mint 7,780,000.00 Mex. Currency, of which 5,200,000.00 were gold coins and 2,580,000.00 Mex. Currency in silver coins.

RAILROADS AND HIGHWAYS

The National Railroads of Mexico have been reorganized by the Department of Communications and Public Works. The personnel was greatly reduced and wages readjusted in such manner that the operating cost is now reduced by 30,000,000 per annum, and in a short time the system will be on paying basis.

President Calles being aware of the great need there is in Mexico for highways signed a decree for the building of national roads, which once completed will aid considerably to the commercial, agricultural and industrial development of the country. The highways to be built are: Mexico-Laredo; Mexico-Acapulco; Arriaga-Tuxtla Gutiérrez, and others of lesser importance.

OBLIGATIONS AND PAYMENTS

According to the agreement De la Huerta-Lamont, the obligations of the Mexican Government amount to $508,830,777.00 American Currency, including the debt of the National Railways of $243,734,777.00 American Currency.

The payments of the National debt were discontinued last year due to the revolt headed by De la Huerta, but the present Administration is endeavoring and making all efforts to resume it. To the effect all steps advised by a sound policy are being taken.

The Treasury of Mexico has issued drafts to the Financial Agency of Mexico in New York, from April, 1922, to this date, for the payment of $6,454,602.05 American Currency. Of this sum remain unpaid only the amount of $443,160.94, which will be settled on the coming month of August.

A definite plan for the establishment of a National Bank of issue has been completed, and it is expected that such financial institution will start to operate to January 1st, 1926, with a capital of 75,000,000.00 Mex. Currency. This Bank will render a valuable service for the stabilization of finance in the country.

President Calles desires to see his country entirely rehabilitated at the end of the first year of his Administration, or shortly after. Then Mexico, with the service of its national debt resumed and paying all its internal obligations, building roads, promoting industry, enforcing the Agrarian laws firmly and with the less possible friction, and giving to both national and foreign citizens full protection, will see an era of prosperity if it continues to receive the cooperation of unselfish American interests.

music festival is not going to furnish a substitute for the passion, devotion, and insight of the Moravian organist who, unterrified by the curb-stone cry of "highbrow," has given a community an intimate affection for the great, and taught it to give it forth greatly.

A performance such as that of the Christmas Oratorio this year will make the new visitor feel keenly the deficiency of the Bach Choir: when Dr. Wolle permits individual members of the Chorus to assume the solo parts he discloses too clearly how commonplace and naive many of the voices are.

The Oratorio itself is a work of exceedingly uneven interest. Bach's librettist has as if deliberately avoided every dramatic element of his story, depriving the composer of the opportunities which he has seized so eagerly in the Passion Musics. The most pleasing number, the Cradle Song of Mary to the infant Jesus, Bach had previously used in a quite secular work, "The Choice of Hercules," performed in honor of the Prince of Saxony; and the charming symphony opening Part II has its counterparts in the Brandenburg Concerti. With so large a field of choral works to explore, Dr. Wolle would do better to constitute his Friday programs of motets and short cantatas, in which his choir has appeared to greater advantage.

In the performance of the B Minor Mass the deficiencies of the chorus vanish before a perfection of training, a devotion of spirit, and an understanding guidance that make Bach's magnificent patterns transparently clear and show forth that greatest depth of feeling which a truly rich soul can evoke through a severe and formal medium which it transcends and bends to its purpose—a feeling more satisfying than that aroused by nervous splashings of tone color or emotional wallowing in free developments. This satisfaction is one which the wise will secure for themselves while Dr. Wolle continues in his present restored vigor; and while the problem of his successor is still, I hope, a remote one.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD has been editor of *The Nation* since 1918.

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HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY was managing editor of *The Nation* from 1918 to 1920, and is now professor of economics at Wellesley College.

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J. RAMSAY MACDONALD was the first Labor Prime Minister of England.

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PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES has been president of Mexico since September, 1924.

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H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury.*

ERNEST GRUENING'S series of articles, concluded in this issue, was written after his return from Mexico in January. He is now on the way home from another visit in Mexico City.

JOHN A. HOBSON is a British author and economist, and a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

COUNTEE CULLEN is a young Negro poet who was graduated this year with honors from New York University.

MAX EASTMAN, formerly editor of the *Masses* and the *Liberator,* has lived abroad for three years, mostly in Russia.

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In order to make room for important special articles

The International Relations Section

has been omitted from this issue. It will appear as usual hereafter.

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WILL ECONOMIC CONDITIONS at home force sense into the European chancelleries? Ironic as it may seem, Europe's chief hope of peace today lies in her poverty and in the rise of unemployment. England's Tory Ministry, talking of a break with Russia and threatening reprisals against the Chinese, is brought up short by the demand of Scotch fishermen that they be helped to sell their herring in Russia and by the effects of the Chinese boycott on British goods. The Ministry is faced too by the high tide of unemployment. At the beginning of this year fewer than 100,000 miners were idle. Each week since then has seen new stoppages; today 200,000 miners are out of work, and the total unemployment figure has risen to 1,250,000—the worst record since the early days of post-war deflation. France, too, has her troubles. Caillaux, her miracle man of finance, has discovered no royal road to solvency—only higher taxes and more short-term notes. The radicals are complaining that his new taxes fall more heavily on the poor than on the rich; and no one has yet begun to face the question of financing the dragging war in Morocco. As this week's International Relations Section shows, there is violent protest in France against this war, and a well-grounded suspicion that Marshal Lyautey deliberately provoked Abdel Krim's attack. To make peace now would mean a harsh blow for the "prestige" of the French empire in Africa; but how else can France buckle her budget together?

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF CHINA cables from Shanghai demanding that the United States cooperate with the other Powers in adopting "a strong attitude" toward China. China, its resolution says, should be held "strictly accountable for all losses of life, property, *and business*" (a new kind of claim!) due to the present situation. The American Chamber of Commerce of Hongkong cables its protest against Senator Borah's suggestion that extraterritoriality be abolished. Thus the business men stumble blindly along the historic path of bloody imperialism. Since publication of our editorial of June 17 we have been informed on the best authority that the international bankers grouped in the so-called Chinese consortium have not only brought no pressure to bear on our State Department to use force to protect American property interests in China but have even on occasion warned the Department that they believe such use of force likely in the long run to prejudice American interests. That is financial statesmanship with a long look ahead. We hope that the vision will not falter and that the example will spread. But with China four years in default on British and American loans totaling about $25,000,000 and on other American obligations amounting to almost as much, and six months in default on the Four-Power (not Six-Power, as we stated on June 17) Hukuang Railway 5 per cent loan of 1911 ($7,500,000 of which was floated in this country by a syndicate headed by Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co.) angry pressure by investors for "immediate action" and "a strong attitude" is a constant danger.

CALVIN COOLIDGE IS AFRAID—afraid of what other people may say about him, and even of what he says himself. That is the only possible interpretation of his attitude toward the reporters who meet him every week. It has long been the accepted, if ridiculous, rule of official Washington that when the President talks with the reporters he must not be quoted. Every week we read dispatches reporting "opinions of the White House" "an official spokesman," "authoritative quarters"; and everyone who knows Washington knows that what is direct quotation of the President's replies to the correspondents' questions. That is America's curious substitute for the question-hour in the British House of Commons. Instead of [illegible] we leave it to the newspapermen. Of these half-concealed interviews [illegible] ers, if their own notes were inadequate, had recourse to the record. That custom prevailed through the Wilson and Harding administrations, and under Mr. Coolidge until his famous indiscreet reference to M. Jusserand and the Debt Commission. He got out of that by denying that he had said what every reporter knew he had said; and since that day the official stenographic record has been discreetly nonexistent. The reporters, still pathetically eager for accurate truth, thereupon had stenographic records made for themselves. Now Mr. Coolidge has ordered that practice discontinued. Why—unless because he is afraid of truthful reporting of his own words?

WHEN GERMANY'S SUBMARINE WARFARE entered its final and most acute stage in the winter of 1916-1917, and the merchant ships of the Allies were armed to meet it, the question arose whether they did not thereby lose their status as non-combattants, becoming warships. A large body of opinion held that they did, while another group maintained that the exceptional character of submarine warfare justified unusual measures. As a matter of history, though, Great Britain undertook to arm merchant vessels long before submarine warfare had become a danger. Sir Bertram Hayes, who retired last year from the service of the White Star Line, was in command of the Olympic when the war began in 1914. In "Hull Down" (the story of his life recently published by Macmillan) Captain Hayes tells what happened on the first trip the Olympic made to New York after hostilities had begun:

> For some reason or other best known to those who were responsible for putting them on board, four six-inch guns were mounted while we were in dock, two at the forward end of the ship and two aft, and nucleus crews of naval ratings disguised as merchant seamen were shipped to work them with volunteers from my crew to fill up the complement. I protested against this as I considered the presence of the guns would be an added danger to the 2,000 or so United States citizens I was to embark for passage to New York. There was no talk at that time of submarines sinking passenger ships, and I understood that the armament was supplied to the ship for the purpose of defending her from any German raiders we might meet.

"HELLO, PIRATE!" said a naval officer who came on board on sailing day, as he glanced at the armament and saluted the captain of the Olympic.

> That was the last straw [writes Captain Hayes], and I burst out with: "Yes, that is exactly what they have turned the ship into—a pirate ship—but if anybody thinks I am going to be so foolish as to fire the guns if we meet a raider when I have 2,000 Americans on board they are making a big mistake. I wouldn't do it even if Winston Churchill ordered me to."

"Had we been unlucky enough to meet a German raider on our way across the Atlantic she would, to my mind, have been perfectly justified in opening fire on us as soon as she saw we were armed," Captain Hayes goes on to say. No such encounter occurred, but when the vessel reached New York the guns were called in question.

> The United States Government took exception to the forward ones being on board, as according to them they could only be there for purposes of offense, and only defensive guns were permitted by international regulations to enter a neutral port. The question to be decided was whether we were to be allowed the customary twenty-four hours to coal or be interned during the rest of the war.

The Olympic was not interned, and while negotiations went on in Washington there was time to discharge her cargo and load another. The vessel was finally allowed to depart, with the understanding that the offensive guns were to be removed before another trip to New York. They were.

GENERAL BEN H. FULLER, returning from Haiti on June 17, was incautious enough to say to a reporter for the New York *Times:*

> Contrary to the general impression the marines are not in Haiti on any general mission of sanitation or civilization. We are simply there to prevent the overthrow of the regularly constituted Government.

That is refreshing honesty. We are in Haiti to maintain in office an unpopular and unconstitutional Government, which could not hold office for a minute without the support of the American marines. American marines dissolved Haiti's legislature in 1916 and have not permitted Haiti to hold an election since. All the blather about uplifting the natives which the Marine Corps publicity man spreads so copiously through the Sunday papers is, as General Fuller admits, sheer whitewash. We are there, in fact, to make Haiti safe for the $30,000,000 loan which we forced on her in 1921. Major General John A. Lejeune, commandant of the Marine Corps, followed General Fuller with another announcement. The withdrawal of the marines was remote, he said, although the original occupation force of 3,000 had been reduced to 1,200, and would be down to 800 by October. Simultaneously, the State Department revealed that the ten-year treaty forced on Haiti in 1915 had been extended in 1917 for another twenty years—which, by a natural coincidence, extends American control of Haitian customs for almost the precise period of the American bankers' loan. The marines are not in Haiti, as General Fuller says, for any altruistic reason. They are there to serve American financial interests.

ELMER SMITH, who served as attorney for members of the I. W. W. in many prosecutions on the Pacific Coast, admires both the lumber-jack and the mule; but, he says, he has greater admiration for the mule, who when he has worked eight hours will not lie down and starve to death if there is plenty of food in the next field. Because of this expressed preference, the Supreme Court of Washington has recently sustained Smith's disbarment as an attorney. As evidence against him were used old I. W. W. song-books seized in a Portland hall in 1917 (although Smith is not a member of the I. W. W.), his speeches about the mule and the lumber-jack, and other speeches in which he advocated a general strike for the liberation of the eight men convicted in the Centralia murder trial. Smith, who was made a co-defendant in the Centralia trial, was acquitted; but the conduct of the case so outraged him that he has since spent his small personal fortune in appeals for amnesty. Two members of the Washington court could not see that Smith by this conduct violated his oath to support the Constitution and the laws, and expressed a dissenting opinion. It is noteworthy that the acts charged against Smith were supposed to constitute violations of the criminal-syndicalism law, but he was not indicted under that act—that would have involved a jury trial, which is not required in a disbarment proceeding. It is also interesting that the secretary of the Federated Industries of Washington (an open-shop organization) in his annual report last year stated that "the Federated Industries extended assistance in securing evidence for the prosecution."

SMITH'S DISBARMENT is a symptom of a spirit more dangerous to American institutions than rhetorical indiscretion—even assuming, with the majority of the court, that Elmer Smith permitted himself a latitude of phrase inconsistent with his attorney's oath. This dangerous spirit is broad only in its conception of the relevance and meaning of evidence offered against a person whom, on other grounds, it is desired to punish. A

lawyer in a neighboring State was suspended for six months when he was found guilty of helping a "respectable" mob physically oust I. W. W.'s from his county. The difference between that sentence and Smith's disbarment is symptomatic of the state of justice in parts of the West. The true reason for Smith's disbarment was, of course, distinct from any pretext which his injudicious free speech afforded. It was to punish him for energetic professional services to I. W. W. clients and to make it hard for such clients, in future, to feel that they could get fair protection in their "day in court."

UPTON SINCLAIR'S pen is tireless in its war upon autocracy, commercialism, and humbug. Seldom judicial, Mr. Sinclair is nevertheless a gallant and useful fighter. He never wearies and never sleeps, and wherever he sees a wicked head he hits it. Between broadsides of heavy artillery, when other men would use the moments to rest, he picks up a rifle and does a bit of sniping like the following letter recently addressed to the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

> My attention is caught by an editorial in this morning's *Examiner* headed Bigotry and Bunk. You very justly reprove a teacher in New York for wishing to suppress modern ideas in the schools, and you say: "Fortunately, in Los Angeles we have a Board of Education, just re-elected, that answers to the homely but eloquent description of being level-headed."
>
> I agree with your judgment upon the New York teacher, but I am afraid that you flatter Los Angeles. Are you aware of the fact that for the past four or five years the school board of Los Angeles has barred from the libraries of the high schools both *The Nation* and the *New Republic*—which I find the two most useful magazines now published in the United States? If the *Examiner* is really interested in educational freedom and common-sense in Los Angeles, will it not take up this issue in an editorial? I look forward with great hope to seeing this action upon your part.

We do not know whether the *Examiner* printed this letter or not. We imagine not. Anyhow, to make sure that it sees the light, we print it ourselves.

MANY PEOPLE who claim to believe in modern education still shake their heads sadly when it is seriously proposed to permit children to develop naturally and creatively. "What," they ask, "is to become of such children when they must face the crippling realities of our straitjacketed society? How can they, trained under conditions of freedom, adapt themselves to the restrictions and tyrannies of present-day life?" This question was naturally raised at the second annual conference of the Manumit Associates, held at Pawling, N. Y. A. J. Muste, of Brookwood Labor College, proposed that graduates of the Manumit School might be saved from the "abyss" that awaits the child trained in freedom by working under the liberating influences of the labor movement. James Maurer, of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, felt that Manumit children would be "a healthy sprinkling of the brighter minds" so sorely needed in the rank and file of union members. All this is true, and labor's support of the Manumit type of education is the wisest possible statesmanship. Children who are given an opportunity to develop creatively, to deal early with realities and solve real problems, can be trusted later to grapple intelligently with larger social and industrial issues. Instead of adapting themselves to tyrannies they may set about removing them —which is perhaps what those who shake their heads over modern schools like Manumit fear most of all.

A CHAIR OF BANKING and finance has been endowed in Western Reserve University by Henry P. McIntosh, a Cleveland financier, which

> shall teach as a fundamental principle the inviolability of both personal and property rights—that even-handed justice holds invested capital sacred and honorably and righteously entitled to a fair return based upon amount and risk involved; that to labor belongs a reward commensurate with its contribution to the conservation and welfare of the enterprise enjoying it, this being the true conception of an ideal society favoring neither capital nor labor, but giving to both that share which their ability and effort respectively justify.

Capital should get "a fair return based upon amount and risk involved," but it is not "sacred." It is accumulated labor at its best; and it should come behind labor, which not only produced it but without which it has no continuing value. A provision like the one in connection with the endowment of this chair is typical of and normal to the business world of our topsy-turvy modern industrialism, but it has no place in any university which hopes to serve the democracy of the future or the honest scholarship of the present. Robert E. Vinson, the new president of Western Reserve, has a chance to align himself with the cause of free education by asking that the terms of the gift be redrafted.

THE NEW YORK *COMMERCIAL* publishes Report No. 13 in its File No. 19 (indexed for financiers who keep scrap-books) on the Wheeler Defense Committee. Under this name, it says, "one must infer . . . the American Civil Liberties Union hopes to conceal its Socialist and Communist connection and find a way both to secure a little ready cash and 'bore from within' organizations where its work has not been effective in the past." It prints the membership of the committee, including Jane Addams of Hull House, Peter Witt, William Allen White, Samuel Untermyer, and a row of distinguished lawyers, clergymen, authors, and professors. The *Commercial* comments: "Very few are men or women who have done anything constructive in this country." One wonders what the *Commercial* considers constructive. Obviously not Senator Wheeler's own work of merely saving the nation from a gigantic robbery by high officials.

HAVELOCK ELLIS thinks that good spelling is rather an uninteresting vice of modern civilization. He preferred the individualistic orthography of the parents of his Bushmen students to the correct versions of the school-taught children. Possibly he may think good proof-reading another vice. And possibly not. One little letter overlooked may make a tremendous difference. There is the tale of the obituary of a New England spinster, which concluded with the pious remark "Lord, she was Thine!" The typesetter ran out of e's, and the final letter was omitted, with disastrous results. Last week many of our readers must have smiled to read, in the editor's tribute to Mr. Godkin, the strange sentence "I do not believe that he ever rendered a fine service to America." It should, of course, have read "finer."

Tennessee *vs.* Truth

WHEN the prosecution of John T. Scopes, teacher of biology in the Dayton high school, is begun on July 10 it ought to be cried out by the court clerk as the State of Tennessee *vs.* Truth. For the trial brings to a head the attempt of a great commonwealth to determine science by popular vote, to establish truth by fiat instead of study, research, and experiment.

Not that Tennessee stands alone. Unfortunately, it has plenty of company. Tennessee just happened to be the first State to pass a law designed to prevent the teaching of the doctrine of evolution in its publicly supported schools. Kentucky missed passing a similar law by one vote, while only the upper house of the Texas Legislature prevented such legislation going on the statute books. There are restrictions upon teaching evolution in Oklahoma and North Carolina, and a campaign to that end is under way in California. All over the South and West there is agitation with a similar purpose.

Why the South and West? Merely because those sections are primarily rural and the anti-evolution movement has its springs in the small towns and the back blocks. Its champions are mostly among our much-praised native-American stock. They are the people who are generally held up as the safe-deposit vault of our ancient national virtues, but actually—all too often—a people bled white by the migration of their best individuals to the great cities. They distrust schools which are better than their own. They have been deprived of the vigor they brought into the world and left without leadership, a fine soil for fundamentalism, the Ku Klux Klan, and other manifestations of superstition and ignorance.

The campaign against evolution—against the scientific method—is only part of a larger movement clearly discernible since the close of the World War. On the one hand, there is the growing tendency to regulate all human existence by law—including opinions and personal habits. Coupled with it is a reaction of fear and obscurantism against the intellectual renaissance that began about the time of, and was greatly influenced by, the European struggle. Our tendency to resort to legislation for all purposes is overwhelming our courts and bringing law of all sorts into contempt. The number of cases in our federal courts is more than double what it was ten years ago, while most of our State tribunals are likewise loaded down with increasing pressure. As to our intellectual renaissance, there is a great deal said about the illiberalism that has come in the wake of the World War, but it is sometimes forgotten that this is not merely an arbitrary habit formed during the long years of restriction but still more a counter-action set up against the new ideas and new technique that rose splendidly from the ruins. In Russia and in China, throughout the Old World, the Great War led to a great political and economic awakening; in America, more or less, coincident with and determined by that conflict, we have seen the rise of a new poetry, fiction, and drama. Only a fraction even of our intellectual leaders have read this new literature. But everybody has read *about* it. They have heard—and believe—that it is blasphemous and indecent. In fear and panic they seek to preserve their ancient customs, their old beliefs.

The first act of fear and panic was the attempt during and just after the war to ward off new political and economic ideas by passing "anti-sedition" and "anti-syndicalist" laws and by trying to hound "radical" and "red" teachers out of the schools. Then the victims of fear and panic sought to save the old-time patriotism by attacking the critical spirit of some of the school history-books. Finally came the defense of the old-time religion through the campaign to suppress the doctrines of evolution in the teaching of science. The important question is not whether the doctrines or theories which these laws seek to suppress are true; it is whether it is ever possible or desirable to determine the content of teaching, to attempt to define truth and suppress error, by law.

To the trial in Tennessee newspapers all over the country are sending special correspondents; a great blare of publicity resounds. But it is not certain that anything of much importance will be accomplished there or in higher courts. Many people think that Mr. Scopes has clearly violated the law and must inevitably be convicted in Dayton, but that he will win eventually on appeal to the higher courts on the ground that the law provides for the interpretation of science according to a particular religious belief. It raises directly the issue of freedom of religion by providing that no theory shall be taught in State-supported educational institutions which "denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible" or states that mankind "has descended from a lower order of animals." Thus it is reasonable to hope that whether or not Mr. Scopes is acquitted in the Dayton trial the Tennessee anti-evolution law will be condemned.

But no decision of the Dayton or a higher court will resolve the problem. *The Nation*, as its readers know, is opposed to the continual nullification of the popular will by the courts, even in a direction which it approves. Truth cannot be established by vote of the courts any more than by vote of the legislature. In the end, a sustained public opinion will have its way. We can hardly question the right of any people to decide how and what the youth in its schools shall be taught. We ought to contest not the right but the wisdom of any limitation which prevents the teacher from presenting all sides of every question, of opening up for the young mind every possible avenue to truth. In this day it ought not to be necessary—but it is—to argue for the scientific method, for the right to research and experiment, with the fearless publication of the findings to all, in school or out. Any other course will take us straight back to the Middle Ages, when scientific truth was determined by vote of ecclesiastical councils and the wisdom of Greece and Rome was lost amid casuistry, obscurantism, and the Inquisition.

Thus the case of the State of Tennessee *vs.* Truth will not be settled by legislature or courts. It is rather a challenge to our churches and our educators. It is, above all, a challenge to the intelligence and the leadership that center in our great cities and an indictment of a civilization that sucks into them the best, materially and morally, that the nation produces—leaving the rest of the country bankrupt and then expressing ridicule and surprise at the consequences.

"Young Bob"

THE special election to choose Senator La Follette's successor has been postponed until autumn, and various editorial writers conclude that the prospects of Robert La Follette, Jr., are thereby diminished even as the "emotionalism" which would probably insure his election now will have diminished. This view is based on the natural misconception that "young Bob's" claim to the senatorship rests largely on his being his father's son and that his selection by the Wisconsin voters would be a sentimental tribute to the statesman whose name is so imperishably linked with the great midwestern commonwealth. Americans properly view askance any effort to make public office hereditary; New York State voters managed to distinguish between the Theodores, father and son. And while neither two months nor two decades will dim Wisconsin's reverent admiration for the late Robert M. La Follette, it will be well if the interval strips the election of any sentiment other than the aspiration to pick the man best fitted to perpetuate his ideals.

The choice of La Follette's successor of course transcends any ordinary special election. Wisconsin, the Wisconsin of La Follette, has been for a generation an experimental workshop for progressive democracy, a pioneer among the States, a symbol of that vigorous trail-blazing Americanism which we like to associate with the basic concepts of this republic. Upon La Follette's political heir will devolve in large part the duty and responsibility of preserving and further developing the Wisconsin idea. It is inestimably important that he be to the highest degree steeped in its tradition, with the qualities of head and heart to hold together and strengthen the national movement to which it has given birth.

For this reason it is desirable that there be no misconception concerning the qualifications of "young Bob" to fill the seat occupied for eighteen years by his father. For ten years, while officially his father's secretary, he has been also a comrade in battle, a collaborator and counsellor. His responsibilities and the burden of work were unusual. Senator La Follette represented far more than his own State. He was the leader of national movements; spokesman throughout the Union for the seamen, the farmers, the city workers. He was often away from Washington, for his political sagacity showed him the necessity of constant personal contact with his constituents. He did not fall into the error of Progressives like "Mose" Clapp and "Joe" Bristow, whose immersion in their task at the capital allowed their political enemies to undermine them at home. So for considerable periods "young Bob" held the fort in Washington.

The decision to launch a Progressive candidacy last summer was made hopelessly late—at the close of the Democratic convention. Funds and organization were totally lacking. Everything had to be done at once without time or means. Senator La Follette's physical condition was alarming—"now it can be told"—and much of what was done, and left undone, emanated from that overshadowing fact. His ill-health caused the postponement of his speaking tour till mid-October and the cancelation of the Pacific coast schedule—the doctors forbade his crossing the high altitude of the Rocky Mountain plateau. During this period of stress "young Bob" bore the brunt of all criticism, unflinchingly served as buffer for his father, took the responsibility for virtually every important decision, became unofficially but actually the leader and manager of the Progressive campaign. Prodigiously energetic, unfalteringly enthusiastic, sound in reasoning yet quick in decision, always unassuming, he managed somehow to keep together a host of heterogeneous and disparate elements. His cheerfulness was a constant inspiration to every campaign worker. If any man possesses the qualities of leadership it is thirty-year-old Bob La Follette. His father entered Congress even younger, and few Senators after a whole term in office know Washington's problems and pitfalls as well as he. None other in the Progressive group of Wisconsin could speak both for the State and for the nation as effectively.

Wayward Genius

IT was Remy de Gourmont who pointed out the fact that wayward genius is not so much accepted by succeeding generations as carefully regularized by them. Cervantes sets himself against imaginative idealism, but he appears in this day as merely the satirist of depraved romances; Rabelais, celebrating the animal man, has his great work explained away as chiefly a plea for intellectual liberty; Molière, arch-enemy of culture for women, did not mean, so we are assured, to poke fun at any except ridiculous pretenders; and so it goes.

In America conspicuous talent has not tended to be wayward, but the history of the reputation of our most outstanding embarrassing genius—Edgar Allan Poe—follows the regular course. Hated and neglected by his contemporaries, he has been elevated step by step until he now appears as our greatest imaginative writer; but the price he has had to pay for a bust in the Hall of Fame is the complete sentimentalization of his story. A fierce, bitter, and at times utterly malicious wrangler with his contemporaries, he has been gradually softened by his biographers until he appears not the violent controversialist which he was, but the patient recipient of all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune which he did nothing to provoke. The quarrel with Rufus Griswold, which he certainly appears to have provoked, is generally told with such an abundance of righteous [illegible] against his opponent as to completely disguise his own not too honorable part in it; his envious and wholly unjustifiable [illegible] against Longfellow has been soft-pedaled to the point of inaudibility; and the element of definite pathological morbidity—the element which alone has kept his stories from going to oblivion along with the works of Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Charles Brockden Brown, to whose school he belongs—is generally left unmentioned.

Not seldom one hears people speak of Poe as though his chief claim to fame were the fact that his detective stories and his critical theories had, respectively, conferred upon us the doubtful boon of the Sherlock Holmes detective stories and the modern correspondence courses in the fabrication of the short story. Thus the busts erected to his memory do not so much celebrate him as they celebrate a censored and regularized legend of a man who was not, in reality, respectable enough to be tolerated in the same rotunda with Susan B. Anthony and Henry Ward Beecher. And, strangely enough, his intemperance has been of the greatest service in this process of regularization. It was, actually, rather a symptom of his neurosis than a cause,

but, since Alcohol has become a convenient embodiment of the root of all evil, it has been possible by a discreet reference, made with lowered voice, to suggest that whatever the defects of his temperament they were chargeable entirely to the bottle which the Eighteenth Amendment had, unfortunately, not yet banished.

By a strange irony, his most devoted admirers have usually been those who were temperamentally least inclined to take a realistic view of either life or letters, and it is quite fittingly unbefitting that the prize recently offered by the *English Poetry Review* for the best poem upon him should be won by Edwin Markham, who, whatever his merits, is very distinctly the thing which Poe despised most —a didactic poet. Unfortunately it cannot be said that the poem in question is likely to take its place along with "Adonais" and Swinburne's elegy upon Baudelaire as one of the very few great poems addressed by one poet to another, but we shall quote what seem to us the best of the twenty-six stanzas published in the New York *Times:*

> He sought his dream-love there by many names
> Of beauty and of wonder and of peace—
> Lenore, Legeia (burning like pale flames)
> Morella, Berenice.
>
> He trod high chambers lit with ruby light,
> And heard in the hush the ghostly arras stir,
> And stir again, in the deep and secret night,
> With memories of her.
>
> He knew the demon's whispers in the deep,
> And songs of deathless love where seraphs are:
> He saw the cliffs of time, a ghostly heap,
> But over the cliffs a star!

Freckled Boys

HUMAN beings are so pitifully alike in New York and Sauk Center, in Berlin and Shanghai, in Paris and in Fez, that it is sometimes hard to understand the ease with which war lies and propaganda make their evil way. Yet behind the swallowing of atrocity stories is a kind of pathetic loyalty to one's kind. It is easy to believe ill of the stranger; one knows one's own countrymen to be very like oneself. The truth seeps through slowly.

Three weeks ago *The Nation* referred to the incidental admission of Lieutenant General Robert L. Bullard that the French Moroccans took no prisoners, and that on occasion Americans had "loaned" the Africans some German prisoners. A former American army officer, "one who volunteered before draft and served upwards of nineteen months in the United States army, but nevertheless does not feel that one side of the war ledger was all black and the other white," calls our attention to an article in the June, 1925, issue of *Scribner's Magazine.* There Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. A., frankly reports that his soldiers did not wait to "loan" their prisoners to Moroccans. In the heat of battle they bayonetted the prisoners themselves. He reports one freckled underling confiding to his father that he had "shot up a few" of his "damn Heinie" prisoners; and later "the freckled boy saw his brother killed and went himself quite mad among the wounded and the corpses with his bayonet." There is more of the same.

The freckled lad was probably no worse than his fellows. Boys went quite mad and did horrible things in all the armies in those days when blood was cheap and men were honored for their success in killing other men. The officer did not reprimand the boy who came to him in the heat of battle and confessed that he had murdered prisoners; how could he? He told him to "come along." And so, when shells were pounding about him, and machine-guns spitting, and men dying every minute, any officer of any uniform would almost certainly have done. That is war. War, not anything peculiar in his national makeup, sent that boy, and thousands of other boys, mad. In the fierce tempests of battle the pitiful laws of war fade, and men do brutally the brutal thing they are there for—they kill, they murder as many of the enemy as they can. Why not? What is war for? But when the next war comes (or the next threat of war) and the George Creels begin to bombard us with tales of just such freckled lads among the enemy—but tales adorned, torn out of their human setting so that the boys appear monsters—shall we understand them as we understand Captain Thomason's American orderly; or shall we forget what we have been learning, and attribute the mistakes to some inhuman factor in their national blood?

General Bullard tells us a little of the way he helped such freckled boys to make mistakes. He complains that "the average American soldier" always met his hate-tales "with a considerable amount of incredulity, for the simple reason that in his association with the Germans in the United States he had not seen the cruelty and frightfulness." So the general "published to the troops during a long period of preparation and training every recent instance of German frightfulness and cruelty that came to [his] knowledge"—rumored or true, we may safely add. And then he remarks:

> More powerful and of wider reach as a hate-maker was the impression produced by the President's far-published idea that the war was nothing else than a life and death struggle of democracy, on the side of the Allies, against autocracy, on the side of the Germans. Though I could never so see it myself, nor divine its truth from the origin of the war, it was nevertheless a catching idea. It was widely heard in the press and had a great effect among all the Allies and especially among Americans as something American, proposed by an American. Altogether the hate-making produced some effect upon our men.

It did not matter whether the idea was true or not; if it would help stir men to fight and kill, it was a good idea to spread. Anything that would help make hate was good. And that, too, was war.

When *The Nation* was founded sixty years ago Northerners believed of Southerners much the same things as Americans were thinking of Germans seven years ago (when *The Nation* took on its new lease of life)—much the same things as we shall soon be believing of the Chinese if events take their natural course and the Great Powers use their armed forces to "establish order" and "preserve liberty," or whatever phrase they use to cloak their imperialistic crusade. When Captain Thomason writes affectionately of his own American men, incidentally revealing that they, too, were guilty of "atrocities," we can almost sympathize; we can at least pity. Cannot we include other people, built of the same human cell matter, within the range of our understanding, and center all our hatred upon the thing that turns all men to beasts—war?

In Dayton, Tennessee

By HOWARD K. HOLLISTER

WE reached Dayton at midnight, and were stopped by a deputy sheriff with a flashlight and a shotgun. A man with a bleeding face was with the sheriff. He had been assaulted by a drunken man, who had fled in a car. Convinced that we were newcomers, the sheriff allowed us to go to the hotel. This hotel is called the Aqua, named no doubt in honor of the delicious water which bubbles from springs everywhere in this beautiful hill country. The Aqua is an American Plan hotel of the kind that has practically disappeared from the East—a place where you get the best the land affords for a flat daily rate. Breakfast starts at seven, dinner is at twelve, and supper at six. At about quarter to seven in the morning the clerk comes and knocks on the doors to announce breakfast.

The farmhouses in these East Tennessee hills have a home-like look. Stetson felts are plentiful, and countrymen carry sticks. The soil produces large crops of strawberries and other fruit, besides corn and potatoes. It is said that Dayton shipped more strawberries than any other town in the United States this year. Through the length of Rhea County, in which lie Dayton and Spring City, flows the Tennessee River, navigable from Knoxville, through the Big Bend in Alabama, past Muscle Shoals and up to its mouth in the Ohio at Paducah. Goods can be shipped from Knoxville to New Orleans on the river, but due to low water and rapids only light draft steamboats can negotiate the upper stretches. There is much talk in Dayton about the Government building dams to improve commerce on the river.

When the proposition was made a month or more ago to commercialize the evolution trial, the Progressive Dayton Club considered and finally rejected it. There was a faction that wanted an outdoor stadium built, where the trial could be conducted like a county fair or a circus, but the temper of the Dayton people was against it. As an officer of the Progressive Dayton Club expressed it, "We have a fine chance here to put Dayton before the world in a favorable light, and we don't want to lose it by doing anything that might cheapen the town." The city of Dayton has remained true to its conservative decision. No prices have been raised. The spirit is entirely one of friendly hospitality. "We want everybody who comes to Dayton to learn the truth about Dayton," says the cashier of the bank. The citizens greet each newcomer with a smile and a handshake, and invite him to sit down in one of the chairs which line the sidewalks outside the stores.

If one settles in front of Robinson's drug-store, where the now famous conversation that led to the indictment of Scopes took place, one hears nothing but opinions on evolution. In such a gathering I found myself the morning after Darrow spoke. The secretary of the arrangement committee of the Progressive Dayton Club was voicing the views of "our side"—the only side one hears about in Dayton. He seemed to have been deeply impressed by Darrow's unassuming attitude and homespun manners. "He uses small words, but he rolls them right up together at you," he said with feeling. Another member of the group said everybody who heard Darrow knew he was sincere. "He made us understand the relation of cause and effect," said a third. There seemed to be no feeling against Darrow as the defender of Leopold and Loeb. "I can understand how those boys just had to do that because of the way they were raised," said the club secretary. Darrow's fatalistic philosophy has evidently taken strong root in Dayton.

But the talk soon turned to pleasantries. "This trial is going to be about the idea of God," I ventured. "Well, there's plenty 'round here that knows all about God," said the club secretary. "There's a farmer out here about six miles; he *saw* God." This provoked a general laugh. "But that ain't the only one," went on another member. "We had a preacher here in the Southern Methodist Church that signed a contract with God. He met God in the street one night, and God told him He wanted him to come and serve Him the rest of his life. But he wouldn't do it, 'cause he said the spirit was willing enough but the flesh was too weak. So he wrestled with God for an hour or so and then signed a contract to serve Him for seven years and no more. That preacher baptized more people than any other preacher in Dayton, more than all the others put together, I guess. Once he baptized seventy-five at a crack."

Dayton has a dozen churches. The principal denominations are Southern Methodist, Southern Baptist, and Presbyterian. It is an unusually large proportion of churches, even for East Tennessee. The religious feeling of the countryside is reflected in numerous signs along roadsides near the town. One I saw said "Take care lest thy sins find thee out."

John T. Scopes is happier now than he was during his brief visit to New York. He goes swimming every day in a natural pool about a mile from town. He spends the late afternoon, or "evening," as it is called here, in Robinson's drug-store. He takes himself seriously at all times, and the trial even more seriously. The attitude of the Dayton people against profiteering and "jazzing up" the trial has been austerely upheld by him.

The talk stirred up by the evolution question has laid the East Tennessee towns wide open. People are taking sides, but one hears only one side. The Bryanites apparently don't dare to talk. A cartoon of Bryan, showing him in the guise of a monkey, has a great vogue here. The legend is "He denies his lineage." Thousands are being sold in Knoxville and Chattanooga.

The good people of Dayton, at least those one sees about the streets and in the stores, understand that no decent evolutionist claims man is descended from a monkey. And they voice no objection to agnosticism of the Darrow stamp. There is a preacher in Knoxville named Percy Knickerbocker, who is known as the John Roach Straton of Tennessee. He preaches hell and brimstone in the Southern Methodist Church. When the play "Rain" was advertised several months ago, he demanded that the city council forbid the performance. The council appointed a special committee of three to witness a dress rehearsal. This committee never made a report, so "Rain" was given to a packed house. Later this preacher demanded and got a standing vote of

confidence from his congregation. Probably no preacher would dare make any such issue now.

When the question of defying the anti-evolution law was first broached in the State, it was several weeks before a single educator could be induced to express an opinion on the subject. Dr. H. A. Morgan, president of the University of Tennessee, himself a science teacher, refused to commit himself to reporters. He has since received high praise from Sunday school associations and the fundamentalist sects throughout the State. The head of the zoology department in the University of Tennessee refused to show his zoology textbook to reporters. The superintendent of schools of Chattanooga refused to express any opinion whatever on the law. Then Scopes stepped into the breach and everything began to change.

Behind the whole fight stands Dr. John Randolph Neal. He is perhaps Tennessee's greatest libertarian. He resigned from his position as dean of the University of Tennessee Law School at the time of the "slaughter of the Ph.D.'s" in 1923. This came about through the imprudence of Professor Jesse Sprowls, teacher of genetic psychology at the university. Mr. Sprowls had the bad taste to order for his class a small consignment of James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making." The final result of this action was the dismissal of six professors of as many sciences, one being a "German sympathizer" as well as an agnostic. Dr. Neal has since established his own school of law, to whose graduating class Clarence Darrow and Bainbridge Colby recently addressed words of encouragement.

Dayton invites everybody to come to the trial. True, the courthouse will not seat everybody, nor the houses hold everybody. But the country is lovely—a softness of atmosphere pervades it, in keeping with the soft-spoken accents of the people. It is hot, but not insufferably hot. There is plenty of room in the hills around the town to pitch tents. The stores have plenty of merchandise. The roads are almost perfect.

And John Thomas Scopes has made the finest mousetrap in the world.

Deep Water Runs Still

By SILAS BENT

> Deep Water, N. J.—Mechanical readjustments in the $1,000,000 tetraethyl lead plant of the Du Ponts here, closed down by the company, would eliminate parts of the manufacturing apparatus from which the fumes might leak, it was said today.

IF you have noted dispatches such as this in the newspapers, you may have wondered about Deep Water, New Jersey. You may have sought to give a local habitation to the name. You may have tried to run it down in an atlas, or in the "Postal Guide." Neither would have enlightened you. The telegraph companies would have told you, if you had inquired, that they had no offices there.

Deep Water has achieved no official recognition, no standing with geographers. Although it embraces a town, it is not a town. Although it is a port of call for ocean-going steamships, nautical charts ignore it. Although it figures in newspaper date lines, no news can emanate directly from it. For it is important as quietly as possible.

Across from Wilmington the Delaware River, here three miles broad, has channeled deepest along a bend of its eastern shore. It is still, this current, with hardly a ripple to catch the casual eye. Still waters run deep; colonial river folk named this bend. But nowadays Deep Water means a reservation of six square miles, dotted with smokestacks, sprawling sullenly along the river bank. During the World War, 25,000 men were busy here at the peak, making smokeless powder; ships slipped empty to the docks, and waddled away with tons of explosives in their bellies. In peace, three of its four powder mills have been dismantled, and the army of recruits has been demobilized. In the phraseology of the Du Ponts, Deep Water is now "the dye works." It is a congeries of poison plants. There chlorine and phosgene and the lethal-benzol series, which turns blue the bodies of its victims, are manufactured for trade purposes. There, until a federal investigation began, the Du Ponts made tetraethyl lead.

To most of us Du Pont means Wilmington. It was at Wilmington the directors met the other day to declare a 40 per cent stock dividend; they had met there a short while before to increase the rate on common from $8 to $10, and all the official statements issue thence. It is a profitable going concern, the E. I. du Pont de Nemours, and Wilmington is its showplace. But only the cerebral ganglions of a complicated industrial and financial organism are to be found there. The dynamite plants and commodity factories are elsewhere. The poison factories are huddled in the propitious obscurity of Deep Water.

Tetraethyl lead, although the plant for making it is in "the dye works," and although the men employed there are called "dye operators," has nothing to do with fabrics. It has nothing to do with dyes. Its commercial significance may be stated succinctly in this, that it will make one gallon of gasoline do the work of two. It is mixed one gallon to a thousand, and the result is an "improved motor fuel." Combustion is better, and the "knock" in the automobile is eliminated; but, best of all, in a high-compression engine, with long and narrow cylinders, it will develop tremendous power. Every automotive engineer in the United States, so it is said, is bending all his energies toward devising a better high-compression engine than the others.

Tetraethyl lead is now a matter of public interest and official investigation because of a disaster last October in the Bayway plant of the Standard Oil near Elizabeth, N. J. General Motors and Standard Oil had joined hands as the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation to make the stuff, and five of their workers went suddenly and violently insane. They died in strait-jackets. They died stark mad, grinning and gritting their teeth.*

Straightway the newspapers coined a phrase, "loony gas." It was a misnomer. In common parlance "gas" means gasoline, and there was nothing to show that anyone had gone loony from the use of ethyl gasoline. It was the fumes from tetraethyl lead which unbalanced and destroyed the workers; either inhaling the fumes, or absorbing the

* An article on The Standard Oil's Death Factory by Mary Ross appeared in *The Nation* for November 26, 1924.

poison through the skin. But the strange and terrible deaths of these five were a nine days' newspaper wonder. The spotlight of publicity beat fiercely upon Bayway, upon Standard Oil, upon General Motors, upon the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

"The Du Ponts have been having trouble too," said Thomas Midgley, Jr., inventor of the new use of tetraethyl lead. And rumors began to circulate of deaths at Deep Water, but not much got into the newspapers. There were investigations by New Jersey officials, demands for concerted action by scientists, rulings in this State and that against the use of ethyl gasoline; there were columns and columns of general newspaper discussion, huge headlines, editorials, special articles, but only casual items about Deep Water.

The Deep Water plant had been shut down for improvements by the company, one of the items said; as a fact it had been closed by the New Jersey Labor Commissioner. There had been "some difficulties in the experimental stages," another item said, but none "within the past few months"; as a fact there had been three deaths within "the past few months."

Whereas there had been but five deaths at Bayway, there had been eight in all at Deep Water. Four men had died in a single hospital, the Salem (N. J.) Memorial Hospital, three in a month. To scores of poisonings at Bayway, there had been hundreds at Deep Water. A physician who worked there during but half of the period of production told me he himself handled hundreds of cases.

"But why make all this fuss about tetra lead?" he demanded. "The Du Ponts make other poisons there in even greater quantity which kill a man like that!" (He snapped his fingers.) "And those plants are still going full blast."

Hallucinations overtook the workmen in the Deep Water tetraethyl-lead plant as they chatted at the noonday meal, or went about their tasks. They chalked pictures of winged insects on the walls. They paused to snatch at empty air. Those who escaped poisoning dubbed the place "The House of the Butterflies."

But, amid all the shouting and the tumult about Bayway, none of this got into the newspapers. None of it got even into the newspaper which screamed most loudly about "loony gas," and averred that it was campaigning against the poison "almost single-handed." Deep Water ran still. It escaped the spotlight. It was visible only in the penumbra of the news.

In Wilmington, whence must come all official statements of profits and losses, financial and human, from the Du Pont properties, there are three daily newspapers. All of them are owned by the Du Ponts. All the men who work for them depend upon the Du Ponts for a living. The opposition, if any exists, has no voice. The "news instinct" is stifled. "It's bad for the town," a Wilmington newspaper man told me. "I can say honestly that I've never known the Du Ponts to put over anything in the way of education or politics or business, that I couldn't support with a clear conscience. But they can put over anything they wish. This is their bailiwick. This is their barony."

But what about Salem? Why hadn't the four deaths there been broadcast? The president of the Salem Memorial Hospital is editor of a Salem newspaper. The secretary of the hospital is a newspaper man. The hospital is a public institution, but the Du Ponts equipped the electric laundry; the Du Ponts make donations annually; the Du Ponts pay, for the treatment of patients from Deep Water, sometimes thrice as much as the city of Salem budgets for the hospital. "And I've heard it said," a citizen of Salem told me, "that the Du Ponts pay half the taxes in Salem County. I don't know whether they pay that much, but they pay enough to be entitled to some consideration."

Salem is but a twenty-minute ambulance run from Deep Water. On the Du Pont reservation there is a hospital, with its staff of physicians and nurses, but it is used chiefly for emergency cases. One of the deaths occurred at Carney's Point, an industrial town of one-story rubberoid cottages on the reservation, owned and policed by the Du Ponts. It was said that this death was caused partly by uremic poisoning. Another of the men died in delirium at Penns Grove, a nearby town, and nothing whatever was said about it—nothing publicly. A settlement of $17 a week was made on the widow, to continue four years.

Many of the workers in the poison plants make their homes at Penns Grove, rather than in Carney's Point, on the reservation. The *Record*, published at Penns Grove, is the newspaper nearest to Deep Water. It is an intelligently edited country weekly. "But whatever we get out of Deep Water," the editor said, "we have to pick up from the workmen. If there's a boiler explosion we find out about it, but they suppress the facts about the tetraethyl lead and other poison plants."

One of the workmen went home to die; and his home was in Bridgeton, in a different New Jersey county About this there was a good deal of publicity; the facts even filtered to New York. About this and three other deaths the Du Pont publicity bureau gave twelve-line items to the Wilmington papers, with orders to print. But somehow the facts did not get out of Wilmington.

In production, not in publicity, there was rivalry between the tetraethyl-lead plants at Bayway and at Deep Water. It was not unfriendly, because the Du Ponts own a third of General Motors, which shared in the profits from Bayway; but at Deep Water all the profits, instead of a fraction, accrued to the Du Pont company; and to facilitate the output a new million-dollar plant was opened the first of this year. When it was opened there had been only four deaths in the old dye plant, where production had begun two years before. The new brick building was well-ventilated, and there seemed a promise that no more fatalities would occur. There would be some poisonings, perhaps, but by now the Du Pont medical staff surely knew how to cope with them.

The new plant had been open but six weeks when the pressure of friendly rivalry made itself felt. The chemists at Deep Water found that their supply of bromine, used in making the ethyl bromide introduced into the process, was inadequate. Bromine is a dark, reddish-brown liquid which gives off an irritating odor. It is difficult and costly to make. There was a prospect that it would be impossible to procure bromine in the quantities necessary for such mass-production of tetraethyl as the Du Ponts contemplated. Why not use chlorine?

Chemically bromine acts like chlorine, which is a greenish-yellow and extremely poisonous substance. Both unite directly with ethyl; and chlorine had this advantage, that it could be produced cheaply and in huge quantities. So ethyl chloride was substituted for ethyl bromide in making tetraethyl lead. And within a few weeks there were four deaths.

It was then that the New Jersey Labor Commissioner closed the plant. It was done quietly. The news item said it was done to make "mechanical readjustments." In fact, these were made. The Du Ponts spent more than $60,000 installing a new ventilating system, which would change the entire atmosphere every forty seconds, warming and moistening the incoming air. Every one will tell you that the Du Ponts spare no expense to protect the health and lives of their employees. So after five weeks Dr. Andrew F. McBride, the Labor Commissioner, gave permission to reopen the plant. But it had been operating only a short while when the federal investigation began, and it was closed the middle of last April to await the outcome.

The federal activities included a pow-wow of scientists at Washington, under the direction of Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming. There were two camps. One wanted to investigate the whole production of tetraethyl lead as well as the distribution of ethyl gasoline doped with it; the other thought effort should be concentrated on the commercial rather than the industrial phase. A resolution was adopted under which a committee of seven scientists was appointed, and instructed to report by next January "if possible."

The resolution dealt only with the commercial distribution and use of ethyl gasoline; but Surgeon General Cumming, after he had learned belatedly of the deaths at Deep Water, announced that industrial production would be investigated too; if the committee didn't look after it, he would undertake it himself.

Now, 300,000,000 gallons of ethyl gasoline had been distributed through twenty-eight States before the plants were closed. The tetraethyl lead was shipped in small containers at first, and mixed with the gasoline at pumping (filling) stations; then it was shipped in 40-gallon drums, and mixed with the "gas" at various large plants, one of them the General Motors unit at Canton, Ohio. Two men are known to have died there. And a garage man at Weston, West Virginia, went strangely insane. He died at the county hospital, but this was before Weston knew that tetraethyl lead drove men daffy. So far as is known, no motorist has been poisoned from using ethyl gasoline.

Upon the findings of Surgeon General Cumming's committee depends the fate of a new industry involving billions of dollars. Until the findings are made public the five-story brick "House of the Butterflies" stands idle—and silent—at Deep Water.

Will Russia Return to Capitalism?

By HARRY F. WARD

STATE capitalism in Russia, for this and not state socialism is what the New Economic Policy really is, constitutes the intermediate stage between private capitalism and whatever form of socialism will ultimately be worked out. Under state capitalism business goes on as usual. The only difference apparent at first glance is the number of enterprises conducted by state agencies. All the machinery and methods of private capitalism—the market, prices, wages, profits—are being used, but there is a vital difference underneath the surface. It is in the matter of purpose and end. The essence of the situation is the attempt to coordinate this machinery of the market for the purpose of securing the economic means to maintain and develop a definite plan for the cultural improvement of all the people. The methods of the market work as elsewhere. Prices are set partly by the government and partly by competition, wages are determined by a legal minimum and above that by collective agreement through trade unions, profits accumulate in properly conducted enterprises—and then comes the difference. The government takes a larger proportion of profits than in other countries, in the form of taxation from private traders and a share agreed upon in advance from concessionnaires. The profits of state enterprises are divided into three parts, determined at intervals by agreement between representatives of the several parties in the undertaking. One part goes to the state, another to the enterprise for improvement and extension, and a third to the wage-earners for their own welfare work. The further difference between private capitalism in other countries and state capitalism in Russia is that the share of profit which goes to the government is used directly for social well-being, whose promotion through a huge central plan is the chief end of the Soviet state.

The state capitalism of Russia is, of course, not absolute, and herein lies the possibility of its reverting into private capitalism instead of developing into state socialism and then communism according to the forecast of the Russian Marxists. The state is the dominant but not the sole capitalist. It has nationalized the land and other natural resources, but the land is still for the most part administered by the peasants on the ancient communal *mir* plan of periodic assignments for strip cultivation. It has nationalized banking, export and import trade, transportation, industry, and all buildings except small dwellings. Transportation it operates directly, export and import trade through various subsidiary agencies; banking is a state function in which the cooperatives are permitted to share, and one bank has just been opened by a mixed concessionaire and government company; mining and manufacturing are conducted mostly by state trusts and for the rest by concessionaire companies in which the government is usually a partner; merchandising is done by private traders, the cooperatives, and the distributing agencies of the government trusts.

In this combination of agencies the cooperatives are, of course, working with the state away from private capitalism. While they are necessarily capitalist in part of their method they cut the tap root of capitalism in their handling of profit and provide the consumers' approach to a new economic order. The belated recognition of this fact, as well as political and economic opportunism, has caused a total change of attitude on the part of leading Russian Communists toward the cooperatives. At first they tried to capture or suppress them. Then they ordered universal compulsory membership. Now they are seeking to strengthen them on the original Rochdale voluntary basis by giving them all possible aid and comfort. The slogan now is "through cooperation to communism," and the cooperatives, very large and powerful in Russia, are a major force in the Communist economic strategy. The question then

of the possible extension of private capitalism in Russia is, first, whether foreign investment can get a stranglehold and compel a reversal of policy, whether the private trader or farmer can make sufficient money to start again the psychology of profit and the seductions of luxury, and, finally, whether state agencies as operated in Russia can prove themselves more efficient than private enterprise.

The economic strategists of Russia hope to keep foreign investment as a subordinate part of their state capitalism by restrictions written into the bond of every concession. These provide for the enforcement of labor regulations, the ratio for the division of profits, and bring the enterprise periodically under review by the board of economic strategy. So far the Russians have been able to hold to their terms, despite their great need of capital. The destruction of war and revolution has been repaired only to the point of about 70 per cent of pre-war fixed capital, and the state industrial bank is compelled to charge the state industries from 12 to 18 per cent for liquid capital. Nevertheless, they will not yield to the percentage demanded by Japan for developing the oil in Sakhalin, and they have their people with them. The chances are that Russia, with a social ideal, right or wrong, ahead of it, can wait longer than Western surplus capital with the push for profits behind it.

To prevent the private trader from restoring the psychology of capitalism through the making and spending of profit has proved a more difficult task for the Russian government. The immediate effect of the N.E.P., "the restoration of the market," as Lenin succinctly and accurately defined it, was the rise of a horde of successful profiteers and speculators, the beginnings of a new bourgeoisie. The government met this problem first by repression. Decrees defining economic offenses were passed and the Commissariat of Justice was given extraordinary powers to deal with "the economic counter revolution." It was empowered to "send away," that is exile without public trial, those who were accumulating money to the point and by the methods prohibited. This was the origin of the stories of the "new Red terror" circulated last spring. There was no bloodshed. Some were sent out of the country, some to a definite district or city or town where there was slight chance of a profit-making career. Then heavier taxes were clapped on private profit so that now the Nepmen are complaining that they cannot make any money. Also the prices of staple commodities are fixed at a maximum. This is done by agreement between the executives of the cooperatives and the economic planning board concerned. Thus, for example, the maximum retail price of sugar is fixed at thirteen cents. All have to pay the same wholesale price to the state distributing agency. Anyone can sell at retail for less if he can. If the private trader can undersell the cooperatives he is welcome to do it, but it is a hard game for him to beat since his taxes are several times higher. It is not the plan to drive the private trader out of the market by these repressive measures. It is desired simply to maneuvre him into a minority position and then keep him there as a competitive spur to efficiency on the part of the cooperatives.

With the peasants the problem takes a different form. The incubus of the noble landowners being removed, the restoration of the market brought the possibility of the more intelligent, industrious, and thrifty peasants forming a rural, petty bourgeoisie, something after the French pattern. Against this the Communist papers started a campaign which would be accurately described from the capitalist point of view as the stirring up of rural class consciousness and class hate. At first every peasant who got two horses was to be treated as anti-social. But the absurdity of this soon became manifest and the present propaganda is directed against the peasant who seeks to use the labor of others for his profit. On the positive side there is a campaign of education in the villages designed to enlist the surplus energies of the young peasants in social service for local needs instead of letting them go to money making. The issue is almost entirely one of psychology, as at present there is no likelihood of much investment capital accumulating in agricultural pursuits. And the Communist strategists expect to dominate the psychology of the situation through their propaganda and organizing capacity. Fifty years is the time they have set for themselves in which to make the peasant population a conscious part of the Communist regime.

This hope cannot be realized, nor can the determination to keep the needed foreign investor in a subordinate position, unless the present state capitalism in Russia can prove itself economically more efficient than private capitalism, that is unless it can supply more social values to the people. Here is the core of the question. As the Communist leaders put it, "the revolutionary struggle is transferred from the military to the economic front." They recognize much more than do the political leaders of other nations that the question of the world revolution, with the subordinate issue of propaganda in other countries, is now secondary to the question of economic efficiency in Russia. They know now that the question of what can be done in other lands, as well as the question of whether they stand or fall in Russia, is finally to be determined by the capitalist test of whether they can deliver the goods, and that in the literal, economic sense.

For securing economic efficiency the Russian Communists rely upon three main measures—a coordinated plan, technical improvements in industry and agriculture, and propaganda to develop a psychological attitude. They are the first to organize what some of the foremost publicists of other nations have for some time been urging, but so far in vain—an economic general staff. The basic belief of communism that "production can be intelligently regulated in the interests of the people," has become a genuine attempt in the economic life of Russia and is the main reason behind the faith that state capitalism will develop into communism. Put in another way by one of their leading economists, the scheme is centralized direction with the largest possible amount of local initiative, and the direct participation of workers in the management of production through the unions. This is not merely a dream of the future. There is much history behind it. The short era of modern capitalism is practically the first time that the human community has attempted to carry forward its economic affairs in planless fashion, trusting that the chaotic strivings of individuals would somehow fall into a reasonable pattern.

The attempt at an intelligent coordination of economic activities around a chosen purpose is being carried forward through three bodies, graduated in scope and authority. Roughly speaking, one develops general strategy, the next plans tactics in a given situation, and the third administers them in relation particularly to labor. Thus, for example, the first decides what general measures must be adopted to

lower industrial and raise agricultural prices in order that the situation of the peasant may be eased; the second is informed in the report of a concessionaire corporation that its production can next year be increased by so much, but after examining the market and the condition of other similar enterprises decides that only a portion of this increase is desirable; the third is told by another manufacturing corporation, partly Russian and partly foreign, that it can reduce overhead and lower prices next year by dismissing a specified number of workers but permits it to dismiss only that lesser number which the labor market can absorb, holding that unemployment is a greater evil than a cost of production slightly above the efficiency standard.

Those who regard all government regulation as evil and nationalization as the sum of all economic villainies should not be misled into judging the Russian situation too hastily in terms of the conditions with which they are familiar. The economic interests of Russia are not turned over to mere politicians, still less to politicians whose main principle is to get and to hold the perquisites and spoils of office; they are administered by economists, engineers, and trade unionists, working and planning together. Political considerations do at times dominate, but they come in from the international situation, and will until all mankind gets intelligence enough to understand that the only economic unit under machine production is the world. The Russian leaders understand just as well as their critics the dangers and evils of bureaucracy, inevitable in any attempt to coordinate the life of a nation. But they say: "Properly to administer human affairs today bureaucracy is unavoidable. The only possible course is to reduce its evils to a minimum." And to this end they are constantly inventing devices. The real test will come when revolutionary enthusiasm has abated and the stimulating hostility of the rest of the world has been modified.

The attempt to increase production and to lower its cost goes on in Russia exactly as it does in the intelligent sections of private capitalism. Improved machinery and improved methods are eagerly sought for. Industrial engineering has an even higher status than where it is an adjunct to money making. It has the advantage of a central purpose which invites the worker to realize his personality as a cooperating unit in a nation-wide plan. Hence so-called efficiency methods get a support from labor which they elsewhere have lacked save where a few far-seeing employers have made the wage-earners participants in the administration and proceeds of the process. In the attempt to make industry a scientific process the Russians have two advantages. They have no conflict with an inherited apprentice system, and no friction between workers and owners each seeking the maximum possible share of the surplus.

The broad issue of economic efficiency for a country like Russia is, as one of their experts puts it, "to restore the normal economic development and relationship between the owners of industry and the owners of agriculture"—that is, the workers and peasants. The objective then is to equate agricultural and industrial production. This is the problem that is baffling the United States. Its acute concrete form is what Trotzky graphically called "the scissors problem"—that is, the increasing divergence of agricultural and industrial prices, like the opening blades of a pair of scissors. When the peasant or farmer cannot buy city products, industry languishes; there is in turn a diminished demand for food products and the vicious circle of depression is complete. The trade crisis in Russia early in 1923 was of this sort. It was liquidated partially by reducing industrial overhead and cutting prices. The familiar problem of the enormous spread between producers' and retail prices was also tackled by eliminating some of the steps in the trading apparatus, especially in the cooperatives. It is the view of the policy makers that economic and political strategy must center for some time to come on the peasant, not merely to make him content with the government by getting him the goods that he wants at prices he can afford and keeping his taxes at a reasonable level, but to get him to improve his productivity so as to reconquer his position in the world market. Hence when President Rykoff tells the peasants they are worse off than before the war and exhorts them to increase their product, the newspaper critics of other nations are completely misled when they jubilantly acclaim this as evidence of the failure and fallacy of the Soviet scheme. It is on the contrary proof that its leaders are tackling their real job. The outside world does not yet understand and appreciate the realistic frankness of Soviet officials in dealing with internal conditions.

It is a curious fact that the Communists should lean so heavily upon exhortation and educational propaganda in their struggle for economic efficiency, since in their philosophy the psychological attitude is supposed to follow the economic condition. Yet in order to get time to work out their program, they must imbue the worker and peasant with a knowledge of the plan and a desire for the goal. Hence the multitudinous propaganda of exhibit, lecture, pamphlet, book, and the organization of youth to get enough of the people to accept the ideal and to wait in some deprivation in order to give it a chance to succeed. The whole scheme of education is designed to produce the psychology and practice of intelligent service in a community plan instead of the cultivation and gratification of self-interest.

That the Communists are succeeding in this matter is demonstrated by the fact that the industrial wage-earners are getting along with only about 75 per cent of pre-war wages while the cost of living is about 15 per cent higher. Nevertheless they are putting their backs into production and constitute the enthusiastic core of Communist strength. This is not simply because they have some additional advantages in low rent, cheap access to recreation and culture, and more direct participation in the management of production. It is also because they increasingly feel that they are participating in an attempt which seems to them tremendously worth while. The same process is beginning among the peasants.

Still another test of the extent to which the Communists are, as they would say, conquering the psychological situation, is the amount of corruption that develops in their machine. Their boast is of the ability to run government with a low-salary cost, and for this they depend upon the social incentive. No Communist may get a larger salary than 192 rubles, that is, about $96 a month. From time to time the papers, government organs all, in striking contrast to procedure elsewhere, publish the names of party members who, beguiled by the flesh-pots of Egypt, have been caught in corruption, and record the punishment given them. This is always much heavier than for a like offense committed by a non-Communist. The number is small compared to the opportunities, and it grows less.

The final evidence, however, of the gradual substitution

of the psychology of social planning and service for the psychology of unregulated initiative, self-interest, and profit is in the attitude of youth. Since the war ended, and even since the Bolsheviks captured the state, a generation has passed from adolescence to adult life. It has not known the institutions or incentives of private capitalism. Its attitudes toward life have been determined, in so far as the student and industrial sections of it are concerned, by the Communist viewpoint embodied in education and propaganda. This is true also for such of the peasants as have been reached by the education of the Red Army and by the League of Communist Youth. In so far, then, as these sections of young Russia are concerned, and they are the vital sections which will take the lead, it is not too much to say that the balance of energy has been transferred from possessive to creative activities, from self-seeking to public service.

The final outcome is a question of economic fact. Is state capitalism solving the problem of production and distribution? Upon this question some light is thrown by the official chart prepared for the Supreme Council of National Economy. These are Bolshevist figures, of course, but assembled for the Communists' own guidance, and whatever they may do with others they do not deceive themselves at this point; they cannot afford to. Taking pre-war production in 1914 in both industry and agriculture for purposes of measurement as 100 per cent, this chart shows a sharp drop until 1918 when both touched the lowest point, agriculture at about 55 per cent and industry at about 15 per cent.

About the middle of 1918 the curves turned upward and proceeded steadily but less rapidly than they dropped, with industry moving a little faster than agriculture. By 1924 agriculture stood at about 85 per cent of pre-war production and industry at about 55 per cent. To the protagonist of private capitalism this is sufficient proof, at least for newspaper and platform purposes, of the failure of the Soviet regime. But the Soviet technician is not moved at all. He says: "We took hold in 1917 at almost the lowest point of production. We inherited all the disintegration of one of the most corrupt and inefficient administrations in history and all the inertia of a slow-moving people. We took hold of the disorganization caused by the war and the first revolution; we were then given several years of counter-revolution and civil war. As if that were not enough we next ran into a wide-spread famine. In two or three years we shall reach pre-war production." This willingness to move slowly and to wait is, of course, more Asiatic than European. It does not suit the tempo of the profit-making system, but as long as it suits Russia there is no return to private capitalism; the tendency of movement, slight though it may be, is in the other direction.

The Farmer Goes Into Business

By FRAZIER F. PETERS

TWO years ago, according to official reports, the average farmer's income over his living was ninety-seven dollars a year. In "living" clothing, books, automobiles, schooling, carfare, and movies were not included. Since this was an average figure and since our farmers number several millions you can readily imagine what the income of the lower half was and what it means to the nation as a whole. And yet with a problem of this size before them many writers glibly offer panaceas, among which the most popular are diversification, cooperative marketing, and improved credits.

I believe that no one of these can possibly cure the trouble; they are superficial and would only serve to stave off the evil day of reckoning. This is obviously true of the cooperative idea as it is practiced.

Within the last fifty years we have been creating an immense machine for producing and distributing commodities, which we proudly call business and even more proudly call "big business." The average business man takes great pride in his machine and sits back and marvels at its work, while some of us sit back and marvel that it works at all. His very ideals are perverted by his pride in this machine until we find him repeating such foolish statements as "Advertising is what makes the man in Maine eat Oregon apples."

He boasts of low production costs; one-tenth of a cent saving here and one-tenth there soon make millions, but he is not ashamed of ten or fifteen cents spent in selling or distributing a penny product providing someone else foots the bill. To make him really happy, in fact, you must show him that the price asked of the public is way above the production cost. He will cheerfully tell you, as one of the marvels of our business organization, that a certain safety razor was originally manufactured to sell for a dollar but was finally offered to the public for five and has been extremely successful.

This type of man will rage when miners or clothing workers want a 10 per cent raise, but he can see nothing wrong in a machine whose efficiency of distribution is demonstrated by such profits as those reaped by Asperin, which can be produced profitably for one dollar a pound and is retailed for fifteen; or baking powder, worth at the most twenty cents, which brings one dollar; or corn meal, worth two or three cents, for fifteen or twenty; or shaving cream, worth a cent and a half, for thirty-five.

And so this man beckons to the farmer to join in dividing the spoils by forming large units, advertising, and getting "top prices."

The farm "cooperatives," however, effect only one group or line of produce. For instance, we have various dairy cooperatives. They have been carrying on a national propaganda to increase the consumption of milk. One of them (thoroughly drugged with modern business methods) has figured that if it can make every man, woman, and child in New York drink one more spoonful of milk a day it will be able to . . . ! But around the corner we hear the potato man complaining that since the people started to drink more milk they have eaten fewer potatoes, and so he proceeds to organize a campaign.

And so it goes. Nothing is produced. Artists draw impressive pictures of a Louis XVI dining room with a butler passing chewing gum to a beautifully gowned assemblage of successful business men and their wives. Men who might be writing respectable stuff try to persuade you that

it is desirable to be able to entertain your company in the cellar. And now the farmer puts these same forces to work to sell his goods. The orange, egg, peanut, raisin, and potato growers in various localities have their cooperatives and are posting the cars and magazines with their various trademarks and are asking inquisitive questions as to what you have eaten that day until gradually in certain lines unbranded goods are disappearing.

According to our business friend a great thing has been accomplished. At least a hundred valuable trademarks have been produced. Millions of people at an expense of millions of dollars have been hypnotized so that they cannot ask for anything without prefixing the mystic trade name. And this is what he offers as a solution of the farmer's troubles! And as proof of this he points to the examples we already have of cooperatives selling branded goods. Some of these have been extremely successful and have reaped tremendous profits for the organization and for the farmer members. But what have they done to the non-member farmers? How have they benefited the public? What have they produced?

The average citizen believes these cooperatives somehow bring the farmer closer to him or, as he puts it, "do away with the middle man." Such is not the case. They actually only take the place of the commission merchant and in effect are a commission house in which he holds the entire stock and they usually take just as large a commission.

Our business friend would explain that they have produced a "demand." A demand for what? A demand for your goods. A demand resulting from advertising your "selling points." A "selling point" is one of our friend's mysterious terms, which, when analyzed, means any unessential detail possessed by your goods and not by the others on which an interested party could talk for ever but which a disinterested purchaser would not trouble to question. Make the public demand white eggs even though brown be as good. Make them call for white yolks though yellow are more normal. Do anything to be different! You must have a selling point! If necessary paint the chicken houses black and advertise an offer of several thousands of dollars in prizes for the best letter telling why eggs from "black-housed chickens" are best.

The public decides it must have eggs from "black-housed chickens." Others are offered at a lower price in vain. The price of black-housed chickens is raised with great success, for our dear old public will have "what it wants when it wants it" and ordinary, normal, hen-laid, unbranded fresh eggs are now relegated to the undesirables as a food for the unemployed and inquiring poor, and unfortunately the producer follows them into obscurity.

The "public" pays the price. In its raring and tearing around town it can save another minute by asking for "Humpty Dumpty Eggs," and be reasonably sure that they come from black-housed chickens. Just what it does with those minutes saved I don't know, and I won't be as inquisitive as the visiting Chinaman, but I do know that the financial cost of all these minutes is rapidly becoming intolerable. And the modern "farmers' cooperative" is not going to help relieve it.

But enough of him, this man of business. His is the old game. He would set the farmers of California against those of Maine, and "the De'il come up wi' the hindmost." But though it may help the Californians, it will not help the farmers as a whole, for one has to lose, and the loser is done for. Business wars between various groups of farmers waged on just such insane grounds as wars waged between nations will bring the same results. The farmer and consumer will both end by losing.

The consumer loses because the only ideal actuating these "cooperatives" is increased profits for the farmer, and these are to be won, not by correcting the present atrocious system of distribution but merely by creating a preferential demand for each "cooperative's" particular product. And, though at present the cooperatives have only raised the price of their commodities a small percentage, we may look forward confidently, judging from our former experiences with monopolies actuated by the same ideals, to greater and greater increases as troublesome competition is gradually eliminated.

Of course we might assume for the sake of charity that having created their preferential demand, amounting eventually to a monopoly, they will then consider us farmers outside their restricted zones as well as the consumer. But I believe having followed modern business methods to that point it is more reasonable to expect them to continue when the goal is reached.

Their ideal is increased profits for their members and not increased profits by correcting the faults in our system of distribution. The "profit motive" prevails, and according to Warbasse it has nothing in common with true cooperation.

In the Driftway

A CHILD was recently brought into court as a witness against her stepmother. The child was covered with bruises; the stepmother had beaten her; the stepmother was being charged with improper guardianship. The judge dismissed the case and would not allow the child to testify because he held that parents had a perfect right to beat their children, that he himself had beaten one of his children for untruthfulness so that "he was unable to sit down," and as a consequence none of his children had ever been untruthful since. The Drifter observes in this little story much that should be of interest. In the first place, not so very long ago it would have been unheard of to question, and certainly to bring into a court of law, the right of a parent to chastise a child in any manner he saw fit. The Drifter remembers well a boy whose father beat him with a trunk strap, buckle end, and when the boy, proud and stubborn, refused to indicate in any way that the punishment was painful to him, the parent only beat him more for his bull-headedness. If the neighbors heard of this proceeding they did not bring the matter into court; they minded their own business, and considered that the father was only minding his.

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THIS attitude of mind has changed so completely in some circles that the Drifter is well acquainted with children who have never felt the rod, the slipper, or even the parental slap on the wrist. He will not say whether or not he thinks the children have benefited thereby. Possibly natural cussedness was so deeply inbred in them that no amount of beating would have got rid of it. But with the attitude he finds himself in general sympathy. Considered in cold blood, there is something a little one-sided in a 180-

pound father beating a 40- to 80-pound boy. A far better system would be for the parent to write down the occasions for chastisement in a convenient note-book and at a future date tackle his grown son in a fair fight over each one of them. The trouble with such a system, of course, is that after fifteen years, it would doubtless seem silly to engage in a boxing-match with Edward because at ten years of age he had stolen a banana off the side-board and neglected to inform his mother of the fact. The father would say that he is not, obviously, interested in the banana. No. Let Edward have all the bananas he wants, but let him come up like a little man and ask for them, instead of stealing them like any common thief. To which Edward would certainly make the equally obvious answer that he would not have been given the banana if he had asked for it like a little man, a fact which he had been previously careful to ascertain, that he wanted the banana terribly, and that anyway taking a banana off the side-board in your own house was not stealing, because it was a family banana and as such the property of any member of the household.

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THE only refuge of the parent in such a case would be to resort to broad general principles of moral conduct. Not a banana, but Stealing, Lying, Disobedience, Deception. The banana would be forgotten; the fact that his son might grow up to be a Thief, a Burglar, a Murderer, a Confidence Man, would take its place, and Edward would be, quite properly, beaten in order to ward off the danger of such horrid consequences. The Freudians would probably say that Edward, sentenced later to jail for second-story work, suffered this fate because of the banana complex instilled in him by his parent at the age of ten. This would doubtless be an extreme case; but if Edward grew up to be a respectable citizen, it would be with little help from his father who had done his best to instil in him ideas of stealing and lying at an early age. Thus the judge, mentioned above, who felt confident that all his children had remained consistently truthful as a result of a beating administered to one, shows that his years on the bench have added little to his knowledge of the world. For the persons deterred from crime by punishment to others is small; and the judge's children, taught the necessity of prevarication by the fate of one of them, have possibly become adept in the art by now.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hope for Wisconsin University

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Wisconsin progressives are jubilant over the election of Glenn Frank to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. From being one of the most liberal of American universities, imbued with the progressive La Follette spirit, the institution has been, under the leadership of President Birge, on the whole, one of the bulwarks of conservatism. With a board of regents most of whom were appointed by Governor Philip, the great monopolistic interests have used the university, as they have used other colleges and universities, to discredit social, political, and economic reform of almost every kind.

The first step which has brought about a veritable revolution in the university was legislation providing for farmer-labor representation on the board of regents. Every member of the present board is an appointee of Governor Blaine, first elected as a progressive in 1920, and his appointments have been made in accordance with the law requiring farmer-labor representation. Under the control of a progressive legislature, a most liberal appropriation bill for university purposes has been passed, carrying out an extensive program for new buildings and for the better support of various departments.

The Wisconsin Legislature is largely made up of farmers and representatives of union labor. The assurance of a change in university affairs was the prime factor which secured the passage of an appropriation bill unprecedentedly large. Appropriations heretofore have been pared down partly because farmers and wage workers felt that the university was being used as an instrument against them. The farmers once even went so far as to pass a bill through the Assembly abolishing all appropriations for farm institutes conducted under the auspices of the agricultural department, of which Professor Russell, an intolerant reactionary, is dean. It was largely through the influence of Dean Russell that George F. Comings was ousted as a farm institute lecturer. This incident was largely the cause of Mr. Comings being selected as a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, which office he held for two terms.

About a year ago a group of juniors, seniors, and post-graduates went through the university catalogue with me and checked the names of all professors and instructors who could fairly be classed as liberals. Of the thousand names on the list, fewer than 100 received a check mark. While no Wisconsin liberals believe that any teachers who are proficient should be promoted, demoted, or driven out of the university faculty on account of their attitude toward any reform movements, yet we do believe that in filling future vacancies there will be an attempt to obtain at least a decent proportion of representatives of present-day liberal thought.

And we are confident that voluntary student organizations which wish to hear such speakers as Lincoln Steffens, Scott Nearing, and Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare will not in the future, as in the past, be refused a hearing in university halls.

I notice from a reading of Eastern papers that the Coolidge Republicans are saying that Wisconsin is slipping back from the notable progressive position it has had. They fail to appreciate that reactionary forces have lost the university. And in the present session of the legislature reactionaries met pronounced defeat by the passage of a bill which will largely increase income taxes and effect a corresponding reduction on the farms and homes of the people.

Madison, Wisconsin, May 29 CHESTER C. PLATT

A Word of Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have taken note of the coming sixtieth celebration of the founding of *The Nation* and as I am off to Hawaii next week I want to send you a word of congratulation. I think that you are certainly to be felicitated upon the high standard that you have managed to retain. Despite your rather incomprehensible opposition to the League of Nations, which marks, after all, the most earnest endeavor yet made by erring humanity to accomplish something really worth while in civilization—despite that rather glaring lapse, I may say in all sincerity that we all continue to feel refreshed and invigorated by your weekly blast on the trumpet of real liberalism and by your effort to inject a spiritual note into the politics and economics of the day. Your last few numbers have been even better than usual and so I say, a long life to *The Nation!*

New York, June 10 EDWIN R. SELIGMAN

Britain's Budget

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discussion in and out of Parliament that has been aroused by the Winston Churchill budget indicates that its brilliant presentation failed to draw attention from its deficiencies and inconsistencies. The return to the gold standard is

taken on trust by the man in the street, who is content to leave the subject to the financial experts. Nor is it possible to stir up much feeling over a reduction of income tax, however partial the application may be. But it is not difficult to foresee that industry will feel the strain of an insurance and pension scheme that calls for additional sacrifices from workers, employers, and taxpayers at a time of trade depression, or that the total volume of trade must be reduced by the imposition of import taxes and excise duties.

The success of the Snowden budget of a year ago was due to the fact that it removed restrictions and permitted a freer exercise of individual initiative. Mr. Churchill's proposals will have a contrary effect. Amusingly enough, the claims of individualism were recognized by an avowed Socialist while they are now flouted by a life-long champion of free trade. The fact is, of course, that politicians everywhere are opportunists to whom hard and fast principles are obnoxious. They are almost all Socialists, if by socialism we mean the regulation of human relationships by a multitude of special laws expressing the wisdom of Authority as opposed to that of the individuals whose lives are thus regulated. Whatever the party name, Tory, Liberal, Labor, Republican, or Democratic, the politicians are alike in their endeavors to add to the paternalistic powers of government.

Mr. Churchill's offering to the protectionists includes an extension of imperial preference by an increased tariff on dried fruit, sugar, tobacco, and wine, the reenactment of the "McKenna duties" on motor cars, musical instruments, clocks and watches and cinema films, and new import taxes on hops and silk, both real and artificial. Aside from the makers of high-class pianos, who have suffered somewhat from German competition, the trades originally affected by the McKenna duties have prospered during the year of open competition, and the revival of these taxes can only be justified on grounds of political expediency.

Besides reducing the sum total of trade, taxes on imports demand an increase in administrative machinery to deal with a complicated set of facts, to determine, for instance, whether consignments of automobiles and their component parts are to be regarded as trade vehicles or pleasure cars, and to decide what materials are to be grouped under the heading artificial silk. More government officials will be drawn from productive pursuits to assist in tax-collecting, and the cost of living will increase as the free movement of commodities is checked.

Mr. Churchill said that his "twin supreme objectives" were security of the home of the wage-earner against exceptional misfortunes and the encouragement of enterprise through a relief of the burdens resting upon industry. The extension of working-class insurance aimed to fulfil the first requirement; the changes in the income tax are addressed to the second. In spite of the fact that the wage-earners have been reduced to such a degree of poverty that they can no longer support themselves properly even when they can find employment, the methods of our governments are still adhered to and are likely to be until the victims discover that the state has no other source of wealth than the pockets of the people. To relieve distress it places new burdens upon industry and multiplies the candidates for relief. In these circumstances official tears for the poor are bound to be of the crocodile variety. No one knows this better than Mr. Lloyd George, who remarked epigrammatically that his friend and ancient colleague was particularly interested "in making provision for the widows and orphans of protection who suffered from heavy bereavement in the election of 1923."

Budget makers have it in their power to cement international friendships and to improve the prosperity of the country by doing away with monopolies and placing the burdens of government upon those who enjoy the chief benefits of public expenditure; or by creating new privileges, they may raise up enemies abroad while adding to the distress of a working population denied access to the unused natural resources that surround them. Added to its other shortcomings, the budget of 1925 fails to reduce the swollen expenses of the state.

Mr. Francis W. Hirst calls attention to the enormous appropriations for armaments, rising £20,000,000 above the actual expenditures of three years ago; and he makes the profound retort to the navy enthusiasts that solvency is the first line of defense not only for the nation but for civilization as well.

There are striking parallels between conditions in England today and those that existed a hundred years ago, after the Napoleonic Wars and the wholesale enclosure of the commons. But, alas, there is no Cobbett to ride about the countryside and comment on the follies of Parliament. The observant traveler, passing through this green and pleasant land, will feel inclined to echo his words: "What a *system* it must be to make people wretched in a country like this!"

Grasmere, England, May 5 FRANK W. GARRISON

Hindenburg as President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That Hindenburg personally is not the man who would want to take sensational or revolutionary steps nobody contests. The apprehension generally felt is, however, that an increasing influence may be exerted by those parties and men that have the power to guide, counsel, and coerce the old President. Will they not force him to give satisfaction to his 14,700,000 supporters by preparing the war of revenge or by putting an end at least to that "fulfilment-policy" which the nationalists have so fervently combated ever since it was started?

Practically everybody, whatever may be his wishes for a far future, wants Germany now to recover, and nothing else. The election, therefore, was mainly fought on lines of inner politics. The two groups stand for two opposing programs of inner reconstruction. If Jarres had remained the candidate of the "parties of the right," the economic and social controversy, most acute in Germany at this time, would have made a clear issue.

He belongs to the German People's Party, which without exaggeration may be called the party of the plutocracy and of Germany's so-called heavy industry. Had he become Ebert's successor, the election would simply have given expression to the fact that capitalistic power has been triumphant over the power of labor in the German Republic. The similarity between the German election and conservative victories in other countries, fought out under the slogan of "good business," such as the world has recently witnessed, would then have been evident to everybody. That Hindenburg, the representative of the monarchist, agrarian, and middle-class German Nationalist Party, was put up in place of Jarres for the second decisive election is due to tactical and demagogical reasons. To get the majority, a more popular man than Jarres is proved necessary. But when it comes to govern and to decide upon the line of politics, the German People's Party is sure to remain the most powerful group. It has the men, it has the money, and it alone can secure the necessary foreign credits. The Nationalists will take their share in the profits of a plutocratic government. Protective tariffs on agricultural products have already been promised to them. Capitalistic conservatism has its own ideas on reconstruction all the world over. There is nothing particularly remarkable about the German conservative program as compared with that of other conservative parties, especially as far as social and economic matters are concerned.

The fact that surprises and gives the German election its special flavor is that the commander-in-chief of "His Majesty's armies" should have been chosen to preside over a highly plutocratic republic.

Berlin, May 5 A. WOLFERS

Wanted: A Bootlegger

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the recent issues of your paper I have noticed, with no surprise but some interest, the efforts of the fundamentalists to protect their errors by forbidding the teaching of science—evolution—in the schools and colleges. Of course they might as well forbid the tide to rise; but in the meantime——

Do you know a good, enterprising young evolutionist who wants to go into the business of bootlegging evolution into the colleges? There should be a real opportunity for some young spirit of progress in this; for, if he can succeed with the bootlegging of evolution one-tenth of 1 per cent as well as others have succeeded in bootlegging liquor into the schools and colleges, he will do well.

This suggestion is made in all seriousness. Bootlegging evolution should grow to be an interesting business; for forbid the young knowledge, and they will thirst for it as never before, just as has been the case with strong drink. If your young man needs capital for his enterprise, tell him I would like to be the first subscriber.

Montreal, Canada, May 28 Charles A. Mullen

Virginia's Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is worth noting, I think, that among the numerous Southern and some Western and Eastern States that are making official or unofficial war against evolution, there is one Southern State conspicuous by its absence: namely, Virginia. While Tennessee and Texas, in particular, are enacting their anti-evolution law without a single protest from the State universities of these States, can any one imagine that if a similar attempt was made in Virginia the University of Virginia would keep silent? Hardly! Thanks be to Thomas Jefferson, it would not.

Moreover, the possiblity of the Virginia Legislature ever enacting a law in any way affecting religion is absolutely nil; not that the funadmentalist powers are weaker in Virginia than in the rest of the some twenty-four States listed as fighting evolution, but simply that the tradition of Thomas Jefferson is stronger. Jefferson introduced the Bill for Religious Freedom in the Virginia Legislature; he is also, to quote his own phrase, "Father of the University of Virginia," and neither the Virginia Legislature nor the University of Virginia will ever permit such desecration of his spirit as is being perpetrated in some twenty to thirty other States.

At the University of Virginia the spirit of Jefferson is very real—and from President Alderman down to every last man you meet with it, and can almost talk to it. Jefferson's passionate devotion for freedom—especially religious or non-religious freedom—is as interwoven with the life of the university, and as typical of it, as religious repression is in other States.

Let North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, West Virginia, California, etc., start all the anti-evolution rumpus they see fit to, Virginia will stand fast; for well she knows that Thomas Jefferson still walks the streets of Charlottesville—yes, and Richmond!

Chicago, May 17 Hugh Russell Fraser

Peddling Discredited Stuff

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was my first visit to Washington, D. C. I had spent a most delightful day enjoying the beauty of the city and its "genius loci," and then went to the Congressional Library. While admiring the collection of engravings there, I came across a series of etchings entitled "German Atrocities," showing, in the famous Raemakers style, those all too well-known scenes of killing babies, mutilating prisoners, etc. Thus that beautiful day was spoiled for me.

Returning to Pittsburgh I went to the Carnegie Library in my customary search for books. Here, as usual, I first had a look at the little table where "specially recommended books" are displayed. The very first book of the half-a-dozen I got hold of was a voluminous compilation of alleged war atrocities bearing the title "German Barbarities."

Pittsburgh, June 4 T. E.

Quality and Prices

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of June 10 you make the following remark: "Higher prices for food and clothing can be, and have been, countered in part by reductions in amount and by changes in kind or quality."

It seems to me that, rather than offsetting the high prices, the changes you mention have had the effect of further increasing the actual (not the nominal) cost of food and clothing, etc. We all more or less realize that the actual increase in the cost of living is greater than indicated by the official percentages published (varying between 60 and 80); and the reason for this is the general reduction in quality.

You also bring out the fact that the increase in rents is higher than for other commodities, and that rents are inflexible. I think the same explanation applies here: on account of the decrease in the quality of materials and workmanship, the actual cost (to the landlord) is increased more than indicated by the official figures (which are based on quantity rather than on quality). This excess in actual cost is passed along to the tenants, who are making unfair comparisons between the increases in the prices of various commodities on a quantitative basis.

The idea that higher prices can be countered by changes in kind and quality is a fallacy, I think; in my personal experience the changes in kind and quality have made the situation worse than appears on the face.

Baltimore, June 15 R. Reimann

Contributors to This Issue

Edward [illegible] is [illegible] covering the Scopes trial independently.

Silas Bent has been associate editor of the *Nation's* [illegible] and [illegible] staff writer on the New York *Globe*.

[illegible] Mansfield Foreman [illegible] Social Service, is returning from Russia through India, China, and Japan.

Frazier F. Peters has a farm at Westport, Connecticut.

Edward Sapir is a member of the staff of the Victoria Memorial Museum in Ottawa.

[illegible] Wrong is professor of history at the University of Toronto.

Woodbridge Riley, professor of philosophy at Vassar College, has made a special study of American religious history.

Ernst Feise is professor of German at Ohio State University.

Emery Neff is a member of the English department at Columbia University, and author of "Carlyle and Mill."

Joseph T. Shipley is a contributing editor of the *Guardian*, a new literary monthly published in Philadelphia.

Alice Beal Parsons has resigned her position with the *World Tomorrow* to devote her time to writing.

Books and Plays

Lovers of Happiness

By EDWARD SAPIR

Though I have never seen her comb her hair
Nor caught her eyes deep-looking in my face,
At ending shall I have her in embrace,
This is my certainty and this I swear
When I hear her singing down the morning stair
And past my door; in passionate disgrace
I pray to her and whisper time and place
Of the first happiness and last despair.

Why are you waiting, lovers, by the shore?
Here is no nymph come singing from the floor.
And tell me, lovers, can you see her comb
Her hair? The weedy bottom is our home.
And can you dimly see two lovers lie?
We are entranced and looking eye to eye.

First Glance

"XLI POEMS," by E. E. Cummings (The Dial Press), continues in almost every phase the tradition which Mr. Cummings established for himself two years ago with "Tulips and Chimneys." No long poems are here, but there are Songs, Portraits, Chansons Innocentes, Sonnets, and, war-pieces; and always the same man is writing, with the same unquestionable power and the same unnecessary tricks. The tricks are unnecessary because without them the power would be quite as apparent as it is now, if not a little more so. Nothing could disguise the fact that the author of the following song is full of poetry:

cruelly, love
walk the autumn long;
the last flower in whose hair,
thy lips are cold with songs

for which is
first to wither, to pass?
shallowness of sunlight
falls and, cruelly,
across the grass
Comes the
moon

love, walk the
autumn
love, for the last
flower in the hair withers;
thy hair is acold with
dreams,
love thou art frail.

Nothing, except a slightly more wayward typography—of the sort, for instance, that makes it impossible to care very much for what is being said on the first page of the volume, where we learn that the sky is colored with

spry
pinks shy
lemons
greens coo l choc
olate
s.

Essentially Mr. Cummings is an educated poet. For all his surface radicalism, for all his insistence that his mind is "a big hunk of irrevocable nothing" which performs "squirms of chrome" and executes "strides of cobalt," for all his warning to the timid reader that he will "utter lilac shrieks and scarlet bellowings," he is saturated with Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare—to name only three of the great poets to whom he obviously has gone to school. Why should he not disregard the timid reader, as they did in their different ways, and fill his pages still fuller of the interesting and beautiful work of which he is capable? He has a richly sensuous mind; his verse is distinguished by fluidity and weight; he is equipped to range lustily and long among the major passions. May not his future lie in the direction of his second sonnet, which is a hymn in the grand style—but his grand style—to love?

O Thou to whom the musical white spring

offers her lily inextinguishable,
taught by thy tremulous grace bravely to fling

Implacable death's mysteriously sable
robe from her redolent shoulders,
Thou from whose
feet reincarnate song suddenly leaping
flameflung, mounts, inimitably to lose
herself where the wet stars softly are keeping

their exquisite dreams—O Love! upon thy dim
shrine of intangible commemoration,
(from whose faint close as some grave languorous hymn

pledged to illimitable dissipation
unhurried clouds of incense fleetly roll)

i spill my bright incalculable soul.

MARK VAN DOREN

"Sam Slick"

Thomas Chandler Haliburton ("Sam Slick"). A Study in Provincial Toryism. By V. L. O. Chittick. Columbia University Press. $4.

THE historian who, like the author of this book, sets out to prove something is walking in a path of danger. All too easily will he fix his attention on what supports his opinion, and perhaps quite unconsciously ignore what does not. Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the author of the pungent and humorous philosophy of Sam Slick of Slickville, is said to have been described by Artemus Ward, a follower in the same school, as the "father of American humor." The insight and wit of Sam Slick have become proverbial. Mr. Chittick has gone to every conceivable source of information concerning the character of the creator and he has produced a book which for the thoroughness of its research and the excellence of its literary style deserves to rank high. It is, however, written for the avowed purpose of proving that Haliburton has been overpraised. Mercilessly the author draws up a long list of his defects. In politics he sometimes showed dishonesty and trickery, and his Toryism was so reactionary as to appear ludicrous even among Tories. He was a snob who in Nova Scotia kept up an absurd social exclusiveness and in England was a toady, greedy for honors. He had the effrontery to claim credit not his due. He spent "a lifetime of self-indulgence and convivial dissipation." In religion he yielded to bigotry. As a judge he was rather ignorant of law, and on the bench, misled by his sense of humor, he lacked dignity. In literature he was a plagiarist, and in his own work sometimes insincere, inconsistent, grandilo-

quent, and morbidly emotional. In 1856 Haliburton removed to England and soon secured a seat in the House of Commons. There, as we should expect at his time of life, he won no distinction, but he was hardly the bore described here. The author, as a climax, doubts whether Artemus Ward ever said that Haliburton was the father of American humor, and he is so anxious to prove Haliburton a failure that, while he mentions one of his sons who gained no distinction, he does not mention another who became a British peer.

Though this ungrateful task has been carried out with great ability and thoroughness, one is tempted to ask whether the author has really lowered Haliburton's fame. Similar defects might be found in many persons of high renown. Readers of Sam Slick will inquire less as to the personality of his creator than as to the interest of his work. No doubt it is uneven. Probably Haliburton should never have written "The Attaché," which is a tedious book with its fundamental error in literary tact of promoting a Yankee peddler to a diplomatic post in London. The political writings of a colonial Tory, looking out on a narrow world, have now lost all value. Sam Slick is Haliburton's enduring creation. Let those who doubt the vitality of the book correct this impression by reading it again. Like Shakespeare, Haliburton used existing material, and like Shakespeare he gave it the vivifying touch. We may be grateful to Mr. Chittick for tracking Haliburton's ideas to their sources, but this book would not have been less enduring had it been without the itching desire to paint a portrait unlike the older ones. Haliburton's best work shows that he had acute insight and penetrating wit. He had also a rich variety created either by his own genius or by an eager pursuit of his materials.

The real value of this "Life" is not in its redrawing of Haliburton but in its account of the setting of Haliburton's life. The Nova Scotia where he lived was and is still a new New England. Only rarely did Haliburton visit the United States, yet he found qualities in the people about him which made him a real interpreter of Yankee character. Haliburton is not less but more creative because he could portray a Connecticut peddler and yet himself be a high Tory, trying in his mode of life to copy the style of the English country gentleman, scorning democracy, and pursuing rather snobbish friendships with persons of rank. This book furnishes illuminating glimpses of the outlook of the Loyalists from whom Haliburton was descended. There was strife between them and settlers from New England who had gone to Nova Scotia before the Revolution to occupy the lands of the departed Acadians. The better educated of the Loyalists formed an exclusive aristocracy. Gentility was their watchword and admission to the select circles of the little towns of Windsor and Annapolis was not easy. Haliburton was educated at King's College, Windsor, an exaggerated copy of what was to be found at Oxford. All matriculants had to sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and they were forbidden to attend not only "the Romish mass" but also the "meeting-houses"—not, be it observed, the "churches" of Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, or of "any other dissenters from the Church of England." This was not only aristocratic but heroic amid a population prevailingly non-Anglican. Clearly the Loyalists had the courage of their Tory convictions, but these so confined the influence of the college, the oldest post-revolutionary college of the British Empire, that today it has sunk to insignificance. For a long time, however, it trained the greater part of the Anglican clergy and the higher officials of Nova Scotia. The Loyalists were able to monopolize nearly all the public offices, which they accepted as more than due to their sacrifices. This spirit of dependence made some of them indolent and unenterprising. Nova Scotia had many "slackers," farmers too lazy even to manure their fields, traders who would not pay to secure tribute for their energy. Haliburton the Tory was not afraid to render his country the service of saying these things with biting wit, and perhaps one of the unconscious reasons of the present author's attack is his resentment as a Nova Scotian at the contempt for the colony which Haliburton promoted.

Mr. Chittick's book, in spite of its bias, will probably never be surpassed in the thoroughness of its method. A chapter is given to each of Haliburton's works. Two chapters, The Gen-u-ine Yankee and The Father of American Humor, have involved wide reading of authors others than Haliburton, and they throw doubt both on the accuracy of his picture of the Yankee and on the originality of his humor. Mr. Chittick's numerous split infinitives are readily forgiven, but it is not so easy to forgive "dependable" and "dependability," or, in a professor of literature, the statement that one publication "likely antedated" another. The final summing-up against Haliburton covers two pages without a full stop. Even then we are left in doubt as to whether the overpraise of Haliburton was really so mischievous as to justify a corrective so ponderous.

GEORGE M. WRONG

Religious Psychology and History

The New Psychology and the Preacher. By H. C. Miller. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Religious Experience of John Humphrey Noyes, Founder of the Oneida Community. By G. W. Noyes. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The History of Religion in the United States. By H. K. Rowe. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MR. MILLER starts with the dubious statement that "in every one of us there are two distinct egos. The first is the ego we wish to believe we are, and is called the Ideal Ego; the second is the ego we really are, and is called the Real Ego." This is poor philosophy, hardly held since the days of Fichte and then with dubious success. As for the author's theology, it harks back to the analogy-loving souls of the age of symbolism. So when the double interpretation of Scripture is put in terms of Freud the result is grotesque. The legend of Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt is said to teach us that her "retrospective orientation resulted in crystallization."

With this equipment the writer takes up such tremendous topics as the Unconscious Motive and Its Place in Life, Determinism and Free Will, the Evolution of Religion and the Religion of Evolution; and adds that the challenge of the new psychology cannot be ignored. The reader will hardly accept the challenge, for the way psychoanalysis is used is fantastic beyond measure. Mr. Miller is evidently not satisfied with the more or less current coinage of Oedipus complex, Narcissus complex, and the like—phrases which have at least the advantage of classical reference. This Scotch medical man prefers local references. So in explaining the analogies of human relationships he propounds the "Peter Pan motif." But worse is yet to come. The "Dear Brutus motif" signifies protection and rationalization, with the lesson that nobility [illegible] in fantasy (if it does not flourish in reality).

We wish that some competent psychoanalyst could apply his principles to "The Religious Experience of John Humphrey Noyes." The early life of the notorious founder of the Oneida Community is here presented in a strangely objective way by an editor who is evidently one of the family. In the bald presentation of repellent facts the book gives much the same impression as was given by the astonishing book of Daniel Drew, the old Erie Railroad financier, who invented the famous phrase about "watering stock." In the Noyes documents there is no attempt to hide family skeletons. The youthful religionist suffered from morbid fears of his sinfulness, but in his reaction from the Calvinistic doctrine of total depravity he went to the other extreme—belief in perfectionism or abso-

lute sinlessness. This ultimately became a convenient excuse for those who like Noyes were actually described as subject to the *libido corporis*. Having, then, declared himself saved from sin, the perfectionist soon found his "old conscience gone." But in spite of his conviction of having attained "full redemption of soul and body," he soon suffered from loss of appetite and loss of sleep, and feared he would die by "immediate dissolution." He was also afflicted with universal doubt, was plagued with the delusion that he was the Devil, and took to ardent spirits, with the result that his own sister described him as certainly deranged and the public called him "Crazy John Noyes."

Noyes and his followers now declared themselves "free from law." They claimed a kind of moral moratorium and sought to institute a "reconstructed society" free from ordinary restraints. This "Bible communism," as in the case of the Mormons, ended in sex scandals, and, as in the case of the Anabaptists and Doukhobors, the "insufficient clothing dream" became a reality. The polite name for all this is antinomianism, and this, as the editor explains, took different forms according to the temperamental susceptibility of its subjects. In those inclined to sensuality it assumed the form of lasciviousness, and what Noyes himself says under this specific heading is most curious. He refers to the goings-on among a "group of handsome and brilliant young women" at Brimfield, and speaks of the revival of "bundling," that ancient custom being a cause of which the scarlet letter was an effect. Noyes at first did not indulge in this "gospel liberty." But later, in the Oneida Community, the "demonstration of the spirit over the flesh" was expounded by him in an exceedingly rare pamphlet, a treatise of such a character that the editor, if he ever completes his projected second volume, will not be able to pass it through the mails. The pamphlet expounds "complex marriage"—which was simply the Oneida Community leader's claim for the *jus primae noctis*.

In marked contrast to this study of a narrow, morbid, and unhealthy religious fanatic, Mr. Rowe's "History" is written with much spirit and contains some fine generalizations. The first chapter is especially dramatic. It presents as the two motives of our religious history the conflicting factors of authority and dissent. Under the former comes Puritanism, which was not so much an institution as an attitude. As an instrument of government it proved a failure both in England and America. As a moral censorship it was too stern and provoked an unwholesome reaction. As an interpretation of religion it was too narrowly theological, and too out of sympathy with an abounding life.

This principle of "overhead authority" had as its counterpart the principle of dissent. This in turn explains the three phases of emancipation, namely, the splitting off of the various sects, the substitution of formal worship by the emotional evangelicalism of Wesley and Whitefield, and the emancipation from the traditional views of a Protestant orthodoxy. These conflicting motifs of what might be called consent and dissent run through the whole drama of the American mind. The former explains the conservatism of the prosperous cla[illegible]: Puritanism was especially the religion of the people who were making money by trade and whose children were to become capitalists. Dissent, on the other hand, involves a certain economic loss to the country. Duplication of work by the denominations runs through our entire history, and until the rise of the Federal Council of Churches no successful attempt was made to pool the conflicting interests. Here, it might be remarked, the Protestant churches learned too late the lesson of big business. Forced by an analogous cutthroat competition, they saw that trusts bring efficiency. But the Federal Council was only a paper trust, an affair of card catalogues and expensive secretaries. Further, denominationalism, says Mr. Rowe, resembles nationalism; and he might have added that the reluctance to accept overhead authority hampered a league of churches just as it hampers a League of Nations.

Meanwhile, one church has come to the fore because of its unity and solidarity. The author points out that the church of Rome suffers from certain drawbacks, that its genius is European not American, that it has had its internal bickerings because Irish-Americans, German-Americans, and Italian-Americans breathed the new air of freedom. But Mr. Rowe does not sufficiently stress the principle of authority and unquestioning obedience which has overcome "Americanism" *in partibus infidelium*. The Ku Klux Klan has had a sort of animal instinct against this form of foreign control, and, like the old Know Nothing Party and the American Protective Association, it can appeal to the principles of Yankee independence. But the Klan in turn suffers from a false historical perspective. Conventional opinions as to the virtues of our ancestors have magnified with time and warped the judgment of those brought up on goody-goody schoolbooks. Even Mr. Rowe is unconsciously affected with this blind spot. He makes too little of the effects of early freethinking. He points to the skeptical influences of France and of such a patriot as Thomas Paine upon "even some of the statesmen of the country," but he fails to show how profound those influences were. Franklin was privately a polytheist; Jefferson inveighed against "the pious young monks of Harvard and Yale"; and even the Father of his Country was suspected of deism and, like the first gentleman of the land that he was, declined to give any intimation of his religious beliefs.

Another dubious generalization of Mr. Rowe's is that war is never productive of spiritual fervor. This hardly jibes with the fact that the World War has given a new lease of life to the churches, if one is to believe the American church statistics since 1918 and if one remembers the parallel growth of clericalism in France and Italy. There is also the outburst of fundamentalism—a topic not mentioned here by name, though it is suggested by some remarks on the conflict of science and theology. This theme might have been expanded with profit, for it is a curious fact that where Puritanism flourished science languished, as appears from the contrast between the Boston of runaway Franklin and the Virginia of anti-clerical Jefferson. But such faults of omission are of slight importance compared with the great mass of well-digested material furnished by this interesting volume.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

From the German Past

Die Kulturwerte der deutschen Literatur in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung. Band II: *Von der Reformation bis zur Aufklärung.* Von Kuno Francke. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

THIS book bears the stamp of the spiritual sufferings and consolations of a man and a scholar. It is no mere accident that from Professor Francke's pen comes simultaneously a booklet of verse testifying to his larger life during the last decade:

[illegible]
Thrown into deep abyss of common fate:
[illegible]
[illegible]

Thus speaks a man who for more than thirty years has interpreted the higher spiritual achievements of Germany to the youth of America, who with loving care has collected in the Germanic Museum at Cambridge the treasures of German art, who has steeped himself in the cultures of these two peoples, ever alive to the question, What may and must they mean to each other? During the war, when he was attacked on both sides, the work of a lifetime seemed on the point of crumbling. The ensuing economic enslavement of his native land, with whose best achievements he had identified himself as a mystic with his God, filled him with despair. But out of all this senseless chaos and misery his high and valiant idealism bade him seek to extract meaning. For an analogy he returned to the German

past, and from his researches there the second volume of the "'Kulturwerte" was born.

Two figures tower at the beginning and end of the book: Erasmus and Luther. They are separated by almost three centuries of suffering and humiliation in a nation which is overwhelmed through economic collapse, harassed and impoverished by religious wars. But in spite of such distressing conditions "Lessing's consciousness of the moral responsibility of the individual is, considered historically, the result of the whole movement of German culture, which, ushered in by Luther, had even during the collapse of political institutions, during stagnation and social decline, gained a new impulse and found a higher goal in the self-determination and self-elevation of the individual."

To prove his thesis Professor Francke drives new shafts into the barren lode of these literary strata, and he finds in them hidden veins of undaunted manliness, of sturdy virtue, of genuine "Volksbewusstsein," and of productive idealism, with the result that he can interestingly revaluate such figures as Sebastian Franck, Johann Rist, Haller, and others. Two ideas are at work in the best men of the time: the belief in human reason as a regulative force of life, and a mystic vision of this universe wherein there is so much apparent chaos and suffering. The happier period when Germany's leaders were to become the teachers of a nation and of the world is to be the subject of Professor Francke's third volume. It is hoped that this task may be completed in sunny and peaceful years.

ERNST FEISE

The Importance of Being Earnest

Carlyle Till Marriage (1795-1826). By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

Carlyle to the "French Revolution" (1826-1837). By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

THE time is propitious for a fair portrait of the most representative of the Victorians. We are far enough away to be just, and close enough to be sympathetic. A rare union of justice and sympathy distinguishes Mr. Wilson's biography. A Scotchman grown almost to manhood in Carlyle's lifetime, and acquainted with a host of his friends and kinsfolk, Mr. Wilson presents the theological and political prejudices from which Carlyle revolted with an understanding that will become increasingly difficult as we withdraw from the atmosphere of his age. He is in sympathy with the pacifism, the collectivism, and the pantheism of the youthful Carlyle, and with his ethics even to their basis in outworn conceptions of "conscience" and "laws of Nature," yet is sufficiently detached to be fair to John Stuart Mill and others who opposed his favorite doctrines, and sufficiently of the present moment to use psychoanalytical methods of interpretation. It is only to be regretted that he has accepted the conventional judgment of Bentham, and has not treated the economic situation and doctrines of the time with enough thoroughness and understanding. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilson has not been so happy in his selection and arrangement of materials. His sentences are often clumsy, and the short, discreet chapters prevent a flow of narrative. Almost a third of the eight hundred and fifty pages is given over to matters of little significance, while colorful passages are omitted lest they "pain the pious." Of new materials, the most interesting are letters from Francis Jeffrey and Gustave d'Eichthal, the Saint-Simonian, which throw important light on the genesis of "Sartor Resartus." Mr. Wilson's work, which will extend to five volumes, will nevertheless supersede the prejudiced and inaccurate Froude. It may also remain indefinitely the standard life, for it is doubtful if many important facts have escaped the diligence of Mr. Wilson's thirty years' research. Henceforth scholars will find much less profit in seeking new biographical data than in interpreting those we have in the light of Carlyle's times, whose history, as Mr. Lytton Strachey has remarked, will never be written because we know too much about it.

The two volumes which have been published take us through the storm and stress of Carlyle's apprenticeship to his fame at forty-two. They reveal a much more human figure than the prophet of the hero-worshipers or the morose prig of the iconoclasts; a naive and dreadfully earnest rustic, whose tactlessness and too apparent consciousness of superior talents impede advance in the great world. He feels, but conquers, the temptation to advance toward a rich pulpit after he has ceased to believe Christianity. His "conversion," so dramatically described in "Sartor Resartus," comes but gradually with relief from poverty, ill-health, and the pains of courtship. For Jane Welsh, a clever village coquette, holds him dangling until she despairs of richer suitors, and keeps him properly grateful during their married life by allusions to the good matches she has sacrificed for him. He yearns for leisure to write a masterpiece; then discovers, when he has the leisure, that he has nothing to say. Obliged to be a journalist, he finds the necessity of courting editors and sparing the public unpalatable truths too great a price to pay for a comfortable livelihood. But his path is smoothed by a wise patron, Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who teaches him tolerance and urbanity; and his angularities are softened by his own puritanic zeal for self-correction. This self-corrective zeal leads him to overpraise humility, renunciation (the famous *Entsagen*), silence, and lack of self-consciousness, the virtues he finds hardest to practice. In an era when most men of intelligence know that church and state rest on illusions, but find it comfortable to "humbug the people because they like it," his blunt sincerity becomes mistaken for originality. Though Jeffrey is shocked by his exposure of the intellectual nakedness of fashionable poets like Tom Moore and Felicia Hemans, and of the waste and injustice of the sacred system of private property and free competition, persistence in this course of puncturing shams makes Carlyle the most influential man of letters of his age.

As such he will be perennially interesting to the historian, but now that his social gospel has been refined upon by subtler minds and his prophetic jargon become wearisome, the general reader will find the more lasting qualities of his work in its Brobdingnagian humor, vivid historical re-creations, purple patches of inimitable stylistic beauty, and marvelous pen portraits. Especially the pen portraits, which are unexcelled in the language. Witness one of the less known, that of the poet-banker Samuel Rogers: "a half-frozen sardonic Whig-Gentleman: no hair at all, but one of the whitest bare scalps, blue eyes, shrewd, sad and cruel; toothless horse-shoe mouth drawn up to the very nose: slow-croaking, sarcastic insight, perfect breeding"; which reveals the *ancien régime* in a lightning flash. We will continue to read Carlyle, not as philosophy to instruct, but as poetry to animate.

EMERY NEFF

Cave of the Winds

James Joyce—His First Forty Years. By Herbert S. Gorman. B. W. Huebsch. $2.

IT is time that controversy over "Ulysses" ended and criticism began. From the cohorts of Shane Leslie, who angrily condemned yet grudgingly allowed credit, or of Arnold Bennett, who mingled the extremes of praise and blame, and from the rival camp of T. S. Eliot, hailing the new prophet, shouts and answering volleys reascended. Unfortunately, despite his first sentence—"It should be explained immediately that this book is more expositional than critical"—Mr. Gorman stands distinctly with the adulators. "It is difficult to look back across this day without amazement at the marvelous ingenuity and assiduous realism of the author. . . . Rabelais is pale beside it and is due to grow much paler before the drunken evening has played its course. The 'Satyricon' is the work of a child (an obscene child) placed beside it."

One may wonder to what extent a similar glorification extends to the earlier writings of Joyce. It seems safe to say,

as of the Shakespeare of Lucrece and of Adonis, that the early Joyce will be remembered because of his later accomplishment. "A Portrait of the Artist" marks the discovery, "Ulysses" the first exploration, of the new world of the twentieth-century novel. Mr. Gorman shows the ties between the new continent and the old; he traces the growth of the novel from the loose form of Samuel Richardson through Thackeray to the more disciplined form of the French, from which spring the experiments of Dorothy Richardson and Proust and the "novel-epic" of Joyce. Curiously, Mr. Gorman calls Joyce a realist; this must be because he mistakes for a "new art form beyond the novel" what is in reality a new method within the quite inclusive novel-form. Mr. Gorman has stated the new intention: "the almost impossible task of coordinating the unconscious, of noting the reactions of the essential mind to the entire cosmos"; and since this is but the definition of "psychosis," we may venture to call the new method "psychosism." Joyce's journey with a human soul through the actual incidents of that Dublin day follows the method of psychosism.

In Mr. Gorman's desire to praise he twice falsely accuses his author. He calls a passage difficult, "but a sharp reader will note a slight hint of Mr. Kernan's activities." What reader so dull that he will not notice the separately paragraphed sentence: "Mr. Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along James's Street?" The "difficulties" of Joyce are also exaggerations. Again, Mr. Gorman tells us on two occasions that Joyce has given a complete picture of Dublin; then he reverses himself and criticizes the novelist because the picture is really but a partial one. For the interior monologue Joyce has already indicated his French source. In the use of parody he has not troubled to match manner and mood; in pure word delight he breathes the dust of Gertrude Stein; in fore-echoing (fragments chosen from a chapter and placed in free-verse arrangement at its head) he has not achieved a mosaic or a thematic treatment such as an operatic prelude sustains; his use of what Mr. Gorman calls the "examination paper" device is delightfully suggestive. Indeed, one of the chief glories of the book is that, far from being a brilliant tour de force, a tremendous pose at the end of a blind alley, it opens many widening roads on any of which novelists may journey through fertile land. To those who have not read "Ulysses" Mr. Gorman will bring the desire; to those who have he offers the stimulation of frequent dissent.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

The Saint and Love

The Golden Door. By Evelyn Scott. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

MAN'S craving for suffering, though a very little of it goes a long way in actual practice, is only less deep-seated and primal than his craving for love. Hence the persistence in the world of the sacrificial elements of religion, and of that morbid overdevelopment of the enjoyment of suffering which is probably the distinguishing characteristic of the saint, and which so complicates the saint's experience of love. The universality of this craving for suffering makes it possible, and inevitable at one time or another, for every race to produce its Dostoevsky. And so one should dismiss in advance the criticism certain to be made that in this story of a modern saint Evelyn Scott is fallaciously trying to engraft Russian torture and terror and mysticism on to our wholesome Anglo-Saxon stock.

Yet, though her book appears to be a minutely exact story of three individuals' reactions to a situation interesting in itself and having the salable quality of being produced by the most up-to-the-minute modern stimuli and ideas—so realistically embodied that many New Yorkers will flatter themselves, falsely, that they know the hero; though it appears to be as minutely accurate a portrayal of certain of the soul's shadows as a Whistler etching is a minutely accurate portrayal of certain London waterside shadows; undeniably it produces mental colic in the reader. Are we then too finicky for truth? Or is the rendering, brilliant and suggestive as it is, less accurate than it intends to be?

Possibly certain characteristics of Mrs. Scott's style will give a clue. "The cedars, swaying in the dead afternoon light, were *like dark green fires* above her head. The grass blades, in *moist thin flames* beneath them, pierced the loose black earth." Admitting, if we can, both figures as expressing the reactions of an excited, unhappy imagination, we still find equally distorted metaphors occurring to all the other characters, and in impersonal narration. "With a roar of darkness the night rushed down from the sky." Not a tropic night, but a rainy evening in Massachusetts, when the coming of darkness would presumably be cloaked by clouds or fog. "The rustle of surf," a sound probably familiar to every reader, is compared to "a noise like boiling paper," a sound which probably not half-a-dozen readers have ever heard. "Paul was as if stabbed by her voice, which fell toward him as from a ray of starlight." "The black greasy engine, in its volcanic direction, bore down upon the diminutive people waiting on the vibrating platform. The booming sides of the engine seemed inflated. The iron breathed. The smoke, thinned with light for an instant, poured above it turgidly. When the smoke appeared, as if miraculously, above the stack, it seemed mixed with milk."

Here, as the mental furniture often of the same person, are commonplace literary exaggerations, alternating curiously with distorted images and the final precise description of the smoke. There is little connection between this and the style of Blake, that "literalist of the imagination," from whom, significantly, Mrs. Scott has quoted on the title page. Blake translates what he has seen and the reader has not seen into a recognizable image; Evelyn Scott creates unrecognizable images. This perverse manner is more than matched by the distortion of intellect involved in viewing the pains and ecstasies of youthful love through the medium of disillusioned sophistication, it being one thing to introduce a middle-aged cynic, in the manner of dramatists from Shakespeare down, as a commentator on youth's ardors, and quite another thing to deny the validity of the lovers' emotions by giving them to us only as they filter through the cynic's mind.

It is the more to be regretted that Mrs. Scott's very considerable talent should thus have run amuck, because she has rested the chief claim of her book on the value of its observations and on the vigor with which she has expressed them. There is in it, just as there is in any chance encounter between two individuals, in any adventure of any soul, enough material to keep many artists busy many lifetimes. But apparently she has not turned her attention to that primary concern of the artist which marks him off from the innumerable observers of human conduct, the invention of a form through which to embody his emotion or his observation, his ecstasy or his despair.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Books in Brief

The Lives and Works of the Uneducated Poets. By Robert Southey. Edited by J. S. Childers. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

This new volume in the exquisite "Oxford Miscellany" preserves the essay which Southey wrote in 1831 as a preface to the poems of John Jones, a butler who had appealed to him as poet laureate for assistance in publication.

The Common Reader. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Mrs. Woolf here collects her brilliant and fluent essays on Chaucer, the Pastons, Jane Austen, Montaigne, Addison, Defoe, George Eliot, and others. It is the criticism of a woman, and it is valuable criticism.

The Laxdæla Saga. Translated from the Icelandic, with an introduction by Thorstein Veblen. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.50.

An economist presents one of the finest of the sagas for what it is worth as a document in social history.

Edmund Spenser. An Essay on Renaissance Poetry. By W. L. Renwick. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.75.

Criticism of Spenser has latterly been dull beyond endurance. Mr. Renwick breaks the spell with a learned but unpedantic discourse upon the ideas and the art—conceived in their simplest terms—of this most serious great poet.

Luis de Leon. A Study of the Spanish Renaissance. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Oxford University Press. $10.

For its learning and its understanding this volume must remain the authoritative account in English of the great mystic, poet, and professor of Salamanca.

A Fool i' the Forest: A Phantasmagoria. By Richard Aldington. The Dial Press.

The Pot of Earth. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Two philosophical poems which are more interesting for the tendency they reflect than for their actual accomplishment. Mr. Aldington's effort is rendered practically negligible through the fact that "The Waste Land" preceded it and was better; Mr. MacLeish, writing with greater passion, produces an impressive hymn on love and birth and death.

Sung to Shahryar. Poems from The Book of the Thousand and One Nights. By E. Powys Mathers. Albert and Charles Boni. $1.75.

A welcome selection, the work of an experienced translator of Oriental verse.

Drama

Two Revues

I HAVE always felt that the typical American musical comedy or revue was damned by its refinement and only partially redeemed by the lavish expenditure of effort and money. When you have extracted from this type of entertainment the rowdiness of the burlesque show and the impudence of the café chantant you have nothing left except color, movement, and flesh—excellent things in themselves but cloying before the end of an evening. And the result, however lavish the production, is always a little insipid. Our satire is too timid to count, and without suggesting that the American managers follow the French tradition which makes the President of the Republic the hero of every risqué story, one often wishes that they were not so respectful as to earn for themselves that double-edged compliment which Chamfort paid one of his contemporaries when he remarked: "His satires show the goodness of his heart."

It is for this reason that I welcome with particular delight the Theater Guild's "Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick Theater) and the "Grand Street Follies" (Neighborhood Playhouse). Not since Mr. Cohan abandoned his revues have we had such successful attempts to base a superior entertainment upon wit rather than money; and both show a highly commendable effort to put teeth into satire. Mr. Bryan has been so long a butt that the scene in the "Garrick Gaieties" where he comes to the jungle to prosecute, in behalf of the monkeys, one of their number who has offended simian delicacy by the theory that they are all related to the human species is not particularly daring; but the scene in the same review where Mr. Coolidge, just returned at 11:10 from a very late party, discusses public affairs with his wife is as intimately and disrespectfully personal as a revue should be. To my mind, the youth, gaiety, and impudence of the entertainments under discussion more than make up for their relative deficiency in smoothness, splendor, and expenditure.

In both, the burlesques of the season's dramatic successes are pointed and amusing. At the Garrick, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Richard Bennett, and Pauline Lord are ludicrously caricatured; at the Neighborhood, a play variously called "Lust Under the Locusts" and "They Knew What they Wanted Under the Elms" shows the Firebrand arriving in the nick of time to substitute at the rendezvous which various famous characters have made with Cleopatra, Amy, Carla (Lenore Ulrich), and Abbie at the four-room road-house under the elms; but perhaps the most amusing of all is the skit "What Price Morning Glories" in the same revue, which presents a version of the Anderson-Stallings play as revised by John Golden and passed by the play jury. Charmaine, keeper of a soft drink bar, is revealed watering the morning glories and beseeching them to bloom before the arrival of the soldiers upon whom they have so refining an effect. Captain Flag and the sergeant, both painfully honorable suitors, arrive and under the influence of repeated nut sundaes unloose their flowery vocabularies. "Chrysanthemum, but it's hot," says the Captain; "Go to Heliotrope," replies the sergeant; and gradually every flower the garden wears betrays a sound startlingly suggestive of some violent expletive until the sergeant, forgetting himself completely, hurls at his superior officer the final insult: "You son of a bachelor's button, you." Still, American soldiers never completely forget themselves, and so, after settling their rivalry for the hand of Charmaine by counting out an eeny, meeny, miny, moe, they depart joyously for another week of the delightful and refining sport of war. Special mention should also be made of the dancing of June Cochrane in the "Gaieties" and of the work of that extraordinary mimic, Albert Carroll, who presents in the "Follies" a whole gallery of imitations ranging all the way from Toto, the clown, to Pavlova dancing "The Swan."

"Kosher Kitty Kelly" (Times Square Theater) is a comedy with songs which is everything the title suggests. Mrs. Al Smith calls it "ten times funnier than 'Abie's Irish Rose'."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

Every evening except Monday 8:30 sharp
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30 sharp
THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE 466 GRAND ST.
The Grand Street Follies of 1925
Orchestra $2 Balcony $1.50

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A new Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Thursday and Saturday.

A Civilized Picture of Uncivil People
BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK
Intelligently Directed by James Cruze
CRITERION 2:30 8:30

International Relations Section

The French War in Morocco

THE war in Morocco continues; exaggerated rumors report large French losses, and all reports agree that the struggle between the French and Abdel Krim, leader of the Riffians, who last year decisively defeated the Spaniards, is likely to be long and arduous. Throughout France the Communists are conducting an aggressive campaign against the war; some Socialists support them, but the parliamentary party has been unable to make up its mind what to do. Some have abstained from voting. Painlevé, who entered office as a Left premier, has been receiving votes of confidence in which the Right unanimously supported him, while his own Left was divided. A new parliamentary line-up has seemed possible.

The first general debates upon Moroccan policy occurred in the French Chamber on May 27, 28, and 29. Extracts from the reports of these debates in the Paris *Temps* will reveal the position of the Government, the outspoken opposition of the Communists, and the hesitation of the Socialists. A letter written by the cabinet chief of Marshal Lyautey, French governor-general of Morocco, to the marshal's nephew in Paris, also throws light upon the situation. This letter, written on May 25, 1925, came somehow into the hands of M. Doriot, a Communist deputy, and was read by him in the Chamber on June 9. In it the officer tells how he arranges that the proper kind of dispatches appear in the Paris press, admits that Marshal Lyautev seized a moment when Abdel Krim was busy with the Spanish to advance his lines, and suggests a prospect of eternal war:

THE LETTER

My dear friend: I have just received your interesting letters of the 19th and 22nd. First, let it be well understood that similar letters coming from you to me are always infinitely precious and that it is not necessary for you to excuse yourself for writing to me. You understand that for the "Parisian front" I try to unite my means of action and in the interest of conerence and efficiency to get them to work together. And you, the nephew, so well placed by your position and by your contacts, are, I assure you, one of the master-pieces in my action. It is thus that I have always considered you—today more than ever.

This understood, do not forget that you have, at Paris, excellent sources of information both for details and for synthesis—Nacivet and Séguy on the one hand, Colonel Vincent on the other.

From the beginning of hostilities, I have made it a principle to hold all the documents at your disposition. For the last fifteen or twenty days, I have been addressing to some of our agents a certain number of joint letters which I believe very explicit and complete, in which I reply in advance to the questions that you have put to me. Vincent knows everything. His remarkable article in the *Illustration* of May 16 proves that to the hilt. I know very well that all of them have their faults. But I am obliged to do the best I can; after all, they have their qualities.

And this is my excuse for not having written to you, for I sincerely believed that all I had written to Séguy and to Nacivet was given you, and that you saw them almost daily. Inasmuch as their role now makes them the source of all information, establish an intimate liaison with them and get them to show you my papers.

As to the journalists, a good handful of whom are now at Fez, I believe that they are well oriented and that their dispatches will be of a nature to dissipate certain mistakes and rumors.

I reply to your questions:

Criticism of the surprise, which falls into three sections: (a) We were not informed; (b) We made a mistake in establishing a chain of small posts which were quickly encircled and which we had to disengage; (c) We made a mistake in moving in May, 1924, north of the Werga.

Reply: The marshal was so well informed and had looked ahead so well that as early as January, 1924 (see his reports to the Government) he had perceived: (a) That Abdel Krim in view of the Spanish bankruptcy (evacuation and entente) would attack; (b) That his attack would be sudden, sharp (lesson of events in the Spanish zone); (c) That he would attack by means of propaganda and terror among the subject tribes.

That is why, in May, 1924, when Abdel Krim, too occupied with the Spanish, was unable to reply, he sought to form, to the north of Fez, the vital point and probable aim of the invasion, a strategic front better than that offered us by the south bank of the Werga. Since May, 1924, that front has been reinforced, fortified, and connected with the rear by a system of roads, bridges, and railroads. . . .

As to the political principle—as you say, have a little patience, hang it! The whole question is one of knowing what the adversary will do inasmuch as we are unable to go to him.

Either he will negotiate. But what will that be worth for the future?

Or he will continue to attack us, at one time at one point, and another time at another. That means perpetual war;

Or we will be enabled to enter his country, in agreement with the other Powers—and that is a very great affair.

Do not ask the marshal to do like Primo de Rivera, announce what he intends to do, which cost him dearly as you know. . . .

One thing is sure: The marshal is completely, effectively, and materially in accord with the Government, and the Government is doing all that should be done. To sustain him is the duty of all good Frenchmen who do not forget that what is at stake is the future of Morocco, that is to say, our Mediterranean future; and Algeria and Tunis as well.

As to personalities: With Herriot and Boncour the liaison is assured. Blum [the Socialist leader], as you say, is in touch with Berthelot [a high Foreign Office official], and that liaison can only become stronger. I shall say no more today.

An article in the *Dépêche de Toulouse* would be excellent. You have the materials for it in this letter and in Vincent's article (*Illustration* of May 16) and in a confidential hour with Séguy or Vincent. Take care of Romier, Bainville, and Simond [editors of Paris papers] with this material. Let these gentlemen set an example for the rabble. This is no time for chatter; it is a time to be silent and hold firm. Their effort should be to take the Riffian question out of the domain of politics in order to make it a national question.

Keep me in touch with events. In all affection,

VATIN-PERIGNON

On May 27 Pierre Renaudel defined the Socialist position:

M. RENAUDEL. We ought to know whether the occupation of the Werga in 1924 was in accordance with the instructions of the Government then in office, and inquire whether the responsible party foresaw the consequences of his act. . . . My friends and I are not defeatists; we do not ask that Morocco be evacuated; but we do not want a war for prestige, in which the best of the country will go down. We want the truth about Morocco. . . .

On what conditions should peace be sought? The *Temps* recently said that it could be sought only in the Riff. . . . For

the Socialists the most significant point is the interpretation of our "security." They want security. They would not permit the soldiers who have been surrounded down there, or the tribes which have remained loyal to us, to reproach France with having abandoned them. (Applause.) But the military forces find it easy to postpone the moment of peace in order to seek more and more guaranties; and the time for negotiations may pass. Just as we should be careful to avoid the possibility of war so we should be bold to seize the possibilities of peace. (Applause at the Extreme Left.) The Socialists want to hear the Government say that France feels herself so strong that she does not fear to offer peace to a petty tribal chief, even if he has won a little victory. (Applause at the Extreme Left.) . . . The tribes of Morocco should come to see in France not a conquering nation but a people which comes to them with the assurance of better living conditions. . . .

The Communist Position

Two Communist deputies, Doriot and Berthon, then pitched into Marshal Lyautey. They accused the Government of having negotiated with Abdel Krim when he was fighting the Spaniards, and of having let opportunities for friendly negotiations slip. These charges the Government denied in behalf of Marshal Lyautey. M. Doriot charged Lyautey with starving the Riffians by occupying the Werga valley, "their granary." He charged also that capitalist interests were involved; then enlarged his attack, provoking the wrath of M. Herriot, the presiding officer, and of the rest of the Chamber:

M. Doriot. All Islam is with Abdel Krim. In seeking to strengthen your prestige in a tiny corner of Morocco you have revealed your true position as oppressor of twenty million Moslems. (Protests at the Right, Center, and Left.)

The Presiding Officer [M. Herriot]. The Chamber cannot tolerate this language. To show oneself always anti-French is no evidence of internationalism. (Lively applause on many benches. Interruptions on the Communist Left.) While I stand here France shall not be insulted.

M. Doriot. Tomorrow the Moslems of the entire world will know that the war against the Riff is France's merciless war against all the colonial peoples. (Laughter and protests on many benches.) Some day, thanks to the example of the Riff, they will rise against France!

Numerous Voices on the Right. Out with him! (Exclamations from the Communist benches. Uproar.)

M. Thomson. The attitude of the natives of North Africa during the war is the best answer to M. Doriot's abominable words. (Hearty applause.)

The Presiding Officer. When our soldiers are fighting for the rights of France (applause) upon the soil of Mor[illegible] a country confided to us by international treaties (applause), we cannot let words be spoken which, in the countries praised by the speaker, would be most bitterly punished. (Applause.) The Chamber will meet these provocations with calm. There are insults which deserve no reply but contempt. (Lively applause on many benches. Interruptions from the Extreme Left.)

Various Voices. Censor him!

M. Doriot. The colonial soldiers who fought for France during the war fought for a cause which w[illegible] . . . The soldiers now fighting in Morocco feel themselves closer to the natives whom they are fighting than to the men who are sending them to butchery. (Applause upon the Communist benches. Lively interruptions.)

The Presiding Officer. I call you to order. You have no right to speak for the soldiers.

M. Doriot. I will read you a letter from one of the soldiers down there. [The *Temps* does not print the text of this letter] . . . Tomorrow these soldiers, learning that the workers and peasants are for immediate peace and that the French Government refuses to take the least step toward it, will cease to feel themselves bound to you. They will look for ways to stop the war. They will remember the marines of the Black Sea [who mutinied in 1919, when asked to attack the soviets].

The Presiding Officer. I have listened to the speaker carefully, seeking to reconcile the freedom of the tribune with the interests of the country. Hitherto, while M. Doriot had expressed violent opinions, they were only opinions. I merely protested against them. For the first time M. Doriot has, in covered but hardly equivocal terms, incited those of our soldiers who would follow his counsel to betray their duty. It is no longer a question of freedom of the tribune. When down there, out of sight, brave fellows—workers, yes! and peasants, yes!—are doing their duty in the name of France, it is our duty to support them, to do whatever is needed to protect them from such abominable words. (Lively applause on all benches. Exclamations at the Extreme Left.) The appeal to action demands action. (Renewed applause.) I therefore invite M. Doriot to withdraw his words, or to explain them if they are not as I understood them; otherwise I shall with the consent of the Chamber apply the censorship.

M. Doriot. My meaning was sufficiently clear. I said that tomorrow when they learn on the front that there are at home workers who, like themselves, want peace with the Riffians, that peace can be made, and that the Government refuses to make it, they will look for ways to end the war; they will remember that in other circumstances the marines of the Black Sea refused to fire upon the revolutionary workers of Russia, that the soldiers of the Ruhr fraternized with the Germans. . . .

M. Francois. It is not true. (Uproar.)

The Presiding Officer. An Assembly which is about to judge must remain calm.

M. Doriot. . . . that the soldiers of the Ruhr fraternized with the German workers; that the Spanish soldiers were not afraid to talk with the Riffians; and they will stretch out their hands in brotherhood to those whom you call enemies, and will force peace upon you. That is my conviction. (Applause at the Extreme Left. Protests from various benches. Uproar.)

The censorship was thereupon applied to M. Doriot, whose friends protested so vigorously that the session was suspended. When it was resumed on May 28 M. Maginot, Minister of War in the Poincaré Government, accepted responsibility for the instructions given Marshal Lyautey in May, 1924, at his request, to advance his troops [illegible] territory on the north back of the Werga [illegible] dominated by the Riffians. The Prime Minister, M. Painlevé, then rose to defend the policy of the Government. He insisted that after the advance the French were still within their treaty frontiers, and that they were combating what was, strictly speaking, a war of defense.

M. Painleve. . . . Between the Werga and Fez [the capital of Morocco] there is no natural obstacle; there is only the force of [illegible] . . . And if [illegible] at the consequences of such a solution. I will beg them to examine with me the consequences of abdication. That would mean not merely to abandon Fez; it would mean the abandonment of all Morocco, of all Algeria, of all trans-Mediterranean France, of all the Africa which has been plowed and furrowed by the daring of French civilization. If there are men here ready to subscribe to such a desertion, so much the worse for them. (Lively applause on the Left, Center, and Right. Interruptions on the Extreme Left.)

An article by Harry F. Ward
Law and Order in Japan
will appear in an early issue of
The Nation

France's Treaties in Eastern Europe

THE peace of Europe depends upon Central Europe; in many ways the French Eastern treaties are more significant than the Security Pact which is being negotiated in Western Europe at present. France has unequivocally declared her intention to support her Eastern allies; she has also declared that the Security Pact must be "supplementary" to the Covenant and in the event of war she could still base her actions on Article X of the Covenant, which would take precedence over later agreements. Few except students of foreign affairs are familiar with the texts of these important Eastern treaties. The Treaty of Alliance and Friendship between France and Czecho-Slovakia was printed in *The Nation* of February 27, 1924. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* states:

> It appears to be conclusively proved that there is no military convention between France and Czecho-Slovakia, in spite of misinformed rumors which have made the allegation. But the Czecho-Slovak army is largely trained by a French military mission.

The full text of the Polish Treaty is reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian* of June 6 and is as follows:

FRANCO-POLISH POLITICAL AGREEMENT

The Polish Government and the French Government, equally disposed, by maintaining the treaties which have been signed in common or which shall in the future be recognized by the one or by the other, to safeguard the state of peace in Europe, the security and the defense of their territory as well as of their mutual interests both political and economic, have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. In order to coordinate their pacific efforts, the two governments undertake to concert with each other about all questions of foreign policy which interest the two states, and which bear upon the settlement of international relations, in the spirit of the treaties and in conformity with the Covenant of the League of Nations.

ARTICLE 2. Economic improvement being the primary condition of the reestablishment of the international order and of European peace, the two governments will concert together in this regard with a view to joint action and mutual support. They will work for the development of their economic relations, and will conclude special agreements and a commercial convention to that end.

ARTICLE 3. If, contrary to the anticipations and to the sincerely pacific intentions of the two contracting parties, those parties or one of them found themselves attacked without provocation on their part, the two governments would concert with each other with a view to the defense of their territory and the safeguarding of their legitimate interests, within the limits laid down in the preamble.

ARTICLE 4. The two governments undertake to consult each other before concluding new agreements which affect their policy in Central or in Eastern Europe.

ARTICLE 5. The present agreement will not enter into force until the commercial agreement now being negotiated shall have been signed.

A. BRIAND.
E. SAPIEHA.

Paris, February 19, 1921

A MILITARY CONVENTION?

The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* concludes:

> It is commonly understood that Article 3 above has been supplemented by a military convention. The Poles, whose interests and inclinations have not been on the side of concealment, have advertised its existence, but the French have never admitted it, and the text of it is secret. There is, however, reason enough for assuming both that it exists and that it provides for the operation of a French military mission in Poland and for the provision of credits for equipment and arms. A French military mission, in fact, operates in Poland, and Marshal Foch has ceremonially visited the Polish General Staff in Warsaw.

Child Labor in China

BEHIND the present disturbances in China lie the working conditions created by the process of industrialization and inspired by modern capitalism. Excerpts from the report of the Municipal Council of the International Settlement in Shanghai, referred to below, were printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for May 27, 1925. The *Manchester Guardian* commented editorially on June 16 as follows:

China is passing through the first phases of the industrial revolution. One of her ablest representatives said at Paris during the Peace Conference that this was the most critical and anxious aspect of China's future. Could China, with great and rapid industrialization in prospect, escape the dreadful shadows through which England groped into some kind of civilized life a century ago? Industrial development in China has been disastrously quick. In the seven years from 1915 the number of spindles rose from one to two millions. The conditions in these mills are very similar to the conditions in the Lancashire mills in the early days of the industrial revolution, and the conditions in the mines and steelworks are worse than those in the mills. Men work twenty hours underground in the mines of Shantung. Small boys work in the glassworks from six in the morning to eleven at night. Children work in the mills the same hours as adults. Nightwork is common, and everybody works seven days in the week.

The National Christian Council of China started an agitation three years ago for the introduction of the international labor standards contained in the Washington Convention of 1919. They held meetings, distributed literature, and tried to influence Chinese employers and the Chinese Government. They had some success in their larger aims, for the Government at Peking promulgated provisional factory regulations in 1923. They had still greater success in Shanghai, where they persuaded the Municipal Council to set up a child labor commission and to adopt its recommendations. Unfortunately these recommendations required the ratification by a taxpayers' meeting, and when the meeting was summoned last April there was not a quorum.

It is obvious that in the present state of China, where the enforcement of factory law, or any law, is exceedingly difficult, a foreign settlement like that at Shanghai, controlling its own district, had a splendid opportunity of introducing reform and setting a great example. When that community represents nations that have enjoyed and abused great privileges the obligation to make some return is particularly pressing. The taxpayers of Shanghai threw away a great opportunity. That opportunity will recur, and we cannot believe that it will be thrown away again. And when the Powers begin to cooperate with China instead of competing in exploiting her, they owe it to themselves as well as to her that they should make it easy for the Chinese Government to reform industrial conditions throughout China. The action of the powers will be a test of their good faith, for they will show whether their desire to forward these reforms is stronger than the powerful interests that seek to keep them back.

Further light on industrial conditions in China was thrown by questions and answers in the House of Commons,

reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of the same date:

In reply to Mr. Looker (Conservative—Essex) Mr. Samuel [Parliamentary Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department] said that according to a report published last July by the Municipal Council of the International Settlement at Shanghai, the number of British textile mills is fourteen. No municipal regulations are in force governing the age at which young persons may be employed, but steps have been taken by the managers of the British mills to give effect to the recommendation of the Child Labor Commission, appointed by the Municipal Council, that the employment of children under the age of ten years should be prohibited. . . .

Mr. WILL THORNE (Labor—Plaistow) asked whether the cause of all the trouble was not the beastly low wages and the employment of children of eight years and under.

Mr. SAMUEL. No, sir; the British Government has done all it can with regard to labor within the international settlement. We have nothing to do with conditions outside of it.

Mr. JACK JONES (Labor—Silvertown). Then why do we send battleships?

Sir W. DAVISON (Conservative—Kensington). Is it not a fact that, however poor the wages, they are better in the foreign settlements than elsewhere in China, and has not Zinoviev taken credit for starting this trouble?

Mr. LANSBURY (Labor—Bow) asked whether there was any evidence of an attack by the Chinese in the police station with any arms whatever. Is it not a fact, he asked, that the people were shot in the back and could not, therefore, have been storming the police station when shot?

Mr. SAMUEL. I do not agree they were shot in the back. He added that the crowd was large and murderous and tried to rush the police station, which was full of arms. If the action which was taken had not been taken there would have been greater bloodshed.

Mr. LANSBURY asked whether the Government were prepared to organize a battalion of shareholders to do their own dirty work. (Labor cheers.) . . .

Mr. TOM JOHNSTON (Labor—Dundee), referring to the statement that the British Government had done all they could to improve conditions in the Shanghai mills, asked what steps had been taken to enforce the conclusion come to by the Shanghai Municipal Missions Report, and why a majority could not be got to ratify the proposals of that report.

Mr. SAMUEL replied that the British community and the British Consul General had sympathetically tried all they could to initiate a by-law to be enacted by the Shanghai municipal authorities in the direction suggested by the honorable member. The British Government at home had supported that policy, and two ladies connected with welfare work had been members of the mission to deal with child labor and long hours. A regulation was introduced by the Shanghai municipal authorities, but owing to there being no quorum it could not be passed. That was early in April. It was put down again for this month for discussion, and but for this unfortunate disturbance would doubtless have been dealt with.

Mr. LOOKER asked if it was not a fact that the British cotton mills of Shanghai had a regulation forbidding the employment of boys under ten and girls under twelve years of age.

Mr. SAMUEL replied that that was so, and that the British had only eight out of the 36 mills.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN (Liberal—Leith). Is it not the fact that quite young children are employed seven days a week merely to earn their keep?

Mr. SAMUEL. In China, I am sorry to say, labor conditions are deplorable.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN. Is it necessary to go further to discover the cause of the trouble?

Sir W. DAVISON. Is it not the fact that however deplorable the conditions they are better in foreign settlements than in the mills in China, and that these questions are merely being used as a pretext?

Mr. SAMUEL thought there could be no doubt that conditions are better in the foreign settlements.

Mr. LAWSON suggested that the real bolshevists are the people who are responsible for these conditions.

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DEFENSE DAY (which would better be called Offense Day because of its insistence upon armies and armament as a means of obtaining national security) fell even flatter this year than last. The War Department was disappointed last autumn because even its own enumerators were able to report only 17,000,000 persons as taking any part in the mobilization program. What must its grief be in having to announce that this year the number was 8,000,000—not half that of a year ago? We do not share that grief. We should rejoice to see Defense Day sunk without trace, and at present progress it soon will be. Last year there was widespread and justifiable objection to picking out a working day and devoting it to mobilization. This year the attempt to graft Defense Day to the Fourth of July provoked less opposition, but that—as events proved—was because it was so easy to ignore the War Department's program. And ignore it the public did. If they had not read about it in the daily press, which always place "patriotism" before news value in treating such events, most people would have been unaware of any attempt at Defense Day. Virtually the only persons who went through any of the official rigmarole were those who had to because of their connection with various military or "patriotic" organizations. Other Americans mercifully put behind them thoughts of armies and their senseless human sacrifice to celebrate the day with the usual picnics and outdoor sports, firecrackers and skyrockets, unmindful of and unresponsive to the war mongers' wishes to have them [illegible] up as cannon-fodder.

WE ARE GLAD to note, also, that the organizers of Defense Day received markedly little encouragement from President Coolidge in his anniversary address under the "Washington Elm" at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It will be recalled that the War Department originally planned to kidnap Decoration Day for its mobilization but the President put his foot down on the scheme. This indicated clearly enough the President's disbelief in the peaceful character of Defense Day, and Washington gossip at the time had it that Mr. Coolidge was lukewarm toward the entire demonstration. His address in Cambridge more than bore this out. It contained not a word of approval for the advocates of "preparedness." On the contrary, the President expressed a wide and complete distrust of force in international relations when he said:

> I want to see America assume a leadership among the nations in the reliance upon the good faith of mankind. I do not see how civilization can expect permanent progress on any other theory. . . .
>
> The world has tried war with force and has utterly failed. The only hope of success lies in peace with justice.

THE GAUNT OLD WRECK of the "Washington Elm" tumbled down two years ago, and its dead branches were promptly and profitably carved into curios. Now Samuel F. Batchelder appears, in the Cambridge *Tribune*, insisting that the old tree on Cambridge Common had no right to be a patriotic shrine for half a century. Mr. Coolidge's speech was good but the occasion was poor. A stone tablet erected by the City of Cambridge in 1864 states that "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775," and countless schoolbooks have since pictured the stern general on horseback under the elm watching uniformed troops parade past. Mr. Batchelder ruthlessly points out that Washington had to order his ragged officers to wear ribbons to distinguish themselves from their equally ragged privates; he proudly doubts whether the Father of his country would have sought the shade, "like a schoolgirl preserving her complexion"; he recalls that the New Englanders used to march single file like the Indians in fighting when they had learned their tactics; he notes the utter absence of any contemporary record of a parade or ceremonial transfer of arms; he digs up the fact that Washington had already taken over the command and drawn up orders before the day on which the historic ceremony is supposed to have occurred. Finally, pointing most unhistorically, he imagines that Washington may possibly have passed the elm when entering Cambridge and have first shaken hands with his predecessor—afoot—under its shade. Otherwise he consigns the story to the limbo where dwell the cherry-tree and the childhood ax, the dollar that was never hurled across the Potomac, and the famous twenty-two foot jump apocryphally credited to young Gibson.

IN WASHINGTON [illegible] national conference [illegible] the abolition of [illegible] and other humiliating conditions imposed by

the West upon China. In Shanghai American marines are barracked in the university building from which the striking students have been expelled. More than half the warships that frown upon Shanghai are said to be American. Perhaps Mr. Kellogg's right hand and his left hand are not on speaking terms, but we hope that he will find a way to make one obey the other. The Shanghai policy is probably that which pleases most of the scared local business men; it may be the policy of a nervous consul, irritated by the defection of his household servants. But the Washington policy is plainly the policy of long-range statesmanship, and fortunately the larger business interests are aware of that. Thus far the British Foreign Office appears to be utterly blind. The reports indicate that it thinks the time "not ripe," that China must "reform" first, that apologies are required, and so on ad infinitum. Meanwhile the policy of provocation continues. The Hongkong police have orders to deport all unemployed Chinese—which comes close to enforcing industrial slavery; and the imported Sikh police still point their guns at the inflamed Chinese. Until the Western powers consent to abandon their special privileges and unequal treaty rights they will only store up dynamite to blast themselves.

FOUR MORE "FRIENDLY" TRIBES have turned against the French in Morocco. Yet France has money and reserves of ammunition and man-power with which Abd-el-Krim cannot compete, and these may, especially if she can win Anglo-Spanish support for an effective blockade, win her the ultimate victory. For the present she is alone; Spain, defeated by Abd-el-Krim, naturally has no desire to see France do better; and England has always been profoundly jealous of anything which might set a strong Power in control of the African shore opposite Gibraltar. But already the Nationalist effervescence has led to rioting in the international zone at Tangier; and ultimately, of course, the interests of all the colonial Powers are one. Abd-el-Krim won inspiration from the Turkish successes, and in turn he gives inspiration to Nationalists in Egypt, India, and even far-off China. For France the empire is at stake. If Abd-el-Krim succeeds in asserting Berber independence in the mountains north of Fez no part of Morocco will be safe. The Arab tribes now "loyal" will seek to return to their ancient isolation. Even Algeria will be suspect, and the desert route that was to knit trans-Mediterranean France together will become a forgotten dream. Why should the Algerians and Senegalese, whom France is using today to fight Moroccans, continue loyal to a European Power? And why should French boys (there is talk already of calling new classes to the colors) die in the desert fighting the desert's own sons?

BELGIUM, after seventy-three days of groping, has finally found a Government which is able to command a parliamentary majority. The new Government marks a break from party traditions of forty years' standing. The elections of April 5 gave Belgium 78 Catholic, 78 Socialist, and 23 Liberal members of Parliament, but all the parties were tired of coalitions. The King asked the Socialist leader, M. Vandervelde, to form a coalition Cabinet; he could not win support from the other parties. Then the King called on M. de Brocqueville, the Conservative; then on M. Max, the Liberal. M. Van de Vyvere next took a hand, trying to form a minority Conservative Cabinet—Parliament voted it down. Finally the King turned to M. Poullet, leader of the Catholic Radicals, and the new alignment began to form. Catholics and Socialists have joined hands. The Conservative Catholics have refused to support such an alliance with their ancient enemy, but the left wing of the party, composed chiefly of ardent Flemings, insisted on working with M. Vandervelde. M. Vandervelde, who becomes Foreign Minister, was an opponent of the Ruhr adventure but supported the French alliance, so no great change in foreign policy seems likely.

THE BOASTS OF ECONOMY of President Coolidge and the Republican Administration in Washington received a knockout blow from Governor Smith of New York at the conference of State governors in Poland Springs, Maine. In answer to a speech by H. M. Lord, Director of the Budget, who made large claims of retrenchment and economy, Governor Smith pointed out that whereas the federal government had collected $652,000,000 in taxes and customs in 1914 it had taken $3,339,000,000 in 1924, an increase of 398 per cent. In the same period, Governor Smith said, the taxes of New York State had increased only 190 per cent. Federal taxes in 1924 were $2,382,000,000 less than in the peak year of 1920, he continued, but this represented nothing more than the reduction of the government from a war basis to a peace footing. Furthermore, appropriations for the Executive Department (the President and Vice-President), which were $222,000 in the last year of the Wilson Administration, were increased to $426,000 in 1924 under the frugal Calvin Coolidge! Governor Smith might have made his criticism even stronger by reminding his hearers that the cost of living dropped 20 per cent between June, 1920, and December, 1924 (the government's own figures), and to this extent the lower federal expenditures as between those years represented a nominal rather than a real saving.

MR. DOHENY naturally felt dissatisfied when one United States court ruled against his Elk Hills oil leases and another ruled in favor of Harry Sinclair's hold on Teapot Dome. So he cast about for means of setting public opinion straight; and shortly the New York *Times* "received information" that Mr. Doheny might consent to make a statement in advance of court action. It sent a reporter to the Pacific Coast, and there the reporter spent glorious days with Mr. Doheny and his attorneys. The *Times* was in a generous mood. The great paper which thought the Washington disclosures unimportant gave thirteen full-length columns to Mr. Doheny's thoughts and meditations. One learned that Mr. Doheny had developed the Elk Hills field out of pure patriotism. Gone was the thought, which he once let slip on the witness-stand, that he might make $100,000,000 out of the lease; and utterly missing from the story—at his lawyers' behest—was the little black satchel in which he sent $100,000 to his old pal, Albert Fall. The entire Cabinet, he said, had sanctioned the leases—as to that either Mr. Doheny is in error or Messrs. Hughes and Coolidge fibbed. Naval officers begged him to get out the oil and save America. War threatened, and we were in a parlous state. As the *World* promptly noted, the Washington-conference treaties were signed before the leases, and the brashest naval officer could no longer breathe fire. The whole story is simply tosh—the most interesting thing about it is the enthusiasm of the

Times to give Mr. Doheny thirteen columns of free advertising. If its passion for oil news has not been exhausted we should like to see it get the stories of the three big oil men who were abroad "on business" when the Government wanted their testimony in the Sinclair Teapot-Dome case.

WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS conservative organizations in the United States have avoided taking a position on the question of birth control. The League of Women Voters and even the National Woman's Party have steadily refused to accept the question as a legitimate part of their programs. The National Federation of Women's Clubs did pass a favorable resolution some years ago—somewhat to its own surprise, we suspect—but neither it nor any of its State branches has, so far as we know, made a serious study of the problem or backed any active effort to free birth-control information from the clutches of the obscenity laws. It is interesting, then, to find the question discussed with openness and given a measure of guarded approval in a recent pamphlet, "Marriage and Parenthood," issued by a group of members of the Society of Friends in England. With many a word of caution and much doubt of the general value of artificial methods, this group assents to the necessity of limiting the birth of children by other means than total abstinence from sex relations. The Bishop of Birmingham has openly indorsed birth control; recent labor congresses have given their support, and a cautious, limited approval has come from the National Council of Public Morals. Even conservative opinion is aroused in a country where overcrowding and underemployment are pressing political issues.

ANOTHER BOOK is being proceeded against. When Maxwell Bodenheim's novel, "Replenishing Jessica," comes up for trial this month in New York, the publisher, Mr. Liveright, will maintain that the author is distinguished and that the work itself is not only "of literary significance" but "highly moral." May his arguments win; but it would be refreshing to see a book defended in court on the mere ground that it was a book. Milton would have done no more—imagine him lugging literary standards before a grand jury! Nor would John Stuart Mill have supposed that the opinion of a few random persons on a particular day could decide the moral worth of a piece of writing. The chief moral question involved is whether law may murder literature—good or bad; and the current answer seems to be that the law may take it if a jury thinks it bad.

THE SELECTION of Professor Allen Johnson of Yale to edit the "Dictionary of American Biography" is among the best that could have been made. Professor Johnson, himself a biographer of Stephen A. Douglas, has been Larned Professor of American History at Yale since 1910, and he is best known, perhaps, through his editorship of the Yale series of fifty monographs called "Chronicles of America." He did all that an editor can do to make a series brilliant; furthermore, he acquired a first-hand knowledge of specialists over the country which will be invaluable in the new enterprise. He takes up his duties in Washington next February at [illegible] when he will be best equipped with both the experience and the energy necessary for the ten years of labor supposed now by the Committee of Management to be sufficient for the "Dictionary." It is hoped that the scholars of America will be quick to place their services at his disposal.

OF THE MILLIONS who read the Hearst newspapers we should like to know how many found in the New York *Evening Journal* the other day an editorial on reading. The title was What Is Man's Duty? and the tone was earnest in the way that most exhorters of the populace to improve itself are earnest. It is man's duty, said the *Journal*, to feed his mind—to read for at least half an hour each day and to think about what is read. Cross-word puzzles will not do; only good books will equip one for the inevitable query: "How much will you amount to mentally twenty years from now?" All this was crude if true. But there followed a list of books which no crude writer had chosen: "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "The Tempest," James's "Psychology," Montaigne's "Essays," Buckle's "History of Civilization," Guizot's "Civilization in France," Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws," Wells's "Outline of History," and any three good simple volumes on astronomy, geology, and evolution. It is agreeable to guess what a whole nation of Hearst readers, if it existed and took all the advice given it, would do to Mr. Bryan.

Oh how I love humanity,
With love so pure and pringlish;
And how I hate the horrid French
Who never will be English.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ENGLISHMEN AND FRENCHMEN will continue to excite poetry and polemics as long as the two nations are neighbors. An example of these differences of method and motive has been pointed out by a correspondent of the London *Nation*. In carrying out the death penalty the English acquaint the prisoner with the time of his execution beforehand, awake him early on the last morning, and serve him a breakfast of ham and eggs. The argument is that several days of "fearful certitude is allotted so that the doomed man may make his peace with his Maker." To the Frenchman this is "unimaginative and unfeeling harshness of mentality." The French give the condemned man hope until half an hour before the end, and during that half hour he is offered a priest, rum, and a cigarette. The Anglo-Saxon does his best to improve man. This worries the Frenchman mainly at all; he wishes rather to make life more agreeable.

JUDGE PICTURES a bit of water covered with colliding craft, bordered with tiers of bathers, and fringed with cottages, pavilions, and a triple row of parked motors. The title of the picture is "Present condition of the little lake that you discovered four years ago, when it was almost unknown." Every summer week-end sees executives in golf-suits hastening away from their offices at lunch on Friday, and proletarians departing at daybreak on Sunday, sandwiches wrapped in bathing-suit, in search of solitude and coolness. But solitude, when it is shared with a million or so, ceases to be solitude. Country which in the winter is deer-haunted wilderness becomes in summer a lunch-strewn park. At best the holiday ends with a slow return in a long line of motor-cars. A writer in the New York *World* offers an inspired solution, combining seclusion with rest and relief from the heat of the city. His method is to spend the week-end in his bath-room, immersed in a tub of cold water, reading a book.

Coal: Business as Usual

COAL is the core of contemporary civilization. And a pretty rotten core it is. No going industry is without its peculiar lesions, fevers, blisters, and biles. Coal has them all, with locomotor ataxia thrown in. Whether this be due to the ancient hold of laissez faire on the grandpapa of all machinery we must leave to the professors of economic history. As Mr. Lesher of the *Coal Age* puts it, the bituminous industry is as unorganized as the retail-grocery business. It bows to no trust, it bows to no state; proudly it stands, bathed in the winds of free competition—about as efficient, about as serviceable, as a number-one earthquake.

And why should it not? There are three mines opened for every two the country needs. There are three miners digging (from time to time) where two would suffice. When demand is brisk the "snow-bird mines" begin to open; and when demand expires we have that many more mines—each, be it observed, with its complement of miners, shafts, tipples, pumps—all, save the miners, bearing their full complement of interest, insurance, depreciation, repairs, and overhead burden. The Central Pennsylvania fields, according to Floyd Parsons of the *Gas Age Record*, have five hundred separate and distinct operations producing 60,000,000 tons a year, when "in the interest of efficiency not over ten or fifteen companies should be operating in large units." Soft-coal mines are equipped to dig 18,000,000 tons a week, while all the railroads can move, with every coal-car loaded, is 12,000,000 tons. For thirty years the men who dig in mines have averaged 93 working days idle in a 300-day year. In a year of business depression like 1893 or 1921 they are out of the pits for 140 days.

And so, over-built, over-manned, over-burdened, and utterly uncoordinated, this crazy relic of competitive economics staggers from one debacle to the next, amid the yells and the curses of miners, operators, and consuming public alike. The present crisis was expected; it was as inevitable as the tides of the ocean. You cannot have your cake and eat it too. You cannot get an industry all set to dig 800,000,000 tons of coal when only 500,000,000 are needed, and suppose that anything but recurring crises will be the order of the day. Coal inflates and flops with the business cycle, but in addition it goes on the loose according to a private time-table of its own.

While overdevelopment is the principal distemper the carcass is rife with certain other grave disorders—an appalling accident rate, bad underground management, batteries of stone-age beehive coke ovens, failure to utilize by-products, unlimited cross-hauling—"coal cars moving in and out of Chicago like dice in a gambling game as the spot market dictates," failure to develop power at the pit mouth, skimming the cream from the best beds and thus rendering hundreds of millions of tons forever unreclaimable.

For the miners, the order of the day is chronic unemployment, evil conditions underground, with the chance of wholesale entombment always immediately ahead. For the operators business as usual includes uncertain markets, narrow margins, high operating costs, and a staggering burden of overhead expenses. These circumstances do not militate to improve the temper of either of the parties. As a result they have achieved a mastery of mutual vituperation which would bring even a captain of marines to the salute.

How the union has ever held together at all with this vast excess of men over jobs is a mystery. Non-unionism cannot fail to be a perpetual and impending menace. After all, a man must eat, and a hungry baby makes no distinction between the pay roll of a union or a non-union operator. Probably nine-tenths of the energy of the United Mine Workers has gone into trying to hold the ranks of an industry which by every known psychological and engineering law is incapable of closed ranks.

And there we are. But there, if we wish, we do not always have to be. The problem of coordinating coal, vast as it is, is not a problem beyond human capacity. The Fuel Administration in the war came near to solving it within two years. It is a matter of correlating production with consumers' requirements. The Fuel Administration determined requirements for every section of the country and then proceeded to dig coal—*from the nearest mine*—to meet these requirements. It provided an assured market for the selected mines, kept the miners steadily at work, eliminated the untold cross-hauling. Soft coal, until the problem of storage is solved, can never be made an industry without some seasonal variation; but organized intelligence has already pointed the way to the elimination of an enormous amount of the usual hysterical procedure. The thing has been done. Nor does this necessarily call for federal control. A trust might do it—oil after it reaches the pipe line is infinitely better behaved than coal. An operators' association might do it. The miners might force its adoption, and contribute to its administration through some plan of joint control.

Back in 1922 John Brophy of the union's district No. 2 laid the foundation for such a plan. He started to educate miners in the technology and economics of their industry. Through a pamphlet series he broadcasted the staggering wastes, the monumental absurdities, of the present structure. But he was a voice crying in the wilderness. Those grim-jawed men who had the keeping of 600,000 miners in hand preferred the American tradition. They were upstanding, two-fisted fighters. They could call an operator more lurid names in one convention speech than were ever before dreamed of. They could discomfort "scabs" with an unprecedented artistry. And, when times were slack, they could start a row among themselves. As for an operator considering his mine as an integral part of the industry upon which modern civilization is built—instead of as a gold mine—the notion is almost unthinkable.

We doubt if the physical layout of bituminous coal is such as to make it readily susceptible to holding-company finance. A coal trust in the sense that anthracite is trustified—probably to the advantage of all concerned—is remote. We doubt if the cranial capacity of the average operator will permit of intelligent control through an operators' association. Which leaves the miners as probably the prime movers if anything is to be done. But to date the virile leadership of the miners has preferred brawn to brains, and we can confidently expect recurrent locomotor ataxia until John Brophy's blazed trail becomes a broad highway.

Saving Genesis?

JOHN SCOPES'S sister has lost her job. The board of education of Paducah, Kentucky, will not let her continue to teach mathematics—because she refuses to affirm disbelief in evolution.

Within the last century the Scotch church barred from its ranks members who used fanning-mills for winnowing their grain. The leaders of the church held that the practice was contrary to the text "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Three-quarters of a century ago, when doctors first began the merciful use of anesthetics in obstetrical cases, churchmen arose, text in hand, to insist that the pains of childbirth must not be mitigated. To use chloroform, some of the parsons held, was to avoid the primeval curse on woman. Dr. Simpson won his battle for chloroform in Scotland only when he recalled Genesis II, 21. "That," said he, "is the record of the first surgical operation ever performed, and that text proves that the Maker of the universe, before he took the rib from Adam's side for the creation of Eve, caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam."

For centuries the church—when church and state worked hand in hand—thundered against any man who dared think or say that the earth was round. The bishop of Ceuta and the theologians of Salamanca overwhelmed Columbus with quotations from the Psalms, from St. Paul and St. Augustine. When Copernicus made his great discovery of the revolution of the earth about the sun, Martin Luther and Melanchthon vied with the Catholic dignitaries in abusing the "upstart astrologer." Did not Ecclesiastes say that "the earth standeth fast forever"? When Galileo's rude telescope revealed the moons of Jupiter, confirming Copernicus's observations, he was told that his pretended discovery "vitiated the whole Christian plan of salvation." One learned priest argued that if there were other planets they must be inhabited, since God made nothing in vain; but those inhabitants could not be descended from Adam; therefore they and their planets could not exist. Poor Galileo, after publishing his letters on the sun spots, was ordered to "abandon entirely the opinion that the sun is the center of the universe, and that the earth moves, and to abstain from sustaining, teaching, or defending that opinion in any manner whatever, orally or by writing"—an order worthy of the Tennessee Legislature which passed the anti-evolution bill three hundred and nine years later. Galileo was forced to make the declaration:

> I, Galileo, being a prisoner and on my knees, and before your eminences, having before my eyes the Holy Gospels which I touch with my hands, abjure, detest, and curse error and the heresy of the movement of the earth.

But the earth has continued spinning on its axis despite all the instructions of the ecclesiastics; and, while it turned its face diurnally to and from the sun, science, too, has gone marching on. Today no legislature would prohibit teaching contrary to the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, although Tennessee still seeks by legislation to preserve the first chapter of Genesis. The lesson of the centuries is plain to all the world if not to Tennessee and the school board of Paducah, Kentucky. Churchmen have hampered but never halted the progress of scientific truth; and wherever pious men have sought to protect their puny interpretations of the universe by legislation and proscription they have hurt only their churches and their creeds.

Gloucester Fats a Calf

AROUND a sheltering bay in that great promontory of granite northeast of Boston known as Cape Ann lies the ancient fishing town of Gloucester, the G. H. Q. of the salt-cod industry of America. Along its wharves are row upon row of racks upon which cod—split, cleaned, and salted—lie whitening and curing. Made fast to the piers or tugging at anchor in the harbor are the staunch and saucy schooners which pursue the cod into the tumultuous Atlantic, riding out the fiercest of storms on Georges, Quereau, or the Grand Banks—except when one of them is hove down with all hands, or sliced in two in a fog by the carving-knife prow of an onrushing liner, as happened recently when the Tuscania hit the Rex, sending fifteen of her crew of twenty-four to the bottom.

Gloucester lives off the dangerous trade of the deep-sea fisherman and it does not take life lightly. It is as sober and austere as the granite of the cape all about it. Hence we were not a little surprised to read an article with a Gloucester date line in the Boston *Globe*, beginning:

> See the conquering bootlegger comes!
> Sound the timbrel; beat the drums!

It seems that four of Gloucester's young men were last year convicted of rum-running and sent to Atlanta penitentiary for a spell. When they were let out and started for home the other day, circulars were scattered about the old town, signed "Gloucester's Committee on Absent Sons," announcing that the wandering boys would be welcomed at the railway station with a brass band, and calling upon the citizenry in general to turn out and make the occasion memorable. At first the announcement was regarded as a joke; but when it was learned that a former employer of one of the young men had obtained a permit for a parade, the pillars of the town—pillars of stone, you may believe—took alarm. The Municipal Council was hastily convened, but the City Solicitor advised that there was no law by which the parade could be prevented. And granite Gloucester is law-abiding—even when it hurts. Then a delegation from the Chamber of Commerce appealed to the State Police to send a detachment to prevent the demonstration, but the head of that organization declined to burn his fingers. Thereupon moral suasion was attempted. A committee pleaded with the man with the permit; he finally agreed to call off the parade but held that the band would appear. The bandsmen were asked not to turn out, but they stood by their agreement. So the welcome took place, although it was probably less imposing than one might gather from the Boston *Globe*. With its usual enterprise *The Nation* has obtained an account (which will not be syndicated) from its own special, exclusive correspondent on the spot. Our own special, exclusive correspondent writes:

> There were at least three hundred people at the station to meet the boys, but fully two hundred and seventy-five of them were curiosity seekers like me, my wife, and our cook.
>
> Gloucester is so dry at present that a man with snake bite might as well jump off the dock and finish the job.
>
> The returned runners, popular lads, including a former policeman and the brother of a famous ball player, apparently were whisked away from the station without a chance to respond to the greeting. In the confusion Milt Butler, the well-known and popular trombonist, suffered a painful injury when a Ford ran over his left foot.

Tennessee: Where Cowards Rule

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dayton, Tennessee, July 5

EVEN those who do not happen, like the present writer, to have been born and bred in Tennessee should not find it difficult to forgive Dayton. A tiny town set in the midst of fruitful strawberry fields, it had never heard of any Darwin except the one who keeps the local dry-goods store until Mr. Bryan enlightened it, and to this day it is ignorant of that famous meeting of the British Association when Huxley and Wilberforce threshed out the question which has now arisen, some sixty years later, to puzzle it. Its faith is no narrower than that of every other community equally remote; its temper is better than was the temper of Oxford half a century ago; and if some of its inhabitants turn to the law to protect their children against the teaching of a dangerous theory, it is with a simplicity of mind which has no conception of the questions of academic freedom involved.

Dayton, moreover, once the law was passed, was ready and anxious to deal as best it could with all the questions, legal and scientific, involved. While the president of the State University sat in his office praying that he might be allowed to violate the law in peace; while he was quietly issuing (as several members of his faculty have assured me he was) unofficial instructions to his teaching staff that they should make no changes in their instruction; and while he was, at the same time, seeking to retain the friendship of both sides and accepting the congratulations of various fundamentalist bodies for his stand against evolution, Dayton was arranging to settle in simple honesty what the representatives of science, education, and enlightenment were anxious only to dodge.

And so when I sit at the little table in Robinson's drug-store where the argument began and discuss with the county superintendent of schools his attitude as one of the prosecution, I feel that the shame of Tennessee is not in Dayton. There is no State of the Union, no country of the world, which does not have communities as simple-minded as this one, and if Tennessee has become the laughing-stock of the world it is not because she has her villages which are intellectually a half century behind the centers of world thought but rather because among her sons who know better there is scarcely one who has the courage to stand up for what he thinks and knows instead of flying quickly to cover lest he might have to sacrifice to his convictions some political advantage or some material gain.

At Dayton no one is afraid to tell me what he thinks. But when I go to Knoxville, seat of the State University and one of the three largest cities in Tennessee, I enter a different world. One of the most important members of the university board of trustees takes me aside to whisper in my ear; the president of that institution, telling me I am a good fellow, takes me confidentially by the arm; the editor of one of the leading newspapers, distinguished by the safe piety of its editorials upon the subject, closes the door of his office; and the remarks of all might be summarized in what were the actual words of one: "Of course it's a damn-fool law—but I won't be quoted." These and other Knoxvillians are defensive and indignant; they resent in various terms the publicity they have attracted and they protest against being judged by the laws their legislature passes; but these Knoxvillians will not admit that, fundamentally, they are to blame. In Tennessee bigotry is militant and sincere; intelligence is timid and hypocritical, and in that fact lies the explanation of the sorry role which she is playing in contemporary history. Dayton's only crime is the naive belief that a law may be intended to be enforced.

Not even those who voted for the bill wanted it to pass. As a member of the legislature told me, he thought he might as well win the favor of a few fundamentalist constituents by saying "aye" because he felt sure the Senate would reject so preposterous a measure; the Senate, following the same admirable political logic, decided to put the burden upon the Governor, who, as the last responsible party, would hardly dare write himself down an ass; but the Governor, so it is said, remarked only: "They've got their nerve to pass the buck to me when they know I want to be United States Senator" before he signed the bill. And strangest of all, even the politicians make no particular effort to conceal their dishonesty because they feel that while the fundamentalist will be satisfied with any obedience however venal, the rest of the population will acquiesce in any amount of political corruption and cowardice. Thus the Governor, who had accompanied his signature with a letter stating, in effect, that no one expected that the law would be enforced, became an earnest supporter of the bill when the letters from the Epworth League and the Baptist Young People's Association began to arrive; and Senator Graves, who has distinguished himself by the firmness of his utterances in favor of the same bill, amazed me by giving me permission to quote him as saying that though he very much regretted that the bill had been passed I would have understood why he voted for it had I been in the Chamber to hear the cheers and jeers of the fanatics who had caused it to be introduced. "I am no politician," he added cryptically, "but if I were one I should have had to vote for that bill whether I wanted to or not."

Meanwhile the law is accepted by the people of the State in a manner worthy of the legislators whom it elected to represent it. The average business man is puzzled by the furor created in the outside world; he cannot understand why anyone should care whether evolution is taught in the schools or not when obviously neither business nor industry is affected by questions so highly abstract. The president of the university, who ought to know better, can think of no plan more courageous than weakly to disobey the law when necessary, while pretending to the legislature that he approves of its acts or, more accurately, gives it to understand that he will not embarrass it by publicly stating his opinion of the law which both he and it know to be asinine. Concerned above all else with his precious appropriations, it never occurs to him to ask whether his chief duty might not possibly be something other than wangling money from a cowardly legislature. He does not realize

that this first duty might be to prove himself worthy to spend the educational funds he is so eager to get, to show some sign of that zeal for truth and that intellectual honesty which it is, presumably, the function of education to inculcate, and he is anxious only to defend himself to everybody. No real scientist, he assures me, ever offended anybody, only pseudo-scientists do that; and when I mention the name of Huxley, who once met the question which is disturbing him, he cuts me off before I can bring in the names of Galileo and the rest.

As for the faculty which serves under this unhappy president, it is by no means comfortable. Not every member follows willingly its leader and, as one confessed to me, some are a little concerned over what their colleagues in more honest universities think of them, but seven professors were recently summarily dismissed, and so the others are drawn into the vicious circle of fear which includes nearly every public or semi-public man in the State. The legislator is afraid of some fundamentalist hid in the mountains; the president is afraid of the legislature; the faculty is afraid of the president; and the newspaper editor who "leads public opinion" is afraid of someone who is afraid of someone who is afraid of someone else. Nobody knows how strong the party which honestly desires the anti-evolution bill really is, and as long as the present circle is not broken nobody ever will. Here and there one can find a man who honestly believes as some (but by no means all) of the inhabitants of Dayton believe, but nine times out of ten when one thinks one has one's hand upon an honest bigot he turns out to be holding his opinion chiefly in deference to somebody else, and thus the party grows. Every time one man turns fundamentalist out of fear of a second, a third turns fundamentalist out of fear of him.

Tennessee has no idea how this vicious circle may be broken. From her experience with prohibition she has learned that it is much easier to violate a law than it is to oppose it, and she was proposing quietly to apply this useful lesson to the anti-evolution law when along came Dayton to disturb her contented anarchy and to make her a national spectacle, bewildered and indignant, face to face with the laws which she had allowed to be written upon the statute-books.

To mere lawlessness Tennessee had become completely reconciled. When, for example, her highly moral legislature came as a committee of the whole to pay an official visit to the university just after the anti-evolution bill was passed, and when that committee behaved in a generally disgraceful fashion, Tennessee was not particularly disturbed. Though a group of faculty ladies who accompanied them on a sight-seeing trip to the mountains were, as one of them told me, embarrassed by the multiplicity of flasks which were urged upon them, and though, as I have the sworn statement of an eyewitness to assure me, another legislator, reeling about the country club, expressed his intention to vote against the appropriation because "they told me the trip wouldn't cost me a cent and the first day I got here I lost seventy-five dollars shooting craps," these matters were not considered worth even mention by any of the three newspapers, in spite of the fact that the conduct of the legislators was common knowledge. Such is the inevitable result of hypocritical lawlessness, and Tennessee has learned how to swallow it. Now, however, the affair of Dayton has arisen to remind the inhabitants that they may be called upon either to obey the thousand and one moral laws which the legislature is ready to enact or to break the vicious circle which makes them possible; and these inhabitants do not know how to escape the dilemma.

Tennessee does not want to do the first of these things. Tennessee, because she lacks courage, does not know how to do the second. Tennessee is *very* unhappy.

Clothes

By STEVEN T. BYINGTON

WHEN Katharine B. Davis was Commissioner of Correction of New York she said something in a public address in favor of less regulation. A man in the audience put the traditionally unanswerable question: "Would you allow a man to run in the street naked?" Miss Davis replied that for her part she could see nothing objectionable in anybody's showing a nice clean skin. The questioner was silenced; I presume he was breathless.

This was a sign of the times. Both she and he could surely remember the day when the foremost civilized nations agreed that covering the skin of most of the body and disguising the principal contours of the person for at least one sex were absolutely essential to morality, that the sight of that skin or those contours put irresistible tendency to stir sexual impulses in a person of the opposite sex, and hence that their exhibition was a tort against the beholder, into whose mind it forced such feelings as he was unwilling to harbor, or ought to be unwilling. The more sophisticated, indeed, while they held most strictly to this code for the ordinary business of life, maintained an exception in the case of costumes which were worn not for work but when one's only occupation was to be gazed at, as on the stage or in the evening dress of high society; but the absurdity of this special exception was always obvious to the great majority of the nation. Finally, it was held to be clear that the wearing of more or less clothing by almost all nations was the evidence of an unerring instinct divinely implanted in man.

In these later days the science of comparative morality has been teaching us that the wearing of clothing not needed for comfort, and particularly the special attention to covering certain parts of the body, is due not to an instinct of modesty or to a wish to hold sexual impulses in check, but is, on the contrary, originally a method for stimulating those impulses and for calling attention to those parts.

At the same time the increasing facility of travel and the evidence of the motion picture have made more widely familiar the fact that the sight of bare skin, even to the utmost, is not sexually provocative when you are used to it. The case of missionaries is especially worth notice. In countries to which clothing is new it is more or less the flag of Christianity, and when any missionary comes in sight of a village and sees a clothed crowd he is bound

to rejoice at this evidence that the place has accepted Christianity; this cannot but tend strongly to bias him in favor of clothing. Nevertheless in our day we have such broad-minded missionaries as Thomas Chalmers, recognized as the foremost hero and wisest counselor of missions to the Pacific islands in recent times, who formally reported that in his opinion it was not advisable to tell converts to wear clothing above the waist-line; and Ashe, who in his "Two Kings of Uganda," after telling how he bought from a Kavirondo woman the one superlatively scanty garment which she had on, adds (obviously because somebody in England had taken him to task for it) that this was no immodesty, since total nudity for women is ordinary in Kavirondo and there were several women standing by who were wearing nothing.

Meanwhile our own practice, if it has not gone so far, is tending in the same direction. The increasing demand for outdoor recreation insists on more and more opportunity for unimpeded movements. Medical science is proclaiming that sunlight on the skin—sunlight which has not passed through glass, is the latest specification—is a most valuable tonic to the whole system, especially that it is the foremost preventive and cure of tuberculosis and rickets. Even fashion's see-saw tends to become an intermittent forward movement when there are so many who eagerly take advantage of every change in one direction and doggedly resist every change in the other. No wonder, in the presence of all this, that conservative moralists are now fighting for the retention of garments that conservative moralists have in the past always wanted to abolish—I mean corsets.

Is the change for good or evil? If for good, has it gone far enough?

On the score of health, medical science replies with substantial unanimity that although a person accustomed to clothing should not leave it off too suddenly, yet the disuse of clothing when it is not required for physical protection is altogether good, and the further it is carried the better. There are those who cry out that fair-skinned persons can have too much light; but their arguments do not get a detailed sifting (which they badly need) because the general experience of the hygienic benefit of a tanned skin is felt to close the question. And which way comfort inclines on a hot day is as obvious as which way economy inclines. Neither can there be any doubt as to the interests of beauty. If Solomon in all his glory was less beautiful than a stalk of lilies, it was because the lilies showed the beauty God had given them, while Solomon covered his up.

So health, comfort, economy, beauty give an unimpeachable verdict in favor of a release from clothing. The one point of serious dispute is the moral issue. On this, too, we may take it as settled that partial or complete nudity is no moral injury to people who are used to it. The assertion made in the "Britannica" and in many works of first-class standing, that naked peoples are as a rule more moral than clothed peoples, may have been made on inadequate foundations; but it is at least interesting to see how many different races are cited as evidence of it. At least the facts show that such immorality as exists in any naked nation must be due to causes which are common to the clothed and the naked; no one can make out that it is caused even partly by nudity.

And the alleged instinct of mankind does not exist, at least as regards the view that nudity is an outrage on public morality. Primitive peoples who have a feeling for clothing always take the view that it is not a matter of morality but of self-respect, that exposure of the person is an injury not to the spectators but to the person exposed; hence public exposure of the person is made an element of the punishment of certain crimes, or of the disgracing of a captured enemy. So, for example, the ancient Hebrews (Bible), the ancient Germans (Tacitus), even the church law of medieval Europe (*duas vxores capienti, vel duos viros, de iure ciuili poena capitis imponitur. de iure can. vxori debent incidi vestes anteriores, & posteriores*). Clothing can be dispensed with when religion, mourning, or other causes justify a disregard of the forms of self-respect; for instance, there is no basis for the allegation that "naked" in the twentieth chapter of Isaiah means "in a tunic." Commentaries that say it has that meaning cite Gesenius's "Thesaurus" as their authority, and Gesenius cites Deyling's "Observations" as his authority, and Deyling's reasons are not worth a row of pins. Compare also the story of what Queen Michal thought of King David's religious dance.

The earliest instance I know of the modern view, that exposure of the person is an outrage on the public, is a story which Dio Cassius tells of the Emperor Augustus. Livia was out in the evening for some reason or other, and met some young men, probably tipsy, sporting naked in the street. This was not customary at Rome, and Augustus wanted to punish them; but Livia felt that to punish them would be an indignity to her self-respect, for, said she, to a chaste woman it was no more than so many statues. Livia, with the conservatism proper to her sex, represents the ancient and world-wide point of view; Augustus, the innovating statesman, the modern European idea.

Yet we need not doubt that a change in custom, like all changes in human life, must involve evils during the change. I am told that the Centennial Exposition of 1876 had a disastrous moral effect on a good many young people who had never seen nude statuary in their country towns; the statues at the Exposition stirred wicked thoughts and feelings which bore fruit in their lives at home. Today there cannot be much of the United States in which the people are unfamiliar with the nude in respectable art; and who would wish to go back to conditions in which such a sight would have such effects?

Here we touch the nub of the question. When the laws of propriety forbid as salacious any exposure beyond a certain line, an accidental glimpse of more than the accepted limit will have the effect of a salacious sight because custom labels it as such. Thus to man's natural temptations to sin we add a new and sometimes powerful artificial temptation.

If the case is not so bad as it sounds, if exposure does not produce such a salacious effect, then by the same token changing our custom is not so terrible as it sounds. Have you, conservative friend, been noticeably stirred to vicious feelings by the recent greater freedom in clothing, or are you shocked because you expect somebody else to have feelings worse than yours? Or are you afraid that those who diminish their covering are aiming to attract mates? But you have always argued that propriety was the way to attract a mate, you have said "If you don't dress modestly nobody will want to marry you." What has really

happened is that the young people of today refuse to let the thought of catching a mate dominate all departments of their life, and they insist on the right to dress for health and comfort and let mating take its chances.

There is instruction in a youthful letter of the poet Coleridge. In 1794, on a walking trip in the southern part of Great Britain, he wrote to a college friend from a place which he describes as a fashionable watering-place of the region:

> Walking on the sea sands I was surprised to see a number of fine women bathing promiscuously with men and boys perfectly naked. Doubtless the citadels of their chastity are so impregnably strong, that they need not the ornamental bulwarks of modesty; but, seriously speaking, where sexual distinctions are least observed, men and women live together in the greatest purity. Concealment sets the imagination a-working, and as it were *cantharidizes* our desires.

This twenty-two-year-old was not accustomed to such sights, knew what sort of feelings they were expected to arouse in him, but found that in fact the sight presented itself as a curiosity, not as a provocation.

I conclude that we should defend the liberty that has been gained, and desire more liberty if attainable. What can an individual do about it?

First, look with an air of tolerant unconcern at all manifestations of the new spirit. Do not stare, or comment even in praise, nor yet make any effort to avoid looking at them. Attention is the worst thing in the world for innovations of this sort. A quarter of a century ago, when bicycling was the fashion, there was a promising move to introduce knickers as a sport costume for women; for the "bloomers" of that date were knickers in cut. The movement was killed mainly by the attention of those who liked the idea but could not keep their tongues off it. In our time knickers have come in under the shelter of more startling innovations.

Second, when the enemy will not let the innovation go unnoticed, defend it ruthlessly. Don't let the advocates of clothing talk as if they were acknowledged to be the more modest party; remind them that when one person finds exposure shameful because it suggests sexual ideas, and another finds it harmless because it has no evil suggestion, this proves that the first one's mind is fuller of sex than the second one's. If Christopher Ward attacks Sherwood Anderson by pointing out that determination to expose the person is a symptom of a type of insanity, for which see books on insanity, reply that repugnance to the sight of nudity is a symptom of a type of sexual perversion, for which see books on that subject, and that sexual perverts have a notorious proneness to propagate their perversion to such immature minds as come under their influence.

Third, when you are deciding whether to dress according to the demands of bodily comfort or according to the demands of immediate social comfort, count as one strong motive the good that you can do to others by setting an example of unconformity. Nothing but setting examples reforms custom. There is no probability that if you are too extreme you will hurt your own cause. It is truer that by being extreme you help to secure the success of those who would be counted extremists if your extremeness did not make them seem comparatively moderate; remember those knickers.

Fourth, aggressively demand that the clothing of babies shall be just what is best for their health regardless of convention, and that children of kindergarten age shall have the same liberty of costume in the less crowded city street that they have on the more crowded bathing-beach. If the doctor says the baby will be safer against rickets by having the sunshine all over his skin, then, in city or suburb or country, let him get the sunshine all over.

Fifth, remember that the common law permits not only all exposure that public opinion will at all permit (except possibly for babies) but very much more. See law-books.

Uncle Sam's Sweatshop

By RAYMOND CLAPPER

LET'S look, for a moment, at the other side of this economy business. Everyone, to be sure, wants the government operated economically. The cost of the federal government is $2,000,000,000 a year below what it was in 21 and this is justly regarded as a remarkable achievement in pubic finance. But as Mr. Coolidge said in his address to the business organization of the government on June 22, "We are fast reaching the time when we can not look forward to appreciable reduction in the legitimate cost of government," and the question now raised is, How far shall we go with the economy program? Does the country want economy at any price?

Most persons rebel at the horrors of the sweatshop. They prefer to pay slightly more for a garment they know to have been made by decently paid and decently treated labor, and not wrung from the midnight toil of an undernourished child. Would the same persons begrudge a few cents more on their taxes every year in order that those who performed the labor of the government might be decently paid? It is hard to believe that the country wants its government to be converted into a wholesale sweatshop.

If this suggestion provokes the picture of idling government clerks wasting time with their feet propped on the desks, living a leisurely life of ease in the beautiful city of Washington, let me offer in evidence a letter which came recently to the editor of the Washington *Daily News:*

> Dear Mr. Editor of the News:
>
> I am one of the unfortunates who were locked out in 1920. I am seventy-seven years of age and served Uncle Sam for forty-four years. My salary was $1,200. I was never able to save a cent.
>
> I get sixty dollars a month.* I have a daughter to care for. We have two rooms. I pay $25 a month, and have no heat. I have to buy coal—half a ton a month for $7. I had to give up my insurance.
>
> I have not bought a suit of clothes since my retirement and never expect to buy one. For our Christmas dinner we had sandwiches and coffee, three times that day.
>
> I would like to get a position [illegible] at $30 a month

* This is retirement pay granted out of a fund created by deductions from salaries.

in Washington or any other place in the U. S. It is a crime the way we are treated.

It was just a year ago that President Coolidge vetoed a bill to increase the pay of postal employees. Their average salaries were about $1,750 a year. Mr. Coolidge vetoed the increase because, he said, the average pay of all government clerks within the corresponding range was $1,554 a year and it was obvious that the postal clerks already were paid more than the average prevailing in other departments.

"Government extravagance must stop," he said sternly in this veto message. "The people of the nation are paying all that it is possible for them to pay. . . . I do not see how I can approve the large increase in expenditures of this kind, except on the plea of urgent necessity." This bill provided for a total increase amounting to $68,000,000 a year; later the increase was granted after Congress raised postal rates to absorb most of it.

Now let's see how the economy program was applied on another occasion, just last March. The Senate—or more accurately some dozen or fifteen Senators—had returned to the Capitol one night after dinner to dispose of routine legislation that had accumulated toward the end of the short session. The session lasted just thirty-two minutes and this is what happened:

After the District of Columbia appropriation bill had been rushed through practically without debate, the legislative appropriation bill was brought up and passed, section by section, with practically no debate. After about twenty minutes of this routine performance, an amendment was sent to the desk providing that the pay of the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, and members of the Cabinet should be raised from $12,000 a year to $15,000, and that the pay of Senators and Representatives should be increased from $7,500 a year to $10,000. This amendment was read hurriedly and agreed to unanimously without a word of debate or a record vote, though it involved an increase of almost $1,500,000 a year to the government pay roll.

Then Senator Edge of New Jersey offered an amendment and this debate followed:

> Mr. Edge. Mr. President, the amendment refers to a laborer in the document room who has been in the employ of the Senate for twenty-odd years and is receiving the munificent salary of $1,010 a year. This amendment simply places him in the class above in which case he would receive a salary of $1,140 a year, an increase of $130. I think after twenty years' service in the document room a man is entitled to have his class advanced to the extent of $130 a year.
>
> Mr. Warren. Mr. President, do I understand that the Senator is willing to withdraw his amendment?
>
> Mr. Edge. If I have the same assurance from the chairman that he will press it in the ordinary way, I will not insist on it.
>
> Mr. Warren. All I can assure the Senator is that we certainly will take it up with the House committee and give it serious consideration.

The amendment was rejected. There being no other amendments, the bill was passed without objection and the Senate adjourned. As everyone knows, the pay increase went through for the Senators and Congressmen and the Cabinet officials; but the old messenger still is waiting for his.

In vetoing the postal-pay increase Mr. Coolidge criticized the employees for the activity of their labor organization which had been working to get the bill through Congress. But not yet has one word been raised in criticism of those Congressmen and Senators who voted themselves raises, the increases alone being more than the average yearly salary of the government workers.

The question is, Where should the pressure for economy be heaviest, on the low-paid government employee who at best has little hope of promotion to a real living wage, or on the areas where greater slashes might be made, without noticeably injuring the efficiency of the government? There is the Tariff Commission. It spent many months investigating the cost of sugar production here and abroad so that the President might be guided in considering whether to reduce the tariff on Cuban importations. And after the report was in, and the President had thought it over for nearly a year he decided that the data were so untrustworthy that he could not accept the recommendation! Is a bureau like that of any use? It costs the government perhaps $700,000 a year. What about the various "lame-duck" boards and commissions, the international boundary commissions made up of Senators and Congressmen who, being no longer appreciated by their constituents, were called back by presidential appointment into the service of their country to the extent of drawing $7,500 to $10,000 a year and making annual fishing trips through the Great Lakes? Whenever there is a real boundary question affecting the Canadian or Mexican lines the State Department puts its international-law experts on the work, not the retired politicians on the commissions.

Private business enterprises which have been most successful over long periods are invariably those which pay their labor well and treat it well. Economies are sought at vital spots and not through sweatshop methods. In putting the government on a more business-like basis, why should this principle be overlooked?

Britain's Labor Women

By CRYSTAL EASTMAN

EIGHTEEN years ago Mary MacArthur, Margaret MacDonald, and Mary Middleton called the first Conference of Labor Women. There was no franchise for women in England then, and little prospect of any. This year a thousand delegates and visitors packed Birmingham Town Hall. Presiding over them was Ellen Wilkinson, M. P., witty and red-haired, ex-Communist, and now the only woman sitting for the British Labor Party at Westminster.

Forty of the delegates represented the Women's Cooperative Guild, the Independent Labor Party, and the Fabian Society; seventy-five represented trade unions. Seven hundred and thirty-one represented women's sections of the Labor Party from all over England, Scotland, and Wales. Nearly all were working-class housewives whose absence from home meant that friendly neighbors had to volunteer care for husband and child. The husbands of these women were Welsh miners, shipbuilders from Tyneside, shop assistants, railway conductors, cotton-mill workers, seamen, carpenters. Never have I seen a conference of American women where the same forces were gathered together. England is small. Third-class railway fares are cheaper than fares for the same distances in America. Even with the low wages and unemployment now prevalent, it had been possible to achieve a representative convention.

I walked to the platform and looked at the earnest tired faces of these women. Their plain, often shabby clothes, and their sallow complexions were evidences of the poverty that is the common lot of the English working class. Poor food and strain had done their best to remove the beauty from the faces before me; but the beauty of courage was still there.

As the meeting opened, messages of greeting were read from Sweden, Finland, and Russia. A small but significant feature to record. These women are opening their own channels of communication with the Continent, and they have begun to learn much from the determined and educated feminist groups in Scandinavia and Russia. Not only domestic problems, of food, housing, old age, and maternity, are now recognized on the agendas of women's conferences, but foreign affairs are boldly discussed. Not long ago foreign affairs were considered the preserve of highly placed men.

The uses of the convention are three. It is the occasion for direct representatives of working-class women to formulate their own program, so that with some sort of united front they can make themselves felt in the Labor Party Congress that follows later in the year. At the conference the women leaders from National Labor Party headquarters meet the delegates who must in turn educate the women in the villages and factory towns. Second, the conference is the debating ground extraordinary for the home women, workmen's wives whose money income is derived from their husbands' wages, and the working women in stores and factories. Considering how often in the past women workers have been used, if not as strike-breakers, at least as the undercutters of wages, this meeting of two groups of women has been needed to make clear to the wives of men trade unionists that for their own sakes and their husband's sakes the principle of equal pay for equal work must prevail, if the standards within an industry are not to be lowered. The cleavage between the home women and the women trade unionists is steadily growing less. Finally, the conference offers a forum for definite feminist propaganda, the furtherance of the women's franchise bill, the formulations of demands for more women candidates for Parliament, and the discussion of such subjects as birth control and other feminist issues.

Ellen Wilkinson opened the convention with a denunciation of the Churchill tax on artificial silk. "Every bit of color and gaiety is to be taken from the life of the working woman. Her hard-earned little fineries are to be taxed by nearly ten millions for the benefit of the richest people in the country." Ellen Wilkinson knows that to clerk and shopgirl neat appearance is a necessity if she is not to lose her job. She went from the Churchill tax to an analysis of the proposals for widows' pensions and compared the eighteen shillings a week proposed for a workman's widow with two children with the army private's widow's forty shillings. Dr. Marion Phillips, the energetic Australian who is chief woman officer of the Labor Party, reported 1,450 women's sections with a total membership of 200,000; and an increase in Labor women holding municipal, county, and district-council offices in the past year. This was salve to those delegates who feel keenly the loss of Dorothy Jewson, Margaret Bondfield, and Susan Lawrence in Parliament; and who have resented the ready alibi of certain of the men who lay the blame for the Baldwin victory on the women voters. Women voters, indeed. This conference chided Ramsay MacDonald for neglecting to make the women's franchise bill admitting the younger women a party issue.

The birth-control resolution which was carried read:

> This conference is of the opinion that it should be permissible for doctors employed in any medical service for which public funds are provided to give information on birth control to married people who desire it.

It is not illegal in England to distribute information in regard to contraceptives. The issue was whether the public health centers should do carefully and scientifically what so many women manage to do as best they can. Two years ago the subject was very timidly discussed. Last year Dora Russell and Freda Laski put through a resolution asking that the health centers give out such information, but the Roman Catholic Minister of Health in the Labor Government would not move. This year no two women "put through" the resolution. The whole floor was for it, with a few bitter exceptions who regard contraceptives as a frustration of God and the moral order. However, "I am a Catholic," said a stout motherly woman, climbing on her chair as is the custom for speakers from the floor, "and I want to say that the Catholics better be honest. They are practicing birth control if they've got the information." To two firm young socialists who rose to explain that birth control was an economic issue that would not survive the social revolution an earnest woman replied firmly: "Even in the cooperative commonwealth I think a woman will want to choose her time and say how many."

Another resolution which was passed unanimously called on the Labor Party "to deal stringently with any representative of the Labor Party who does not support sex equality, economically, educationally, and politically." The demand set forth in Ellen Wilkinson's opening speech that the Labor Party propose women candidates in a reasonable number of parliamentary seats was echoed in the resolution which demanded that "the women's sections immediately levy themselves a small weekly sum as a political fund for the express purpose of running working-women candidates for Parliament." There is a suspicion that certain of the men who direct Labor party affairs are willing to have women candidates but not in the sure districts, and that there is not the same zest in the men's efforts to raise campaign funds for the women that there is among the women to support the men.

Among the other resolutions passed were demands for a National Wheat Board to solve the problem of cheap bread, a demand for a trained nurse in every secondary and primary school, a demand for the passage of the women's franchise bill admitting the younger women to the polls. Various resolutions calling for an international conference of labor women; for enforcement of the Wheatley housing act, for family migration, and for study of the labor market in the colonies were all on the agenda.

These Englishwomen speak well, briefly, and with much caustic force. The various English dialects give a certain rich savor to the debate for an American observer. Noteworthy as contrasted with American meetings I have attended is the hard-mindedness and attentiveness of these women. The rank-and-file delegates, scrambling on their chairs to speak, match the platform in thoughtfulness and directness. The impression is of women who are going to fight to get their full share of power within the Labor Party. They intend that the men shall be helpmates in their feminist projects.

In the Driftway

THE debate on the censorship of literature has been reopened, all unwittingly, by the chief exponent of a censorship measure, none other than Justice Ford himself. To be sure, His Honor said nothing about literature; he rather expressed himself on the subject of cocktails and "these wild young people." But the principle remains the same. The Justice had noted that his daughter, following accepted mode, apparently even in official families, served cocktails to her guests and drank them herself, all the while remaining a respectable and decent member of society and a thoroughly nice young woman. Without going into the question of whether or not this is the same daughter who was so shocked by a reading of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love" that she brought the offending book to her father and started the censorship controversy, one can still remark that Justice Ford concludes that his daughter will not become a hopeless drunkard because of a few cocktails. Being of a generally sober disposition, she is not rendered helpless and morally unstable even by synthetic gin. This the Justice observes, all the while abstaining from cocktails himself because he does not like them.

* * * * *

THE Drifter contends that this completely ruins Mr. Ford as a champion of censorship. Every argument that he uses in favor of the sound reputation of his daughter applies with equal weight to those responsible members of society who wish to be allowed to choose their own literature. The Judge would find himself surrounded, if he took the trouble to inquire, with persons who have read or will read or are reading books which would be banned by the proposed censorship law, and who are as respectable and law-abiding citizens as the Judge's daughter herself. Quite aside from the question of Shakespeare and the Bible, those time-honored examples that are always quoted whenever censorship is discussed, the Drifter knows honest men and women who have read Aretinus and remained honest, who have pored over Mr. D. H. Lawrence and are still faithful to their wives or husbands, who know Boccaccio and do not sell their votes, who have even become acquainted with Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses" and still keep out of jail.

* * * * *

THE final aspect of the situation becomes clear when one recalls that Mr. Ford not only dislikes cocktails, but that he makes a wry face when he sees them. And therefore, the Drifter supposes, no one compels him to drink them against his will. By the same token, no one compels him to read books which offend him. If he should reply that what he considers improper books are offered for public sale and for the ruination of public morals, one has only to point to the member of the judge's family who read "Women in Love," or enough of it to see what it was like, and who was not corrupted. Even as the officials of the vice society have read hundreds of improper books and looked at dozens of indecent post cards and have remained as pure as when they began, so, it seems safe to assume, would the ordinary citizen. Or perhaps it would be better to pass a censorship law and then wink at any violation of it by persons of sound mind, on the ground that they could take their questionable literature or leave it alone.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Purging of Christianity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The present religious struggle between fundamentalists and modernists, which seems to be the last stand of superstition and ignorance within the Christian church, appears to me as a purging, purifying process. The Christianity of today is undergoing a change hardly less important than that of the Reformation. We are getting back nearer to the essence of Christ's teaching when we eliminate literal adherence to those beliefs which run counter to scientific observation and knowledge.

The religion of the future will dispense with the earthly miracles as tests of orthodoxy. Christianity does not need them. They hurt Christianity by driving away from it many an honest and sincerely religious person who, because he cannot believe that Jonah emerged alive from a lengthy sojourn in a whale, or that Christ literally changed water into wine, or that God parted the waters of the Red Sea, or that Christ was born of a virgin, or that the body of the Christian rises from the grave finds himself *persona non grata* within the Christian church and accordingly leaves it. None of the miracles of the Christian tradition are so marvelous, as important to human life and conduct, as the known immensity of space, the speed of a radio wave through the ether, or the birth and growth of a human child. The real miracles are the human mind and its discoveries about the laws which govern this universe. The religion of the future will content itself with these miracles and will seek the supernatural not on this planet or any other but beyond the veil of death.

Modern science does not necessarily breed irreverence. Rather it is calculated to make man humble in the realization of the intelligence and order of the universe. It points convincingly to a mighty God—worthy of worship. In future generations the Christian will probably regard the present contentions of the fundamentalists with the same amused incredulity as that with which today we regard the speculations of medieval scholasticism as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle.

Christianity will have been purged and purified when it seeks the truth about God and Christ through the channels of honest study rather than through the channels of superstition. It is more helpful to think that Christ was the son of two human parents, and that He, being like us, yet conquered the temptations of life and lived in perfect accord with the spirit of God. That He had an earthly father does not mean that He had no heavenly father or that He was any the less the Son of God.

It is not necessary for the Christian to believe in the resurrection of the body. It is just as difficult in fact to envisage a heaven in which these earthly bodies could be at home as to envisage the survival of our souls apart from our bodies.

All religions which are worthy of the name share the belief in "a spirit of things." Primitive animism, developed pantheism or monotheism hold this belief in a spirit life independent of matter. The Chinese nightly offer a portion of rice and a libation of tea or wine to the wandering shades of their ancestors, and when the "essence" has been consumed the priests from the nearby temple carry away the residue. Even highly civilized people feel a sense of fear when they pass a haunted house or graveyard at night. This feeling should strengthen the faith of those who, accepting the scientific fact that the body perishes, yet cling to a hope or belief that a spiritual life does survive death.

When modern science demonstrated as false or inaccurate certain myths which had been accepted as essentials of belief, the first consequence was that those who spoke authoritatively for the church were unable to adjust themselves to the new

liscoveries by the simple expedient of analyzing these myths nd declaring them (as they are in fact) to be unessential dditions to the teachings of Christ, and those who accepted the cientific discoveries were forced out of the church or compelled o keep silent as to their views. Now, tardily, as the leadership f the church is passing into the hands of younger men and vomen who have been exposed to the new teachings of modern cience, the church is adapting itself to the new order and upon xamining the result finds that all which was of value still emains. Christ's own words ring as freshly and clearly as ver, and the church having gotten safely through with its eriod of introspection can again turn its energies into chan-els of new usefulness.

New York, June 16 A New York Lawyer

Artists, Take Notice

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All artists who read at all read *The Nation*. So I hould like to appeal, through your columns, to all the land-cape painters of America to carry their rubbish away with hem, and not leave rags impregnated with paint or tubes of aint behind them in fields and pastures, where they are likely o do damage to live stock. Actual harm has resulted to cattle n this neighborhood from carelessness of this kind, and rural America is acquiring a grudge against the careless artist, not nlike that which it already has against the careless tourist nd picnicker.

Amenia, New York, June 2 Amy E. Spingarn

A Memorial to Walt Whitman

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a member of the committee of the Authors' Club, which is undertaking to collect funds to raise a suitable me-morial to Walt Whitman in New York, may I appeal through your columns to all persons who would like to subscribe to his effort to commemorate the greatest poet who has ever com-memorated this city. Checks may be sent to the treasurer of he committee, William F. Dix, 34 Nassau Street, New York City.

West Cornwall, Conn., June 25 Carl Van Doren

America's Debt to Hyam Solomon

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A blot has been resting upon the American nation since 1776. It has shown ingratitude by ignoring the services of one of the greatest patriots of the revolutionary period, who financed and backed the government in freedom's cause, the great Polish Jew Hyam Solomon of New York and Philadelphia, banker and patriot of the first order.

The history of Hyam Solomon can be traced in every encyclopedia, but not a schoolbook in the United States has even mentioned him, not a poem has been written in his honor (except by John Fiske in his "History of the Hebrews in Amer-ica," and in President Madison's correspondence to Edmund Randolph, and in the *Congressional Record* of Washington).

In 1917 and 1918 I asked President Wilson to direct the War Department to name one of the military camps the Hyam Solomon Camp. Adjutant General Reilly wrote me that Presi-dent Wilson requested him to communicate with me on the mat-ter, and that it had the hearty support of both President Wilson and the War Department. But the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House defeated the plan.

Hyam Solomon died at the age of forty-five in Philadelphia, leaving a widow and two small children in great poverty; all his papers and the government's obligation to him were lost in those troublesome days of the revolutionary period and by the English who conquered Washington city in 1814. The United States has never recognized the services of this great historical figure, nor done justice to the memory of this unselfish and most sacrificing man for the American cause.

Senator Wadsworth, in correspondence between 1911 and 1915, promised me that he would gladly bring a bill in the United States Senate to put aside part of the interest on the loan of $660,000 in 1776, amounting today to over $180,000,000, to found and erect a university in Washington and name it the Hyam Solomon National University.

I call upon the entire American nation, the President and the Cabinet, every governor in the United States and every member of the Senate and House of Representatives to help in this move, especially the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Sena-tors of Pennsylvania, and the Congressmen of Pennsylvania, and the Mayor of Philadelphia, to do their duty to a historical figure of their city. I trust that every intellectual person in the United States, every scholar, every diplomat, will indorse this move to give Hyam Solomon the honor he deserves from the American nation.

New York, June 20 Louis Friedman

The Other Side of Los Angeles

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your Los Angeles readers who, like us, read *The Nation* truculently in public and wonder who else reads it out here may be interested in knowing that there is one little group outside of Radicals, Inc., who definitely eschew the banal, the pretty-pretty tidiness of Los Angeles and the smugness of the Golden Plated West.

You have guessed it—the Little Theater Group. Some years ago the Potboilers were known to the public solely through frowzy handbills documented as "Bohemian" by their typo-graphical horrors and cheap green paper. They met in the Mexican quarter and in Chinatown, and later on in an old fire-house. The neighborhood was redolent of tortillas, tamales, and stray tabbies.

A pallid attempt at a Village, some of us said, and never came again. But without any organization, with no money, they produced, first, "Beyond the Horizon," then "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Every newspaper in town hailed them. Then, to the credit of Hollywood, the movie contingent joined in the cheers. Mitchell Lewis volunteered for "The Hairy Ape" and gave a fine performance; and stayed to help scene-shift when the director's back gave out. Then "The Failures" was produced. Not so discouraging for Los Angeles now, is it? The newspapers give us columns of free publicity. In fact when the Potboilers had to move from the firehouse, which was a fire-trap as well, we hissed gleefully at each other: "Big theaters jealous! Jealous—s-s!!"

Now, in a messy little basement, they are rehearsing "The Life of Man." No one receives a cent of pay. Settings, cos-tumes, publicity, acting, all are given freely. And there is no organization! No membership, no dues—clubs at last, our individualistic friends! Sigurd Russell, a high-school teacher, is the producer, with a genius for getting things done. Ole M. Ness is the director, who doesn't wear puttees or golf pants. He writes poetry and sells pianos during the day time, and never once has he fallen for the "sure-fire" or the banal in choos-ing his plays. He has genius, real genius, and a gift for making vital what might be merely literary. And he is modest and tactful. So we know the movies won't steal him.

The Andreyev play opens on May 4, hags, screams, tragedy, and all. There is news that MacLoon will put on "What Price Glory" here. "The Beggar on Horseback" plays at the Ma-jestic now, and life in the Great Side-doors regains its savor. Now if only Upton Sinclair won't start in reading the Constitution or something out loud!

Los Angeles, April 23 Isabel L. Mayers

Your Portrait

By LEON HERALD

Like the day in space
Your portrait
Is framed within my vision
And hangs upon
The dust-proof wall
Of my soul.

(At the vanishing of day
Heaven becomes all eyes
Searching her lover, the Earth.)

Not to render my vision an empty night
I cling to your image as though
My thoughts of you were the flesh
In which you abide willingly.

Society and Scientific Method

Conservatism, Radicalism, and Scientific Method. By Albert Benedict Wolfe. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

MR. WOLFE is above all a shrewd observer of the contemporary scene; so that when he writes of human attitudes toward the events of that scene one can be certain that he is informed concerning the facts, that he respects them, and that he is willing to listen to their faintest dictates. This may not at once seem important. Usually the psychological equipment of social commentators comes in for criticism first and the range of information upon which that equipment is used last, if indeed at all. But there is no possible justification for this neglect. The full use of the shrewdness—and by this is meant penetration to the significant events—of our social psychologists is the most important virtue we can demand of them at present. For there are no psychological laws; there is no generally accepted body of scientific truth from which to argue and within which to find a classifying niche for each happening of common life. We are beginning to see that the raw materials for psychologic generalization occur within the provinces of the observers in the various fields of social science. Especially the data of economics are also the data of social psychology. Economic behavior *is* psychology.

Of course there have been and still are numerous persons conceiving themselves to be gifted with knowledge concerning laws of psychology which catch up into the broad scope of their generalizations the behavior of people everywhere. And sometimes, as for example in the case of Mr. McDougall, they have sounded plausible. But so far as the enlightenment of the springs of behavior goes, or for that matter the better guidance of social activity, they have attained slight results. And this was partly, at least, because they had no equipment of insight. Fruitfulness in this field of activity seems to depend upon a beginning in shrewdness and a subsequent development by rigid adherence to mechanistic sequence and expectation and upon the method that is sometimes called behavioristic. Other kinds of effort develop loosely symmetrical structures of logic that fail utterly to fit the facts unless the facts are subjected to a bath of mysticism which so transfigures them that they become the very ones needed to fit the logical structure. What this leads to may be anything—it certainly cannot be the useful and relevant generalization which assists in human guidance.

Of course what is involved in all this is a very old quarrel between the adherents of the purposive and those of the mechanistic explanation of events. Doubtless Mr. Wolfe errs in believing himself more completely mechanistic than he is. But when Mr. McDougall undertakes to lecture him at length (as he did in a recent issue of the *American Economic Review*) for his formal adherence to the mechanistic explanation he shows himself to be involved in the deeper confusion. He forgets the usefulness of either or both forms of explanation. Edwin Ray Gutherie has suggested that both categories be more or less deflated and attention concentrated on the idea that neither is valuable except that it assists in the prediction of developing phenomena and the attainment therefore of some control over the future. As has been suggested already, however, there is a certain danger in the purposive that must not be overlooked: that of congealed preconceptions which distort facts and so hinder thinking. Essentially, Mr. Wolfe is right in wanting to ally himself formally with the mechanists. But it is difficult to see that it affects his work one way or the other.

One thing that interests him is the genesis of our attitudes. And he is willing to make certain classifications at the very start for the sake of definition; but he would be the first to admit human behavior to be so very various as to make any classification something less than permanent and rigid. It can be said that there are conservatives and that there are radicals; also it can be said that there are certain recognizably different groups among them. On this basis one can look about at the behavior of groups and can see that the consequences of adherence to an emotionally determined attitude are usually bad—and this whether or not the emotions have been rationalized subsequently. These general bad effects lead to the wish that a more seriously rational basis for attitudinizing might be found. Here the social psychologist comes fairly up against his main problem: the discovery of ways and means toward what Santayana called the life of reason.

The process of working out a better planning of the enterprise of life involves the analysis of situations in which individuals of our time have to function. It involves the analysis of characteristic modes of behavior in characteristic situations and the careful working out of some criteria as tentative guides to action. This last is the science of ethics. Thus we may learn to behave so that our behavior may become progress. But it requires a kind of guidance by rational programs that is possible only to the best minded.

Unfortunately no one who is alive to the realities of existence carries a very certain faith in the spread of ethical—in this sense—behavior. Certain departments of our lives may be brought to a budgetary standard; it seems to most thinkers hardly likely that all departments may. But when we turn a little aside from this rigid viewpoint and center attention on the fundamental fact that we do act and that we many times act with a pre-view, we begin to see possibilities of the analysis of action and of the further analysis of what it is that gives content to various pre-views. Perhaps—who knows—we may be able to change that content!

Pre-views are largely determined by attitudes, and attitudes tend to evaluate forms of action so differently that there is a constantly recurring sequence of social conflict. The social psychologist tears his thinking away from the direct attempt to persuade men to a wholly rational basis of action and tries to get him to see the social degeneracy involved in the grinding friction of these conflicts. Is it possible to compromise them, he asks. And here, wonderfully, it seems possible to Mr. Wolfe that we may find ourselves attaining the higher goal in the struggle for the lower one. For a conflict of interests, he feels, can be resolved only by "opponents coming to agreement on some common ethical ground—that is, by such redefinition of their interests and modification of their attitudes as will lead them to judge the facts of the situation by some higher standard of ethical valuation. . . . Briefly, and excluding from consideration at this point the problem of de-

ciding between ends . . . they are not to be settled by brute force, dogmatic appeal to authority and precedent; or trickery, emotional frumpery, and chicane; but by the arbitrament of fact. . . . The moral function of the scientific method is to rationalize interest conflicts." And so, by compromise, we actually move ahead.

This belief that something may come of so finely tempered a tool as this we have forged in scientific method rests very largely upon the feeling that it is our only dependence in a civilization whose very mechanical refinements have made it, as a whole, mysterious to the normal mind. Its elaborated correlative structures have been spun into too intricate a web. The eye of the mind loses its grasp in following out the stresses of existence and comes to rest finally in utter defeat. In this extremity nothing remains but the emotions. Intelligence requires assistance to master the machinery of our industrial life and to prevent the wrecking of delicate relationships by the desperate application of crude emotional controls. And organized intelligence possesses the scientific method. This is the key, then, to progress? Well, that is perhaps too much to say, particularly when one examines the exact meaning of "scientific method," including as it does the necessity for the rigorous selection and analysis of data, for the establishment of tentative uniformities, and for the experimental control of developing phenomena. It does not look so much like a key when it is examined in this fashion. It looks more like a potential mental discipline for normal minds, by which, however, society may possibly raise itself by its bootstraps.

How to achieve this discipline? Mr. Wolfe says by education. By, in fact, plowing it in to the very soil of the educative process. "The attitudinal reform requisite to the efficiency and safety of the Great Society can come only through education. . . . Always, wherever we start, we come back to education. . . . When history placed industrialism and political democracy in one side of the scales, it called for ethical democracy, objective sympathy, social knowledge, and the scientific spirit in the other. It is the function of teachers, wherever they may be working, to put them there."

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Abraham Walkowitz

One Hundred Drawings. By Abraham Walkowitz. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $10.

DURING the past ten years, most notably in Independent Society Exhibitions, in one-man shows, and in illustrated books, we have become familiar with the work of young artists in the experimental stage of their careers under the influence of Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, and others. And these imitative or derivative experiments, despite their value to the striving young creator, are of no particular interest to the art-loving spectator. As a rule, one artist smitten by the structural principles and mannerisms of Cézanne is no more interesting than any other artist so obsessed. We are treated to the same type of composition, the same distorted perspective, the same modulation of tones to enforce the illusion of volume. And so it is with all other such imitative documents. We can see no great significance in them. When an artist [illegible] has left an enduring impression upon his generation only then are we willing to examine patiently every casual fragment of his work that remains. We are willing to study his sources merely because he is Keats or Rembrandt or Turner. On the lower levels of artistic creation, and in the work of men who have but recently "arrived," we are not so scrupulous or so interested. We put on trial first their ultimate selves, their honest artistic convictions about life.

The present volume undeniably contains work that represents a genuine personal vision, but it contains too much that does not. One is wearied by the profusion of drawings revealing Mr. Walkowitz posturing first in one borrowed manner, then in another. Like Carl Sandburg, he is inclined to attach an unwarranted significance to every scrawl he happens to have set down. But, like Carl Sandburg too, let it not be forgotten, he has a unique idiom. One feels this most in his decorative panels, in the monotypes and in certain studies of the figure. In the panels, which deal chiefly with idyllic subject matter, there is a lyrical tenderness, a naive grace in the drawing of the figures and in their decorative ordering. They are lovely in their quiet rhythm and in their fresh, unaffected, primitive quality. To pass from this static pastoral mood to the fiery energy of the monotypes is a startling transition. It is like leaping from a still woodland pool into a maelstrom. The intricate play of form in such monotypes as The Bathers and Human Rhythm is conceived in a spirit of passionate intensity admirably controlled by a coolly functioning aesthetic judgment. And the medium itself seems peculiarly sympathetic to Mr. Walkowitz's tactile impressions. Its fluid response to what he wants to say is almost complete. In the precarious art of the monotype, a demon of the incalculable is constantly intruding either to mar the artist's intent or to delight him with some lovely accident. Mr. Walkowitz appears to have this demon on his side most of the time, and to succeed in keeping him nimbly engaged in the service of beauty. In his drawings of the nude Mr. Walkowitz is uneven. He always achieves weight, and feels the big generalities of form. Many of his action studies are perversely crude and tend to overstatement, although the fine Isadora Duncan series cannot be thus indicted. He is at his best in really sensitive studies such as Baby, The Bather, A Study, and Elevation. Mr. Walkowitz's book is formidably prefaced with four critical introductions by Henry McBride, John Weichsel, Charles Vildrac, and Willard Huntington Wright, all adulatory and none of any great value as criticism. Mr. McBride's essay is the most readable.

GLEN MULLIN

The Ethics of Naturalism

Ethics—Origin and Development. By Prince Kropotkin. Translated by Louis Friedland and Joseph R. Piroshnikoff. The Dial Press. $4.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN had planned a work on ethics in two volumes, the first dealing with the origin and development of morality, the second with moral ideals. At the time of his death the first volume, which now appears in translation, was practically completed. The second was never written.

For Kropotkin morality means essentially altruism, the sacrifice of personal happiness in the interests of social solidarity. His problem is this: "Why does man so often renounce that which would unquestionably give him pleasure? Why does he suffer all kinds of privations in order not to violate his moral ideal?" His position may roughly be described as naturalism. The term is ambiguous, for it may mean either opposition to supernaturalism or opposition to humanism. In the first sense it is the attempt to find the origin and justification of morality in human nature and not in the Will of God or the Universal Reason or any similar mysterious source. In the second sense it is the attempt to obliterate the distinction between man's human and animal natures and to explain morality in terms of non-moral factors.

Kropotkin founds morality upon the nature of man, but the peculiar interest of his position is that although he exhibits morality as a purely natural fact he escapes the familiar charge of "explaining away." For he undertakes to prove that morality is natural by showing that nature is moral. Following out the ideas already made familiar by his "Mutual Aid," he asserts that the animal kingdom is not red in tooth and claw but that, on the contrary, "Mutual Aid is the predominant fact of nature." In animal societies, he says (although his conclusions go far beyond what the evidence warrants), you have

the individual identifying itself with the group, you have sympathy, you have self-sacrifice. We find here "an indication of the natural origin not only of the rudiments of ethics but also of the higher ethical feelings." Even "the very ideas of bad and good, and man's abstractions concerning 'the supreme good,' have been borrowed from Nature. They are reflections in the mind of man of what he saw in animal life and in the course of his social life." He explains duty in the same way. Elaborating Darwin's account in "The Descent of Man," he contends that mutual aid, being necessary for the preservation, the welfare, and the progressive development of the species, has become the strongest and most permanent force in human nature. When some anti-social or ephemeral impulse opposes this force the resulting friction is what we know as conscience.

Nine of the thirteen chapters are concerned with tracing the development of ethical theory from primitive times up to the evolutionary ethics of the nineteenth century, always, of course, from the point of view of naturalism. Thus the Greek philosophers are said to have been right in declaring that morality was natural to man and depended neither on revelation nor on the fear of punishment; but their eudaemonism failed to explain why man finds satisfaction in acting morally. The importance of the French thinkers of the eighteenth century is that they "helped to bring society to a realization of the fact that morality can be completely liberated from the sanction of religion." The merit of Kant is that his search for a "new, purely scientific ethics" helped to "prepare the way for the evolutionary ethics of our time." In view of this last statement it is not surprising that Herbert Spencer gets a chapter to himself, as does Guyau. (Incidentally, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle get twelve pages between them.)

Two criticisms may be offered. The first concerns the value of the work as a history of ethics. In principle there is no objection to the writing of a history of philosophy by a man who [illegible] position of his own to defend; in fact, the method has distinct value. But it also has its dangers, chief among which are false perspective (treating systems as approximations to or aberrations from the truth, i. e., the author's truth) and the doing of actual violence to the thought of the writers considered. Kropotkin avoids neither danger. Of the first I have given some examples above. Here is an example of the second. Referring to Plato's doctrine of love, he says: "His Eros was also what we now call sociality, mutual sympathy, the feeling which . . . permeates the whole world of living creatures." Kropotkin would have done better to use his historical material as illustrative [illegible] actually the value it has in his mind.

The second criticism has to do with his own theory. In his eagerness to show that morality is natural he overlooks the [illegible] pointed out in his [illegible]. Briefly it is this: How can any fact of the [illegible], e. g., animal solidarity, sympathy, self-sacrifice, tell man how he ought to behave? Altruism may be a strong "permanent instinct," but this fact only explains why man does [illegible] it cannot tell him why he ought to obey it, nor, if he disobey, can it tell him why he should feel remorse. Duty remains as mysterious [illegible]. And it is just this element of mystery that all "supernaturalistic" theories recognize.

CHARLES A. BENNETT

The Liberal Jew

A New Approach to the Problems of Judaism. By Mordecai Kaplan. New York: The Society for the Advancement of Judaism. Seventy-five cents.

Survival or Extinction: Social Aspects of the Jewish Question. By Elisha M. Friedman. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

Liberalizing Liberal Judaism. By James Waterman Wise. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AT last the Jew has paid himself the high compliment of criticism. By turning on his own problems the analytical faculties which he exerts on all other questions he has testified to a faith in his power of self-improvement and to a pride in the task of self-determination. Hitherto it has been the habit of the Jewish people to plead with God and to appeal to the Gentiles for alleviation of the wretched conditions which they were obliged to endure; it has been their belief that they could ease their lot by sounding pitiful lamentations to the Almighty and by serving a humiliating tribute to the oppressor. But now the Jews are realizing that their salvation rests neither on the bounty of God nor on the mercy of the Gentile; they are learning at last that none but themselves can and will solve the Jewish question and relieve the misery of Israel.

The publication of these volumes testifies to this new attitude and evinces the different course. The books form a threefold inquiry into Jewish life during the period of Exile—into the development and direction of the Jewish outlook, into the strength and survival of Jewish national traits, and into the value and variation of Jewish religion. And they all urge the readjustment of Jewish life into more normal and, therefore, more logical and more honorable channels.

The first, Rabbi Kaplan's volume of essays, is the most eloquent as it is the most profound approach to these problems of readjustment. Mr. Kaplan conceives Judaism not as a religious philosophy but as a religious civilization. "It is a cultural and spiritual complex of language, literature, history, customs, and social institutions organized about a conception of God which has the most far-reaching social and spiritual implications for human life of all times. . . . Judaism is the spirit of a nation and not the cult of a denomination." And hence his measure of the Jewishness, religious or national, of any individual is the extent to which the individual identifies himself with the organism of the Jewish people. In this theory the solution of the Jewish problem centers on the establishment of Palestine as a Jewish state. For a Jewish nation will serve to unify the distinctive forces which underlie every vital Jewish contribution to civilization and it will revitalize within every Jew, no matter where he has his being, the peculiar powers and attributes of his people.

Mr. Friedman is in complete accord with these views. His work is a consideration of the numerous social aspects of Jewish life which force the Jew, on pain of extinction, to accept these concepts; and his proofs are many and various. Mr. Friedman shows the futility of the promiscuous and perverted solutions which the desperate and disorganized Jews have sought for their troubles; he studies the social forces to which the Jewish people is subject and finds that they relentlessly lead to extinction. He, too, points to Palestine as the only means of a national survival and the only justification of a distinct Jewish people. Incidentally he indicates that the contributions of the Jews during exile have been incomparably inferior to their earlier achievements, since by dispersion "they have lost the power to contribute as a people to the harmony of world [illegible]ure."

The authors are agreed that the most enervating influence in Jewish life has been the Reform Movement, which cast off the ancient garb of orthodox religion and thereby destroyed the distinguishing and cohesive characteristics of the Jewish mode of life. It raised to the dignity of a religious doctrine the process of assimilation to the Gentile world and thus undermined the foundations of its own existence. Mr. Wise concerns himself primarily with this movement and considers the other questions of Jewish life incidentally. As an ordained minister in the Reform [illegible] and a disciple of its greatest figures in England and America, he is able to investigate intimately and sympathetically but none the less truly its achievements and failings. He credits it with "the enfranchisement of the spirit from those customs and traditions of Rabbinic or Orthodox Judaism which had ceased to have meaning and purpose"; for he, like his teachers, is under the influence of nineteenth-century liberalism, which ignored the aesthetic value of ancient ritual and saw in it only the bonds of dogma. But he justly inscribes on the debit side the equally dogmatic, false, and noxious doctrine of a Jewish mission which

was substituted by the leaders of "Liberal Judaism" to distinguish the resulting creed from the other forms of Unitarianism. Mr. Wise, in common with Mr. Friedman and Mr. Kaplan, attacks the fallacy of this "Mission of Israel." And the reviewer, who has been characterized as a prime and blaspheming opponent of this dogma, finds the indictment both sacred and satisfactory.

Though all of the authors have discussed the Jewish problem with the intimacy that presupposes a concern with and a knowledge of the subject, only Rabbi Wise writes his criticism from within. He addresses a limited audience even in Jewish circles. The other works may be safely recommended to the Gentile reader who is interested in the Jewish question and in the first rational Jewish efforts to solve it since Herzl's *"Judenstaat."*

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Musical Brevities

Crotchets. A Few Short Musical Notes. By Percy A. Scholes. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

MR. SCHOLES gives his "Crotchets" a modest subtitle. The fact is, within a compass of less than three hundred pages he offers the reader fifty-four thoughtful little essays on matters of music whose brevity is pleasantly charged with its proverbial association. The range of these papers is wide. The first one asks the pertinent question: "What does the audience hear?" Mr. Scholes does not mean this or that new or bewildering composition; he asks what an assemblage of supposed listeners really hears when it is seated in the presence of, say, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. "I am prompted to ask this question," he explains, "by one or two recent disasters. At a Three Choirs Festival the Franck symphony was played. . . . The conclusion of the first movement was taken by the cleric in charge for the conclusion of the whole piece, whereupon he pronounced the Benediction and discharged the congregation." Really, little as he may suspect it, Mr. Scholes is pleading here for the friendly guidance of a thoroughly trained and benevolent claque! Thus unwary clerics will avoid disaster, concert audiences will not bury with ill-timed applause the upward-rushing scales in the final measure of Chopin's A minor etude, and the crowd at the opera house will await in silence the coda of the "Pagliacci" prologue.

In one of the papers collectively entitled Kreisleriana Mr. Scholes pleads, as every frequent attendant at concerts feels like doing, for a widening of the violinists' repertory. He wonders whether Fritz Kreisler, with his enormous prestige and his hold over audiences, would not be just the man to accomplish something in that direction. "Why always the Chaconne?" continues Mr. Scholes. "Bach wrote six suites and partitas, comprising over two dozen movements. The Chaconne is merely one of these movements. Recently Kreisler played it on a Wednesday, Czaplinski on the following Monday, and Losowsky on the previous Wednesday. . . . Kreisler has not lately played us any Beethoven sonatas, but if he does so I should hope to find him deliberately neglecting the overplayed Kreutzer, and giving us instead, perhaps, one of the three in Op. 30—preferably the great C minor." In a footnote Mr. Scholes informs us that shortly after these words were written Mr. Kreisler announced a program which included Tartini's hackneyed "Devil's Trill" and Beethoven's "Kreutzer"!

The papers on Handel and Bach seem to have been written before the recent Handel revival, which in Germany within the last two or three years has made a number of the long-neglected Handel operas festival affairs. Mr. Scholes does protest against the present English underrating of Handel's natural enough reaction from an excessive earlier adulation—but he is a lukewarm, apologetic, and rather unappreciative champion. Wanda Landowska would expel him from the lists in a jiffy. What Mr. Scholes does tackle with particular spirit and efficiency is the difficult array of contemporary problems.

Anybody who shivers at the very thought of polytonality and atonality will find illumination and comfort in the papers on those subjects. *Color and Sound*, apropos the "Color Symphony" of Arthur Bliss, reaches this common-sense, if not exhaustive, conclusion: "The fact is, I think, that music can arouse emotions and that colors can do the same, and that what connection there is between music and color is not physical and direct, but subjective and via emotion. . . . A trumpet fanfare suggests joy; red to me suggests joy; hence a trumpet fanfare to me suggests red. That is my idea of the matter!"

The late Alexander Scriabin is no longer such an immediately urgent issue as he used to be, but he is still important enough to make the five Notes on Scriabin a singularly satisfactory summary of a once troubling composer whom we are now glad to appraise and classify, and so in a sense be rid of. Stravinsky, of course, still has the center of the stage. As regards this very ponderable Russian, Mr. Scholes in his three "Views," while by no means unsympathetic toward his composer, has relishing and wholesome fun with the pretensions and pomposities of stampeded commentators.

PITTS SANBORN

Books in Brief

London Life in the XVIIIth Century. By M. Dorothy George. Alfred A. Knopf.

China and Europe. Intellectual and Artistic Contacts in the Eighteenth Century. By Adolf Reichwein. Alfred A. Knopf.

Two volumes in the ambitious "History of Civilization" from which ten titles have thus far appeared in America. In view of the limits of the series—two hundred volumes—these monographs seem perilously specialized, and indeed it appears that the original project as conceived in France is to be somewhat distorted through its English handling. In itself Mrs. George's study of London's improvement over an important century is excellent; and the slighter German work on Chinese thought and art in Europe is suggestive if by no means complete.

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Obedience. By Michael Sadleir. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Mr. Sadleir, whose first novel, "Privilege," stamped him as a writer worth watching, has turned his back on the fevers of the contemporary scene to lay a curious finger on the pulse of the last century. In the England of more than half a century ago he discovers the germs of that feminine revolt against authority of family and station which has since done so much to disturb the tranquillity of the social world. Most of the symptoms are discernible in the headstrong young lady who is his heroine. The author has endowed her with much spirit and color, but he has surrounded her with lay figures, so that the novel as a whole is lacking in vitality.

Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By Hesther Lynch Piozzi. Edited by S. C. Roberts. Cambridge University Press. 7/6.

A welcome reprint of "Pozzy's" contribution to the great Johnson legend.

Walt Whitman. A Study and a Selection. By Gerald Bullett. J. B. Lippincott Company.

As sumptuously printed as it is critically conceived.

We Visit Old Inns. By Mary Harrod Northend. Small, Maynard and Company. $3.

A richly illustrated tour of certain New England taverns.

Vondel. By A. J. Barnouw. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

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The Natural History of Selborne. By Gilbert White. With notes by Richard Kearton and 85 photographs. Robert M. McBride and Company. $6.

Excellently printed on wide pages, bound in buckram, and illustrated with many photographs taken in Selborne itself, this must remain for some time to come the most desirable edition of a perennially precious book.

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Farmington. By Clarence Darrow. Boni and Liveright. $2.

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The Portrait of Zélide. By Geoffrey Scott. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

A brilliant account in full of the shadowy Madame de Charrière, whom Boswell once loved as Isabella de Zuylen.

Dorothy Wordsworth: The Grasmere Years. By E. V. Morley. Hodder and Stoughton, London. 6/.

A study of the Wordsworth group through the glasses of Dorothy's diaries.

The Best Plays of 1923-1924. By Burns Mantle. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.50.

The fifth of Mr. Mantle's invaluable annual volumes. It contains a complete statistical summary of the theatrical year, the cast and synopsis of every play produced, and various other facts arranged for ready reference as well as the condensed versions of ten representative plays which give the volume its name.

In the Land of Youth. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

In comparison with the heroes of Welsh and Irish mythology, the legendary figures invented by the Teutonic imagination seem to be quiet men leading uneventful lives. Mr. Stephens plunges into the boundless extravagance characteristic of the legends of his country and produces a tale which achieves a wild beauty and a distinctive flavor. The impudent humor of some of his books is, however, noticeably less abundant here.

The Northern Muse. An Anthology of Scots Vernacular Poetry. Arranged by John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

A copious selection, ranging from Barbour to Stevenson, and leavened with intelligent comment.

Poems for Youth. An American Anthology. Compiled by William Rose Benét. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

By no means a merely juvenile volume. Running from Halleck and Bryant to Hilda Conkling, it gives an excellent survey of the more spirited and lucid examples of American verse.

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International Relations Section

The Serbo-Croat Dispute

By HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

THE Jugoslav political situation reached an important turning-point on March 27 with the formal declaration of policy in the Skupshtina at Belgrade by Paul Radich, nephew of Stephen Radich, leader of the Croat Peasant Party. The more important passages of this historic statement are printed below.

It will be remembered that in July, 1923, Stephen Radich, fearing arrest on account of his propaganda for a separate Croat republic and his attacks on the Karageorgevich dynasty and the alleged militarism of Belgrade, left Jugoslavia. A few months later, after futile appeals for support in London and Paris, Radich went to Moscow. There he became a member of the Peasant International, of which the president is Smyrnov, Soviet Commissar of Agriculture. Further, he began arrangements for the affiliation of the Croat Peasant Party with the Peasant International, an action which won the approval of the deputies belonging to the Croat Peasant Party when they met at Zagreb on August 3, 1924. This further incensed the Belgrade Government, who were already only too prone to believe evil of Radich because of his record as a supporter of the Hapsburgs during the war, his relations with the Macedo-Bulgar revolutionists, and the trouble he was giving them by stirring up the Croat peasantry. The belief that Radich had definitely thrown in his lot with Moscow gained support by his series of intemperate speeches last summer during the time when the unfortunate Serb opposition leader, Davidovich, was engaged in precarious negotiations for the formation of a coalition cabinet in which Radich himself should participate. Particular wrath was aroused by a statement by Radich (at Zagreb on October 23, 1924) in which he said:

> I went to Moscow as the representative of the Croat people and the whole world has recognized me as such. If a militarist government should be formed, as desired at Belgrade, we shall succeed with the aid of Europe in obtaining complete independence. The Soviet Government has promised me, through the medium of Chicherin, that it will help us if we are threatened. In such a case we should oppose the rule of Belgrade with all our strength.

This was followed by the admission by Dr. Matchek, a Radich leader and vice-president of the Skupshtina, that he had been visiting Vienna for the purpose of consulting officials at the Soviet legation there.

On January 1, 1925, the Government issued a decree dissolving the Croat Peasant Party, citing as authority an anti-Communist law entitled the Law for the Protection of Public Security and Order, passed in 1922 by the Pachich majority in Parliament with the support of the Serb Democrats and other opposition groups. A few days later Radich was put in jail, along with Dr. Matchek and four other of his associates, and remained there during the campaign preceding the election of February 8. At this election the Radich forces maintained their parliamentary representation practically intact (losing only two seats, 70 members) while the combined forces of Pressley Bradley were increased by 31 (from 131 to 162).

When the Skupshtina met on March 7 Radich was still in jail. The question facing the Pachich Government was whether the governmental majority should vote to validate the mandates of the Radich deputies or should declare their election illegal by virtue of the Law for the Protection of Public Security and Order, which outlaws communists. The question facing Radich was whether he should make plain his intention of utilizing constitutional means to achieve his ends or whether he should persist in his policy of republicanism and Croat separatism and should proceed to invoke the aid of the Soviet Government in promoting a revolution. The immediate danger was that the more intransigent associates of Pachich would make it seem useless for Radich to offer any compromise, and that they would expel all the Radich deputies and proceed to hold new elections with the avowed purpose of forcing the election of their creatures. Fortunately, moderate counsels prevailed. It was indicated to Radich's representatives that a repudiation of Moscow would be met half way by Pachich.

On March 27 Paul Radich made his formal statement of policy on behalf of his uncle and in the name of the Croat Peasant Party. As will be seen below, it represents a *volte-face* on many important points. As a result, Parliament voted approval of the mandates of the Radich deputies who had been elected for the first time (i. e., who had not been members of the Skupshtina while their party was negotiating with Moscow); the mandates of Radich and his four associates awaiting trial on specific charges of treason were definitely annulled; and the mandates of the balance were left for examination by a commission of inquiry, which on June 22 voted to seat the entire last named group of deputies.

The trial of Radich has not yet taken place, but it seems more than possible that it is being delayed in order to see whether a compromise cannot be worked out, by which Radich himself, or his representatives, will enter a coalition cabinet and assume a share of the responsibility for putting into operation the reforms which the Croats have been demanding. Even if this does not at once occur, it can fairly be said that the Serbo-Croat dispute has entered a new phase.

Speech of Paul Radich

It is necessary to recall what we Croats were under the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy. We were [illegible] subservient. We had continually to fight for our own laws, our customs, our language, and autonomy, but we were never deeply slaves. For one thousand years our Croatian juridic system has been maintained. Then we aimed at independence; now we aim at equality with our brothers in this same independence which has been gained. Belgrade of today does not stand to us in the same relation as Vienna of yesterday. Here we feel ourselves in our own house. . . .

Our republicanism does not force us to demand any particular form of government. We want the substance rather than the shadow. The opposition bloc took form at a moment when we realized that the idea of a national accord was understood in Serbia. . . . However, at this moment the constitution of Vidovdan rules. We recognize this fact as we recognize the dynasty of Karageorgevich. (Applause.) We simply desire that our system evolve little by little along normal ways toward certain adjustments of differences due to the existence of the Croat and Slovene minorities. Our ethnic unity is incontestable, but our past history with its consequences has created three national consciences with three different names for the three divi-

sions of our people. We are forced by natural circumstances to join our forces. We must so work that out of this material unity a spiritual one will be evolved which will make us solid and substantial on the basis of our present state. . . .

Nothing is eternal in this world and nothing is perfect. We must have a constitution, and no one will affirm that the constitution of Vidovdan is an eternal and lasting one, and not subject to change. Reference has been made to our long abstention from participation in the government. Gentlemen, if it took two years to get us into this predicament it will surely take time to get us out of it and to a proper understanding. We are beginning to be understood in Serbia. We earnestly desire a fraternal accord.

Passing to the subject of communism, Mr. Radich said it seemed to him that there had been much misunderstanding with regard to the bitter fight made by the Radich Party in its first years against communism, which at that time was a serious danger.

It must be remembered that at that time the authorities practically put no restraint on communist propaganda, which continued to strike with violence on our political activity. . . . We have always had a fight on two fronts—on the one hand, against the centralist forces; on the other, against the extremists. . . .

Concerning our relations with the Peasant International, Mr. Maximovich has read innumerable documents which I will not analyze judicially because I am not a lawyer, but which I will simply comment on from the point of view of common sense. This mass of evidence consists almost exclusively of letters addressed to Mr. Stephen Radich and to our party, but there is practically nothing from us. People can write to us whatever they wish, but that they do so does not involve our approval or consent. Two capital factors must be accentuated. The first one is that we did not designate an official representative to the Peasant International, as we had been invited to do. The second is that our Central Committee has made no definite decision as to the adhesion to the Peasant International. When our Central Committee can meet it will take the necessary steps to establish positively that we have no relations with the Peasant International.

We recognize integrally the situation created by the constitution of Vidovdan, with the dynasty of the Karageorgevich. (Applause.) . . . We recognize that any modifications in the existing condition of things must be made by a revision of the constitution, effected in fraternal accord by Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. We have never fought against the state as such or against its interest. The resistance of the population to certain conditions to which I shall make allusion has been unjustly qualified as being anti-state. The conditions which existed on the eve, during, and after the elections can only create discord and ultimately be fatal to our state. As earnest believers in the future we will contribute all in our power to insure the collaboration of the Croat population in honest good faith for the consolidation of the state—a collaboration which can only be realized on a basis of absolute equality. If this consolidation cannot come after we enter into Parliament, and after we have adhered without reserve to the program read by Mr. Davidovitch, the central policy of the Croat people will be forced to change and we shall be powerless to help it; we shall lose direction of the political situation.

As our political organization has existed for twenty years, we have experience, power, and moral authority sufficient to guarantee the internal consent of our fatherland to any accord which will demonstrate respect for the law and for the will of the people. We do not fear that we shall be reproached with having surrendered. Bad faith may perhaps be charged against us by such journals as the *Balkan*, but during the last electoral campaign we showed under the most difficult conditions that we will not be broken and that we cannot be made to flinch. More than that, we are willing that it be said that we have given way, because if we do so it is a concession to our own Serbian brothers and for the good of our common future. (Applause.) . . .

With regard to the Peasant International of Moscow, all information coming from foreign sources, English, American, and French, can only confirm our point of view, which is that it has nothing in common with the Comintern, that is to say, with the Communist International. Still less is it an organization belonging to the latter. Independently of this fact, and of the fact that the Croat Peasant Party has not yet adhered definitely to the Peasant International, I declare now that we have taken no engagement and that we have no relations with this Peasant International, and our Central Committee will officially establish this fact at its first meeting. On August 3, 1924, our parliamentary group took up the report of its president, in which he stated that the Croat Peasant Party should join the Peasant International on the condition that it would maintain integrally its own program and tactics. He stressed the fact that he only saw in this the establishment of relations between the Russian people and the Croat people, and that this Peasant International is nothing more than the continuation of the Peasant Pan-Russian Federation founded in 1899 and which in 1904 had thirty million members. The acceptance of this motion to join was simply the expression of the confidence of the group in its president, on whom it absolutely relied.

According to our program the obligation to defend the country ceases only with death. For that reason we consider a good army a national necessity. We do, however, desire to attain in a constitutional manner a reduction of military service and a diminution in the number of military organizations. We believe that military service should include the execution of useful public works, with a view to relieving the people of unnecessary expense.

After making this declaration Mr. Radich invited his hearers to take their choice between "a policy of strike" and "a policy of accord."

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TENNESSEE'S EXAMPLE spreads. A New York professor suggests that other universities boycott Tennessee's. Why, he asks with a semblance of reason, should honest institutions of learning accept the credentials of young men who come from schools in a State which confesses itself hostile to the unrestricted pursuit of truth? Tennessee graduates, he thinks, will be only half-educated. We suspect that the professor is about 100 per cent wrong. If the Tennessee monkey law stands, Tennessee college graduates for the next few years are likely to know more about evolution than college boys and girls in any other State in the Union. There is a charm to bootlegged produce, even when it is mere knowledge. Tennessee cannot regulate the United States mails, and while such books are barred Tennessee youths will work overtime to buy them. The publishers report a boom for books on science, even in the mountains of Tennessee, and the longer the ban endures the more thirst for knowledge will it rouse in Tennessee. There is, of course, a larger issue at stake. The New York professor is on the verge of making his own science a compulsory religion; he sounds perilously like a fundamentalist who would not receive students who did not accept the literal interpretation of Genesis. If the Tennessee boys and girls can pass their college-entrance examinations in algebra and English the universities in other sections need not inquire into the laws of their State.

BALLYHOO AND BRAVERY march arm in arm in Dayton. One wishes that the metropolitan reporters could find some local farmer-philosopher, some Will Rogers, who could tell them intelligibly what Dayton really thinks of it all. The young writers from the big cities are so cosmopolitan in their outlook, so whole-heartedly with Scopes and against Bryan, that they give us scant interpretation of the local mind. They laugh at the rustics; they do not understand them. Yet they are not all weather-beaten cynics, these hardened reporters; when the news reached the reporters' room that the young Methodist pastor had been forced out of his church for daring to invite a liberal to preach for him, the reporters—who knew that Howard Byrd supported his wife and three children on $800 a year—reached down into their city trousers pockets and took up a substantial collection. Then they went off to their typewriters and sentimentalized over the carpenter-preacher of Dayton. As a matter of fact, Mr. Byrd will probably find a better pulpit as a result of his act; but he did not know that when he made his choice. Judge Godsey, the local defense attorney who backed out at the last moment, was made of softer steel. One would like to read an interview with Judge Godsey on Howard Byrd's act. And one would like to have a psychologist with a reporter's pen explain the power of Bryan over these hill-folk.

THE ANTHRACITE OPERATORS and the representatives of the miners seem to have dug in for a pleasant summer at Atlantic City. Housed in equally stupendous style at safely distant hotels, they can issue statements and hold occasional conferences as long as the swimming is good and the patience of the newspaper reporters holds out. Both sides are sparring for position; neither side hopes to convince or terrify the other. The operators are concerned to prove to the public that acceptance of the miners' demands will mean a higher price for anthracite coal next winter. The union officials point to extravagant differences between the cost of mining a ton of coal and the price paid for it, in an effort to prove that a 10 per cent wage increase could be absorbed without passing a cent of it on to the public. The operators have no real hope of reducing wages—an honest, whole-hearted walkout would meet any such attempt. The union probably has no idea that it can raise them. But both sides hold out for the moment when an alarmed public will force them to a compromise that might as well be made tomorrow. A serious strike is not expected. By the almost equally expensive expedient of a summer at Atlantic City this particular labor struggle will be settled after the manner of diplomats and politicians.

EDGAR BERNARD BRUSSARD of Utah, a protege of Senator Reed Smoot, is President Coolidge's selection to succeed William S. Culbertson on the United States Tariff Commission. He is a Mormon, and may be expected to manifest a sympathetic interest in the fortunes of the Utah-Idaho [beet] Sugar Company, which earned 21.9 per cent last year on its common stock and 104 per cent on its preferred. The Utah-Idaho company is owned by the

Mormon church, and Reed Smoot is a large stockholder. Dr. Brussard is no stranger to the tariff offices in Washington. He was "planted" there as the sugar investigation neared its close, and Chairman Marvin with Commissioner Burgess sought to have him supersede Dr. Joshua Bernhardt, chief statistician in charge of sugar figures. This maneuver was blocked by Vice-Chairman Culbertson (whom Mr. Coolidge has now shunted to Rumania), Commissioner Lewis (whom Mr. Coolidge has now supplanted), and Commissioner Costigan, who survives. The President knows just where his new appointee will stand on extortionate tariff schedules. Congress should know. It is fair to expect that Congress will inquire into Dr. Brussard's record before the Senate confirms the appointment.

WHEN A MAN within the ranks suggests changes it is more difficult for other members of his profession to dismiss the proposals as conceived in ignorance. Hence we hope what Frederick E. Crane of the New York Court of Appeals said recently in regard to juries will receive wide discussion and lead eventually to the much-needed reform that he suggests. Speaking before the Otsego County Bar Association, Judge Crane remarked that apparently we had "become indifferent to shootings and killings"; in New York City murders were increasing and convictions for murder decreasing. This he attributed in part to the fact that the most intelligent members of the community sought exemption from jury service and that the law granted blanket exemptions to certain classes like clergymen, newspapermen, lawyers, and teachers. There is no sound reason for the blanket exemption from jury service of men in any given kind of work and, as Judge Crane says, when it comes to a vacation the reasons alleged for not doing jury duty disappear. A judge should have the power, as he has, to exempt any individual for a sufficiently urgent reason, but there should be no other escape. Nor should right-minded citizens want one.

ANOTHER JURIST, Robert W. Winston, formerly judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, writes in *Scribner's Magazine* for June on the illegality and injustice of the American bench in dealing with contempt of court, a matter to which *The Nation* has lately been calling attention. Judge Winston confines his criticism to what is called "constructive contempt"—that is, contempt committed not in the presence of the court but outside, in the form, say, of a public speech or a newspaper editorial taking issue with the judge. Justice Holmes of the federal Supreme Court has said that our courts are a hundred years behind the times—that no English judge would imprison a person for "constructive contempt" without a legal trial. The federal courts have entered into many sophistries in order to declare laws unconstitutional because they denied the "due process of law" guaranteed by the Constitution, but what could be more glaringly violative of "due process of law" than for a judge to [illegible] to statute but what he calls "inherent right," to dispense with grand and petit jury and railroad a man to jail on the findings of his own spleen and prejudice? Judge Winston thinks the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the Clayton act will about do away with prosecution for "constructive contempt." We are less hopeful. The decision will lessen the evil of injunctions in labor disputes, but it does not cover all of "constructive contempt"—nor affect it at all outside of the federal courts.

AS WE WRITE our glance falls on a special dispatch to the New York *Times* which illustrates in a typical way the tyranny of American courts in dealing with this judge-created offense of "constructive contempt."

> LAKEWOOD, N. J., July 8.—A charge of contempt of court against former State Senator Harry P. Hagaman, postmaster and editor of the Lakewood *Citizen*, a weekly newspaper, and his son, C. L. Hagaman, assistant editor, was dismissed by Judge Henry G. Newman in the Court of Common Pleas at Toms River today after the elder Hagaman had apologized to the court.
>
> The writ was issued by Judge Newman yesterday following the appearance of an article in the *Citizen* in which the judge was severely criticized for his action in extending leniency to Frank Falkenberg of Point Pleasant, who was convicted of violating the Volstead act.

We do not know what the editor wrote about the judge in question and we do not care. We do know that, whatever the criticism, the judge was entitled to no relief other than what any other individual would have had if criticized—that is, through the indictment of the editor under the laws of libel or slander and a legal trial before a jury. The idea that criticism of a judge impedes the process of justice—which is the stock defense of summary punishment for contempt—is a palpable absurdity. Only the ignorant or tyrannical judge needs such protection—and obviously he should not have it.

BERLIN'S STOCK EXCHANGE struck the other day in protest against the Government's plans for revaluation of the old government bonds. These bonds became virtually worthless in paper marks, and speculators who purchased them at their bottom prices would make enormous profits if the Government recognized their holdings as on a par with those bought when the mark stood at or near par. The revaluation program provides a 5 per cent value for bonds bought before 1920; 2½ per cent for those bought later. Socialists claim that it is a fraud to pay anything for this latter class. But the stock exchange disagreed, and thought to assert its power by striking. If the Government surrenders it will be pusillanimous indeed. But whether it does or not the incident, following the appeal of the bankrupt Stinnes brothers to the banks, is a striking indication of the return of the banks to power in Germany.

BEFORE THE WAR the great banks dominated Germany both politically and industrially. During the war and in the after-war inflation period the great industrialists lorded it, even over the big Berlin banks. There was no power in all Germany to equal Hugo Stinnes. He dictated legislation; he determined foreign policy; he told the banks what to do. That was in a period of scarcity of raw materials and of depreciating currency. Stinnes owned the basic commodities—coal and iron. He built up an enormous "vertical trust"—controlling all the processes from mining to the finished products, including [illegible] to carry his goods and newspapers to help dictate policies. Like Henry Ford in America he was independent of the bankers, but even Ford never wielded such power in this country as Stinnes on the Rhine. He looked out beyond the frontiers, and rapidly invested his depreciating marks in new enterprises. Whatever he touched seemed to turn to gold. Then, just as the Dawes Plan went [illegible] and the mark was stabilized, the old man died. [illegible] to avoid impressing the need for concentration

and retrenchment. His sons did not. They went on expanding, investing millions in film and automobile factories. But a new era had come. Raw materials were a glut on the market. Stinnes's sons could not dictate prices; they could not control their expenditures. In June they appealed to the Reichsbank for help, and the truth leaked out; they were $50,000,000 short. A syndicate of big banks was formed to help them out. One brother was dropped from the firm; the other was retained, to prune the vast business. The banks assumed control—Germany is back to normalcy.

UNDER THE TUTELAGE of her Minister of Justice, South Africa is making race discrimination a part of her legal system. This is the same Minister of Justice who asserted some time ago that punishment should be determined by the position and race of the offender; he now demands that the color of a man's skin should debar him forever from economic advancement. The so-called Color-Bar Bill provides that in the Transvaal and Orange Free State "certificates of competency shall not be granted to natives or Asiatics," while rules shall "generally apportion work as between natives and Asiatics and other persons respectively in respect of mines, works, or machinery." The *Cape Times* has protested that the bill is in opposition to the liberal traditions of South African jurisprudence and furthermore is in direct contradiction to a decision of the Transvaal Supreme Court in November, 1923, which stated:

> The regulation which provided that in the Transvaal and Orange Free State only white men could become persons competent to be in charge of machinery, boilers, and engines was *ultra vires* of the governing act of parliament, the Mines and Works Act of 1911.

This pernicious bill was defeated in the South African Senate after passing its third reading in the House. Undoubtedly it will be introduced again next year, as it is part of a definite segregation program. White labor in South Africa is committed to it, and the Nationalists have followed Tielman Roos in supporting it. Liberals who had been disappointed in General Smuts's recent record in South Africa are glad to find him vigorously combating a measure which the whole world would regret.

LIBRARIANS ARE CONFRONTED with a tremendous problem in making available to readers the vast new flood of information that is gushing from the daily, weekly, and monthly press. It is true, as John Cotton Dana, of the Newark (New Jersey) Public Library, said at the convention of the American Library Association in Seattle, that this flood is the real educational agency of the age, and whether it be for good or for evil should be recognized as such. The old idea of a library, thinks Mr. Dana, was culture—the new idea is information. Yet when librarians get together

> They do not discuss the newspaper as a social influence, and, of course, do not discuss the thousands of other daily, weekly, and monthly journals which supplement the daily's instruction work. They are clinging by that tiny rivulet of modern print that bound books supply, and ignore meanwhile the vast and growing and increasingly potent flood that pours forth in all that other print of the daily press and its associates. . . .
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> Consider the Scopes trial in Tennessee. By the press presentation of that trial and of matters connected therewith our newspapers will teach the "man in the street"—meaning here a full majority of our 115,000,000—more about evolution than he has learned concerning it in the whole seventy years since Darwin wrote his "Descent of Man."

The greatest unsolved problem of the modern library is to make available the information appearing in the periodical press, together with that issued in pamphlet or documentary form from official and unofficial sources. There is not a library in the country which has yet developed a technique adequate to the task.

THE RECENT ARREST in Berlin of one Druzhelovsky, who dealt extensively in news forgeries setting forth horrendous Soviet plots, will perhaps stay for a time the stream of picturesque Russian yarns that has flowed intermittently into the American press from the German capital. Druzhelovsky, it appears, kept on hand a generous private stock of stationery of both the Third International and the Soviet Government, which he filled out according to the caprices of a fertile imagination, tempered by the law of supply and demand. Among the fabrications found in his files, according to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, was a document on stationery of the Third International giving instructions for blowing up the Sofia cathedral, and another tending to implicate Soviet officials in the railway disaster in the Danzig corridor—in which several employees of the Soviet Government were killed or injured! Among his synthetic news stories was a variant of the nationalization of women, to the effect that the Soviet Government had established a system of three-year trial marriages. Another front-page fabrication told of 750,000 children starving in southern Russia, including 200,000 in Odessa. The fact that the total population of Odessa is only 300,000 apparently did not give pause to any of the news editors who accepted his inventions. When Druzhelovsky was arrested he was attempting to sell to Americans in the diplomatic service, for a trifle of $150, a concoction on stationery of the Third International setting forth a delightful bolshevik plot against peace and order in the United States. The price is interesting. Apparently the cost of documentary Red horrors for the diversion of the countrymen of Barnum and Bryan has fallen since the palmy days of the Sisson documents.

OFFICIAL AMBASSADORS do not always serve the cause of international good-will and are sometimes debarred by their position from expressing good-will when they have it. The Philippine Islands as a dependency can receive no ambassadors or ministers plenipotentiary. The United States is represented—or misrepresented—there in the person of Leonard Wood. Fortunately there are other groups with the enthusiasm and energy to send their own representatives. The American branch of the Fellowship of Reconciliation has sent its "Ambassador of Friendship," Reverend Clarence A. Neff, a native of Ohio, who is teaching in Foochow, China. The fellowship, realizing that the continued retention of the Philippine Islands as a virtual colony by the United States must foster suspicion and hostility upon the part of the Filipinos, has sought thus to express the latent good-will of Americans and to assure the Filipinos that there are in this country men and women who want them to have not only political freedom but that larger freedom which comes from a liberated life. Thus, while Bryan battles for literalism in the hills of Tennessee, another group of Christians expresses its religion in action.

What Are We Doing in China?

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE and Secretary Kellogg have turned their faces forward, but they seem to be a little afraid of the light. Their demand that the Powers carry out the program of relief for China which Secretary Hughes and his associates elaborated with such infinite pains at the Washington Conference three and a half years ago is in a splendid American tradition. But why all the mystery and secrecy? Why the hesitation? Let them recall the burst of applause with which the world greeted Mr. Hughes's public statement at the opening of that conference; and the doubt and pessimism which followed when the conference was submerged in secret committees.

The prestige of America in the East, sorely tried in recent years, is at stake. We have a long tradition of effective friendship for China, and on the whole we maintained the spirit of that tradition at the Washington Conference. That conference fell short of its goal, but it did propose real aid to China. The Great Powers would not give up their cumbersome control over China's customs tariff; but they did agree to raise the duties which she is permitted to levy. That would have given her sore-tried central Government a new support and prestige. The conference over, the Powers shilly-shallied. The treaties have only just been ratified. The tariff remains unchanged. The Powers agreed, too, to study the situation in China, with a view to taking steps toward the removal of extraterritoriality. They have done nothing about it. They made a fine-sounding statement of principles, but they have continued the policy of business as usual. China is today almost where she was when the Washington Conference was convened. Shantung has been evacuated, but the Japanese are still in Manchuria. China's coastline is dotted with foreign leaseholds and settlements, policed by foreign troops; foreign gunboats, including American, range far up the Yangtze River; foreigners claim extraterritorial rights and refuse to accept Chinese jurisdiction; the foreign Powers still dictate to China a tariff rate which keeps her central Government weak—and yet demand that her Government protect their citizens wherever they may go and whatever they may do.

In this miserable situation British troops fired on demonstrating students at Shanghai, and fired again, shooting the students in the back, killing eleven. On details the testimony differs; the details do not matter. The British refused an impartial committee of investigation. China was swept with nationalist, anti-foreign feeling. What business had the foreigners there with their police in a Chinese city? And as the feeling grew it included America. The students were protesting against Japanese mistreatment of Chinese strikers; British troops shot them down; but American marines were sent to clear the students out of their school buildings, and American gunboats appeared to police the port.

China has reason to be uncertain of America today. Americans themselves do not know what their Government is doing. Our papers have not reported, as Dr. Ward tells us in his article in this issue of *The Nation*, that American warships predominate at Shanghai, or that American marines—more or less under British command—are quartered in buildings from which the students have been ousted. Nor are Americans sure what their Government is saying in its negotiations with other Powers.

The press announced, obviously inspired by the State Department, that we were inviting the Powers to meet to discuss the abolition of extraterritoriality. The British press growled royally, and the British Foreign Office intimated that China must apologize, must protect foreigners, must do this and that before any relief would be given it. And now our State Department inspires new statements. It has not issued invitations for a conference—only "instituted inquiries." Now, apparently, it wishes us to believe that it has persuaded England to accept an impartial inquiry; but what about the meetings agreed upon at Washington? We publish in this week's International Relations Section the more immediately significant of the Washington treaties and resolutions; the reader can judge how far they go. They call for prompt customs relief—which has not yet been given, and the inspired dispatches suggest that the revision cannot begin for several months to come. They call for a conference to consider the status of extraterritoriality—and on that modest step, apparently, our Government is not insisting.

Soviet Russia renounced her special privileges in China five years ago—and accordingly won a prestige in China which no other Power can equal until it adopts an equally generous policy. German and Austrian citizens lost their special rights by act of the Allies. Their citizens have continued business in China, accepting Chinese jurisdiction and competing as equals. Americans can do the same. It would go a long way to restore American prestige in the Orient if our Government would announce its intention to forego all special privileges for its citizens, and recall the marines now serving special privilege in Shanghai.

Preserved Fish

THERE are two ways to preserve fish. One is to preserve them dead through the aid of salt or in a tin can. The other is to preserve them alive by restricting their catch and stopping the pollution of their feeding-grounds.

Deep-water fish, like cod, herring, and mackerel, which live out in international waters beyond our rum rows, are still fairly plentiful, but those of our coasts and our interstate rivers—including many of the most delicious sorts—are close to extinction. As Secretary Hoover says:

> The sturgeon fisheries of the Great Lakes have declined 98 per cent in forty years. They are almost gone on our coasts. . . . Seventy-five years ago 22,000,000 shad were taken in the Potomac River alone. Today 800 fishermen operating 500 nets take with difficulty 600,000 fish per annum in this river, the best of the remaining rivers for shad. We now supply "Potomac shad" to the market by hauling them 3,000 miles from California on ice. . . . Crabs, lobsters, oysters, and clams are on the same road to destruction. As late as 1915 our crab fisheries in the Chesapeake and Delaware waters yielded over 50,000,000 pounds. They yield less than one-half of that today. The oyster fisheries of the Chesapeake have decreased by 50 per cent in as short a period as twenty years. Our lobster catch is less than one-third that of thirty years ago.

The story of the shad is typical of our treatment of coastal fish. It is like the apple which New York City residents pay farmers on the Pacific Coast to grow for them (plus an enormous bill for freight and advertising designed to convince them of its superiority) when equally good fruit can be raised just outside the metropolitan limits. In an address in Washington last spring Mr. Hoover said:

> Thirty years ago the annual take of shad in the States from Georgia to New York was over 50,000,000 pounds per annum. Being an obliging fish, they did their best for economical fishing by coming up to the fisherman's net regularly every year, and they sold for a few cents each.
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> But from overfishing the catch has steadily decreased, until during the past few years it has averaged less than 13,000,000 pounds per annum. This is a decrease of 75 per cent. They sell for about $1.75 per fish. At one time 25,000 people found profitable employment catching them. They have now ceased to be an industry in many places altogether. . . .
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> Now here comes the sardonic humor. The Federal Bureau of Fisheries transplants young shad into California, where there was never a shad before. Under the careful protection of the California Fish Commission, they thrived until this year California will ship about 2,000,000 pounds on ice 3,000 miles into the Atlantic seaboard States, where they are solemnly sold as the great and rare delicacy of the Atlantic waters.

Within recent years the American people have come to realize the extent of the destruction of their forests and the vast economic loss implied; they have taken some promising steps both to preserve existing trees and to start new ones. The destruction of our coastal and inland fisheries also represents a great economic waste, but unfortunately little can be done through action by any one State alone. Two things, chiefly, are called for. One is restriction of fishing. The other is a campaign against pollution of water. Both call for combined federal and State action, for fish are no respecters of State boundaries.

Unlike trees, fish grow quickly and it is easy to restock any depleted waters provided one first insures conditions which make it possible for the new-born specimens to live. The greatest hindrance to this is water pollution. For a good many years our larger rivers have been growing less and less livable places for fish on account of sewage and factory waste. Recently our coastal waters, too, have been made almost uninhabitable for marine life on account of oil. Oil has, in fact, become the greatest menace to fish. The increase of oil-burning and oil-carrying vessels, with their noxious discharges, has raised a most difficult question. Not only fish but the users of our bathing beaches are complaining, while the spread of the motor boat is endangering even our most secluded inland lakes. Congress recently passed a law forbidding the dumping of oil residuum by vessels within the three-mile limit, but it is only a beginning toward purification and it is not certain so far that the enforcement of the act has led to substantial improvement. There is need for further federal action against water pollution, backed by stringent interstate regulations.

Mr. Hoover rightly points out that the powers of the federal government in connection with the preservation of the fish of our coasts are slight; nor does he wish to see them enlarged. He bases his hope on interstate agreements ratified by Congress, and is endeavoring to bring these into existence. We wish him all success in this excellent and practical work—and our friends the fish join with us.

Houses Without Profiteering

HOUSES can be built in the city of New York, even at present prices for land, labor, and material, to rent for $9 monthly a room and still give a fair return on the capital invested. This has been demonstrated by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in the face of the assertion by speculative builders that it is impossible to supply new construction for less than two or three times the rent asked by the insurance company.

The experiment of the Metropolitan was undertaken at the suggestion of the Lockwood committee as an effort toward relieving the shortage of housing at moderate rentals in New York City. The company says in describing its experiment that after obtaining bids that made it fairly certain that 8 per cent could be made on the investment it began the building of fifty-four apartments in the borough of Queens.

> The buildings were all completed in May, 1924, and all were rented faster than they could be completed. The space provided homes for 2,125 families, and many thousands of families who desired to rent could not be accommodated.
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> The company is now able to report the financial result of the operation of the properties for one year, viz.: from July 1, 1924, to June 30, 1925. The total cost to the company of land and buildings, including builders' costs and fees, architects' fees, taxes during construction, in fact, every expenditure of money made by the company, was $7,363,168.84.
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> The rent collected for the twelve months from July 1, 1924, to June 30, 1925, was $1,040,196.06.
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> The expense of operation for the twelve months, including every expenditure made for and on the property, was $359,014.64.

This left a net profit for the twelve months of $681,181.42, a return on the investment of 9¼ per cent, or 1¼ per cent more than the company had decided would be satisfactory when it was planning the experiment. The Metropolitan has the advantage of the special tax-exemption law of the State, and will thus benefit until the expiration of the act in 1931, but the report says that even without this it would still have earned a net profit of 7¾ per cent. Real-estate firms usually allow something to cover vacancies in apartments and losses on collections of rent. The Metropolitan made no such allowance, believing the desirability of its houses was so great that it could practically ignore losses from such sources. Experience has amply demonstrated the soundness of this estimate, as losses on those counts amounted to only $406.54 for the first year's operation by the insurance company.

Baths are included in the apartments of the Metropolitan, but are not charged for as rooms in the rentals. Heat, hot water, and janitor service are also supplied.

All in all, the experiment seems to knock the props from under the assertions of speculative builders and real-estate men that housing cannot be furnished in New York City for less than $20 to $30 a room. Obviously commercial building is suffering from wasteful methods or extortionate profits—probably both—but there is little hope of a reform of its methods in consequence of the demonstration of the Metropolitan. What is to be hoped for is that cooperative societies and other non-profit organizations will see in the experiment a reason for new and more extensive activities.

The Meaning of Shanghai

By HARRY F. WARD

Shanghai, June 17

THE Shanghai shootings which have aroused all China were typical of the governmental technique of force and the stupidity of officialdom. Underneath, however, they had a more terrible significance—in the race difference between the governing body and the governed. The severity of the action, and its defense, root alike in the feeling of race superiority, in the fear of what may happen if the other race gets out of hand, and in the twin fear of loss of prestige and moral self-support if the ruling race admits any wrongdoing. Such incidents destroy the comfortable illusion that foreign control in China rests only upon benefits conferred. The brutal fact that the main foundation is force stands out stark and clear.

The disturbances in Shanghai were the final result of a series of strikes in Japanese cotton mills, in the course of which a Chinese worker was killed by a Japanese foreman. Students held a mass meeting in Chinese territory to protest against the brutal treatment of workers. After the meeting a few came into the International Settlement carrying banners and were arrested. They were held incomunicado for a week; they were not given sufficient food or bedding or allowed to see their friends. On May 30 they were remanded for another week, not being able to provide bail. Groups of students came unarmed to the main business street of the Settlement on Saturday afternoon, May 30, when it was crowded with people on a half-holiday, to make speeches of protest. Attempting to drive back the crowd, British Sikh policemen fired 44 shots, killing 11 students and workers.

In India Amritsar dramatized the worse aspects of British control and drove the Nationalist movement into the consciousness of the common people. In like manner, Shanghai will do in China in a few months what would have taken years of nationalist agitation. It is a commonplace that the great need of China is national unity. Here government is still personal and provincial, and political life is a bewildering mess of factionalisms with a maze of intrigues not altogether understood even by those engaged in them. The one common element was supplied by Sun Yat-sen shortly before his death, when with his genius for propaganda he coined the phrase "unequal treaties," referring to those agreements in which China concedes to other nations privileges never granted between equals. His last will and testament urged their abrogation as the immediate task of all who loved China. He believed that this was the essential prerequisite to the development of stable government. This phrase crystallizes the sense of injustice and inferiority and releases the hope for equality of status essential to development. It furnishes a focal point for all factions and for all religions. They may differ vitally as to how it is to be done, but practically all Chinese who know what it means will tell you vigorously that the unequal treaties must go. Now comes a dramatic incident to teach the coolies and the farmers what concessions and extraterritoriality and the mixed courts mean, or at least to show them why they must be changed.

This agitation against the "unequal treaties" and the fuel supplied for it by the attitude of the local authorities and their governments toward the Shanghai incident creates just the incentive for that patriotism which lovers of China, native and foreign, have been calling for. Whether it will become a constructive force for internal affairs or a mere emotional spree to escape from the bewildering task of developing sound self-government depends mostly upon the attitude of foreign powers. They are not confronting an ignorant, superstitious anti-foreign movement as in other days. The intellectuals and the authorities are doing their best to prevent any such development, and so far with success. The present movement is not against foreigners but against foreign injustice. It is rational, based on concrete, historic facts. It can be dealt with only on that ground.

Henceforth the student movement of China is a force to be reckoned with in international as well as in national affairs. Naturally the intrusion of students into political and industrial affairs is resented by most foreigners and some older Chinese. When young Yang Yu-hwa tried to tell the mixed court at Shanghai why he had made speeches in protest against the killing of a Chinese workman Assessor Jacobs, the American member, lectured him severely, saying: "Here is a group of young students going out making speeches on industrial problems which have been puzzling the best minds of the world for 700 or 800 years. Has it ever occurred to you to invite the older Chinese who have had more experience than yourselves rather than try and settle it in the way you have started?" Yang answered: "I know that it is a hard question, but we must go out and awaken our countrymen," and Jacobs replied: "I would like to leave these thoughts with each of you students that you should consult with the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and with men of more mature years in the future."

The student uprising means that the absolute control of ignorant, cheap labor by industrialists, foreign and native, is ended sooner than it would have been by the unaided development of labor organization. Hence it is not surprising that the local authorities took advantage of the occasion to raid and close three Chinese universities, regarded as centers of "bolshevik" propaganda. American marines were billeted in each of these educational institutions, and the *China Press* reported with horror that search of the buildings "yielded a considerable quantity of bolshevik and strike propaganda, including circulars supporting the strike and making special appeals to employees of public-utilities works, pennants with drawings of bleeding hearts, and tracts from the writings of Marx and Darwin [illegible]."

It is the most ignorant folly to dismiss this student activity as vicious pranks of schoolboys who ought to be thrashed and kept in their place, which is the prevailing

attitude of the foreign community. Student strikes have several times played an important part in Chinese affairs; a few years ago the students secured the resignation of three cabinet officers whom they accused of selling their country to Japan. Now this ancient technique, reinforced by Western education, is bringing into action the New China, much of which was created in mission schools and colleges and is not understood at all by modern industrialists or old-school diplomats.

Before May 30 the Student Union in Shanghai, as elsewhere, existed in only a few institutions and was the creation of the radicals. Its members were mostly members of the Kuomintang (Sun Yat-sen) Party, which is seeking to capture the colleges and schools. (This party has a Communist left wing, but its practical program for China is pale pink. Its methods of propaganda and organization are quite obviously borrowed from Russia to a considerable extent, particularly its technique of trying to unite students, workers, and soldiers.) Today every college and school in Shanghai is in the union. Shortly after the strike began the officers were changed and a more responsible element came into control. The constructive section of student life is now organized, active, conscious of national needs, and getting in touch with industrial workers.

There is among the students a large emotional element, which is the easy victim of seductive catchwords it does not understand. In their initial propaganda the students have played with the fires of ignorant race prejudice, as have our "America for Americans" crowd and our Nordic-cult professors, all of them thereby endangering the peace of the world in their ignorance. But the student leaders here saw their error, manfully acknowledged it, and set out to allay the passions they had aroused.

It is clear that the underlying difficulty is the attitude of a certain section of the white people. The only use they have for Chinese is to make money out of them, and while they are doing it they curse them with contempt, and cuff and kick them when they dare. One of their spokesmen offers the opinion that there are slave races in the world and that the Chinese is one of them, and unfortunately this attitude is too liberally represented in the English-speaking press out here. The day after the shooting in Shanghai the Chinese press was restrained in its editorial comment. Then came some editorials in the English press taking the position that the superior race could do no wrong, laying all the blame on the Chinese with strong language, and at once the attitude of the Chinese press changed. The official position of the local authorities has reflected this assumption of the infallibility and impeccability of the superior white race and has wounded and alienated the best of the Chinese leaders. In time of trouble it is the "keep-the-beggars-in-their-place" crowd who become vociferous and get into action. The more intelligent and human of the foreign community are cowed by the demand for solidarity and the fear of a serious native outbreak.

When this group exerts itself and seeks an adjustment it creates another psychological barrier. The Anglo-Saxon in his really righteous moods and moments is moved by the majesty of law and order. The Chinese cannot understand this impersonal attitude nor this worship of what is to him an abstraction. His desire is for equity more than for law. His ethics lead him to a give-and-take method in each particular situation to meet the human necessities. This difficulty can be surmounted by those who really seek to understand one another and have a common regard for justice and freedom, provided the atmosphere be not contaminated by the assumption of race superiority and the desire to maintain what is erroneously regarded as race prestige. But can the white man possibly stay in the East on the basis of special privilege due to a superior race?

Many Chinese and some Americans are asking what is to be the effect of the Shanghai affair upon our historic friendship. They wonder why we should have the preponderance of the naval forces on the spot and why our marines should be stationed where they will most attract public attention. The municipal council responsible for this incident is composed of six British, two Americans, and one Japanese. An American is chairman and your Chinese house servant is sure this is no accident, for China is concentrating against the British with all the memories of a long series of aggressions. Japan, whose industrialists were the initial occasion of the outbreak, slips quietly into the background and plays for the future. Russia is presented free of charge with the equivalent of tons of propaganda. Americans demand justice in the shape of an impartial investigation with adequate Chinese representation. American missionary eyewitnesses to the shooting testify that in their opinion it was unnecessary, and excited Britons write to the papers, Why are the Americans letting us down? Other Britons beg their compatriots to maintain a sporting attitude, assuring them that we always do our part, and typical 100 percenters join the chorus by uttering typical vituperations against their fellow-citizens who have dared to suggest that the white man could possibly have done wrong, including a lady who asks, Could an American have found a better, more efficient answer for the mob? Meanwhile do our people at home know whether we are being used to safeguard British interests in the Yangtze Valley or whether we are intelligently cooperating with British policy, and if so why? If there is a joint policy, the question is whether it involves an attempt to hold on to the special privileges gained in the "unequal treaties" which carry to China the stigma of inferiority.

Before he left Peking ex-Minister Schurman hinted that the time had come gradually to relinquish the special privileges obtained in the "unequal treaties." The Soviet Ambassador retorted that the only way to handle the matter was to give them up wholesale as Russia had done. The dominant voices of the American commercial and financial community in Shanghai replied to Mr. Schurman as though he were the ally of Mr. Karakhan. Yet the only third choice is the resort to force. This is an unthinkable policy for the United States. If it were blundered into it could not possibly succeed.

It is time for Americans in China and out of China to recognize that the "unequal treaties" have to go. The only question is the manner and the time. To say first stable government, or first abrogation, is for both sides an equal fallacy. The two hang together and can only proceed coordinately. This joint result can be accomplished by an announcement of intention to relinquish and the arrangement of a method to determine procedure. To delay is to imperil the possibility of a constructive solution. An international inquiry into the shootings in Shanghai and the measures necessary to prevent recurrence is the immediate step. The next opportunity is the autumn conference on customs which could be broadened to cover the larger issue of the "unequal treaties."

Tennessee's Dilemma

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dayton, July 12

THOSE who say that nothing of importance can be decided at Dayton have, at first glance, reason on their side. Even in Rhea County tadpoles will still lose their tails whatever may happen to Mr. Scopes, and, it is to be hoped, the human organism will continue in a similarly unperturbed fashion its evolution toward whatever state Nature has in mind for it. It is now perfectly evident that the question of the constitutionality of the Tennessee law, the only tangible legal issue involved, will not be the chief one discussed, and it might thus appear that the whole discussion threatens to become diffusely inconclusive.

No sooner had Clarence Darrow begun his cross-examination of prospective jurors than it became clear that he proposed to prove that the teaching of the defendant was not irreconcilable with a sufficiently liberal interpretation of the Bible, and hence was not a violation of the law, which specifically forbids only those theories which deny the account in Genesis. The theoretical position of the Bible as final authority upon scientific questions will thus not be questioned, and the right of the State legislature to control the teaching of professors will be left similarly unchallenged.

But the real problem raised is not legal but sociological. No verdict of the jury and no injunction of the Supreme Court can change the fact that the trial is a symptom of the vast gulf which lies between two halves of our population, and that the real question to be settled is the question of how this gulf may be bridged. In the centers of population men have gone on assuming certain bodies of knowledge and certain points of view without realizing that they were living in a different world from that inhabited by a considerable portion of their fellow-citizens, and they have been unconscious of the danger which threatened them at the inevitable moment when the two worlds should come in conflict. In Tennessee the moment has arrived and a single battle will no more settle it than the World War settled the questions from which it arose.

Of the reality of the danger there can be no question. The zeal of the fundamentalists has been enormously quickened by an anticipatory taste of triumph, and they will push any victory they may gain to the fullest possible extent. Already one State legislator has announced his intention of "putting teeth" in the present law by making the penalty for its violation a prison sentence instead of a fine, and various extensions of the principle of State interference with teaching may be confidently predicted. Members of the D. A. R. will, sooner or later, seek to forbid in the schools any historical facts which tend to reflect upon the character or motives of Revolutionary heroes; conservative economists and sociologists will certainly follow their lead; and, unless the movement is definitely checked, the next twenty-five years will see the State schools and universities so shackled with legislation as to make them utterly worthless as institutions for education. The control of learning will pass into the hands of the uneducated, and youth will leave the schools more ignorant than when it entered them.

Doubtless Tennessee is in a condition not much worse than that of the majority of the States in the Union. Her folly consists chiefly in the fact that she has allowed the situation to get out of hand by her cowardly refusal to deal with it as it arose. Neither she nor any other State has been able adequately to educate her citizens—and for that fact she is not to blame, since the task is beyond her financial or other strength. But when people cannot be educated they must be led, and it is in leadership that Tennessee has failed.

Left undisturbed, the rural population would have bothered itself very little over the teachings of the school or the college, since it has that respect for learning natural to all uneducated communities. A few years ago, however, it became evident that it would not be thus undisturbed, for various propagandists of the Bryan school came among it to declaim against what one of the agitators now in Dayton picturesquely calls "Hell in the high schools." Dayton was made aware of a question at issue, it looked for leaders, and it found them on one side alone. Fundamentalists were eager and zealous; educators were at best timid and non-committal, at worst hypocritically evasive. Under the circumstances, Dayton cannot be blamed if she chose to follow those who knew what they stood for.

Even at that very late moment when the anti-evolution bill was introduced into the legislature a little courage might have saved the day. Had the president of the State University gone with his faculty to Nashville, had the editors of the daily papers said what they thought, and had, in general, the enlightened members of the community shown one-half the decision manifest by the other side they might very well have won. Instead they lay low. They declined the challenge; they refused to make any effort to lead; they left their opponents in undisputed possession of the field. Dayton was reasonable to conclude, as undoubtedly it has concluded, that nine-tenths of Tennessee, the only world it knows, is with it and Bryan. It does not even know that the university which it respects is against it, and it is following a sound instinct. It is right to have no great confidence in scientists and educators who ask for nothing except its money. If the time ever comes when they show a disposition to tell what they believe it may possibly listen to them.

In the courtroom at Dayton and in the newspaper reports of the proceedings there Tennessee will be reminded of the situation into which she has drifted, and the ultimate result of the trial will depend upon whether or not she heeds the reminder. Neither John R. Neal, the only native prominently represented upon the defense, nor Messrs. Darrow, Hays, and Malone, his associates, can do much for her if she will do nothing for herself. They may win their case or they may lose it, but an ignorant population, almost wholly without leaders, will remain.

[Other articles by Mr. Krutch will follow, analyzing the background of this amazing trial in his native State.]

What Lies Beyond Dayton

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

THE Fundamentalist Party, engaged just now at Dayton in defending an ancient Chaldean creation myth which was copied into the first chapter of Genesis twenty-three hundred years ago, is by far the most interesting factor in American politics.

It does not call itself a party or believe itself to be one. It is not commonly recognized as such. Its leaders neither hold nor seek public office, and it took a rare humorist to picture Mr. Bryan as hoping to be elected to the Presidency on the Fundamentalist ticket. Nominally and to outward appearance, the Fundamentalist Party is a religious organization and that alone. In effect, however, it is much more. Without troubling to name candidates for office, it aims to control the men who are already in office by coercing legislatures and ultimately Congress and thus securing what all political parties strive to secure—namely, laws embodying its own convictions. According to Mr. Bryan the Fundamentalist Party will not be satisfied with writing a defense of the twenty-three-hundred-year-old Chaldean creation myth into the criminal code of State after State; it must be written into the federal Constitution itself.

Journalists laugh. But they are the same journalists who laughed when these same people, not satisfied with capturing State after State for prohibition, began to talk of an Eighteenth Amendment.

But evolution is only superficially the issue at Dayton. At bottom, the issue is a vastly older and vastly more important question—the question as to whether the separation of church and state shall be maintained. To be sure, there is no mention of this at Dayton. The fundamentalists are not saying, even among themselves: "There should be a Protestant state church in America," nor are they saying, even among themselves: "Theocracy is the ideal system of government." No more are they saying, even among themselves: "Fundamentalism attempts to establish a protectorate over the United States of America. Just as a Khedive is retained in Egypt, or a Sultan in Morocco, or a Maharajah in India, so the present rulers will be retained in America; only, the Fundamentalist Party will rule those rulers." No such monstrous ambitions are consciously entertained by fundamentalists, but the significance of fundamentalism lies, not in what it is consciously but in what it is unconsciously. Unconsciously, it puts the church above the state.

That it should fail to recognize that it is doing so is not remarkable. Less than a third of its clergymen have ever attended any college. Many of them are graduates of such establishments as the Moody Bible Institute, "entrance requirement a common-school education or its equivalent." The majority received their training in seminaries which Dr. Robert Lincoln Kelley, special investigator for the Institute of Social and Religious Research, describes as "scarcely qualifying as educational institutions." Great numbers of them preach "the literal, bodily, visible, imminent return of Jesus Christ to this earth as king." That, for example, is the belief of Mr. Bryan's distinguished colleague, the Rev. J. Frank Norris, who has repeatedly appeared before State legislatures in defense of "monkey bills." It is likewise the belief of the Rev. W. A. (Billy) Sunday, who, next to Mr. Bryan, is probably the fundamentalist swaying the greatest number of American minds.

Among the fundamentalist rank and file, profundity of intellect is not too prevalent, nor is the understanding of politics in the larger sense of the word. From that rank and file comes the membership of the Ku Klux Klan. But an understanding of politics in the narrow sense of the word is not lacking by any means. Under Mr. Bryan's shrewd guidance the movement thrives, and the fundamentalists have learned much by experience. As the Prohibition Party, seeking to put their leaders into office, they failed. As the Anti-Saloon League, coercing the men already in office, they succeeded. The lesson is not forgotten, and the technique acquired in learning it remains an invaluable asset. Just as the Anti-Saloon League bullied legislative bodies by claiming "an overwhelming majority of the American people," so the fundamentalists claim that only a handful of atheists want "Darwinism" taught in our public schools.

Politicians are not fooled into imagining that Mr. Bryan is backed by "an overwhelming majority of the American people. All told, the fundamentalists number hardly more than twenty-five million. Something like 70 per cent of them are women, and women have not extensively availed themselves of their right to vote. But politicians know that on one issue appearing to involve a defense of Christianity, so called, against atheism, so called, the threat to "get out the woman vote" may well be taken seriously.

Under a republic such as the framers of the Constitution supposed that they were founding, twenty-five million fundamentalists would not be a particularly grave menace. Representatives, chosen for their wisdom and good conscience, were to legislate in accordance with their wisdom and good conscience, ignoring "the mob." But, though the capital is still at Washington, remote from great centers of population, and though an electoral college still goes through the ancient ceremony of choosing the President, lest "mob" influence should prevail, we long ago abandoned the republican form of government. The mob rules. Of this or that obnoxious bill, a Congressman or Senator will say frankly: "I don't believe in any such measure, but I shall vote for it because I learn that my constituents desire me to." For this he is not only unrebuked, he is applauded.

No one foresaw that America would change from a republic to a democracy. Today, it seems ridiculous to hint that America may in course of time change from a democracy to a theocracy. But only a short while ago it would have seemed as ridiculous to predict that a former Secretary of State, holding honorary degrees from several institutions of learning, would one day be defending a twenty-three-hundred-year-old Chaldean creation myth, and, in so doing, advocate the principles of theocratic despotism.

Nothing about America is more curious than its choice of fears. With the utmost ease any impostor can convince America that Jews are about to control us, though there are hardly three million Jews in the entire country. It is a simple matter, likewise, to convince America that the Catholic church hopes sometime to control us, though Catholics believe in the separation of church and state, and though we have in all only 18,000,000 Catholics in the country. Yet, despite the fundamentalists' much greater numerical strength, despite their success in forcing Congress and the legislatures to adopt national prohibition, despite their already more or less successful demand for the religious control of public education, and despite what is now going on at Dayton, it is with difficulty that any American can awaken in himself a very lively fear when he inquires where all this is going to end. We clearly perceive and resent the apparently isolated onslaughts of fundamentalism upon our liberties, but do not recognize as clearly or as resentfully its underlying policy. We combat it, not in its essential character, but in its manifestation. We have an Association Against the Prohibition Amendment to fight fundamentalism's control in matters of personal habit. We have a Science League in America to fight its "monkey bills." But we have as yet failed to combat its underlying policy by founding a League to Maintain the Separation of Church and State.

Through methods purely educational, such a league might do quite a little toward Christianizing the fundamentalists. Gently, and with suitably adroit diplomacy, it could remind them that Jesus of Nazareth, to whose precepts and example they now attach but slight importance, never prosecuted his fellow-men for seeking enjoyments different from his own, and never sought to obtain from the Roman government the power to do so. He conceived of religion as a persuasive, not as a coercive, force. He believed in the separation of church and state.

Out Where Bureaucracy Begins

By HARVEY FERGUSSON

TRADITIONALLY the West is the home of individualism and self-reliance, fostered by the frontier. Actually, a large part of the West today lives under a modified form of socialism. It is more dependent upon government agencies and more completely dominated by them than any other part of the United States. Wherever you go in the great open spaces you meet a government bureau. These bureaus not only rule large parts of the West but they also nourish it. And they nourish it with money drawn by federal taxation from the East.

The conflict between the States which pay more in federal taxes than they get in federal appropriations and those that get more in appropriations than they pay in taxes has been abundantly expounded. This, undoubtedly, is the new alignment in American political life. The gist of it is contained in the statement that New York gets less than 1 per cent as much from the federal government as it pays in taxes, while Nevada gets more than 200 per cent. These are the extremes. But most of the Western States and some of the Southern States are making money out of Washington in the same way that Nevada does, while the rest of the States are losing money to Washington in the same way that New York does.

I do not propose to say anything further on the statistical and theoretical aspects of this matter. I want merely to record a few observations made in the State of New Mexico which seem to me to throw new light on it.

In the first place, it should be noted that the State government of New Mexico is perhaps the most impotent and ridiculous product of the democratic theory now visible. Until the past few years New Mexico has been dominated by a political machine which is probably the oldest in America. It was functioning there before New Mexico became a part of the United States. It was founded upon complete control of the peon class of Mexicans by the landowning aristocracy and by the church. The peons were in effect owned by the landholders, to whom they were always and deeply in debt. The landholders were dominated by the church. When New Mexico became a part of the United States there were some superficial changes, but no fundamental ones. The power of the church declined and a good deal of the land passed into the hands of the Yankees, but most of the native people remained serfs in effect. They formed the strength of the Republican machine, which controlled their votes as completely as the Negro vote is controlled in some other States. Republican bosses vote the sheep-herders in droves, and it is a long-standing joke in New Mexico to say that when there are not enough sheep-herders to turn the election they also vote the sheep.

The result of this condition is a State government almost incredibly corrupt and inefficient. Peculation in office has long been the usual thing. Nepotism has there reached its finest flower. One native political boss was found to have placed twenty-one members of his ancient and numerous family on the State pay roll.

This government barely succeeds in discharging the minimal administrative functions.

In the past few years the power of the Republican machine has been challenged by a typical reform politician from another State, named Carl Magee. He has built up an opposition machine depending for its strength on the immigrants from Texas and Missouri who have poured into the eastern half of the State to take up homesteads. This new Democratic machine has now elected a governor, but it still has to capture the legislature and to demonstrate that it is capable of working a real improvement.

The next important fact is that a large part of the area of New Mexico, like that of most other States in the Rocky Mountain region, is comprised within national forests. This fact is important because the Forest Service was one of the first considerable intrusions of the federal bureaucratic government into the West. It was at first resented and opposed, but has gradually become both an accepted and a necessary thing. It has accustomed the people of the Rocky Mountain region to deal with and to depend upon the federal government.

The Easterner is apt to think of the Forest Service as engaged solely in the protection of standing timber. As a matter of fact, it not only guards the timber but also sells it and strictly supervises the cutting of it. It also

controls the grazing of live stock within forest areas. These areas comprise the chief summer range for the whole region. They are divided into parts for cattle and other parts for sheep. All the ranchmen hold permits from the federal government, for which they pay so much per head of stock. The number of animals they may put on the range, where they may put them—their entire business, in fact—is under federal control. Moreover, homesteads on national forests may be taken up along valleys where there is no timber and these holdings are administered by the Forest Service. Again, the Forest Service officers are instructed to assist local officers, and they do this by usurping whole functions of local government. Nearly all enforcement of the game laws on national forests, for example, is done by the forest rangers, and it is done with commendable vigilance. Campers are closely watched by the rangers, compelled to put out their fires and generally to obey all laws and regulations. The Forest Service also does most of the constructive work on the national forests. It builds roads and trails, conserves water supply, and sets up telephone lines. The real ruler within a national forest is the Forest Supervisor. His power is felt by everyone within it, and the power of the State government, if it can be said to have any, is felt scarcely at all.

The power and beneficence of the Forest Service extend more and more beyond the boundaries of the forests. For example, the town of Albuquerque, New Mexico's chief center of business, is ten miles from a range of mountains called the Sandia, which is a part of the Manzano national forest. The Sandia is a bold and beautiful ridge rising five thousand feet above the surrounding country. The Forest Service has built at great expense a road which runs over the top of this mountain, from one end to the other, affording the motorist striking views and easy access to a delightful summer playground. Connecting with other roads from the town, it makes a "scenic drive" in a circle, which is widely advertised by the town as an attraction for tourists and health-seekers. Thus the whole town is indirectly benefited. What is more, shrewd citizens have purchased bits of land along this road, which were privately owned before the land became national forest. They are selling these as sites for summer homes at a profit, and are planning a resort hotel. Thus the Forest Service puts money into the pockets of Albuquerqueans and their love for it grows rapidly and inevitably.

The Forest Service is by no means the only government bureau to which the citizens of this community look for help which they can get nowhere else. The town is located in the Rio Grande valley. The valley is extremely flat and the river constantly fills its bed with silt in such a way that the river is in some places higher than other land in the valley. As a result this town, in one of the driest regions on earth, is threatened with destruction by flood. Some twenty years ago it came near being wiped out. This fact is given no publicity but it causes the citizens a great deal of concern. Moreover, the rising water-table within the valley is impairing its value for agriculture, as it rots away the roots of plants in low places and causes the valley to be less than half cultivated.

This condition, which is steadily growing worse, can be corrected only by throwing a dam across the river some miles above the town and so impounding the flood waters. The town will then be safe, the valley can be drained, and a steady supply of water for irrigation can be insured. The State government is incapable of doing this work alone and private enterprise is not likely ever to undertake it. The one hope of getting it done lies in the federal Reclamation Service, and the people of Albuquerque are keenly aware of this fact. Bills have been introduced in Congress providing for the necessary help. None has so far passed, but one appropriation has been made by which federal aid will be extended in draining the valley provided the local landowners form an association. The astute Yankee landowners are now busily trying to persuade the apathetic Mexicans of the necessity for this association. The government, in all probability, will do the whole job in course of time.

Besides the national forests a large part of the area of New Mexico is under some measure of federal control by reason of being public domain. This land is subject to entry by citizens under the homestead laws, but a large part of it is too arid for any use except as range for cattle and sheep. Being open to all it is constantly overgrazed. When the rains are good it will support several times as much stock as it will in dry years. Hence, during every drought cattle and sheep die by thousands and the withering range is so close-bitten and trampled that it is permanently injured. Obviously, what is needed is some form of organized control over the use of this range, such as the Forest Service provides on the national forests. Here, again, the federal government is the only hope. Several bills have been introduced in Congress providing for a scientific study of such range lands and a federal administration of them. One of these measures will probably pass. The federal rangers and supervisors will then become the real power in the deserts and hills as they already are in the mountains.

I went out on the range with a large sheep-owner last summer, and after he had explained this situation to me he began to talk about the problem of protecting his herds from wild animals. This, it appeared, had been solved for him by the United States government.

"A government hunter went over my range this spring and spread poison," he said. "I do not think I lost a single lamb to the coyotes. He must have gotten all of them." He went on to say that often 2 or 3 per cent of the lamb crop was taken by coyotes, while losses of 10 per cent were not unknown. The government hunter to whom he referred was an employee of the United States Biological Survey, which is now engaged in all of the Western States in the extermination of predatory animals. It employs hundreds of expert trappers and markets annually a large collection of furs.

This work is an especially good example of the way in which bureaucratic government grows in the West. The Bureau of the Biological Survey, a part of the Department of Agriculture, was created to make a study of the American fauna and to prepare treatises thereon. Under any rational interpretation of the constitution it could not be more than an investigative organization. But in the West life is still a struggle with the wild animals to an extent little realized in the East. Recently the Chamber of Commerce of Deming, New Mexico, called a meeting to discuss the jack-rabbit problem. A plague of jack-rabbits was devouring the crops and literally threatening the town with bankruptcy. Prairie dogs make farming difficult in large areas by tunneling the ground and eating the roots of the crops. Not only coyotes but wolves, mountain lions,

and bears are a serious menace to the live-stock industry. Even wild geese and sage-hens have in parts of the West put man on the defensive in recent years.

The Biological Survey saw here an opportunity for a radical extension of its powers. By act of Congress it grew at a bound from a mere agency of scientific investigation to one actively engaged in altering the balance of nature. Certainly, poisoning coyotes is no part of the function of federal government as conceived by the founding fathers. But the coyotes must be poisoned and the Biological Survey seems to be the only agency in New Mexico sufficiently superior to the coyote in brains and persistence to cope with him. The State struggled futilely with the problem for years by offering bounties for coyote scalps. Scalps were abundantly faked and bounties often went unpaid, while the coyotes sat on their haunches and grinned. The Biological Survey has really reduced the coyotes to a harmless remnant in many parts of the State.

The Elephant Butte Dam, built by the Reclamation Service in the southern part of the State, has created in the desert a lake forty-five miles long. It has also created a town and a rich farming section. The farmers of this region, both as landowners and as water users, deal with the federal government.

Taking into account national forests, national monuments, Indian reservations, and reclamation projects, a large part of New Mexico is now under the direct supervision of Washington bureaus. By reason of its work in building roads, exterminating predatory animals, and aiding agriculture, its money and authority are felt in almost all other parts. And the process is now only barely begun.

Moreover—and this is the point which seems often to be overlooked—both its money and its authority are grievously needed. Irrigation, drainage, flood control, administration of the range, and better roads are not things New Mexico can long do without. They are necessary to the progress and even to the survival of whole communities. And here, as in all other relationships, dependence has grown by what it feeds on.

The Southwest is perhaps the part of the United States where constructive effort is most needed and where local agencies are least capable of making it. This creates a glorious opportunity for the Washington bureaucracy, hungry for power and fundamentally responsible to no one. It is not surprising that the representatives sent to Washington by New Mexico and other Western States are no more than dairymaids to milk the treasury cow into the bureaucratic bucket. And the cow already has its head in the well-filled troughs of the Eastern and Northern States.

A comparison between New Mexico and a State like New York is hardly necessary. New York is dependent upon Washington for little except protection in case of war. It regards the federal government, with its prohibition law and its high taxes, as a nuisance—in fact, as an enemy. Theoretically, New Mexico and New York live under local governments of the same kind and bear the same relation to the federal government. Practically, a divergence of vital interest has arisen between them comparable to that which existed between New York and Virginia in 1860.

Making Criminals Out of Soldiers

By FRED L. HOLMES

WAR'S toll did not end with the signing of the armistice, the promulgation of the terms of peace, and the arrangement of cash indemnities. It reached back into the communities to which the soldiers had returned. It turned men recently hailed as heroes into common criminals. Out of its atmosphere came a wave of crime among ex-service men directly traceable to their military experience. Strong men came back with few changes in their characters. Weaker men were broken in moral fiber under the experiences of war.

A scientific demonstration of these ugly facts has been made possible by a study of prison records in Wisconsin.

In the years of post-war wrangling over the payment of a bonus, the individual soldier was generally forgotten; and during those days of neglect something happened. About three years after the armistice the people of Wisconsin awoke to a distressing discovery! The penal institutions were being filled with men who had been in the service, and who were appearing in increasing numbers on the records of applications for executive clemency. Pardon day is a monthly event at the executive office at Madison. Persons who have fulfilled the requirements of the law, by filing certain documents and making the necessary official publication, can appear before the Governor and present evidence why an individual should be released from penal servitude. Lawyers are not needed to present the application. Each case is later subjected to a thorough investigation independently of the evidence offered at the hearing. A decision is then reached on the basis of all the facts.

There was one pardon day in Wisconsin that will not soon be forgotten. Upward of forty cases had been heard by Governor Blaine. It was late when the last plea was presented; it was the case of a soldier.

"The pleas of the soldier boys were ringing in my ears," said the Governor afterward. "I paused for a while to ascertain how many times clemency had been asked in that single day for soldiers. I counted about a dozen cases. As I thought over the evidence presented in the individual cases, I saw that something had occurred in this country. Soldiers had been sent to jails, reformatories, and prisons for seizing food, for engaging in moonshine trade in order to make a living, and for taking property. They were there for many offenses which the war had tolerated. The economic fact of hunger was often present. Neglect was evident in nearly every case. Right then I determined upon a full investigation."

Some days later Dr. W. F. Lorenz, director of the Wisconsin Psychiatric Laboratory, a major during the war, and Dr. W. S. Middleton, a member of the clinical staff of the University of Wisconsin and an overseas veteran, were appointed to make an investigation of all cases of soldiers in prison. It was to be a scientific study to discover what had caused the crime wave among soldiers. The inquiry was started in December, 1922.

The report, made early in 1923, contained some disturbing facts. About one-fourth of the convicts at the penitentiary and reformatory were soldiers. In all, the investigators examined 225 cases, of which 91 were at the reformatory and 134 at the prison. Many additional cases have since been presented and studied, and in the last two years the problems presented in these cases have been handled by the Governor and the board of control in a way that merits commendation. There are now less than forty soldiers in Wisconsin prisons and they are there because of no influences traceable to the war.

Two facts stood out in the investigation:

1. The crime was traceable to military life in 20 per cent of the cases.

2. At the State prison 62 per cent of the ex-service men and at the reformatory 40 per cent were "mentally abnormal." These men did not belong in prison. They should have been placed in institutions for care and treatment.

The report says:

> At both the State prison and reformatory over 40 per cent of the ex-service men have physical diseases that need medical attention. The criminal offenses of the 225 were concerned with property or money in over 70 per cent of the cases.
>
> The offense committed was regarded as trivial in 60 per cent of the ex-service men at the State prison and in 68 per cent of those at the reformatory.
>
> The physical disabilities among these ex-service men were in 49 instances traceable to military service, in our opinion.

Touching on the subject of the causes of crime against property, the report concludes:

> Different opinions may be held as to the possible influence of military experience and training upon subsequent criminality. We especially feel the need of illustrating the cases that we regard as being influenced in this way. Beforehand, we wish to stress a certain disregard of property rights that we personally observed in the military service, especially overseas. Clothing and equipment was a government issue. It was assigned to an individual but was not regarded by the soldier as individual property. To help himself whenever in need was common practice, particularly overseas, and with active divisions large amounts of property became so-called "salvage dumps."
>
> For a soldier to help himself to necessary equipment from such salvage piles was generally sanctioned. The property right of organizations to equipment was commonly disregarded. A shortage made up by stealing from a nearby organization was done and not infrequently with the knowledge of commanding officers. Property became still more a matter of mere taking as the troops engaged in battle. The influence of such an experience commonly practiced and occasionally sanctioned by those in authority was not conducive to respecting property rights at home. A normal mind, of course, is expected to adjust itself to the widely different situations of war and peace, but the relatively immature mind might easily be influenced by such practices as the young soldier lacking in good character because of the absence of home influences during childhood, or the memories of such, might be looked upon as receiving a pernicious moral twist by such experiences. Nothing in war is uplifting, at least not for the humbler participants. Those who actually got into battle and witnessed or took part in the dreadfulness of war may later in civil life have committed some overt act which by comparison with compulsory military duty seemed inconsequential.

These statements are made by soldiers. Both men who conducted the investigations were in overseas service. No sooner was this report filed than Governor Blaine became active. He appointed an attorney to prepare all legal papers. With protests from political enemies that he was debasing the "pardoning power" vested in the executive branch of the government, he released on conditional pardons all those soldiers who had been sentenced for trivial offenses.

Following are three typical soldier cases taken from the records with the Governor's reasons for pardon:

1. Convicted before municipal court of Milwaukee, September, 1919, for operating an automobile without owner's consent and sentenced to Wisconsin State Reformatory for four years. Reason for pardon:

> He served throughout the war in the 32nd Division and after his return to this country he and a sailor took a Buick car from the streets of Milwaukee. His mother is blind and entirely dependent upon him. The sentence is excessive and greater good may be done this young man by a conditional pardon, requiring him to support his mother.

2. Convicted before the circuit court of Crawford County, November, 1921, of the crime of violating the State prohibition law and sentenced to three months in county jail. Reason for pardon:

> He was sentenced on a plea of guilty to the county jail of Crawford County for a period of three months on a charge of violating the prohibition law. He was a volunteer in the late war, served with Company D, 23rd Infantry, in the Toul Sector in France, and on September 12, 1918, lost his right arm and sustained severe injuries to his right leg, from which he is now suffering, and in all probability he is unable to perform manual labor. The term of sentence was reasonable, but this man ought to have vocational training in order to save himself and wife and children from future failure. He has a wife and one child and only recently lost his baby.
>
> Paraphrasing what Abraham Lincoln said when he was condemned for granting pardons, I want to say that when I can pluck a thistle and plant a flower when I think a flower will grow, I am going to do it.

3. Convicted before municipal court of Eau Claire, March, 1922, of vagrancy and sentenced to county jail for 90 days. Reason for pardon:

> He served in the 32nd Division about 22 months—13 months in France and [illegible]. He is about 25 years of age. His conduct while in the county jail is good and his pardon is recommended by the district attorney. This boy was stopping at the Y. M. C. A., and begging for food from the dog wagon, and because he was unable to pay for lodging at the Y. M. C. A., and begging, he was charged with vagrancy. He has served 30 days and under the circumstances this is sufficient punishment.

Those who were feeble-minded or abnormal were promptly transferred to institutions for their proper care. Those suffering from shell shock were transferred to the Memorial Hospital, the first State institution of its kind, for care and treatment.

The investigation of this crime among soldiers has resulted in general benefits. It definitely ascertained that war has a damaging influence that leads to after-war criminality by persons not criminally inclined, in all likelihood, under peace-time circumstances. It disclosed the evils that follow the neglect of the individual through failure to

restore him to a remunerative civilian occupation. It pointed out that science and the medical laboratory must become a part of court procedure, if just punishments based on reformation and not "hate" are to be meted out. Moreover, a State plan has been put into effect to ascertain the mental status of all persons committed to Wisconsin prisons. Transfers to hospitals are becoming frequent. Recognition is taken of an age-old fact, that disease leads to crime—a condition often remedied when the source of poisoning has been removed.

In the Driftway

THERE is a veracious tale to the effect that the Chinese Ambassador, having settled down to a test of endurance at a London banquet, was asked by a neighbor if they had after-dinner speeches in China. "Oh, no," he replied; "China has been civilized a long time. We abolished after-dinner speaking a thousand years ago." The good man spoke well, but probably without effect. The Drifter's observations, conducted at long range, convince him that the vice grows instead of fading away. Yet it would seem on the surface to be a reform easily accomplished. The speakers are seldom listened to, and few of them ever desire to be among those present. They are, however, in the grip of custom. That custom requires the appointment of a speakers' committee, and the committee requires speakers in order to make good. Exerting pressure, social or financial, as the case may be, speakers are secured and infinite suffering results.

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THE remedy would appear to lie in making use of that most modern vehicle of voice—the radio. With a central plant operating from some specially established station, which might be properly designated as BORE, and riding on long wave-lengths, it might be possible to establish a system of service that would do away with the speakers' table, the chairman, and any necessity for stopping conversation. It would be well to route the dinners, giving an evening to each variety. Monday could accommodate Rotarians, Tuesday church men's clubs, and so on, until the six nights were filled. It would not be necessary to provide radio activity for Sunday. This day the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman swamps the skies.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is moved to the suggestion by the receipt of an interesting circular from a Pennsylvania factory for the manufacture and sale of After-Dinner and Other Speeches. Before receiving this, he had no idea of the magnitude of the industry. The management announces that it sold 3,000,000 speeches in 1924, and confidentially expects to double the output in 1925. The thought is appalling. We hear much of free speech, but the company claims to have sold these productions at prices ranging from 2½ cents to $40 each. Blocks of five can be had for $2, of ten for $3, and twenty for $5. As to their quality: "The Data is Accurate, the English, Clear, Forceful, and Oratorical." What more could be wanted? If a set speech is not desired choice may be had of 300 "snappy" stories, as many "toasts" for all occasions, plus 100 ideas for entertainment committees. Twenty-five short prayers can also be had for 50 cents, to relieve any one embarrassed by the call to "ask a blessing." The longest-felt want filled is "100 ways to introduce a speaker." In an extended experience the Drifter has rarely met with more than one way—the stupidest that could possibly be found. Some one hath said: "From our traducers and our introducers, Good Lord, deliver us"—a most proper prayer. The experienced announcers of the radio organization would do away with this agony, and if static interfere with what follows no one will care. Since the introduction of the hip-flask into social events, auditors become indifferent to entertainment much earlier than formerly.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Einstein's Relativity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Russell's articles upon "The A B C of Relativity" should not go unanswered. Because of their title, they are leading so many to be ashamed of not being able to understand a thing so simple as to deserve the name of "A B C" that the fact that they are incomprehensible because they are sheer nonsense should be published.

Dr. Einstein's theory, as also Mr. Russell's exposition of it, is based solely upon the Michelson-Morley experiment, determining the velocity of light when the earth is moving in one direction or the other. This experiment, performed forty years ago, proved, as Mr. Russell states, that "Relatively to an observer on the earth, the velocity of light is the same in all directions." And that is all it does prove.

This fact, for forty years, has been a stickler to physicists, because it reveals the ether as acting differently, in its transmission of energy, from either air or water, in their transmission of radiated sound. This is a serious difficulty. But it is not one-tenth so great a "difficulty" as are all the mental inconsistencies which Dr. Einstein has created in order to explain away this one basic one, inseparable from the Michelson proof.

For instance, Mr. Russell does not hesitate at committing himself to statements such as these:

"Another way of stating the same thing is that the velocity of light is the same relatively to every observer, however he may be moving."

"There is only one way of explaining such facts, and that is to assume that watches and clocks are affected by motion"—by which, he adds, he does not mean that the mechanism of the timepiece is upset, but that *time itself* is affected by motion.

Again: "Nothing can travel faster than light."

Now, these are statements which are in no wise warranted by the Michelson experiment, nor by any accurate use of one's reasoning powers. They are fair samples of the sort of intellectual recklessness which has vitiated every explanation of Einstein's relativity which has yet come to my attention.

A definite physical fact, such as this basic difference of the ether from air or water, in its energetic action, is not "explained" by the addition to the mystery of any wholesale "assumption," such as that time is altered by motion. That assumption merely increases the difficulty and mystery. Nor is that "the only way" to explain it, as Mr. Russell says. The way to explain it is to leave it alone, as has been done with every other discovery of science, until additional data, coming from unexpected sources, make it comprehensible.

Again, to assume that "nothing can travel faster than light" is another gratuitous and unwarranted idea. How do we know that? Just because we have never yet happened to observe anything traveling faster than light is certainly a mighty unscientific basis for the arbitrary introduction of a wholesale assumption to the effect that nothing in the universe does so. To assume, even, that there must be something somewhere which

travels faster than light would be a far more innocent assumption than to assume that motion affects time.

Finally, the Michelson-Morley experiment formed no such epoch-making innovation, in its demand for some explanation of relativity, as Dr. Einstein's theory assumes. For many a fact of science had voiced that same demand long before Michelson was born.

The unquestioned fact of centrifugal force, for instance, which was exactly defined by Newton just two centuries before the Michelson experiment was undertaken, has never yet been explained, for it demands a whole cosmic philosophy of relativity to explain it. And behind it, corroborating its insistent interrogation-point, comes a vast array of other indubitable facts in chemistry, thermodynamics, electrics, and social energetics. That is to say, Newton proved mathematically, and our whole science of astronomy has been built corroboratingly upon, the fact that the force mutually attracting two bodies is definable as a certain function of their mass and distance (true gravitation) *minus* a certain function of their motion across the radius connecting their two centers (true centrifugal force). That is to say, if the earth only whirled fast enough, the centrifugal force embodied in each body upon its surface, tending to lift it vertically, would equal—or might easily exceed—its earth-gravitation drawing it downwardly. Thereupon all the bodies upon the earth's surface would fly off into space, upon hyperbolic orbits, a form of orbit which is common in the heavens.

As a matter of fact, the motion of the earth's surface happens to be so slow that the centrifugal force, in this case, is not noticeable—well less than 1 per cent. But a certain patient and skilful Russian professor succeeded in demonstrating its presence by actual measurement. By setting up delicate instruments upon the deck of a Black Sea steamer, he was able to measure the difference in the weight of objects, according to whether the ship were sailing east or west.

That is to say, the speed of the earth's surface being roughly 1,000 miles per hour eastwardly, when the ship sailed east, at the rate of 10 miles per hour, say, the speed of each object on her deck was 1,010 miles an hour across the radius of gravitation. When the ship sailed west, on the other hand, its speed would be 990 miles an hour across that radius. The very slight difference in weight due to this difference in lateral speed the Russian was able to measure.

He proved, of course, nothing except his own skill; for the formulae for computing these differences have been accepted as proved, beyond question, for generations. The incident is merely another among many of those remarkable fulfilled prophecies, whereby a fact is proved by computation first, and then corroborated by observation long afterward. These are the prophecies which identify science as a true revelation.

But the Russian's feat furnishes meat for thought. For, let us ask, how fast must the ship sail westwardly in order to bring the weight of each object on its deck to its maximum?

One thousand miles an hour, you will answer.

But relatively to what point or line are we to measure that velocity?

From an earth-radius fixed sidereally, is the natural reply—that is, fixed relatively to the "fixed" stars.

But there are no fixed stars. Each star is moving with a velocity comparable with, or even much greater than, that of our own sun—some fifteen miles per second. Some of the velocities of these "fixed" stars exceed three hundred miles per second—over one million miles per hour. That's a lovely thing, surely enough, to offer us as a fixed base of reference for exact thought and mathematical computation!

So, what this centuries-old familiar fact of centrifugal force really proves is that the weight of each one of us, upon our feet, is actually determined by something mathematically definable in terms of *something fixed in abstract geometric space*—not in the *matter* pervading the remote heavens, for this radius is no function of mass, but in purely intangible geometric space. In short, this intangible, invisible something of all interstellar geometric space constitutes the fixed basis for all the force-development of the universe. Through this indefinable basis for all force every portion of solid matter in the universe is moving freely, without resistance, yet guided and propelled by vast forces defined by its relativity to this intangible base!

Like the transmission of gravitational force aross space, independently of time, this vast fact has long remained a poser, so far as its explanation in terms of anything terrestrial is concerned. It stands there, the great basic fact of universal relativity, as it has stood, since long, long before the birth of either Michelson or Einstein.

In short, every fact of natural science proclaims to us that all the forces, attributes, and powers of the universe are situate, not within these tangible centers of mass—commonly called "matter"—which we can touch and see. This, man's instinctive way of looking at things, science proves to be wholly in error. Instead, all these forces, attributes, powers, and energies exist and act solely *between* the tangible, visible, ponderable mass-portions of the earth.

This is the true cosmic principle of relativity: That all of the forces, attributes, energies, and powers of the world lie "embodied" (if you will pardon the bull) not in the bodies of the universe but in sheer, abstract *relationships between* those mass-portions—between mass-portions no one of which ever possesses force, attribute, power, or energy in itself alone.

This is the true "A B C of relativity."

The fact itself was discovered when Kepler published his Three Laws of Motion, in 1609, and when Newton published his Three Laws of Force, in 1680. Specific recognition of it, as a cosmic principle, may be found in the author's "Energy," published in 1909, if not elsewhere.

No one had to await the Michelson experiment of forty years ago to furnish meat for talk about relativity. Nor may any one discuss relativity in terms of the Michelson experiment without reference to all this myriad of other scientific facts which display the basic importance of a true science of relativity. Every natural science, from the oldest of them all—astromechanics—down to the newest and most incomplete of them all—social energetics—is crying, and has long been crying, for an exact, competent science of relativity.

But this much needed science of true relativity is not to be attained by any such careless mental gymnastics, balanced perilously upon a single fact as to light-transmission, such as Dr. Einstein and his supporters have brought to the support of his theory.

First of all must come a candid facing of the stubborn fact that not one of our energetic sciences can be stated consistently with itself, let alone with all the others, without an accurate philosophy of relativity—not at all Dr. Einstein's relativity, which befuddles, but a true, clear, easily comprehensible relativity, which explains. Our present method of teaching these sciences, as if based upon something which is absolute because it is tangible and each science independently of all the others—is grossly misleading. Especially is this true of the science of social energetics, where we are now most deplorably at sea.

But this defect, so widespread in our teaching of natural science, once admitted, the problem would soon be solved. That is why the writer feels that such articles as Mr. Russell's, which befog the entire issue by the most careless and reckless reasoning—yet couched in terms so awful that each person admits promptly his inability to cope with it—demand frank negation. In plain English the Einstein theory of relativity is arrant nonsense—as bodiless a chimera as ever got a great nation on the run, merely because the said great nation lacks that rarest of all ethical powers: *intellectual* courage.

Physical courage is almost universal. Moral courage is common. But intellectual courage, the thing most needed in this day of unprecedented intricacy, is almost totally lacking.

New York, June 13 SYDNEY A. REEVE

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "There is no difference between the two statements: 'The earth rotates once a day' and 'The heavens revolve around the earth once a day.' The two mean exactly the same thing."—Bertrand Russell, in *The Nation*, June 3, 1925.

Is this true? Possibly in some esoteric, mystical, or Pickwickian sense. But to those of us who have not yet been initiated into the awful mysteries of warped space and warped mathematics—and it is presumably for such that Mr. Russell has condescended to write—the above dictum is pure nonsense.

For, does not every schoolboy know that there are stars in the Milky Way at least 3,000 light years distant from us? Now, if it is true to say that these bodies revolve around our globe once every twenty-four hours, it must be equally true to say that they travel some 18,749 light years in that time, or at the rate of 6,843,385 times the velocity of light. Now, according to the highest authority on Einsteinism, Professor Einstein himself, the greatest of all velocities is that of light. Consequently, if old-fashioned logic still holds, nothing could travel six million times faster. Q. E. D.

But assuming the existence of these impossible velocities, there is still the question of centrifugal force. Imagine, if you can, the tangential momentum produced by such velocities at such distances. Of course, if they existed, the universe would long since have been torn to pieces.

Naturally, Mr. Russell does not for a moment believe in the existence of these tremendous orbits, with each of the millions or billions of the heavenly bodies moving in them completing a revolution in exactly, or almost exactly, twenty-four hours, and why he talks as if he did I cannot imagine. But he does, I take it, really and truly believe there is no such thing as absolute motion. Now, the undersigned is convinced that all motion is both absolute and relative, and challenges Mr. Russell to explain how centrifugal force is possible if all motion is merely relative. There is nothing relative about centrifugal force. Its three elements or factors, viz., rate of curvature of orbit, angular velocity, and mass, of the moving object, are absolutely independent, in any one case, of any other body, its position, mass, or motions, and hence of all other bodies.

It seems to me the relativity theory is completely upset by the fact of centrifugal force. Until that is disposed of, I think I shall stick to my Copernicus and continue to believe that our earth *really* rotates about its axis.

London, England C. L. E.

The McIntosh Chair of Banking

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am happy to inform you that your comment in the issue of July 8 upon the founding of a chair of banking and finance in Western Reserve University by Henry P. McIntosh is based upon incorrect information.

The information was that McIntosh had stipulated it should be taught that "even-handed justice holds invested capital sacred and honorably and righteously entitled to a fair return based upon amount and risk involved."

As a reporter for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* I attended the commencement exercises at which the McIntosh gift was announced by President Robert E. Vinson. Dr. Vinson made no mention of any stipulation. Subsequently the publicity secretary of the university handed me a prepared announcement containing the stipulation.

The morning after my story appeared I was called to the office of the university secretary and informed that since the publicity secretary's announcement was prepared conditions of the endowment had been changed. I was shown a copy of the contract between Dr. Vinson and McIntosh in which the stipulation appeared only as "the hope" of McIntosh and the university that it always would be possible to teach that "even-handed justice holds invested capital sacred," etc.

I learned the gift had been made eight months ago and that announcement of it had been withheld, pending, as I inferred, the outcome of Dr. Vinson's effort to have the terms modified.

Cleveland, June 6 Fred Charles

The Garment Workers' Dispute

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I have an opportunity to comment in your columns on a statement just issued to the press by Morris Sigman, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, in which he declares his intention to rid our union of Communists?

This announcement comes in the midst of a trial, by the New York Joint Board, of the executive committees of the three largest locals of our organization, 2, 9, and 22. These members were suspended on June 11 by the Joint Board, charged with violating the union's constitution in having had Communist speakers at their May Day meetings; and against Local 22 is lodged the additional charge of lending money to a workers' camp. We asked for an impartial, disinterested trial committee to hear the evidence and determine our guilt, and we suggested Eugene V. Debs, Norman Thomas, Roger N. Baldwin, Frank P. Walsh, and Scott Nearing. But this plea was refused, and we are being judged by a committee of those who preferred the charges against us.

In the English papers the cry of communism is loudly raised, for it gains public sympathy and serves to excuse the use of thugs in taking forcible possession of the headquarters of Locals 2 and 9 and the beating and arresting of workers who are our sympathizers. In our union organ, *Justice*, and in the Jewish press read by a majority of our workers, the Joint Board officials state that this is not a question of communism or any other "ism"; that a worker has a right to belong to any party he pleases; that this whole fight is one for control of our union.

We members of the suspended executive committees have for three years been fighting the Joint Board and the whole political machine which controls our union. Only a small percentage of us are Workers Party members, as President Sigman well knows. But it is we who have consistently opposed raises in dues and the levying of illegal taxes.

We have been demanding an accounting for $2,000,000 expended by the Joint Board. We have protested against the calling of fake strikes and unnecessary stoppages. We have accused the officers of using our money to line the pockets of their henchmen instead of using it to gain better conditions for the workers. Because of our system of representation, which so far we have been powerless to change, our three locals, which have 60 per cent of the members in New York City, have less than 25 per cent voice in the government of the Joint Board. Every one of the thirteen locals in the city has five delegates, whether its membership is fictitious (as in the case of buttonhole makers, which is now an obsolete craft) or consists of 12,000 members, as do both Locals 2 and 22.

On the principle that taxation without representation (or without justification or explanation) is tyranny, these three locals refused a few months ago to pay a levy of $2.50 a member. Secretary Baroff at the last meeting of the General Executive Board stated that "steps must be taken" to force us to obey their rulings; and these "steps" have been the suspension of our executive committees and the secret trial now going on. The cry of "communism" is pure camouflage to hide the real issues. The political machine of the Joint Board and the International fears we have the mass of the workers behind us in our fight against them—and they are right. The rank and file are at last awakening.

New York, June 30 Louis Hyman,
Chairman of the Joint Action Committee, Locals 2, 9, and 22, International Ladies' Garment Workers Union

Books

Wedlock

By WARD MOORE

Oh, Sorrow slipped into my bed
Some short time ago,
And now I'm wedded strong to her
As tears are wed to woe.

Oh, Sorrow makes a goodly wife
Who warms my bed for me;
She does not nag, nor shrew, nor scold
Nor wish that she were free.

And every night I lie with her
(Her skin is soft as lace).
But sometimes in the dreadful dawn
The mask slips from her face.

And I am wedded fast to her
And she is kind to me,
So Sorrow is my own true wife
And never shall I be free.

First Glance

IT would be absurd to pass upon the accuracy of Jean Jacques Brousson's reporting in "Anatole France Himself: A Boswellian Record" (Lippincott: $5). For there would be the assumption that one knew what kind of man Anatole France was—and therefore could decide how closely his secretary for eight years had come to comprehending him. It is certainly possible, however, to say that M. Brousson himself has produced an interesting book. He shows the Master getting out of bed and choosing which of his hundreds of caps he shall wear this morning; scolding Josephine or being scolded by her; hating to go to work but being driven to it; fretting with his secretary over a lost note to "Joan of Arc"; puddling among his papers; walking out to a book-stall; bantering old ladies and young men; flattering all of his callers with equal unscrupulousness and skill; pausing to indulge in a reminiscence or an epigram; and always, always talking. The stream of talk as M. Brousson directs it is a beautiful, leaping thing. And some of M. Brousson's paraphrases have a genius of their own. It is the secretary who says: "Modesty is only found in the badly made." It is Mr. Brousson, after all, who tells the incomparable story of the Nevers dish. If one tires of anything in the account it is of the adulation—which was perhaps inevitable. The word "Master" is capitalized once too often; references to the hero's fame become superfluous before so very long; and his basking in that fame even though he smile a little cynically as he purrs, cannot always be contemplated with the pleasure which M. Brousson finds in it.

The net result of the book is to render Anatole France in something like a unique image. To that extent it convinces, since its subject, being great, was of course unique. Two other modern writers distinguished for their wit have recently been disclosed with something approaching the intimacy of M. Brousson's pages. And how hopelessly they differ! Mark Twain's "Autobiography," dictated from bed or from the front porch, is quite as miscellaneous and quick as this. But it is sentimental, or it is raw, or it is more than sufficiently strong in its passages of denunciation. Anatole France, with his weaker artistic constitution but his infinitely subtler education, finishes off Chateaubriand, Napoleon, or the Academy with just the proper degree of exaggeration. His rage is perfectly translated; one knows that he passed to his grave daintily, with no blood anywhere upon him—and one knows that the American still growls beneath the ground. Or take Archibald Henderson's "Table-Talk of G. B. S." It, too, is a miscellany; it, too, is alive in every line. But Shaw is serious. Imagine him deciding that he had passed his life "twisting dynamite into curl-papers." Imagine him refusing to doubt a saint's legend because it was beautiful. Imagine him tolerating bores in order to laugh at them and finally loving them because laughter is lovable. Imagine him admitting with joy that "Ideas pass; but rhetoric is eternal." Imagine him thinking it worth while to say with a haggard face: "I have never been happy for one day, not for a single hour." If M. Brousson has done nothing else he has demonstrated once and for all that another Anatole France is impossible—and even undesirable. For Anatole France combined lust and irony and laughter as no one else needs to combine them. His distinction is that any more of him would have been—will be—too much.

MARK VAN DOREN

An Autobiographical Libel

Seventy Years of Life and Labor. By Samuel Gompers. E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 volumes. $10.

FOR the good of his own memory it would have been far better if Samuel Gompers had never written these twelve hundred pages. His life touched almost every phase of American society significantly during a significant half century. But he spent his rich experience generously; he was too busy to gather a residue of pensiveness, to save a bit of irony for his old age, to indulge now and then in the small luxury of reminiscence. He lived too eagerly and he labored so strenuously that he had no chance to develop a real philosophy either of life or of labor. He had time for no more than shrewdness, whose increment in the course of a double generation endowed him with autocracy over all powers which in the rough and tumble of his life passed for wisdom. He was simple in mind, elemental in his passions, incorruptible, extraordinarily human, and selflessly cunning. But there is one thing he *never* was. He never was *civilized*. The very virtues which made him such an excellent chieftain during the frontier period of American labor were not of the kind which, in old age, ripen into the serenity of opinion, but rather into the bigotry of opinionatedness. He fought a good battle, which convinced him that he fought wisely. It never occurred to him that he fought so effectively because he was blind to defeat, because he had a naive astigmatism to everything but his own self-righteousness, mainly because he was admirably adjusted to the savageries of American capital and the primitiveness of American labor during his era. In the twilight of his life and his epoch his social astigmatism blinded him almost completely. It was then that his Mephisto whispered to him: Let's write an autobiography! He did not even bother to mock old Sam between the lines. He censored the first volume so pitilessly that only here and there the idealism of young Gompers managed to break through. And the second volume the devil wrote all by himself.

On January 13, 1874, when Gompers was twenty-four, he witnessed the "Tompkins Square outrage," when the unemployed

of New York City were clubbed and dispersed for protesting against an intolerable industrial famine. "His blood surged in indignation at the brutality of the police." But the surge quickly ebbed. "As the fundamentals [*sic*] came to me, they became guideposts for my understanding of the labor movement for years to come." The "fundamentals" pointed the danger of all "entangling alliances" with "intellectuals" and "radicals" who, he erroneously believed, had provoked the demonstration; they pointed to strictly separatist craft unionism, seeking more money, less work, and better jobs. For forty years history seemed to prove his revelation inspired. His long and brilliant struggle for trade unionism founded American labor. But his correlative struggle against the "intellectuals" and the "radicals" deprived our labor movement of intellectual content and bereft it of an indigenous radical development with which to face the changing world. The hierarchy of "union-card" holders, who perform intellectual labor for which they have not the slightest training, is steadily weakening our labor movement in its struggle with the increasing expertness of capital. It edits a half-illiterate, dull, uninformed, and unread trade-union press, whose main function is to defend the intrenched officialdom of labor. This has been the "anti-intellectualist" policy of Gompersism for a long half-century, and it is still true of the broad masses of our English-speaking unions. Half of the autobiography is moved by Gompers's hatred of the "intellectuals" lest they pervert "our movement." And he knew so little about international labor that he never realized that no labor movement anywhere has ever outgrown its infancy without the "intellectuals."

His anti-"radical" mania, which long preceded Bolshevism, so withered American labor that today ours is the only important labor movement without a natural left wing, and this accounts for its crippled flight. Gompers's bigotry against "intellectualism" and "radicalism"—words which he used synonymously—robbed American labor of the spirit of constructive self-criticism and revision.

Gompers's strength lay in his pugnacity, in his capacity for giving and taking punishment; and especially in the intuitive cleverness of the tactics and counter-tactics with which he built the American Federation of Labor. But about his real virtuosity he is most discreet. He mentions coyly the way he maneuvered, decades ago, his friend Strasser into the presidency of the New York Cigarmakers' Local, leaving the reader under the impression that this about covered the extent of his political machinations. Yet he did not need to be ashamed of the way he played the great game of labor. It never was dirty. It never was sinister. It was the essence of his genius. But the Gompers of the later National Civic Federation, who dictated these reminiscences, was too conventional to be proud of the real Gompers, especially of the earlier days.

In the first volume the militant Gompers does break through. In the second volume we get only the militarist Gompers: the Gompers of "Capitol Hill," of the right wing of the National Civic Federation, of the American Legion. The war unbalanced him. From 1915 to 1922 he never spoke but he shrieked. "In August [1915] there occurred the first big strike of munition workers in Bridgeport, Connecticut. . . . I knew that the Germans had found some labor representatives who were not honest [*sic*] and loyal [*sic*]. . . ." He broke the strike.

In August, 1918, Gompers made his pathetic journey to Europe. By that time European labor, in all its wings, had begun to tire of the slaughter for undifferentiable ideals. Gompers's reaction reached a pathological pitch; his ego swelled to fantastic proportions. He bamboozled himself into believing that for the time being he had assumed the leadership of European labor and that he was directing it into Clemenceau channels. He attended the Inter-Allied Labor Conference in Westminster. "When on the third day it was time for me to assume leadership . . . I did so with precision and force. That our work was effective was evident when . . . Arthur Henderson went to John Frey and begged him to intercede with me not to make his humiliation too great." Poor old Gompers! Henderson did speak to Frey, but only because he wanted to save Gompers from his own humiliating claptrap. Labor leaders all over Europe were beginning to laugh at the old man. They did not know the history of American labor, and they marveled that a man of Gompers's naive limitations could be its leader. For the rest of the trip Gompers dined with royalty, generals, and war ministers, and told the continental labor leaders in their own meetings "tersely" that they were "traitors."

After the war, circumstances forced him once more to return to the old struggles against injunctions and open-shop drives. But the mischief of his misunderstanding of the war could not be so easily undone. Within a few short years the A. F. of L. lost more than 1,000,000 members. Still, the fates permitted him to die as a labor leader, in harness, and not as a catspaw for jingoism.

This libelous autobiography is not a fair guide to his seventy years of life and labor. Gompers was full of faults. But in spite of them he did more to lift a considerable portion of the American people to a higher standard and plane of living than the whole social-reform movement, though it swarmed with "finer" characters than he. He had that one most precious quality which they so sadly lacked: he was willing to hit hard and to take the same punishment. He was the most incorruptible figure of his long generation, not merely in the cheap sense that he was unpurchasable (which, after all, is not very much of a virtue) but in that rarest sense that he did not mind the enmity even of those whose good-will he craved, if their enmity was unavoidable by his convictions. He often bargained, but he never trimmed.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Reparations

The Reparation Plan. An Interpretation of the Reports of the Expert Committees Appointed by the Reparation Commission, November 30, 1923. By H. G. Moulton, with the Aid of the Council and Staff of the Institute of Economics. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.50.

UNTIL 1923 it was the general belief that there could not be a genuine settlement of the reparation problem as long as the Allies demanded payment in gold or in exchanges: practically all difficulties might be overcome if Germany were allowed to pay her reparation debt by deliveries in kind and by sending skilled workers into the devastated regions. Mr. Moulton, director of the Washington Institute of Economics, deserves great credit for having destroyed this fallacy in his well-known book, "Germany's Capacity to Pay." He succeeded, indeed, in convincing the world that the method of reparation payment was unessential and that all reparation payments (in cash, deliveries in kind, manual labor) are impossible as long as Germany has not a corresponding excess of paid exports over imports. This idea has also been unconditionally adopted by the expert committees and constitutes the basis of their proposals and of the London Agreement.

Every student of the reparation problem, therefore, looked forward with the greatest interest to Mr. Moulton's analysis and criticism of the experts' reports. These expectations have in no way been deceived. Mr. Moulton presents with crystal clearness the fundamental ideas of the experts' proposals and thereby of the London Agreement. He emphasizes the progress involved in the so-called Dawes Plan, he recognizes the transfer committee as the most important as well as the most ingenious part of the whole scheme, and he fully approves of the new bank and of the foreign loan suggested; but he mercilessly exposes the weak points in the arguments and conclusions of the experts. Their analysis of the German budget, he shows, is confused and sometimes contradictory. Their discussion of the capacity of the railroads and industries to furnish funds

for reparation purposes is even less adequate. The various sources of revenue suggested by the committee are occasionally antagonistic, each source having been considered separately without much reference to the effect upon alternative sources of revenue. Mr. Moulton thinks that the committee's real contribution lies in its emphasis upon the necessity (1) of recognizing the interrelation of the currency, the budget, and the international balance of payments; (2) of establishing sound financial and economic conditions in Germany; and (3) of administering the plan as an indivisible unit.

There still remain unsettled some aspects of the reparation problem which, according to Mr. Moulton, must be promptly adjusted if the valuable work of the Expert Committees shall not have been in vain: the total sum to be paid by Germany should be fixed and a date should be stated for terminating the operation of the plan; the value of the amount thus far paid by Germany should be determined (by another committee of experts); the inter-Allied debt problem should be conceived in different terms from heretofore, and definitely settled.

"The Reparation Plan" contains passages which neither Americans nor Frenchmen nor Germans will enjoy. But is it not a good proof of its impartiality that this book not only attracted intense attention in America, but was immediately translated into German and into French?

R. R. KUCZYNSKI

Indicting a Section

The Southern Oligarchy. An Appeal in Behalf of the Silent Masses of Our Country Against the Despotic Rule of the Few. By William H. Skaggs. The Devin-Adair Company. $5.

MR. SKAGGS brings a terrific indictment against his native South. It is ruled by an unenlightened oligarchy; the people are partisan and prejudiced and easily scared by the bugbear of Negro domination; the voters seldom vote; illiteracy makes the people victims of designing demagogues; the South is the land of lynch law, the Ku Klux Klan, and the chain-gang, of hookworm, child labor, and political corruption; it has the most appalling record of crime in the world and "may be called the nursery of crimes in America"; it is economically backward and financially dependent and has a less creditable debt-paying record than Haiti; it even failed in its duty during the World War—in short, it is a menace to the nation.

Now, who is responsible? The oligarchy, or, in other words, the Democratic Party of the South, which because of the failure of reconstruction has been "able to perpetuate its power by misleading the people and appealing to sectional prejudice and racial animosities." For the past forty years it has misruled the South, and at times, notably during the Wilson Administration, it has controlled the nation. And "during the Wilson Administration this provincial oligarchy was a greater menace to democratic institutions than the slave oligarchy was under the Buchanan Administration."

Though much of the book is sensible [illegible] able, notably the discussions of the dormant ballot, the fee system, the chain-gang, and education, and the comparison of wealth and tax-paying in [illegible] Northern States. Yet every discussion is colored by the author's desire to ascribe social and economic shortcomings to political causes for which the Democrats are responsible. Then, too, he relies too much upon quotations of opinion from other writers and from newspapers which he has not assimilated into a coherent account. In places we have only a scrap-book collection of testimony for the prosecution, with the charge not clearly stated. Though Mr. Skaggs may know of serious defects in Southern life and character, he has not shown them up clearly enough. He is not strong in history, economics, or politics, and is therefore a poor interpreter of conditions which he sees but does not fully understand. He is too anxious to tar and feather the Democratic lawyer-politicians. For example, they were guilty of the "gross and stupendous frauds of the Wilson Administration"; the scalawags were the "antecedents of the leading spoilsmen under the Wilson regime"; the greater the hookworm infection the larger the Democratic vote, and so on.

The author was evidently a part of that about which he writes. His book reflects, it would seem, the state of mind of one whose political views trace back from the Republicanism of today through the "Jeffersonian Democracy" and the Populism of the nineties to the conservative democracy of the eighties, perhaps even to Whig connections. If Mr. Skaggs had written of his own experiences and observations the result must have been more interesting and valuable. In the role of an interpreter he is not successful.

WALTER L. FLEMING

The Case for Self-Sacrifice

The Rector of Wyck. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT is impossible to indulge in self-sacrifice without great loss to one's integrity. Such has been the contention in May Sinclair's fiction from the beginning. This book is a departure. John Crawford and his wife, Matty, live a life of Christian self-sacrifice, and they achieve a far greater nobility of character, one feels, than they could have achieved in any other way.

Matty as a young girl hates clergymen. She desires the intellectual life which her sister Susan lives with her clever husband, Philip Atwater. But Matty falls in love with John when he is playing tennis; so she does not know until afterward that he is a man with a high waistcoat and a little round hat. But she marries him and bears the burdens in his parish of Wyck for thirty-one years. And the people love her.

They have two children, Millicent, the daughter, and Derek, the son. Millicent becomes a relentless saver of souls and goes to practice in St. Ursula's Settlement near Limehouse. She has little real human sympathy. She loves the reflection of herself in the mirror of Limehouse. When her father is ill she cannot leave her work in London to come down to Wyck. But when her mother dies she is on deck to pick up garments for the poor. As a matter of course she takes the vicuna shawl that, because of its association with Matty, the rector loves. Millicent is petulant when her father rescues the shawl. With such sentimental weakness she has no sympathy. But her father buys the shawl for £2 and Millicent is appeased.

Derek is weaker. He remains in Wyck and sacrifices himself to his parents. To escape the boredom he takes to drink. On a visit home Millicent discovers his [illegible] making a farmer of him. The new occupation is on the way to making a man of Derek when August, 1914, intervenes; the young man returns from Australia, where he has been raising sheep, and the war, with his death, in 1915, makes him a hero.

John Crawford, the clergyman, represents the other side of the coin which we saw in "The Cure of Souls," where the Canon Chamberlain was so clearly portrayed with all the vices which the Rector of Wyck has not and with none of the virtues which he has. At the end of the book John Crawford is bent in the service of Christ. He is tempted to think unkindly of Millicent's selfishness, but he remembers that she is a noble young woman, who is doing more good in the world than he is because she goes out to save the prostitutes of Limehouse.

As in "The Cure of Souls" we had Miss Lambert in love with the rector, so here we have Miss Minchin, about forty, in love with John Crawford. Everybody knows it, especially Matty. The rector himself knows it, faces it, and diverts the malice of frustrated love into channels less human and more Christian. Under the mild rebuke of the rector Miss Minchin does pretty well. If she fails, as when she takes young Derek home of evenings and feeds him sloe gin, it is not that she wants to fail in her love for the rector; but there is the direct

appeal of the boy himself, and she in this obsessional way is attacking her natural enemy, the rector's wife.

"The Rector of Wyck" is in the spare tradition of "Harriet Frean" and "Anne Severn and the Fieldings." Some readers may deplore Miss Sinclair's economy; but her economy is a result of the perfecting of her art. For, in few words, and with dialogue, she can put the breath of life into her people. A more elaborate analysis was doubtless needed when Miss Sinclair tried to tell us about Rannie in "The Combined Maze." But we see as deeply into the youth Derek's life in this book as we do into Rannie's life; Derek's maladjustments are made clear in a few short dramatic episodes. Miss Sinclair seems to be growing more and more in the direction of the drama.

ANGUS BURRELL.

Mr. Hardy

Life of Thomas Hardy. By Ernest Brennecke, Jr. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. $5.

Thomas Hardy's Universe. By Ernest Brennecke, Jr. Small, Maynard and Company. $3.

Life and Art. By Thomas Hardy. Edited by Ernest Brennecke, Jr. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. $3.50.

FROM these three volumes, two of which deal with the work and the life of Thomas Hardy and one of which is a collection of his papers appearing for the first time in book form, the reader expects a fairly rounded presentation. Particularly in the "Life" would one look for the significant facts and determining influences of Hardy's career. But the volume is disappointingly thin on this score. Ostensibly a biography, it is in reality a companion volume to Mr. Brennecke's earlier book, "Thomas Hardy's Universe," and for the most part it merely fills in the facts surrounding the publication of Hardy's writings. True, a portion of the book yields specific biographical notes, but these are too meager or conceived too fantastically to afford any searching interpretation of the man. Also, the proportions are somewhat mishandled. Mr. Brennecke's attempt to suggest Hardy's spiritual background by an excursus into the geology and prehistory of a certain bit of English soil strikes one as far-fetched. As a suggestion it might have proved illuminating; as an exposition of the temperament of Hardy in terms of a physical background it proves inadequate and tiresome.

In his effort to disengage the underlying philosophic thought which gives form and coherence to Mr. Hardy's universe, Mr. Brennecke seems to err on the side of too great explicitness. Had he observed the caution Mr. Hardy himself suggests for interpreting the doctrines of the cosmic intelligences, as being "but tentative, and advanced with little eye to a systematized philosophy," his presentation might have come nearer to the view he seeks to define. Hardy is first and foremost an artist, and Shakespeare-like rather singular in that a well-defined sense of life informs the entire body of his work, yet to expect the same rounded perfection in him which one may look for in the work of a philosopher is to miss his flavor. Doubtless this makes clear certain disproportions in emphasis in Mr. Brennecke's presentation; though "Thomas Hardy's Universe" as a whole does give a lucid statement of a very important aspect of the novelist's work.

Mr. Brennecke has it that a close connection subsists between Hardy's view of things and Schopenhauer's, and he proceeds to trace the similarity, particularly as it is exemplified in "The Dynasts," the work which voices Hardy's maturest approach. Perhaps at this point, where Mr. Brennecke's concern is to show the kinship of the poet to the philosopher, the rather detailed consideration of Schopenhauer is not amiss. But the constant harking back to him at every new phase becomes somewhat wearisome and not a little irrelevant. A more serious objection is that it breaks the continuity. Mr. Brennecke's theme is *Hardy's* universe, not a comparison with Schopenhauer. Once the relation between the two men is made clear, it becomes supererogatory to preface each heading with a review of Schopenhauer in a similar category. A poet is a poet to the last, and one cannot and one does not expect consistency.

John Middleton Murry's summary statement of Hardy's development, as "passing from rebellion to acceptance," seems to seize its essence better than Mr. Brennecke's painstaking analysis does. In his preoccupation with terminology the latter has missed the subtler thread, which is to confuse the groundwork with the drift of it all. Unquestionably acceptance does somehow emerge, despite reiterated questionings and rebellions and outbursts against the harshness inherent in all life. The strains of a more buoyant outlook but gain an added richness in a symphony where the harsh is so often sounded. Mr. Brennecke's emphasis is so largely on an unconscious purpose that he fails to give sufficient weight to certain compensatory aspects. Not that the former is subordinate; but though in bulk a particular aspect may not loom so large, it may, by very contrast, be granted as great a significance in the total estimate of a man's work. An entering wedge in Hardy's generally deterministic attitude makes for a kindlier order of things. An insistence on the more somber aspect still fails to give the inwardness of the trend. There is a truth which goes deeper than mere factual adherence, and this Mr. Brennecke has somehow missed.

A phrase from the essays, notes, and letters may be more illuminating than the most careful analysis. The trenchant expression of these papers strengthens what one had come to view as the spirit of Thomas Hardy. That mixture in him of clear-eyed vision and tenderness, together with a turn for the humorous which can soften the harshest observable fact, is as apparent in his briefest letter as in his novels and poems. The poem "Epitaph" or the letter on recognition of authors by the state suggests a whole philosophy—by some called "pessimism," though "meliorism" accords more with its drift.

FRANCES DUBLIN

How to Be Happy

How to Be Free and Happy. By Bertrand Russell. The Rand School of Social Science. 75 cents.

THOSE who espouse philosophical idealism have long argued its exclusive theoretical adequacy to the great issues, revealed in its exalted if tenuous ideas of Life, Mind, and God. These champions of faith have fought realism and naturalism very much, after all, on Fichte's ground that such doctrines are a sign of moral worthlessness or of debased or lost ideals. Mr. Russell has been felt by them to be first of all perverse, and this feeling has inspired a sort of veiled warning against his pragmatic logic and his teachings in general.

Mr. Russell here answers his critics. Speaking to a youthful audience under so-called radical auspices, he may be excused for his apparent forgetfulness of the needs of civilization whose portentously gray, devouring industrialism he has frequently remarked. His lecture is a brief homily from the well-worn New Testament text on the value of idleness, most effectively preached by this superhumanly active genius of thought whose single early book on Leibniz would, in many a scholarly career, shine as a crowning glory. The lecture no doubt stirred and warmed his young hearers. For his older and more timid readers among hostile philosophers it may have another sort of significance, a sad one perhaps, since it furnishes the single damning negative instance which would suffice to refute their universal proposition that only philosophical idealists can quite truly have ideals. It exhibits an uncompromising devotee of scientific method cherishing ideals of the Christian gospels, unconventional personal attachments, indiscreet and open love of fellow-men, and no prudent thought for the morrow, and actually

preaching these hopelessly impractical precepts to the youth of the land.

But one cannot answer these critics, after all; for they may now take Bertrand Russell as one more example to show that any philosopher, however radical he may be at the start, will in the end, if he is genuinely concerned with thought and with the conduct of men's lives, turn idealist. Doubtless the lecture does remind us how incorrigibly idealistic any radical of long standing must be, but we should be loath to see Mr. Russell's hard-fought battle for clear and honest thinking, no matter whether it involve pluralism or naturalism or atomism or materialism or socialism or radicalism or no ism at all—we should be loath to see this unfettered thinking appropriated by his critics as a phase of idealism itself. Perhaps we need not fear, however; for not even Christian orthodoxy has been able to digest the hardy ideals of the founder it claims, and Mr. Russell, being really a thinker, will no doubt remain a disconcerting rebel until the day when it is discovered that he has become an established philosophical tradition.

D. W. Prall

Books in Brief

The Best Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett. Selected and Arranged with a Preface by Willa Cather. Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. $4.

Miss Cather's selection of "The Country of the Pointed Firs" and eleven shorter stories should—along with her preface—do much to rehabilitate this modest mistress of New England narrative.

Poems of Thirty Years. By Gordon Bottomley. London: Constable and Company. 21 shillings.

Uniform with Mr. Bottomley's two volumes of poetic dramas, this volume preserves the poet's choice of all the verse which he has published, and entitles him to the claim of being one of the most admirable, if not one of the most exciting, of contemporary English poets.

H. G. Wells. By Ivor Brown. Henry Holt and Company. $1. *Bernard Shaw.* By Edward Shanks. Henry Holt and Company. $1.

Rather feeble additions to the interesting Brandt series called "Writers of the Day."

The Nineteenth of April, 1775. By Harold Murdock. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

A most agreeable monograph, dealing, apparently, with all the ascertainable facts concerning the first battle of the American Revolution.

Martial. The Twelve Books of Epigrams. Translated by J. A. Pott and F. A. Wright. $5. *Choderlos de Laclos. Dangerous Acquaintances.* Translated by Richard Aldington. *La Mare de Maupassant. Pen Pictures in Miniature.* Translated by H. Ashton. $3. *Sir Thomas More. The Utopia.* Translated by Ralph Robinson. *Francis Lord Bacon. The New Atlantis.* The whole edited by H. Goitein. $3. *Buddhist Birth-Stories.* Translated by T. W. Rhys Davids. $3. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Five new volumes in the infinitely varied series of Broadway Translations.

Fish and Actors. By Graham Sutton. Brentano's. $2.

The business of carrying dramatic entertainment to the people has evolved beyond the barnstorming era in most corners of the earth, but not in rural Ireland. There a childlike public, unspoiled by movies or by little theaters subsidized by the socially aspiring, awaits the coming of troupes whose repertories are as diverse as their finances are wabbly. Mr. Sutton has set down the history of their hardships and misadventures in a series of amusing stories, in which types have been closely observed and sympathetically interpreted. He evidently knows the "fit-up" actor, as he is called, offstage and on, and his pen has caught him at many angles.

Early Tudor Composers. By William H. Grattan Flood. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

Brief lives of thirty-two English composers between 1485 and 1555—the great period which is now at last receiving the attention it merits from scholars in music.

Figures of the Passion of Our Lord. By Gabriel Miró. Translated from the Spanish *Figuras de la Passión del Señor,* by C. J. Hogarth. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Miró occupies in Spanish literature a position somewhere between Azorín and Valle Inclán; which is as much as to say that he is a decadent Spaniard (the term is almost self-contradictory) with a flair for the nostalgic grayness of pictorial beauty, softly colored by the half-tones of dying day. His Figures, beautifully translated by Mr. Hogarth, are not characteristic of his work. They are a strange mixture of a remarkable erudition and a decadent aestheticism, whence emerges the picture of a Jesus very different from the Christ of the Christian legend, or the Son of God of the theologians. Miró succeeds quite well in reconstructing—for all the extraneous trappings of mood and color with which he loads his prose—the personality of that Essene prophet, contemporary of Herod and Pontius Pilatus, who possessed the faith of a mystic, the candor of a child, and the love of a man who could suffer intensely the pains of those among whom he moved. Printed in Caslon Old Face, and exquisitely bound, the book itself is a work of art to be treasured independently of its contents.

The Story of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $2.50.

Of all the States Illinois is best supplied with a competent history. The five-volume "Centennial History" of a few years back was written by competent scholars and illustrates the value of State history as a part of the national story. The second volume of that work was written by Mr. Pease. His new book is a model of organization under such chapter titles as The French Regime, The Days of the Briton, The Struggle for the Northwest, and Economic and Social Readjustment. The displacement of the French settlers, the defeat of the British ambitions, and the triumph of the persistent American frontier policy constitute a dramatic and impressive narrative. No less interesting is the story of political, social, and economic advance since the admission of the State in 1818. Mr. Pease concludes with a succinct account of agriculture, good roads, foreign elements in the population, educational institutions, libraries, and Illinois poets. The book is more readable than the usual compilation work of its kind.

THEATER

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China and the Washington Conference

IN the present disturbances in China reference is constantly made to the so-called "Ten Points" presented in behalf of China at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in 1921, and to the agreements subsequently adopted by the Powers. The "Ten Points," presented by Mr. V. K. Wellington Koo at the first session of the Committee on Pacific and Far Eastern Questions on November 16, 1921, were as follows:

THE TEN POINTS

The Chinese Government proposes for the consideration of and adoption by the conference the following general principles to be applied in the determination of the questions relating to China:

1. (a) The Powers engage to respect and observe the territorial integrity and political and administrative independence of the Chinese Republic.

(b) China upon her part is prepared to give an undertaking not to alienate or lease any portion of her territory or littoral to any Power.

2. China, being in full accord with the principle of the so-called open door or equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations having treaty relations with China, is prepared to accept and apply it in all parts of the Chinese Republic without exception.

3. With a view to strengthening mutual confidence and maintaining peace in the Pacific and Far East, the Powers agree not to conclude between themselves any treaty or agreement directly affecting China or the general peace in these regions without previously notifying China and giving to her an opportunity to participate.

4. All special rights, privileges, immunities, or commitments, whatever their character or contractual basis, claimed by any of the Powers in or relating to China, are to be declared, and all such or future claims not so made known are to be deemed null and void. The rights, privileges, immunities and commitments, now known or to be declared, are to be examined with a view to determining their scope and validity and, if valid, to harmonizing them with one another and with the principles declared by this conference.

5. Immediately or as soon as circumstances will permit, existing limitations upon China's political, jurisdictional, and administrative freedom of action are to be removed.

6. Reasonable, definite terms of duration are to be attached to China's present commitments which are without time limits.

7. In the interpretation of instruments granting special rights or privileges, the well-established principle of construction that such grants shall be strictly construed in favor of the grantors is to be observed.

8. China's rights as a neutral are to be fully respected in future wars to which she is not a party.

9. Provision is to be made for the peaceful settlement of international disputes in the Pacific and the Far East.

10. Provision is to be made for future conferences to be held from time to time for the discussion of international questions relative to the Pacific and the Far East, as a basis for the determination of common policies of the signatory Powers in relation thereto.

Two days later Mr. Koo, in explaining the Chinese request for tariff autonomy (regarded as part of the fifth "point"), gave a summary of Chinese tariff history, reported as follows in the official minutes of the conference:

CHINA'S TARIFF HISTORY

Prior to the year 1842 China had enjoyed the full right of fixing her customs duties. But in that year [following the so-called Opium War] and in the subsequent years she had made treaties with Great Britain, France, and the United States in which, for the first time, a limitation was imposed on this full right. The rule of 5 per cent ad valorem was thereby established, and later a schedule was fixed upon the basis of the current prices then prevailing. In the years preceding 1858 prices began to drop, and the 5 per cent customs duty collected appeared consequently to be in excess of the 5 per cent prescribed. A revision was therefore asked for by the Treaty Powers and was effected in 1858. From that time until 1902, however, as prices mounted and the Chinese Government had been receiving less than the 5 per cent rate, no request was made on the part of the Treaty Powers for a revision. If the Chinese Government did not at that time press for a revision, it was only because the needs of the Government were then comparatively few and the revenues collected, small as they were, were not inadequate to meet the requirements.

It was only in 1902, as a result of the Boxer uprising, that another revision was made with a view to raising sufficient revenue to meet the newly imposed obligations arising out of the Protocol of 1901. In that tariff, however, the rates were calculated on the basis of the average prices of 1897-1899, the then prevailing prices not being taken into account. But the revenue collected according to this increased tariff was hardly sufficient to meet the obligations of the indemnity. In 1912 another attempt was made to revise the tariff in order to bring it more in accord with actual prices. It proved to be a failure, as the unanimous consent of some sixteen or seventeen Powers was not obtained. It was only after six years of protracted negotiation that another revision was effected in 1918. The purpose of this revision was to increase the rate to an effective 5 per cent, but the resulting tariff, which was now in force, yielded only 3½ per cent in comparison with the prices of commodities actually prevailing.

Mr. Koo asked on behalf of the Chinese Delegation for the recovery by China of the right to tariff autonomy. He said that, in the first place, the existing regime in China constituted an infringement of the Chinese sovereign right to fix the tariff rate at her own discretion—a right enjoyed by the states throughout the world.

Again, it deprived China of her power to make reciprocity arrangements with the Powers and ran counter to the principle of equality and mutuality. While foreign goods imported into China had to pay only 5 per cent as import tax, goods of Chinese origin imported into foreign countries had to pay customs duties of maximum rate. For instance, Chinese tea imported into the United Kingdom had to pay 1 shilling per pound, which meant 25 per cent, as the price there was about 4 shillings per pound; Chinese tobacco on importation into Japan had to pay 350 per cent; raw silk into Japan, 30 per cent; and manufactured silk into the United States, 35 to 60 per cent. Such a regime constituted a serious impediment to the Chinese export trade and to China's economic development.

Moreover, a uniform rate for all kinds of commodities, without latitude to differentiate rates between luxuries and necessaries, had obvious disadvantages. For example, it was evident that machinery and similar merchandise so much needed by China ought to pay a low rate, while, on the other hand, luxuries, such as cigars and cigarettes, should be more heavily taxed, as much for mitigating or preventing the injurious effects on the morals and social habits of the people from the use of these luxuries as for raising more revenue. The Chinese tariff was therefore not a scientific one, as it failed to take into consideration the economic and social, as well as the fiscal, needs of the Chinese people.

Continuing, Mr. Koo said that the present tariff caused a serious loss of revenue to the Chinese exchequer. Customs duties formed one of the most important sources of revenue of a country. Great Britain, for example, received 12 per cent out of her total revenue; France, 15 per cent; United States, 35 per cent. [This was the pre-war figure. It is less today.] The Chinese customs revenue, on the other hand, played, for nearly one hundred years, a comparatively insignificant part in the national revenue. Besides, a large part of China's customs revenue was pledged to meet various foreign loans secured thereon, and this fact again reduced the amount available for the needs of the Government.

Furthermore, under the existing customs regime it was exceedingly difficult to revise the tariff, even for the modest purpose of raising it to an effective 5 per cent. The revision of 1902 was the first revision in forty-four years, and the resulting tariff yielded only 2½ per cent in comparison with the market value of the imports, i. e., 2½ per cent less than what could have been collected if the tariff schedule had been revised to date. The revision of 1918, as was pointed out, was effected only after six years of negotiation, and being based on the average prices of 1912-1916, the new tariff of 1918 was yielding only 3½ per cent. But even an effective 5 per cent import tariff, which would probably produce an additional revenue of nearly 15,000,000 taels, might, however, still prove inadequate to meet the manifold needs of the Chinese Government, such as those for education, road building, sanitation, and public welfare.

In view of the foregoing reasons, Mr. Koo asked the Powers to agree to the restoration to China of her tariff autonomy.

The discussions of the Chinese question consumed far more of the time of the Washington Conference than did the provisions regarding limitation of armament; in the end two treaties and several resolutions, calling for subsequent action, were adopted. These the French Chamber has just belatedly ratified, but no action has been taken in the intervening three years and a half.

The first treaty adopted is a statement of principles.

The Nine-Power Treaty of Principles

The United States of America, Belgium, the British Empire, China, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands and Portugal:

Desiring to adopt a policy designed to stabilize conditions in the Far East, to safeguard the rights and interests of China, and to promote intercourse between China and the other Powers upon the basis of equality of opportunity; . . . have agreed as follows:

Article I. The contracting Powers, other than China, agree:

1. To respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China;

2. To provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government;

3. To use their influence for the purpose of effectually establishing and maintaining the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout the territory of China;

4. To refrain from taking advantage of conditions in China in order to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of subjects or citizens of friendly states, and from countenancing action inimical to the security of such states.

Art. II. The contracting Powers agree not to enter into any treaty, agreement, arrangement, or understanding, either with one another, or, individually or collectively, with any Power or Powers, which would infringe or impair the principles stated in Article I.

Art. III. With a view to applying more effectually the principles of the open door or equality of opportunity in China for the trade and industry of all nations, the contracting Powers, other than China, agree that they will not seek, nor support their respective nationals in seeking—

(a) any arrangement which might purport to establish in favor of their interests any general superiority of rights with respect to commercial or economic development in any designated region of China;

(b) any such monopoly or preference as would deprive the nationals of any other Power of the right of undertaking any legitimate trade or industry in China, or of participating with the Chinese Government, or with any local authority, in any category of public enterprise, or which by reason of its scope, duration, or geographical extent is calculated to frustrate the practical application of the principle of equal opportunity.

It is understood that the foregoing stipulations of this article are not to be so construed as to prohibit the acquisition of such properties or rights as may be necessary to the conduct of a particular commercial, industrial, or financial undertaking or to the encouragement of invention and research.

China undertakes to be guided by the principles stated in the foregoing stipulations of this article in dealing with applications for economic rights and privileges from governments and nationals of all foreign countries, whether parties to the present treaty or not.

Art. IV. The contracting Powers agree not to support any agreements by their respective nationals with each other designed to create spheres of influence or to provide for the enjoyment of mutually exclusive opportunities in designated parts of Chinese territory.

Art. V. China agrees that, throughout the whole of the railways in China, she will not exercise or permit unfair discrimination of any kind. In particular there shall be no discrimination whatever, direct or indirect, in respect of charges or of facilities on the ground of the nationality of passengers or the countries from which or to which they are proceeding, or the origin or ownership of goods or the country from which or to which they are consigned, or the nationality or ownership of the ship or other means of conveying such passengers or goods before or after their transport on the Chinese railways.

The contracting Powers, other than China, assume a corresponding obligation in respect of any of the aforesaid railways over which they or their nationals are in a position to exercise any control in virtue of any concession, special agreement or otherwise.

Art. VI. The contracting Powers, other than China, agree fully to respect China's rights as a neutral in time of war to which China is not a party; and China declares that when she is a neutral she will observe the obligations of neutrality.

Art. VII. The contracting Powers agree that, whenever a situation arises which in the opinion of any one of them involves the application of the stipulations of the present treaty, and renders desirable discussion of such application, there shall be full and frank communication between the contracting Powers concerned.

Art. VIII. Powers not signatory to the present treaty, which have governments recognized by the signatory Powers and which have treaty relations with China, shall be invited to adhere to the present treaty. To this end the Government of the United States will make the necessary communications to non-signatory Powers and will inform the contracting Powers of the replies received. Adherence by any Power shall become effective on receipt of notice thereof by the Government of the United States.

Art. IX. The present treaty shall be ratified by the contracting Powers in accordance with their respective constitutional methods and shall take effect on the date of the deposit of all the ratifications, which shall take place at Washington as soon as possible. The Government of the United States will transmit to the other contracting Powers a certified copy of the procès-verbal of the deposit of ratifications. . . .

The second treaty dealt with the question of China's tariff, as follows:

THE NINE-POWER CUSTOMS TREATY

The United States of America, Belgium, the British Empire, China, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, and Portugal have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE I. The representatives of the contracting Powers having adopted, on the fourth day of February, 1922, in the City of Washington, a resolution, which is appended as an annex to this article, with respect to the revision of Chinese customs duties, for the purpose of making such duties equivalent to an effective 5 per centum ad valorem, in accordance with existing treaties concluded by China with other nations, the contracting Powers hereby confirm the said resolution and undertake to accept the tariff rates fixed as a result of such revision. The said tariff rates shall become effective as soon as possible but not earlier than two months after publication thereof.

Annex: With a view to providing additional revenue to meet the needs of the Chinese Government, the Powers represented at this Conference, namely, the United States of America, Belgium, the British Empire, China, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, and Portugal, agree:

That the customs schedule of duties on imports into China adopted by the Tariff Revision Commission at Shanghai on December 19, 1918, shall forthwith be revised so that the rates of duty shall be equivalent to 5 per cent effective, as provided for in the several commercial treaties to which China is a party.

A Revision Commission shall meet at Shanghai, at the earliest practicable date, to effect this revision forthwith and on the general lines of the last revision.

This commission shall be composed of representatives of the Powers above named and of representatives of any additional Powers having governments at present recognized by the Powers represented at this conference and who have treaties with China providing for a tariff on imports and exports not to exceed 5 per cent ad valorem and who desire to participate therein.

The revision shall proceed as rapidly as possible with a view to its completion within four months from the date of the adoption of this resolution by the conference on the Limitation of Armament and Pacific and Far Eastern Questions.

The revised tariff shall become effective as soon as possible, but not earlier than two months after its publication by the Revision Commission.

The Government of the United States, as convener of the present conference, is requested forthwith to communicate the terms of this resolution to the governments of Powers not represented at this conference, but who participated in the revision of 1918, aforesaid.

ART. II. Immediate steps shall be taken, through a special conference, to prepare the way for the speedy abolition of likin and for the fulfilment of the other conditions laid down in Article VIII of the Treaty of September 5, 1902, between Great Britain and China; in Articles IV and V of the Treaty of October 8, 1903, between the United States and China, and in Article I of the Supplementary Treaty of October 8, 1903, between Japan and China, with a view to levying the surtaxes provided for in those articles.

The special conference shall be composed of representatives of the signatory Powers, and of such other Powers as may desire to participate and may adhere to the present treaty, in accordance with the provisions of Article VIII, in sufficient time to allow their representatives to take part. It shall meet in China within three months after the coming into force of the present treaty, on a day and at a place to be designated by the Chinese Government.

ART. III. The special conference provided for in Article II shall consider the interim provisions to be applied prior to the abolition of likin and the fulfilment of the other conditions laid down in the articles of the treaties mentioned in Article II; and it shall authorize the levying of a surtax on dutiable imports as from such date, for such purposes, and subject to such conditions as it may determine.

The surtax shall be at a uniform rate of 2½ per centum ad valorem, provided, that in case of certain articles of luxury which, in the opinion of the special conference, can bear a greater increase without unduly impeding trade, the total surtax may be increased but may not exceed 5 per centum ad valorem.

ART. IV. Following the immediate revision of the customs schedule of duties on imports into China mentioned in Article I, there shall be a further revision thereof to take effect at the expiration of four years following the completion of the aforesaid immediate revision, in order to insure that the customs duties shall correspond to the ad valorem rates fixed by the special conference provided for in Article II.

Following this further revision there shall be, for the same purpose, periodical revisions of the customs schedule of duties on imports into China every seven years, in lieu of the decennial revision authorized by existing treaties with China.

In order to prevent delay, any revision made in pursuance of this article shall be effected in accordance with rules to be prescribed by the special conference provided for in Article II.

ART. V. In all matters relating to customs duties there shall be effective equality of treatment and of opportunity for all the contracting Powers.

ART. VI. The principle of uniformity in the rates of customs duties levied at all the land and maritime frontiers of China is hereby recognized. The special conference provided for in Article II shall make arrangements to give practical effect to this principle; and it is authorized to make equitable adjustments in those cases in which a customs privilege to be abolished was granted in return for some local economic advantage.

In the meantime, any increase in the rates of customs duties resulting from tariff revision, or any surtax hereafter imposed in pursuance of the present treaty, shall be levied at a uniform rate ad valorem at all land and maritime frontiers of China.

ART. VII. The charge for transit passes shall be at the rate of 2½ per centum ad valorem until the arrangements provided for by Article II come into force.

ART. VIII. Powers not signatory to the present treaty whose governments are at present recognized by the signatory Powers, and whose present treaties with China provide for a tariff on imports and exports not to exceed 5 per centum ad valorem, shall be invited to adhere to the present treaty.

The Government of the United States undertakes to make the necessary communications for this purpose and to inform the governments of the contracting Powers of the replies received. Adherence by any Power shall become effective on receipt of notice thereof by the Government of the United States.

ART. IX. The provisions of the present treaty shall override all stipulations of treaties between China and the respective contracting Powers which are inconsistent therewith, other than stipulations according most favored nation treatment.

ART. X. The present treaty shall be ratified by the contracting Powers in accordance with their respective constitutional methods and shall take effect on the date of the deposit of all the ratifications which shall take place at Washington as soon as possible. The Government of the United States will transmit to the other contracting Powers a certified copy of the procès-verbal of the deposit of ratifications.

Resolutions were adopted to create a Board of Reference for Far Eastern Questions, looking to withdrawal of foreign armed forces in China, regarding radio stations, and railway matters. The most important resolutions in the present situation are that urging China to reduce her

military forces and that dealing with the question of extraterritoriality.

THE EXTRATERRITORIALITY RESOLUTION

The representatives of the Powers hereinafter named, participating in the discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern questions in the Conference on the Limitation of Armament, to wit, the United States of America, Belgium, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, and Portugal:

Having taken note of the fact that in the treaty between Great Britain and China dated September 5, 1902, in the treaty between the United States of America and China dated October 8, 1903, and in the treaty between Japan and China dated October 8, 1903, these several Powers have agreed to give every assistance toward the attainment by the Chinese Government of its expressed desire to reform its judicial system and to bring it into accord with that of Western nations, and have declared that they are also "prepared to relinquish extraterritorial rights when satisfied that the state of the Chinese laws, the arrangements for their administration, and other considerations warrant" them in so doing;

Being sympathetically disposed toward furthering in this regard the aspiration to which the Chinese Delegation gave expression on November 16, 1921, to the effect that "immediately or as soon as circumstances will permit, existing limitations upon China's political, jurisdictional and administrative freedom of action are to be removed";

Considering that any determination in regard to such action as might be appropriate to this end must depend upon the ascertainment and appreciation of complicated states of fact in regard to the laws and the judicial system and the methods of judicial administration of China, which this conference is not in a position to determine;

Have resolved

That the governments of the Powers above named shall establish a commission (to which each of such governments shall appoint one member) to inquire into the present practice of extraterritorial jurisdiction in China, and into the laws and the judicial system and the methods of judicial administration of China, with a view to reporting to the governments of the several Powers above named their findings of fact in regard to these matters, and their recommendations as to such means as they may find suitable to improve the existing conditions of the administration of justice in China, and to assist and further the efforts of the Chinese Government to effect such legislation and judicial reforms as would warrant the several Powers in relinquishing, either progressively or otherwise, their respective rights of extraterritoriality;

That the commission herein contemplated shall be constituted within three months after the adjournment of the conference in accordance with detailed arrangements to be hereafter agreed upon by the governments of the Powers above named, and shall be instructed to submit its report and recommendations within one year after the first meeting of the commission;

That each of the Powers above named shall be deemed free to accept or to reject all or any portion of the recommendations of the commission herein contemplated, but that in no case shall any of the said Powers make its acceptance of all or any portion of such recommendations either directly or indirectly dependent on the granting by China of any special concession, favor, benefit, or immunity, whether political or economic.

ADDITIONAL RESOLUTION

That the non-signatory Powers, having by treaty extraterritorial rights in China, may accede to the Resolution affecting extraterritoriality and the administration of justice in China by depositing within three months after the adjournment of the conference a written notice of accession with the Government of the United States for communication by it to each of the signatory Powers.

The Chinese Student Revolt

WHETHER the killing of unarmed Chinese students by the Shanghai foreign police was justified or not can best be judged by the testimony of witnesses and the widespread protests of foreign and Chinese groups. We reprint below a series of documents which give official and unofficial viewpoints. The following protest sent by the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs to the senior Minister of the Powers is reprinted from the *China Press* of June 6:

A GOVERNMENT PROTEST

Concerning the bloody affair in Shanghai I had the honor to address Your Excellency on June 1 a note in which I begged you to give urgent and necessary instructions to the Consular authorities in Shanghai immediately to free the persons arrested and to act in concert with the Special Commissioner of Foreign Affairs there to hinder eventual return of similar cases.

Contrary to my expectation new reports of an inauspicious character continue to reach me according to which the police of the International Settlement on June 1 again fired on people, killing three and wounding eighteen, while the persons arrested have not all been freed. Other reports state that most of the victims were shot in the back without any agents of the police having been killed or wounded, which proves that the shooting was quite unjustified.

The violent attitude of the authorities of the International Concession has excited discontent among the general public which has created very grave consequences, notably declaration of strikes by merchants and workers in Shanghai.

From respect of the elementary principles of humanity, as the authorities of the International Concession are entirely responsible, I am forced to address again to Your Excellency the most energetic protests. Moreover, I beg Your Excellency to communicate without delay the most urgent instructions to the Consular authorities in Shanghai to order cessation immediately of the practice of firing in order to avoid further effusion of blood.

Translations of handbills distributed in Wuchang have been sent to *The Nation* by Harry F. Ward. The Chinese Kuomintang Party is the Nationalist Party founded by Sun Yat-sen; it has branches in other parts of the world wherever Chinese live. Circulars similar to the one printed below were distributed by the Student Union of Wuhan Center and the League of Communist Youth.

A WUCHANG CIRCULAR

A Circular to Inform All Our Fellow-Citizens About the Matter of Shanghai Foreigners of Different Nations Shooting and Capturing Freely Chinese Students and Laborers.

Urgent! Disaster is at hand!

Foreigners of different nations have joined together to encroach upon us and to massacre us! Students in Shanghai went to the International Concession to lecture because the Japanese ruthlessly killed a Chinese laborer and because the British and French people tried to enforce the cruel press law and the cruel increased wharf-duty. The foreigners refused to reason and fired at the students and killed 9 of them, wounded over 40, and captured 46. After that they called the foreign marines in order to demonstrate their power. Fellow-citizens, how ruthless, cruel, and barbarous an action this was! They are treating us Chinese worse than slaves, cattle, or insects. This is a heart-breaking affair!

The whole port of Shanghai is now on strike. All the shops have closed, all the laborers have stopped work, and all the schools have suspended classes in order to resist this barbarous action of the foreigners. Fellow-citizens in different professions, how do you feel about it? The foreigners of different nations have joined to oppress us Chinese. Is it possible

for us to sit down and look at it indifferently? You must not say, that this is a matter in Shanghai, far remote from us. Shanghai is only the first to suffer. If we do not arise quickly and resist, the disaster will come to us and perhaps in a way more cruel than in Shanghai. Fellow-citizens in different professions, quickly arise!

Merchants, strike in the markets.
Laborers, strike in the factories.
Students, strike in the schools.
Resist the foreigners in unison.
Boycott the foreign goods.
Blockade the concessions.
Sever all relationship (with the foreigners).
Those who are serving the foreigners must stop work at once and sever relations with them.
Compel the foreigners to recognize all the demands of the citizens of Shanghai.
Take back the foreign concessions and the custom house and abolish the consular court and all the unequal treaties.
Oppose foreigners establishing factories in China.
Organize the crowd and call a Citizens' Assembly.
Arm the people of the nation and overthrow all imperialism.
Long live the citizens of China who are being oppressed.
Long live the Chinese race.

THE CHINESE KUOMINTANG PARTY,
Headquarters of the Second Section of the City of Wuchang, Hupeh Province

June 2

Foreign Protests

Many foreign groups issued protests against the Shanghai killing of Chinese students. Among these were the faculty of Yenching College, Peking, the Christian Schools in Peking, Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., and the American Board of Peking. We reprint the protest of the Y. M. C. A., issued on June 4, which with the others appeared in a special supplement of the Peking *Leader:*

THE Y. M. C. A. PROTEST

As Chinese and foreign members of the secretarial staff of the Peking Y. M. C. A., an organization which includes in its aims the promotion of international good-will and understanding, we desire to express our deep concern and regret over recent events in Shanghai in which a number of students were killed and others wounded by police of the International Settlement. As far as our knowledge goes this is the first time in the history of foreign and Chinese relations where unarmed Chinese students have been [illegible] foreign orders. From information not available, we see little evidence for concluding that the circumstances were such as to justify such extreme measures. While not necessarily approving of all the specific steps which the students are taking we do find ourselves in sympathy with their fundamental purpose to focus public attention on this question. We believe that if a wrong has been done every effort should be made to see that it is righted in so far as is now possible.

The first important step would seem to be to have a thorough investigation made of the whole affair. It would seem appropriate that such an investigation be carried out by a commission composed of persons who would inspire public confidence, jointly appointed by the Chinese Government and the foreign nations involved. We hope that early action may be taken to create such a commission, which shall have full power to carry on its work and make public its findings, together with recommendations for settlement.

Moreover, we would raise the question whether the time is not at hand when careful consideration should be given to the causes for the growing tension which we believe we sense in Chinese and foreign relations at the present time. We are the more concerned about the happening in Shanghai, as we believe it to be but an outward expression of a serious underlying condition of unrest and distrust. While we have no desire to make hasty proposals for the betterment of the existing situation, our interest in Christian brotherhood and international good-will prompts us to inquire whether certain treaties conferring special privileges upon foreigners and which are a constant source of embarrassment and humiliation to the Chinese people do not stand in need of revision in view of the march of events in China as well as in view of an emerging world conscience which is demanding that justice and fair play be substituted for the use of force in international affairs.

Statements made at the trial throw light upon the contention that the students were attacking; most of them, it appears, were shot in the back. The following excerpts are taken from the *China Press* [Shanghai] of June 11:

THE TRIAL

Evidence was taken during the morning from Chief Inspector Reeves and Sub-Inspector Everson.

Mr. A. Covey, a Shanghai lawyer, was called to give an eyewitness account of the shooting. He stated that he had not seen any acts of violence on the part of the students. He declared that the acts of the crowd were not typical of a mob.

Dr. W. S. New, in charge of Chinese Red Cross hospitals, declared he had examined six of the victims, and that four of them had been shot in the back.

In answer to questions of Dr. Mei, Inspector Everson said the attack on the police station could have been dispersed with a rear or flank attack from the police up to about 3:30 p. m., but after that force by arms was the only thing that would have quelled the riot. He stated that it had never occurred to him to get out the hose, but it would have been impossible when the attack came, as there was insufficient time.

The inspector further commented that if the crowd had been allowed to get among the carbines of the firing squad the police would have been at their mercy.

Magistrate Kwan at this point asked whether it would not have been possible to fire at the legs of the crowd. The inspector answered that this was against all orders. "I have instructions not to fire except as a last resort, but when firing, to shoot to kill."

He explained that it was against instructions to fire over the heads of the crowd, as this endangers the lives of innocent persons. The same applies to firing at their legs, as the bullets are apt to ricochet.

Mr. Sidney R. Anderson, assistant pastor of the Moore Memorial, gave his version of the affair from 2:40 p. m., when he went to the Wing On store and saw police arrest two students.

He said there was no resistance on the part of the 200 students.

[illegible] were doing nothing but blocking the traffic.

[illegible] violence.

[illegible] traffic just before the shots were fired, the whole mass was [illegible]

[illegible] minute until the whole street was cleared.

Questioned as to whether he thought the state of mind of the crowd was such as to take the station by force, the missionary said:

I certainly would have thought not. I saw no violence on the part of the students and would say that the police

were absolutely unjustified in firing. I think that the crowd could have been scattered easily had a fire hose been applied.

During the whole time that I was among the mob I never heard the expression "Down with the foreigners," nor did I see any weapons among the crowd. I think that the students went to the station purely out of sympathy for their fellow-students.

Mr. Arthur Covey told of going down Nanking Road just as the shots were fired. He said that he never saw a weapon among the crowd and that the temper of the whole gathering was not one of mob violence. He said that as a whole they seemed cheerful and appeared to be watching the students.

Questioned by Dr. Mei he stated that he had seen a number of fighting mobs in action, but never had seen one that acted as quietly as did the one on Nanking Road on May 30.

Dr. W. S. New stated that following the incident four men had been admitted to the Tientsin Road Red Cross Hospital. Two of these, he said, had been shot in the back and he was unable to say whether or not the other two had been shot in the back, as they had only slight skin wounds.

Two others were admitted to the hospital June 1 and in both cases the bullets had entered from the back, he declared.

In expressing his sentiments regarding the affair, Dr. John W. Cline, former head of Soochow University, said: "I was not expecting to see the police fire, was shocked when they did fire, and have been sorry about it ever since."

He said that he was at the entrance to Louza police station when the volleys were fired, but for a moment could not believe that the police had not fired blank shells until the crowd melted away and he found himself in the midst of the dead and wounded.

He said he had not seen any actual acts of violence on the part of either the police or students previously to the shooting, but had concluded from their actions that they were not having a picnic.

There were no weapons used by the students, he said, and he had heard no cries of "Kill the foreigners". . . .

Contributors to This Issue

HARRY F. WARD, of Union Theological Seminary and the Methodist Federation for Social Service, has been lecturing in China for several months.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT, author of a study of Jesus called "The Man Himself," recently made an extended tour for the *World's Work* in which he visited the strongholds of fundamentalism.

HARVEY FERGUSSON was born in New Mexico. He was for some years a newspaperman in Washington, D. C., and has written three novels.

FRED L. HOLMES is managing editor of *La Follette's Magazine*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *The Nation's* dramatic critic, is a native of Knoxville, Tennessee.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG has recently returned from Illinois where he lectured on labor conditions to the United Mine Workers.

R. R. KUCZYNSKI has written many books on economic and statistical subjects and is now director of the German-French Economic Correspondence organization.

WALTER L. FLEMING is professor of history at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

FRANCES DUNCAN has made a study of Thomas Hardy.

ANGEL FLORES is a lecturer in English at Columbia University.

D. W. PRALL is a member of the philosophy department at the University of California.

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H. L. Mencken on The Nation

(Reprinted from the Baltimore *Evening Sun* for July 6, 1925. Copyright the *Evening Sun*.)

WHAT the circulation of The Nation is I don't know. In the sixtieth anniversary number, issued last week, the present editor hinted that it is considerably above the maximum of 11,000 scored by his earliest predecessors. I have heard gabble in the saloons frequented by New York publishers that it runs to 30,000, 40,000, even 50,000. But no one, so far as I know, has ever suggested that it equals the circulation of even a third-rate daily paper. Such dull, preposterous sheets as the New York Telegram, the Washington Star, the Philadelphia Public Ledger and the Atlanta Constitution sell two or three times as many copies. Such magazines for the herd as True Stories, Liberty, Hot Dog and the Saturday Evening Post sell fifty times as many.

Nevertheless, if I were a fellow of public spirit and eager to poison the Republic with my sagacity, I'd rather be editor of The Nation than editor of any of the other journals that I have mentioned—nay, I'd rather be editor of The Nation than editor of all of them together, with every other newspaper and magazine in America, save perhaps four or five, thrown in. For The Nation is unique in American journalism for one thing: it is read by its enemies. They may damn it, they may have it barred from libraries, they may even—as they did during the war—try to have it put down by the police, but all the while they read it. That is, the more intelligent of them—the least hopeless minority of them. It is to such minorities that The Nation addresses itself, on both sides of the fence. It has penetrated to the capital fact that they alone count—that the ideas sneaked into them today will begin to sweat out of the herd day after tomorrow.

Is the Creel Press Bureau theory of the war abandoned? Is it impossible to find an educated man today who is not ashamed that he succumbed to the Wilson buncombe? Then thank The Nation for that deliverance, for when it tackled Wilson it tackled him alone. Is Coolidge headed for a grand debacle? Is the Golden Age beginning to be sicklied o'er with a pale cast of green? Then prepare to thank The Nation again, for it began to tell the harsh, cold truth about good Cal at a time when all the daily journals of America, with not ten exceptions, were competing for the honor of shining his shoes.

* * * * *

I OFTEN wonder that the great success of The Nation under Villard has made such little impression upon American journalists—that they are so deaf to the lessons that it roars into their ears. They all read it—that is, all who read anything at all. It prints news every week that they can't find in their own papers—sometimes news of the very first importance. It comments upon that news in a well-informed and sensible fashion. It presents all the new ideas that rage in the world, always promptly and often pungently. To an editorial writer The Nation is indispensable. Either he reads it, or he is an idiot.

Yet its example is very seldom followed—that is, forthrightly and heartily. Editorial writers all over the land steal ideas from it daily; it supplies, indeed, all the ideas that most of them ever have. It lifts them an inch, two inches, three inches, above the sedimentary stratum of Rotarians and ice-wagon drivers; they are conscious of its pull even when they resist. Yet very few of them seem to make the inevitable deduction that the kind of journalism it practices is better and more

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IT'S AN ILL WIND that blows nobody good, and the uncomfortable experiences of the French in Morocco are having a sweetening effect upon the French attitude toward Germany, and speeding up the evacuation of the Ruhr. The French and Belgians have already abandoned most of the territory which Poincaré invaded in January, 1923, and the so-called sanctions cities, occupied in March, 1921, are to be evacuated in August. It was an open secret that Herriot wanted to leave the Ruhr a year ago, but did not dare—he feared the outburst of Nationalist hate at home. Nationalism in France today is well occupied in whistling to keep its courage up for Africa. Abd-el-Krim has harried the French lines with altogether unexpected success, and the constant announcements that he has failed to take Fez or Taza do not alter the fact that the French forces have been in almost constant retreat. More troops, and still more troops are needed; France has a Boer War on her hands which it may take her years to settle. The appointment first of General Naulin, then of Marshal Pétain, to command of the field forces, indicates the alarm felt in the War Ministry. Suddenly the military men themselves have become unconcerned over the "German peril"; they want the Rhine troops for use in Africa—and the evacuation which Herriot feared is being accomplished without a murmur of protest.

WAR IS STILL WAR and soldiers are still soldiers, whether the scene be in Flanders or in Morocco. A Paris dispatch which we find in the Washington *Post*, regarding the African War, betrays a confidence in the short memory of Americans which is probably well justified:

> Paris, July 8.—In a bombing raid against an open market along the Werga River, where 2,000 Riffians were buying and selling provisions and animals, a French air squadron with 3,000 pounds of bombs killed and wounded 800 Riffians.

Eight years ago we were being whipped into war by similar stories told about the Germans. Bombing an open marketplace where children played and women haggled and bartered? Only Germans, we were assured, were capable of such infamies. Yet this dispatch from Paris breathes no hint of shame, and it has been followed by glorious accounts of American airmen volunteering to help carry on the good work.

THE UNITED PRESS carried clearly in its dispatches what other agencies seemed to miss—that the commission appointed by the diplomatic corps in Peking to investigate the killings at Shanghai reported that the municipal (foreign) authorities were to blame for the deaths of the students shot down while demonstrating on May 30, and recommended that the police officials be discharged. That would seem light enough punishment, but the arrogant aliens of the Shanghai Municipality protested. Shanghai Municipality, they said, was not subject to the diplomats at Peking, and they would tolerate no such interference with their rights. Such an attitude on the part of the foreign colony goes far to justify any anti-foreign movement which may arise in China.

THE WAY IN WHICH NEWS is sometimes recorded, and sometimes fabricated, in the daily press is nicely illustrated by comparing the account of doings at "White Court" on July 15 as told in the New York *Herald Tribune* with the dispatches printed in other New York morning newspapers. In its issue of July 16 the *Herald Tribune* carried prominently on its first page a dispatch from its correspondent, Carter Field, which bore the heading "Calles to Fall, Huerta Agent Tells Coolidge," and began as follows:

> Swampscott, Mass., July 15.—That the Calles Government of Mexico, which recently defied the Coolidge Administration and belittled protests against seizures of American property, would be overthrown within a few months was indicated today to President Coolidge by Rinaldo H. Cole of St. Louis, who came to Swampscott as the representative of the Huerta revolutionary party.
>
> Mr. Cole, who represented Madero in this country and finally obtained recognition for him, and who later represented Carranza, finally winning President Wilson to recognize him, left for the President's perusal a long list of outrages on Americans and seizures of American property, illustrating the "bolshevistic" policy of the Calles regime, it was learned. Owing to the President's trip to Quincy today, Mr. Cole was not able to see him, but left the data he had brought to Swampscott with Secretary Sanders.
>
> Mr. Cole declined to say a word about his visit except that he desired to pay his respects to President Coolidge, whom he knew when Mr. Coolidge was a fellow-guest at the Willard Hotel in Washington.

TO THE CASUAL READER this account gives the impression that a man plotting revolution against Mexico has called in that capacity and been officially received at "White Court" and that his story of the impending fall of President Calles has been received with friendly and believing ears and passed on with every indication of importance to the press. Of course such action would be an almost unheard-of affront to a friendly nation, but in view of the Administration's recent extraordinary statement in regard to Mexico it is not unbelievable. Fortunately, however, we do not need to believe it. Upon consulting the New York *Times* of the same date we discover not a word about Mr. Cole's visit. The New York *World* puts its Swampscott dispatch on an inside page, and the only allusion to Mr. Cole is contained in the following words at the foot of a column devoted to other incidents:

> Richard H. Cole of St. Louis, who was a representative of President Carranza of Mexico in this country prior to the recognition of the Carranza Government by President Wilson, called at White Court today and left a letter with Secretary Sanders enumerating a large number of alleged outrages upon Americans and property seizures in Mexico.
>
> He also made the prediction, it is said, that within a few months the Calles Government will be overthrown by the De la Huerta forces. President Coolidge did not see him.

The *World's* account was a record of the news; the *Herald Tribune's* was a fabrication of it.

EDMUND BENICZKY was Minister of the Interior when Admiral Horthy's Hungarian dictatorship was young. Today he is out of office and at outs with the Government—chiefly because Horthy wants the throne for himself and Beniczky wants it for a Hapsburg. And, as often happens when thieves fall out, the public learns by the feud. Beniczky is now telling what he learned in office of Horthy's participation in the murders of the white-terror period. When political murders were becoming too frequent, in 1919, Beniczky and others went to Horthy's headquarters and asked if the arrival of the army in Budapest would be accompanied by pogroms. "No pogroms," said Horthy grimly, "but some men will have to swim"—alluding to the custom of drowning political opponents in the Danube. Among those who had to swim was Somogyi, the Socialist leader, editor of the *Nepszava*. Beniczky blames Horthy directly for his murder. One of Somogyi's articles, he says, was suppressed by the censor, in February, 1920, but a copy of the suppressed part was sent to Horthy's camp and read at his mess-table. Horthy arose, indignant, and shouted: "Enough of words; let us have acts." Before the month was out Somogyi was done to death by two of Horthy's officers. Beniczky accuses Horthy of protecting the murderers, and of complicity in other murders. It is a strange thing when a cabinet minister publicly accuses the chief of state of murder. It is a still stranger thing when the charge is passed over in virtual silence. But Horthy's Hungary is paying its debts, and our State Department will probably continue to help it when it can, as by gagging Horthy's enemy Count Karolyi.

KARIN MICHAELIS tells, in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, an amazing story of D'Annunzio and the beautiful Villa Cargnacco on the Lago di Garda. Because Henry Thode was a German, his villa was confiscated by the Italian Government during the war. After his death in 1920 it was opened and occupied by the poet-politician. Frau Thode went to see D'Annunzio, who promised to use his influence to have her house restored to her, or at least to give her a chance to buy it back. Within a few weeks, however, D'Annunzio himself mysteriously became the official owner of the villa. Frau Thode's letters were unanswered and when she called in person she was not received. Only after the Danish Authors' Club protested publicly did she hear from D'Annunzio. He begged her to protect him from criticism of his conduct in regard to a house he had "bought . . . on harsh terms from the Italian Government." This time he promised to give her from the house any objects she should name. She asked for the manuscripts and papers in her husband's desk, certain personal possessions, and some valuable paintings, but D'Annunzio refused to send all these things, and forced Frau Thode to sign a receipt before she received any of them. The trunk which he said contained "all manuscripts" was found to be filled with worthless papers and trash. The paintings had been sold at auction long before. When her friends again protested indignant letters came from D'Annunzio. "I have let myself be abused," he wrote, "with the patience of a Franciscan. . . . I have shown myself and will show myself superhuman."

THERE OUGHT TO BE an organized movement, instead of merely undirected sentiment, to end capital punishment in the United States. We think that the strength of opinion against this anachronism and barbarism is stronger than legislators imagine if only it can be assembled and expressed. Hence we welcome the birth of the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, with headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The league is calling a national conference, to meet in New York City October 23, 24, and 25, after which it will introduce bills to abolish capital punishment in various States, beginning with New York. Eight States have already done away with the death sentence: Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota. Four States—Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Missouri—reestablished capital punishment in 1918 under the pressure of post-war reaction. It is tragically true, as the league points out, that the death penalty has come to be a class punishment, practically reserved for the poor and friendless.

A TAXICAB DRIVER of New York City, we note with glee, is contesting the right of the Police Department of that municipality to compel him to wear a coat and collar while behind the wheel. His lawyer, with the devotion that his kind have for seeking legal loopholes rather than basing a case on broad principles, is denying the authority of the Police Department over taxicab drivers, owing to a recent decision of the New York courts upsetting a long line of home-rule legislation as unconstitutional. This is the wrong way to go about a right demand. We do not believe that under any law—past, present, or prospective—it is any more constitutional to prescribe a coat and collar for taxicab drivers than it would be to order kid gloves and silk hats for attendants at hot-dog stands or evening dress and starched shirts for "dock wallopers." If it is constitutional, such a regulation ought to be met with mass defiance anyhow. Taxicab drivers should organize for the specific purpose of going without coats and collars and making fools of pompous pouter-pigeon administrators.

Cancer

THE little boy's dog had developed a strange lump on the under side, and the little boy's father, who was a doctor, shook his head gravely and said that he thought that Trick had better go. You could not be too careful about a pet in a family of children. The children, of course, were disconsolate, but while the whole question hung like a cloud over the household a doctor friend came and suggested that he would take Trick over to the institute and see what could be done there.

And so, three days later, the little boy went with his father to get the dog, apparently none the worse in health or spirits for a dose of ether and a surgical operation. But even more entertaining than the sight of Trick with a white bandage wound around her middle and tied in a frivolous row of knots up the back, was the institute, room after room filled with glass apparatus and rows of test tubes, rooms full of white mice and guinea pigs and, pride of the establishment, two monkeys, whose blood, the men thought, was nearer that of humans than the blood of any of the other animals. Most of the men who worked there wore beards, for that was twenty-five years ago, when a beard was a trade-mark of the scientific callings. They were looking for the cause of cancer.

That institute still is looking for the cause of cancer. It was given and endowed for that. The only mention of it in the newspapers has been the announcement of the death of its director, killed by a chronic disease whose course was accelerated by his persistent refusal to stop an important series of experiments. It is one of a dozen or more laboratories throughout the world where men whose names are unknown, and always will be unknown, are spending their lives in the study of some one little aspect of this dreaded disease. The guarded announcement that two British scientists think that they have seen the "causative agent" of cancer as a disturbance of light rays, so infinitesimal as to elude the most powerful microscope, must call to mind these dozens of unseen workers, these decades of patient experiment, yielding now and then some crumb of enlightenment to point the way to further work, but more often with no greater satisfaction than the honest exercise of the scientific spirit—that spirit which led an English business man to spend what time he could snatch from earning his living in arduous study to perfect microscopic technique, and an English railroad worker to achieve his scientific education by an effort which would have staggered a lesser determination.

Like other first-rate scientific work the studies by Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard, which the British Medical Research Council announced last week, are built on a synthesis of earlier experiments. In 1911 an American, Peyton Rous, succeeded in producing sarcoma in fowls by inoculating them with a filtered substance taken from other chicken tumors. This success seemed to indicate that there was some agent—cautiously Dr. Rous refrained from assuming that it was a living organism or virus—present in the causation of cancer, and that this agent was so small as to pass through a filter. But opposed to the theory of a definite virus have been the fact of many varieties in types of tumors, and the apparent clinical evidence that cancer is not transmitted from person to person. Dr. Gye, accepting Dr. Rous's studies, believes that his further work not only confirms them but reconciles the objections raised by the opposing scientists who insisted that the evidence was all against the presence of a specific causative organism. This definite organism exists, he believes, in various types of malignant tumors; but it can produce cancer only when it is associated with a chemical substance, also present in tumors, which he calls "the specific factor."

In support of these claims the advance announcement of Dr. Gye's work tells of success in producing apparently typical sarcoma in a chicken by the use of virus taken from a human cancer and mixed with the specific chemical factor from a chicken tumor. Other experiments with rats and with mice seem to show that the same organism is present in each—and combined with the specific factor it will produce in an animal the special kind of cancerous growth typical of that kind. Dr. Gye's work is said to have been confirmed by other members of the Research Council in independent examinations. There is no body whose announcements are to be awaited with greater hope.

To find the cause of cancer, if that has been done, is not, of course, to find its cure. Koch found the tubercle of tuberculosis in 1882, and it is only now, more than forty years later, that announcement has been made of the discovery of a specific chemical—a salt of gold—which seems in some cases to be able to dissolve the fatty covering of that organism and destroy it in the human body without breaking down the surrounding tissues. But to learn the nature of the enemy undoubtedly is the first step toward attacking him. The press reports, which still are the only published accounts in this country of Dr. Gye's work, suggest that there has been at least a partial success in finding an antibody which is able to neutralize or destroy his cancer virus in the test animals. If that is true the way may lie open to the real conquest of one of man's ancient enemies.

In the meantime all that the most illustrious physician can do for his patient is to repeat the little which has been proved. Cancer—the crab—gradually spreading and eating away life itself, always starts as a localized disease. It is likely to develop at some point in the body where there has been a chronic irritation, by chemicals used in certain occupations, for example, or by some such mechanical agent as an ill-fitting dental plate. It is a disease of middle age and old age, and much of the undoubted increase in its incidence is due to the fact that more people now live to reach the forties, fifties, and sixties than ever before. The only hope of eradicating the disease lies in recognizing it in the early stages and cutting or burning it away. When that is done the victim may live out the rest of his natural life. But neglected or concealed, it spreads to poison and destroy the whole system.

The newspaper discussion of the work of Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard has given the lay world a heartening glimpse into the quiet house of science. It may help to lay the phantom terrors of cancer. But at least for the present the real dangers remain, and to the person who suspects or fears them there can be no other helpful advice than to seek at once the most competent medical help which he can command.

Seven Years After

MR. BERNARD BARUCH has tendered Mr. Owen D. Young $250,000, more or less, for the purpose of conducting an investigation into war profiteering—into "war profiteering as a cause of war, and the possibility of preventing war by taking the profit out of it." The study will be carried on by the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, of whose board of trustees Mr. Young is chairman. Research is to be conducted both here and abroad, and the final report will not be due for at least three years. The plan has received the blessing of General Pershing, who in a letter to Mr. Young sees a heightened morale in the army when it is known that wealth is equally conscripted with men.

It is well to recall some of the fabulous earnings of sturdy American enterprise in 1917 and 1918. Senate document No. 259, which Senator La Follette wrung out of an unwilling Treasury Department, sets forth the figures of thousands of nameless companies. The profits of half the coal companies reported ranged from 100 to 7,856 per cent on their capital stock. Seventeen woolen and worsted mills out of 45 listed, reported earnings of more than 100 per cent on their capital stock—one company reaching 1,770 per cent. The Chicago packers doubled and trebled their normal earnings. The United States Steel Corporation in 1916 and 1917 salted away $888,931,000—or $20,000,000 more than the par value of its outstanding capital stock. Canners of fruits and vegetables earned up to 2,032 per cent; furniture manufacturers up to 3,295 per cent; clothing and dry goods stores up to 9,826 per cent. Of 506 flour mills reported, 84 earned 100 per cent or better, one reaching 2,628 per cent. Two-thirds of the listed bakeries earned better than 20 per cent—34 companies going over 100 per cent. Senator Capper, in a speech on the floor of the Senate, declared that the total profits taken by private industry during the war years equaled the total capitalization of the companies concerned. For every dollar standing to the credit of stockholders on the books a dollar came back to them—the bulk of it from war profits.

Now Mr. Baruch is not a Red. He is not to be confused with that pitiful minority which in the late crusade for God and democracy made bold to raise a howl for the conscription of wealth. Not at all. As chairman of the War Industries Board he occupied perhaps the most strategic and important position of all our loyal defenders—not excepting the President. On his shoulders rested the quite colossal job of coordinating the whole industrial structure of America in an attempt to move men and goods as the social crisis demanded, rather than permitting it to follow the chaotic vagaries of business as usual. That the job was physical rather than financial the profit figures show. At any rate he moved the goods. Few save Mr. Baruch can realize just what a monumental task that was in a country besotted in the rights and obligations of freedom of contract. He was much too busy and much too intimate with the Administration to trade in any such treasonable nonsense as the conscription of wealth—at that time.

But now, after seven years of prayer and meditation, he is ready to hand out a cool quarter of a million for what would probably have landed him in Leavenworth in 1918. Nor is he the only one. Mr. Bergquist of the American Radiator Company has evolved a plan for putting every industrial plant in government service on the declaration of war. The *Christian Science Monitor* in an able series of articles has recently outlined another plan following the same lines. The rank odor of profiteering across the shining battalions has begun to disturb many nostrils, seven years too late.

But better late than never. And Mr. Baruch's action is particularly significant. With his hand on the pulse of the whole industrial mechanism, he was peculiarly and uniquely in a position to know whether the strangulation of profiteering would let down the morale of the forceful captains of industry. His mature conclusion—on which he stakes a small fortune—seems to be that it would not; that industrial mobilization might conceivably proceed on a profitless basis. Mr. Baruch has announced no such conclusion, but it is difficult to see how he could be induced to part with a quarter of a million unless he believed that it could be done. And even more important, he must believe that the very threat of such a procedure—the certainty that it would be adopted with the declaration of war—would have a profoundly depressive effect on the whole phenomenon of jingoism and militarism. Battered as we are with bitter memories of what actually happens when the drums begin to beat, we can only wish Mr. Baruch and Mr. Young godspeed. Never was there a research job more worth doing.

But just why does General Pershing come into the picture?

France's Color Line

THE bitter struggle in Morocco between the Riff tribes under Abd-el-Krim and the authority of Governor General Lyautey raises for reexamination the question of the success of the French colonial experiment in North Africa—especially in relation to the race and color question.

France has a deserved reputation of having come closer to solving the color question than any other great Western Power. The situation both within France itself and in her colonies is free from those tragic prejudices which make Britain's dominion in Egypt and India seem so hopeless and form a continual ferment of injustice and conflict in South Africa and in the United States. Snobbish Americans who recently tried to carry their accustomed treatment of the Negro to Paris and demanded the exclusion of that race from some of their favorite resorts received a sharp reminder of the different situation there and here. Resort owners who bent to their demands were promptly punished by the French Government, and the Americans were warned that they could not import their race prejudices into France. Other colonial Powers of the Twentieth Century have generally asserted, directly or indirectly, the doctrine of white superiority. "But France," as William Milligan Sloane says in his recently published "Greater France in Africa," "flatly asserts that there is no race and color question, at least officially, and uses every effort to secure complete equality, even social."

The French attitude toward race and color has two main sources. One is the natural tolerance, the spirit of "live and let live," which is one of the finest characteristics of the French people. The other is a definite political policy which recognizes the value of the people of North Africa as a military reservoir and sees the advantage of holding

their friendship and loyalty. Yet in spite of the generally reasonable attitude of the French, both official and unofficial, toward race and color, equality is far from achieved in North Africa, if we accept the account of Mr. Sloane. In fact, equality is a slogan for political consumption rather than an actual administrative program. Mr. Sloane visited Morocco and Algeria as a guest of the French Government and a representative of the Committee France-America. The account of his visit may without offense be said to be friendly toward France. Yet he does not conceal that, in spite of any assertion to the contrary, there is a race and color question in North Africa and that French experiment is, at best, only an approach toward the enormous difficulties and intricacies of a problem where science and reason find themselves continually halted by ancient human prejudices and passions. Even in Algeria, where France has had a foothold since 1815 and general control for three-fourths of a century, Mr. Sloane finds that race equality is not yet a reality.

> The literature of French Africa is fairly large [he says], and many so-called novels deal with real life in Algeria. A dispassionate reader finds the plot, either incidentally or mainly, concerned with the hard lot of natives who, after being Gallicized, aim at social equality. There is in them a frank admission of the friction between the subject and dominant races. This would seem to indicate that in Algeria at least there is a race, if not a color question.

There are many complexities of race and color in North Africa. The Arabs belong to the Semitic branch and the Berbers to the Hamitic division of the Caucasian race. Both are therefore technically "white," but long exposure to African suns and circumstances has given them a hue almost as dark as that of the Negroes, who have for centuries formed another considerable element in North Africa —larger still today, when France imports troops from south of the Sahara to fight her battles for her. In the cities there is also an appreciable Jewish admixture. Mr. Sloane says that in the large cities of Algeria the Europeans and the natives have separate quarters, although mixing in a business way. Of the country communities Mr. Sloane gives this description:

> Some are purely Oriental towns of small size, with crooked dirty streets, a little market-place and scanty bazaars, with a mosque and shabby minaret. Others are just as purely European, built of low one- or two-storied bungalows, arranged on streets in some variation of the checker-board plan, with a public square, shops, and a tavern or two. In the European towns of Algeria there are always a few natives, in the native towns a few Europeans. But for all practical purposes the permanent inhabitants are segregated from each other.

Segregation in a modified form is also under way in Morocco. The mixing of Europeans and natives in the large cities has not been entirely satisfactory, says Mr. Sloane.

> Accordingly at a certain distance, a mile at least, generally more, from the great towns and administrative centers of each district there have been erected small French hamlets where the officials and their families reside in pleasant French homes. . . . These bits of France, kept discreetly apart, seem to give no offense to the natives, content with their own unmolested towns and cities, their mosques uncontaminated by infidel feet, their bazaars and market-places.

The Women, Bless 'Em!

CHICAGO has decided to include women on its juries; Detroit has opened the smoking seats on its trolley cars to the gentler sex, and Nantasket Beach near Boston has boldly set out public benches marked "Reserved for Women—Smoking Permitted." But in New York a stalwart judge sent a bold young miss to jail because she ventured on the street in a male Palm Beach suit and a flat straw hat. "Knickers are the limit," said the magistrate.

Just why a young lady should desire to hide her nether limbs in the curious bifurcated bags affected by twentieth-century man is a problem for philosophers; but that problem seems to us simpler than the solution of the fears of the magistrate. Presumably he thought that in sentencing the girl to jail he was protecting society against some impending danger. What was it? Knickers he approved; and apparently he had no protest to make against the knee-length skirts and "bobbed hosies" which adorn the city streets. Trousers, however, caused him to shudder.

Men have always taken a certain pleasure in shuddering at the ways of the wild young women. Cato, a good many hundred years ago, cried out against the "new" woman: "What sort of practice is this of running out into public, besetting the streets, and addressing other people's husbands?" Juvenal, three hundred years later, thought that the current feminine taste for literature was likely to lead to homicide; Giordano Bruno, the enlightened reformer of his day, generously proclaimed: "I allow women to learn: to teach, never!" And Giuliano de' Medici would not permit the ladies to hunt or play tennis.

When, in 1852, the suffragists sought to introduce the ample garment which came to be known as the "bloomer" the moral sense of good Americans was shocked. Mobs drove the daring creatures off the streets; small boys hooted them, and followed them singing:

> Gibbery, gibbery, gab!
> The women had a confab,
> And demanded the rights
> To wear the tights.
> Gibbery, gibbery, gab!

And what were the lascivious garments affected by Amelia Bloomer and her friends, which caused such a furore and gave Mrs. Bloomer's serious paper, the *Lily*, such a boost in circulation? They were not the bloomers of today. They consisted of a skirt reaching half way between the knee and the ankle, with "moderately full trousers" below, gathered with an elastic band at the ankle—or, in winter, tucked into high shoes.

Years after the crusaders had abandoned their effort at dress reform the bicycle brought belated relief to the beskirted female. Now the young women regard even the bicycle bloomer with hoots of scorn. A new generation has arisen which does not know that employers used to forbid their slaves to wear short sleeves or to bob their hair. They breathe the air of unconscious freedom—and fill it with the smoke of their cigarettes. Who today would hail the flapper with such a toast as greeted Miss Anthony when she made her maiden speech:

> Our characters they elevate,
> Our manners they refine;
> Without them we'd degenerate
> To the level of swine.

Darrow *vs.* Bryan

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dayton, Tennessee, July 19.

WHEN on the fourth day after the opening of the famous trial at Dayton Clarence Darrow arose with the characteristic hitch of his shoulders and began his first electrical speech, a tremor went through the assembled army of newspapermen as they awoke with a start from the spell which Dayton had cast upon them So calm was the confidence of the little town, so indisputably real were the proceedings which had seemed at a little distance utterly preposterous that one was on the point of taking the trial with a certain seriousness not merely as a social phenomenon, but as a discussion of a real question. One was rapidly approaching the point where one could hear without amazement the opinion of a man who saw nothing unreasonable in the proposal to scrap all the geological and biological science of 125 years in favor of the picturesque myth of Genesis. Here was a court duly convened to pass judgment upon a crime which had arisen out of a law duly passed by the legislature of a sovereign State; here, arranged in order, were the opposing counsel; and here, strangest of all, was a grave judge, clothed in the majesty of the law, who was known to all as a staunch supporter of those to whom Tennessee's fantastic statute seemed sound common sense. Either all the visible world or oneself had obviously gone mad and one was not sure it was not oneself.

Nor had there been up to that moment a single incident to break the spell. Dayton had received her visitors with a slow and kindly smile which seemed to say "Rest assured, we shall annihilate you as gently as we can," and in the courtroom the same atmosphere had prevailed. With that courteous drawl of the South, so disarming to those who do not know with what inflexible obstinacy it can give utterance to the blackest prejudices, the judge had welcomed the visiting counsel and they had responded with suitable words. Securely intrenched behind religion and respectability, the prosecution anticipated no real unpleasantness, for its members had never in their lives heard any one question, save in apologetic terms, the complacent combination of ignorance and superstition for which it stood. That the defense could be other than defensive it never doubted, and it seemed as though no one would have the courage to tell these simple bigots where they really stood. They were mild because their authority had never been questioned, but they had succeeded somehow in making it seem that to tell them the truth about themselves would be the mere brutality of a boorish guest.

Then on this fourth day Darrow arose. He began as all before him had begun, with trivial courtesies. He thanked the court for bestowing upon him the title Colonel; the judge, with a twinkle of good fellowship in his eye, bade him "take it back to Chicago," and the vicious circle of empty courtesies seemed once more to have established itself when, with a transition too quick to be noticed, Darrow was suddenly in the midst of an impassioned oration, shaking his finger in the face of the astonished judge and denouncing in angry, rage-stirring words the intolerance, bigotry, and arrogance of that community of which the judge himself was known to be a typical member. Upon the face of the latter was written shocked amazement, and the correspondents rubbed their ears to be sure that they heard aright, but the spell was broken and Dayton heard for the first time the voice of an enlightened man who was not afraid to speak his mind.

In Tennessee, as I said in a previous article, intellectual courage is almost dead. Whatever is done in the name of patriotism or religion may consider itself as exempt from any but the most respectful criticism, and anything like a vigorous liberal opinion seemed as unreal and remote to Dayton as the Daytonian psychology seems to a man who has spent his life in intellectual society. Even the State University had given the acquiescence of silence, but here, come from afar, was a man who dared to do what no Tennesseean had done—hold up a mirror that she might see herself as the world saw her—and the effect was electrical. That Dayton was converted I should be far from maintaining, but she recognized courage and she respected it. For the first time the insolence of ignorance was shaken because for the first time it was questioned.

What Darrow's speech would look like in cold print I do not know, but there was unquestionable greatness both in the passion with which it was uttered and in the calculation of the moment for utterance; and when he concluded with the solemn warning that "with flying banners and beating drums we are marching backward to the glorious age of the sixteenth century when bigots lighted faggots to burn the men who dared to bring any intelligence and enlightenment and culture to the human mind" even Dayton stopped to think. However much or little it may have directly accomplished, it gave to Tennessee an invaluable example of the only possible way in which she can fight the bigotry which is drawing her back into barbarism.

Many a time during the course of that eloquent tirade and many a time during the next few days when Darrow, Neal, Hays, or Malone rose for a few seconds to voice some legal objection in terms which implied unmistakably their contempt for this court in which no fairness could be expected, the eyes of the crowd turned toward the peerless leader from whom it confidently awaited vindication and triumph. Though for several days Mr. Bryan continued unbroken the silence which he had maintained, the increasing speed of the fan which he used and the tightening of the lines about his mouth showed that not a few of the arrows were reaching home and that he was stung to the heart by these men who refused to respect the bogus claims to learning and liberality by which he set so much store and treated him as the fraud which he is. Finally he could stand it no longer. He got up to say merely that in due time he would answer, and the applause which greeted this announcement showed clearly how fully his audience expected him to keep his word.

At last the moment came and he arose to make his plea for the exclusion of all testimony from either scientists or theologians. He began with the now famous references to his long list of honorary degrees, but he must have been subconsciously aware of the fact that though any

college can grant honorary degrees it is beyond human power to confer any honorary learning, for he soon turned to develop his chief plea—a plea for ignorance as uncorrupted as possible by any knowledge. There is, he said, no such thing as a Bible expert; learning is useless and only faith can count. The opinion of a bushman just converted is as good as that of the scholar who has devoted a lifetime to the study of the text. Even the most ignorant man in all the throng was, I believe, a little ashamed, and all eyes turned to Dudley Malone, who had been chosen to answer him of the silver tongue.

Of Malone's speech I have no space to give an account but it was, like the speech of Darrow, undoubtedly great when considered as a part of the drama which the defense was staging. With all the vocal art and the genuine passion for which the occasion called it pleaded for fair play, it stated the simple case for light against darkness, and, reaching its height, it taunted Bryan in stinging words with his cowardice in declaring before the world that the trial at Dayton was a duel to death between science and religion and then refusing to fight the contest which he himself had so loudly proclaimed. Nor was there the slightest doubt who, for the moment, had won. A dormant sense of fair play had turned even the fundamentalists for an instant against their leader, and the applause which broke forth, twice as great in volume and duration as that which had greeted Mr. Bryan, showed conclusively that in this particular duel Mr. Bryan had lost even in the midst of his own camp. It seemed almost true that, as Mr. Mencken, seated behind me, excitedly exclaimed, "Tennessee needs only fifteen minutes of free speech to become civilized."

For a moment one was almost sorry for the great leader who had fallen so low. Driven from politics and journalism because of obvious intellectual incompetence, become ballyhoo for boom-town real estate in his search for lucrative employment, and forced into religion as the only quasi-intellectual field in which mental backwardness and complete insensibility to ideas can be used as an advantage, he already knows that he is compelled to seek in the most remote rural regions for the applause so necessary to his contentment. Yet even in Dayton, as choice a stronghold of ignorance and bigotry as one could hope to find, he goes down in defeat in the only contest where he has met his antagonists face to face. For a moment, as I said, one pities him and yet such pity is, of course, not really called for. Even as he loses he wins; no argument and no real victory are needed. The judge, ruling as he knows he was expected to rule, debars from the jury the only testimony which is really pertinent to the case, denies to the defense the only plea which they would desire to make, and the trial at Dayton is, to all intents and purposes, over at a time when the jury has not been allowed in the courtroom for more than fifteen minutes.

No one knows what the ultimate result will be. In a higher court the law may be pronounced unconstitutional or the present proceedings declared a mistrial, but whatever happens the affair at Dayton has taught several valuable lessons. It has shown conclusively that the danger, often referred to by liberals, of laws that will reduce the United States to a bondage more complete than that of the darkest puritan village of colonial New England, is no fantastic danger but one real and present; and it has shown also that the only possible way in which that danger can be fought is with a bitterness and vigor equal to that of those who provoke it. The mob is up; it has tasted blood and smelled smoke. Fair words are useless, for with every concession it grows in strength and determination; and it will not do to rest quietly behind the Constitution, for the Constitution is not an impregnable wall. It is subject to change and, as Mr. Darrow said in a quotation from Bancroft which we may have occasion to find all too true, "it is right to preserve freedom in constitutions, but when the spirit of freedom has fled from the hearts of the people, then its matter is easily sacrificed under the law." So far as Tennessee is concerned the only question worth asking is "How many are her Neals?" And so far as the country at large is concerned, "How many are her Hayses, her Darrows, and her Malones?"

The Holy Rollers on Shin Bone Ridge

By ALLENE M. SUMNER

THE Holy Rollers of Dayton, Tennessee, chose the week of the evolution trial for their revival time. "The sin down there in the valley must be wiped out by the glory of the Lamb," said the Rollers.

The Holy Rollers of Dayton have no church. God frowns upon money, they say, and the contractors and carpenters of Dayton refuse to put stone and mortar together without money. The Holy Rollers, therefore, found their "arbor church" on Shin Bone Ridge—two massive elm trees, their huge limbs swollen and cracked with age, their leaves interlacing. Rough wooden benches semicircled the elms. And crude tea-pots with fat white wicks crammed into their snouts blew opal flame into the silver of the moonlit night. Night things all about. The screech of the bob-cat. The wail of the whippoorwill. A whir of bats' wings, and the staccato of insects. The great mountains like black-robed Druids keeping watch over their own.

The Holy Rollers, a hundred or more, sat on the benches and on the dew-wet grass. Curious folks from the town came to their cars and sat and listened. A deputy sheriff with his pink-dressed girl—sometimes there is trouble.

"Folks, we's only got'n three books an' they ain't all aliken but we can holler somehow," said Preacher Joe Leffew, clad in blue shirt, torn across the back, showing his sun-bronzed flesh, with torn blue overalls reeking of the mule team. The hymn rolled out. A hymn thunderous with rhythm. There was a stamping of bare and hobnailed feet, a swaying of bodies, old men and old women, girls and boys and little children.

> We ain't goin' to sin any more, Lamb,
> We ain't goin' to sin any more, God,
> We's all goin' to glory, God,
> And wash in the blood of the Lamb.

The song became a dirge and the dirge became a fiendish thing, rising in howls and wails and moanings that stilled the wild things of the night.

Preacher Joe Leffew preached. "Some folks thinks as how as we-uns are funny people. They come here, poor sinners that they are, to mock an' revile us. Here's our word of Scripture. 'An' Christ reeled to an' fro, as a drunken man.' Now, children, dear children, some folks think that means the Lamb was a drunkard. T'aint so at

all. It says 'as a drunken man.' You cain't tell me God's son ever went home all soused up."

Preacher Joe Leffew assailed education. "I ain't got no learnin' an' never had none," said Preacher Joe Leffew. "Glory be to the Lamb! Some folks work their hands off'n up 'n to the elbows to give their young-uns education, and all they do is send their young-uns to hell."

"Glory to His name," shouted the huddled figures, misty-gray in the night damp.

"I ain't let no newspaper in my cabin for nigh unto a year since the Lord bathed me in His blood," said Preacher Leffew.

"Glory to the Lamb," wailed the chorus of the saved.

"I never sinned enough to look in one of these here almanacs."

"Praise His name," wailed the chorus of the saved.

"I've got eight young-uns in the cabin and three in glory, and I know they're in glory because I never learned 'em nothin'."

"Glory to the Lord," wailed the chorus of the saved.

"I've gotta team of good mules and a wagon an' that's all I have got, but I'd give 'em away tomorrow for more of this good old-time religion."

"Praise God," thundered the chorus of the saved.

Testifying began. An old woman of seventy, her gray hairs straggling over her lean, sun-bronzed face. Hands at her hips, she paced the circle hemmed in by wooden benches. She twisted her sharp-boned old body into gyrations, touched the ground, shrieked and moaned. Ma Ferguson "speaks with tongues" and testifies with strange and stirring words.

"We cain't repine on no flow'ry beds of ease," said Ma Ferguson. "We gotta save the daughters—gotta save their bodies—gotta stop fornycation."

"Glory to God," wailed the chorus of the saved.

A group of calico-gowned mountain women came forward, each about to bring one more potential Holy Roller into this vale of grief and woe, each carrying an infant in her lean, bronzed arms. Like a Greek chorus in the hollow of the night they moaned and swayed and cried together, rocking their babies in rhythm with their "speech of tongues." The hard, dry years that sap the living juice from the bodies of mountain women had leathered their faces. The strange light of a vision was in their eyes. They dropped their little bundles of baby flesh. The moon was high now. Blue and silver and amber it dripped light through the elm leaves. The mountain women dropped to the ground. They clutched hands and kicked and frothed and moaned: "Gotta save the daughters—gotta save their bodies—gotta save their bodies——"

Again the preacher, his eyes popping out like blue marbles, his shock of corn-colored hair on end, preached. He dragged a bench from the outer circle into the central hollow. "Come, sinners," he implored, "come to the moaning bench."

Song after song was wailed in the hollow of the night.

> From the manger to the cross,
> Not a moment's time was lost.

Drama. A spurt of orange. A girl's shrill treble laugh dying into a hoarse sob. A girl of sixteen in a flaming sport dress had thrown herself, a little huddled heap, upon the bench. Her hands dug into the dirt of the ground. Sobs wrenched her. Her voice was piping and shrill. "Jesus, save me; God, help me; Christ, come to me."

The "saved" surrounded her. Ma Ferguson bent her white hairs over the bench, an arm about the sobbing girl. The mountain women huddled about her. Preacher Leffew stroked her white arm: "Save her from fornycation, God; Jesus, put Your mark upon her."

Hour after hour passed, the treble piping was hoarse. Midnight—and the Holy Rollers, damp and limp with exhaustion, lay flung out upon the grass.

France, Bankrupt

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, June 27

AFTER a platonic demonstration of 240 Socialists, Radical, and Communist deputies in favor of a capital levy—platonic because, whatever the merits of the proposal, it could not solve the immediate difficulties—Parliament has adopted the government measures by overwhelming majorities. It could not do otherwise, for the eleventh hour has been reached. The state has to pay nearly two billion francs on July 1 for bonds issued in 1922 which fall due on that day and have not been renewed, and the Treasury is empty. Failing a compulsory moratorium, which would have amounted to an act of national bankruptcy, the money had to be found somehow.

It has been found by a new currency inflation. The further increase of the note circulation by six billion francs —in addition to the increase of four billions voted in April —will just cover the bonds falling due on July 1 and those coming to maturity on September 25, which amount to about 3,800,000,000 francs. It is true that it is not an inflation to meet a budget deficit, and the floating debt is not increased by it, since the new banknotes will simply be exchanged for bonds. Nevertheless, it will inevitably affect the exchange value of the franc. The heavy fall in the franc during the last few days has been due to the anticipation of a new issue of banknotes. The Paris stock exchange has been in a nervous state, which, as the pay day of July 1 approached without any provision being made to meet it, verged on panic.

The payments due in July and September are not the only immediate difficulties that M. Caillaux has to face. The danger of a huge floating debt is becoming more and more evident. For the last ten years the French Government has been inflating by an unlimited issue of treasury bonds repayable in three, six, or twelve months, which are in effect banknotes bearing interest. This is one of the makeshifts by which the annual budget deficit has been covered. So long as the holders of treasury bonds renewed them when they fell due, as most of them did until a few months ago, this system of camouflage inflation, which has been, of course, one of the principal causes of the fall of the franc, went gaily on without thought for the future. It was evident that, if for any cause confi-

dence was shaken, the holders of treasury bonds would stop renewing them, and I, for one, have been saying for the last five years or more that this would happen sooner or later. It is happening now. The state is being called upon to reimburse treasury bonds at the average rate of about two billion francs a month. Unless this can be checked somehow, France is faced with imminent bankruptcy, for the total of the floating debt is about the same as that of the consolidated debt—150 billion francs in round figures.

One would have thought that the holders of treasury bonds would prefer them in present circumstances to banknotes—and M. Caillaux rather counted on that when he first took office—but it is not the case. The hoarding of banknotes in private hands still continues, although the notes hoarded have already lost anything up to three-fourths of their value according to the date at which they were first put in the stocking or under the bed. It seems impossible to eradicate the French mania for hoarding. The Bank of France estimates that the gold coins hoarded by private individuals in France amount to about two billion francs (equivalent to about eight billion paper francs). There is more sense in hoarding gold, although, of course, it is disastrous from the point of view of the general interest that money should thus be kept idle, but to hoard notes in present conditions is insane. Nevertheless, something like 10 per cent of the French paper currency is probably hoarded at this moment. One of the objects of hoarding is to evade taxation. This is an example of the French lack of the only useful form of patriotism—civism or public spirit. The habit of hoarding is one of the causes of French financial difficulties, and one of the reasons why the national income of France is lower in proportion to the national wealth than that of most other countries. It compels the state to maintain a much larger currency than is required for the purposes of circulation, it diminishes the national revenue by concealing taxable capacity, and it immobilizes a large part of the capital of the country, which is not available for any productive purpose.

During the last few weeks M. Caillaux has made one proposal after another for dealing with the situation thus created, but what the bankers approved the politicians disapproved and vice versa. His best proposal, perhaps, was the ingenious solution of fixing a maximum limit for the amount of banknotes and treasury bonds combined, without fixing the proportion of either category. This would have enabled banknotes to be issued to meet treasury bonds as they were presented for repayment, without increasing the floating debt. It would not have meant a new inflation in the true sense of the term, but would rather have prevented any further inflation. The bankers, however, feared that this would not be understood by the French public, which does not realize that an unlimited issue of treasury bonds at short term is just as much inflation as an unlimited issue of banknotes. The rulers of France during the last ten years have taken care that the French people should not realize it. They have persistently asserted that they were not inflating. M. Caillaux, therefore, dropped this suggestion and fell back on the attempt to consolidate the floating debt by a "gold loan" issued only to holders of treasury bonds and in exchange for such bonds.

At present this loan is quite voluntary, but, in my opinion, the chances are that it will before long have to be made compulsory. I doubt whether a sufficient number of treasury bondholders will take the loan in exchange for their bonds unless they are compelled. It is understood that the interest is to be only 4 per cent, that of the treasury bonds being 5 per cent, but it is to be guaranteed at the rate of the dollar exchange at the moment of issue. Thus, if the franc fell subsequently to half its exchange value at the time of issue, the interest would rise to 8 per cent in paper francs, and so on, and the market value of the stock would rise in paper francs accordingly. Of course, on the assumption that the franc is going to depreciate much more, this is a great advantage to the investor, who would be better off with the loan than with treasury bonds, but that assumption is rather a damaging one for the state to make. In effect, the French Government is saying goodby to the franc, or, if not, investors will have no motive for taking the loan. No doubt the loan gives the French Government a motive for arresting the fall of the franc, but then where is the attraction to the investor? If the franc could be stabilized at its present rate, every treasury bondholder that subscribed to the loan would be worse off. It is to be feared that the fact that the French Government so evidently anticipates a further depreciation of the franc will not tend to restore public confidence. It is at best a desperate remedy, but the situation is desperate.

M. Caillaux cannot be blamed. He inherited the situation. His first business was to balance the budget as the necessary preliminary to any measures for stabilizing the franc and putting the Treasury on a sound basis. He has succeeded in doing that, if his taxation proposals are accepted, but he is now called upon to provide for sudden emergencies due to the follies of his predecessors. If chauvinism and patriotism were synonyms, patriotism would induce the holders of treasury bonds to exchange them for the new loan, but the French have never yet shown any disposition to sacrifice their personal financial interests, or what they believe to be their interests, to the public good. As somebody said during the war, the French bourgeois are quite willing to let their sons be killed, but you mustn't ask them for five francs. My belief is that it will be found necessary to consolidate the floating debt by a compulsory loan, but we shall see to what extent the loan is subscribed, and to what extent it checks the demand for repayment of treasury bonds. If the loan be subscribed wholly or principally by persons that would otherwise renew their treasury bonds and the demands for repayment continue to the same or even a greater extent, as is possible, the problem will not have been solved, and the present dangerous situation will continue.

One thing, at any rate, is done by the law just passed. The maximum amount of the floating debt is limited to the amount at which it stands after the subscription of the loan. This means that no more treasury bonds can be issued, except to replace bonds presented for repayment, and that there can be no further inflation by this means. The amount of the floating debt can be increased in the future only by the sums necessary to repay loans at short term, as distinct from treasury bonds, when they come to maturity. On December 8 another series of bonds issued in December, 1922, to the amount of about ten million francs, will fall due. If all the holders, or the majority of them, demand repayment, it will be a serious matter.

In spite of the large majority by which the law was

passed by the Chamber, the position of the Government is gravely shaken. In the vote on the Socialist counter-proposal of a capital levy two-thirds of the Left Bloc voted for the proposal and against the Government, which had made the question one of confidence. In the final vote the law as a whole was adopted by 330 votes against 34, but there were more than 200 abstentions, including all the Socialist deputies.

The Left Bloc is, in fact, disintegrated, and the two principal factors in its disintegration have been the war in Morocco and the financial question. M. Painlevé has always said that he would not continue in office without a majority of the Left. He may feel justified in remaining for the present, since the majority of the Left voted with the Government on the adoption of the law—there were many abstentions on the Right—and it is desirable that he should, for a change of government at this moment would not facilitate the solution of the many urgent problems of internal and international politics. Moreover, it would now be almost impossible to form another Government of the Left unless the Socialists consented to join it. That they are most unwilling to do, for it would mean, among other things, taking the responsibility for the war in Morocco, and it is unlikely that the party would in any case consent to ministerial participation. The Socialist national congress on July 12 may do something to make the situation clearer, but at this moment it seems unlikely that the present Government can last long. The conflict about the capital levy will be renewed, and there is strong feeling among the Radicals as well as the Socialists that M. Caillaux's taxation proposals are not sufficiently bold and do not demand enough from the rich.

The Deflated Farmer

By JAMES W. QUIGLEY

HAS the farmer come back? An answer to this question is necessary to any conclusion regarding the genuineness of prosperity in the United States. Farming in the Northwest, and in parts of the South, is virtually, and to a considerable extent actually, in receivership. The hard lot of the farmer has been the primary cause of the failure of the largest railway unit in the United States, two of the largest fertilizer companies, several important packing companies, and a great number of other manufacturing corporations, wholesale companies, and retail businesses. Banking suspensions, which aggregated 119 and 107, respectively, in 1910 and 1911, typical pre-war years, numbered 578 in 1923, 613 in 1924, and 255 for the first half of 1925. More than 70 per cent of these closed banks are in fifteen Western States.

The agricultural depression, while it lasted, was so severe as to threaten depopulation even of productive communities. This was forcibly brought to my attention in 1923 in connection with a report of an investigation as to the advisability of assisting farmers in Golden Valley County, Montana, to pay 1923 taxes. An examination of the tax list showed that, out of a total of approximately 900 farmers who undertook to farm in 1923 to some extent, and who had been landowners, not over 200 would be able to hold their land. The property of all the rest had been foreclosed or was in process of foreclosure or was to be foreclosed in the course of the next few months. The tax record showed that only 160 farmers residing in the county and operating their farms had paid as much as half of their 1923 taxes. Of this number, approximately one-fifth owed part of their taxes prior to 1923. With taxes almost entirely unpaid, it is obvious that other debts of these farmers received scant attention.

Corporate reorganization commonly has for its purpose the reduction of fixed charges. When actual and prospective earnings of a company are clearly inadequate to justify the annual charges for borrowed money, the only solution is a drastic writing down of capital assets and capital liabilities. Like that of the industries dependent upon him, the farmer's answer to his financial troubles was bankruptcy. Farm-land values in the Northwestern States increased 200 to 250 per cent from 1914 to 1920. The 1914 values represented a fair estimate of the worth of the land as a capital asset. Taxes on this land increased during the same period 150 to 325 per cent. If one doubles the price of land and more than doubles the taxes, and uses these inflated values as the basis for the farmer's debts, the hopelessness of his situation should occasion no surprise. While any general statement must be varied for the individual farmer and particular locality, agriculture is today essentially a deflated industry. It has scaled down its inflated capital account and reduced its fixed charges. Its floating debts have been eliminated. As a result, it is able to reap the fullest advantage from the increased price of farm products.

The United States courts closed approximately 18,000 bankruptcy cases in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914. Of these, approximately 1,000 were cases of farmers. In the fiscal year of 1924 approximately 42,000 cases were closed and of these nearly 8,000 were cases of farmers. While the total number of cases increased about 125 per cent, bankruptcy petitions of farmers increased 600 per cent. The farmers' proportion of all cases was 1/18 in 1914, 1/5 in 1924. Farmers' cases were 1/9 of the Georgia total in 1914, ¼ in 1924; 1/10 of the Nebraska total in 1914, 1/3 in 1924; 1/3 of the 1914 Montana total, 2/3 in 1924; ½ of the 1914 North Dakota total, 4/5 in 1924; 1/3 of the 1914 South Dakota total, 3/5 in 1924. Georgia showed a 1,000 per cent increase of farmers' bankruptcy cases in ten years; Nebraska, 1,300 per cent; Montana, 900 per cent; North Dakota, 600 per cent; South Dakota, 500 per cent. These figures take on an added significance when it is recalled that a farmer cannot be forced into bankruptcy, and that, by assignments under State laws, homestead and other exemptions, and transfers of property to relatives, there are numerous devices other than bankruptcy by which the farmer, as a practical matter, can put his property out of the effective reach of creditors. The dissemination of the knowledge of methods of debt evasion and the ease with which this knowledge can be successfully applied has undermined the morale of many Middle Western and Southern communities and is the cause of much

concern to bankers and others doing business in those localities.

The actual result of bankruptcy has been financially beneficial to nearly every farmer, whether renter or landowner, whose burden of debt was excessive. If a renter, his personal and family exemptions usually leave him a considerable nucleus of property for recommencing operations, with all debts wiped out. If a landowner, his situation is not so simple, but the result is similar. Suppose a landowner has title to 160 acres, valued by him at $150 an acre, or $24,000, and worth, on a fair capitalization of earnings, $100 an acre, or $16,000. Against this he has a first mortgage of $9,000, which, with past-due interest, amounts to about $10,000. He has bank debts of $4,000, secured by chattel mortgage on farm machinery and live stock which cost $6,000 and is fairly worth $3,000 at depreciated values. These debts are additionally secured by a second mortgage on his farm. Besides these secured debts, he has miscellaneous obligations amounting to $1,000 or more to local merchants, doctors, fertilizer companies, and others. The farmer becomes discouraged and, following the example of his neighbors, he files a petition in bankruptcy, known locally as "taking the cure." His sole listed assets consist of his equities in real estate and chattels. The filing of the petition in bankruptcy forces the first mortgagee to foreclose his mortgage, on which there is certain to be a default. There is no market for real estate at any price in a bankrupt community and the first mortgagee is forced to bid in the property at the foreclosure sale for the amount of the mortgage. He thus squeezes out the holder of the second mortgage. The chattel mortgagee has no course open except to foreclose his mortgage. It is to the interest of the first mortgagee, who now has title to the property, to keep the farmer on the land, so he offers to rent the farmer the premises, furnish him with seed, and buy in the chattels at the foreclosure sale. There is no chance for the holder of the chattel mortgage to get fair bids for the personal property. The residents of the community have no current resources, and, even if they had, they would not bid against a neighbor. Unless the chattel mortgagee can take over the property himself, which in most cases is impossible, the actual result is that the chattels are sold for a few hundred dollars at the foreclosure sale, either to the farmer owner or to the first mortgagee for the owner's account. It is commonly said that at a foreclosure sale a mule with a dollar-bill tied to his tail will bring sixty cents. I have before me the record of three foreclosure sales on which the mortgagee realized $222.43, $343.43, and $346.80, respectively. The value of the chattels sold, according to the financial statements of the owners, was from $3,500 to $5,000 in each case. Some of the individual items on the sheriff's returns are as follows:

3 mules	$18.00
Wagon and harness	[illegible]
13 ranch horses	7.00
Wagon	[illegible]
Drill	5.00
8 plows	[illegible]
Threshing machine	15.00
Fordson tractor	16.50
3 cows and 1 yearling	[illegible]

The last stage in the farmer's rehabilitation follows his discharge in bankruptcy. The first mortgagee reconveys the land and the chattels to the farmer for a sum equal to the old first mortgage plus the amount advanced for the repurchase of the chattels and takes a new long-term first mortgage as security. The farmer has his land back, with his machinery and his live stock. His second mortgage, chattel mortgage, and all his current floating debts are extinguished, wheat is $1.50 a bushel, and the Department of Agriculture promises him the third largest corn crop on record.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been hitchhiking. His young friends have long been telling him of the joys of the road, and he saw no reason why years of presumed discretion should keep him from acquaintance with this national sport. When he was young the wild young men were supposed to take to the sea—though very few did; today, apparently, all the young men and women take to the road. Tales of transcontinental pilgrimages stirred the Drifter's blood; modestly, he set out to try the highways of Vermont.

* * * * *

CITY folk are suspicious of the stranger when on their own heath—or cement; but the Drifter had supposed that a city man touring the hill-country with his wife would be glad to give a weary foot-passenger a lift. Not so. The Drifter acquired a new yardstick for automobiles. A Ford with a vacant seat meant a sure offer of a lift; any modest country car or local delivery wagon meant probable hospitality; the big polished city touring car or limousine was sure to whiz past in silent disdain. It may be different in the West; for the sake of the continental hitchhikers the Drifter hopes so.

SOME say that hitchhiking has been overdone, and that the automobilists lose patience with the abundance of parasitic pedestrians. The vice-president of a cracker-factory, after inviting the Drifter to ride, poured forth a flood of carrier's fears. He hardly ever picked up hikers, this worthy said; they were too likely to repay their host by beating him and robbing him. A series of accounts of such affrays in the South and the Far West, all told in detail, but at fourth or fifth hand, followed. The Drifter gasped a pained expression of gratitude under the circumstances; his host replied that after all he was glad to help—his club's motto was: "He profits most who serves best." "And what is the club?" "The Rotary Club." The Drifter kept his peace, while the discourse on service flowed on.

THE vice-president of the cracker factory, however, while venting his fears and his Rotarian ideals, drove twenty miles out of his way in order to help the Drifter toward his goal, and appalled the Drifter by stopping in one village to buy strawberry ice-cream cones for himself and his guest. Indeed, all the Drifter's hosts were overwhelmingly generous. A young theological student who was earning his tuition by peddling cakes through the mountain villages presented the Drifter with one of his finest products; and a philosophic mechanic opened a discourse on fishing by offering the Drifter a cake of sweet chocolate. A lonely traveling salesman was pathetically grateful for company; and one friendly soul, after dropping the Drifter, did an errand of his own and then cruised on up the Drifter's little-traveled road to help him further on his journey.

THE Drifter passed signs that marked the route to Calvin Coolidge's birthplace, but his infidel feet turned in another direction. Nothing that he saw in those hills explained the taciturn President to him. He found the Vermonters eager to talk about their green hills. Several had spent odd days working on the "Long Trail" that follows the mountains from Canada to Massachusetts. An awning-maker begged the Drifter to camp with him that very night. These men knew where the fish lurked, and spoke of hunting trips with enthusiasm; they had scant gift for poetic expression, but poetry was in their hearts. The most passionate hunter among them, after telling of bear and deer, and of balsam camps and lonely ponds, added: "I like to hunt. But somehow I don't care much about killing the animals any more."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Answer to the Left Wing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The arguments advanced by Mr. Louis Hyman in your issue of July 22 in defense of his acts and the acts of his fellow-"joint-actionists" are as mythical and as removed from reality as is his "committee of action."

It is hardly necessary, at this time, to reiterate that the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union has, ever since its organization, maintained a consistent record as a progressive labor union, and that it has never attempted and does not now attempt to control the political views or activities of its members; that it does not consider it improper for a local union to arrange May Day demonstrations or to invite radical speakers to address such meetings.

A definite line of demarcation, however, must be drawn between the mere expression of political views by the members within the organization, or their political activities outside the organization, and activities which have for their object the committing of the union to an outside organization to the extent of taking orders from such organization and thereby dividing the union along lines entirely foreign to its aims, objects, and struggles.

A movement of the latter kind has developed within the last few years under the auspices of the Communist Party, the Workers Party, the Trade Union Educational League, and similar groups. The all-important feature which distinguishes these organizations from all other radical political organizations which we knew in the past is that their definite and announced purpose it to dictate policies of our union, to "capture" its officials and locals, to discredit the administration of our union under all circumstances, and to bring dissension and discord within our ranks. That this is the purpose of the organizations mentioned is clearly shown by their own publications, their official programs, and above all by the consistently abusive, hostile, and pernicious attitude of their Jewish organ, to which Mr. Hyman and his fellow-"joint-actionists" loyally and steadily contribute.

Mr. Hyman denies that the majority of the suspended members of the three executive boards are members of the Workers Party and says that only minorities among them belong to it. When these suspended officials were running for election last fall they *all* denied before the election committee that they were Communists or that they belonged to any leagues hostile to the I. L. G. W. U. They *all* signed statements to the effect that "they do not belong to any Communist leagues and that they consider such leagues as a menace and a detriment to the trade-union movement." When they got into office, however, they threw off their masks and began to sabotage every constructive effort of the union. Now they are professing that *not all* of them are members of the Communist Party, but they are just as truthful and sincere about it as they were when they denied it before the election committee last fall.

The rest of Mr. Hyman's argument is, from the point of veracity, just as substantial. A sample of it is contained in the assertion that the union's policy is to "call fake strikes and to line the pockets of its henchmen"—a statement so preposterous that it will only provoke smiles among our members. In line with it is the statement that "they have demanded an accounting for the expenditure of $2,000,000 by the Joint Board," made obviously to create the impression that the Joint Board spends lavishly millions of dollars without system and accounting, whereas it is known to anyone who has ever had any dealings with the Joint Board that each penny it spends is carefully accounted for by an elaborate accounting and auditing system which is always open to inspection by responsible members of the organization, and that most of these expenditures were approved by this self-same Mr. Hyman in his capacity as secretary of Local 9—together with the other secretaries of the other local unions—and also as a member of the finance committees during strikes.

Concerning the charge of "undemocratic system of representation" at the Joint Board, which gives each local the same representation regardless of numbers, this system was adopted by the Joint Board nearly twenty years ago for no other purpose than that of giving every trade and craft in the industry represented in the Joint Board an equal voice so that the smaller crafts might not become overwhelmed by the larger trades, and have their interests ignored and unfavorable restrictions imposed upon them.

New York, July 17

MORRIS SIGMAN,
President, International Ladies' Garment Workers Union

A Loan to Honduras?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Honduras, one of the five Central American republics, is now taking lessons from the bankrupt nations of Europe. Shrouded in an air of mystery and concealing themselves from outsiders seeking information on their errand, a Financial Mission has reached Washington and set up offices with the final intention of seeking connections with some banking firm in order to negotiate a loan of about $20,000,000 with which to put the country on a sound and sober financial basis.

The purpose of the loan as stated in the official press of Honduras is to liquidate the old English debt which has ever been an irksome matter to the country, all outstanding internal indebtedness arising from revolutions, and the balance, if any, to undertake some useful public work.

With due respect to the present occupant of the Honduran presidential chair, whom we consider a really honest man, we are reluctant to concede that if this money is secured it will be invested for the purpose sought. No one in Honduras distrusts Dr. Paz Barahona; he is a really honest man, but he has the worst sort of people behind him, men that have made grafting a real art. Two of his chief backers, long before he ventured into politics, struggled hard to negotiate a similar loan with J. P. Morgan, but their plans were thwarted. Correspondence was intercepted in which they conspired to saddle on the country a protectorate in order to put through their plans for a loan.

Granting the good intentions of the Honduran government to set its house in order, with what revenue does it intend to pay off this loan? We know of no other revenue but the customs. There are no taxes in Honduras such as we have here. But should the customs be pledged a grave situation will arise. The matter of the stability of the government will have to be insured and this cannot be accomplished in a roundabout way. There is no question that Dr. Paz Barahona is not solidly seated; every week the papers carry news about uprisings in Honduras. Thus if the loan is granted under these

conditions, once more the United States will be involved in the unpleasant task of collecting private debts.

We have nothing against Dr. Paz Barahona, but we consider it the duty of good citizens to point out these facts, so that the American people may form judgment on this new scheme of international banking and, if possible, save themselves the humiliation of having the United States marines act as collectors for the money lenders of Wall Street, as they are now doing in Nicaragua without any authorization whatsoever of the Congress of the United States.

New York, July 4 JULIO CÉSAR VALLE

The War Against Evolution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the necessary condensation of my article, The War Against Evolution, and of the consequent misapprehensions involved in some of its statements, will you please make the following correction:

It was not the State Library of Georgia which was refused appropriation lest it contain books on evolution. The bill which was defeated was one to permit counties, school districts, or municipalities to establish and maintain public libraries; this was defeated 57 to 63, largely through fundamentalist influence.

In North Carolina the war against evolution has been carried on not through refusal to employ teachers who believe in the theory but through censorship of high-school textbooks by Governor Cameron Morrison, with the cooperation of the State Board of Education. Governor Morrison more than a year ago stated: "I will not allow any such doctrine or intimation of such doctrine to be taught in the public schools."

In the statement regarding the University of Texas the phrase "Although there are, of course, many evolutionists who are atheists" should read: "Although there are, of course, many evolutionists who are *theists*."

San Francisco, July 2 MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

Have the French Read Flaubert?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of course nobody can read everything; so it seems fair to wonder how many French statesmen read a certain book called "Salammbô," by one Flaubert. The book, as you may remember, is devoted to describing what might happen if France should employ a great army of Africans, and if, either out of resentment at the rejection of some demands of theirs or for mere plunder's sake, the Foreign Legion should head a mutiny of the Africans.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, June 11

For Viands and Vamps

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anent this hullabaloo about race. I have always been an advocate of the golden extreme; I detest the pinchbeck mean, but in this uproar about Nordics and the opposite I am moved to inquire, Why not take a nice, safe, mealy-mouthed fifty-fifty, good lord, good devil stand?

What are the diagnostics of civilization? Obviously good cuisine and women.

As to the first, Sidney Luska, one of the great unknown Americans, tells us that, next to the French, Jewish cookery is the best in the world. I assert that American Negro comes third.

In re the second, hearken to the most appreciative lover of our era, J. H. Curle. In "The Shadow-Show" this Australian, after passing in review all the other women of the earth and noting their defects, concludes thus: "My affinity lies in the Gothic North. Austrians, Germans, and Scandinavians are the women of my dreams. A wintry landscape, with a fairish woman in her furs, is civilization's masterpiece."

So there you are. If you live to eat, choose the others. If you live for women, root for the Nordics. Yours for viands and vamps.

New York, June 8 PAUL MUNTER

Esther Lea Yarnell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the country home of Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Packard, east of Pasadena, on Sunday afternoon, June 21, about fifty of the close personal friends of Esther Lea Yarnell, who recently passed away, gathered to pay tribute to her beautiful memory. Mrs. Samuel W. Packard presided.

Letters and telegrams were received from friends of Miss Yarnell who could not be present, notable among them being messages from Tom Mann, British labor leader; Eugene V. Debs, who wrote of the gladness brought him by a visit from Miss Yarnell when he was in Atlanta penitentiary; Mother Jones, Clarence Darrow, Art Young, Bruce Rogers. There were messages from civic bodies, including the American Civil Liberties Union, and from Berlin.

Pasadena, California, June 24 G. K.

Mr. Bok's National Song

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading Edward W. Bok's "Our United States," a two-stanza "Song of the Nation," I was instantly reminded of Katharine Lee Bates's "America the Beautiful." It seems incredible that the thoroughly Americanized Mr. Bok, a man twice thirty, was not familiar with Miss Bates's universally known and loved patriotic song when he composed his own song. Likewise it seems incredible that if he were familiar with Miss Bates's poem he should have made use of expressions either identical with some of hers or similar to them, for by Mr. Bok's own written and published confession he has led one to infer that he is neither ignorant nor unoriginal.

His line "Whose *fruited* hills and *amber* fields" immediately calls to mind Miss Bates's lines "For *amber* waves of grain" and "Above the *fruited* plain." Mr. Bok's version is hardly an improvement on Miss Bates's. Perhaps he is a bit less accurate, too, in describing our *hills* instead of our *plains* as *fruited*.

The beginning of Mr. Bok's second stanza: "*Across the seas* we stretch our hand In *Brotherhood* of Man" is reminiscent of Miss Bates's well-known "And crown thy good with *brotherhood*, From *sea* to shining *sea*."

If Mr. Bok knew Miss Bates's poem how he could have written "Of homes *undimmed* by woman's *tears*" without thinking at once of her "*Undimmed* by human *tears*" is difficult to conceive. And if he did know her poem, why should he have written a phrase in the same rhythm and with the same wording except for one change? Miss Bates has "alabaster cities" "undimmed by human tears," while Mr. Bok has the "homes"—which make up the cities—"undimmed by woman's tears." Miss Bates is more universal, Mr. Bok more specialized.

Portland, Maine, June 7 CAROLINE E. VOSE

Falstaff's "Green Fields"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article in the issue of June 24, Improving Shakespeare, recalls a note in the *Evening Post* fifteen or twenty years ago from the Shakespearean reader, George Riddle, suggesting that the "green fields" were the "green pastures" of the Twenty-third Psalm—memories of early teaching coming back to the old man at death.

Rochester, New York, June 22 M. T. L. GANNETT

Books and Plays

Christ Dead

By MacKNIGHT BLACK

The sun-tanned feet of Jesus
Were two dead sparrows on the ground,
And his eyes were candles that a wind had touched.
His flesh was an echo that the hills desired.

But Jesus walked again with Matthew,
And his eyes were fire with John.
His body was thunder from the lips of Luke.

Now he is dead at last. Men walk with men.
Now he is dead. And their eyes have lost his eyes.
Now he is surely dead. And their bodies must follow his own.

But Jesus Christ is treading their blood
And Jesus Christ is burning their eyes
And Jesus Christ is he who is ever against their breasts!

Brigham Young

Brigham Young. By M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

JOSEPH SMITH, the founder of Mormonism, was a mystic, a dreamer, an improver, whose differentiation between reality and fancy was so hazy that, coupled with his adolescent tendency to mental dissociation, he produced those audacious and remarkable Americana: "The Book of Mormon," "The Doctrine and Covenants," and "The Pearl of Great Price." Brigham Young, the savior of Mormonism in its darkest hours, was a practical-minded Yankee, an extrovert, with a firm grasp on reality. He was not a man of fantasy or introspection. The mechanism of his mind he himself uncovered when he remarked:

> This is my philosophy on thinking, and if I were obliged to think for ten years, and not erect a building or [illegible] or in any way put my thoughts into execution, I would materially injure my mental faculty, through want of results for it to rest upon.

Under Young's leadership the institution found its final form, with many of its unique features of social control and its strong sense of group solidarity.

The roots of Mormonism lie in that great democratic upheaval after 1800 which gave rise, on the one hand, to religious revivalism and, on the other, to the political expression of the masses which finally swept Jackson into office. Almost all its major peculiarities are related to features common to the culture of 1800-1840 west of the Alleghanies. Its economic developments, too, its tithings, its several attempts at communism and cooperatives, and its present commercial-industrial hold on the Great Basin are worthy of study. Divergent practices, such as surround the belief in divine revelations, in divinely appointed priesthoods, and particularly in polygamy, were imposed within a generation on thousands of people of different, even antagonistic, backgrounds. For the student of cultural history it speaks much as an example of social change under the appropriate emotional stresses within and the converging environmental crises without.

As Mr. Werner maintains, one can scarcely write the biography of Brigham Young without writing the history of the Mormon church. Thus, after a brief chapter on the birth and early years of Young, over a third of the book is taken up with the period of Joseph Smith. Throughout the latter's lifetime, Young, while a trusted apostle, never came into direct favor. Young's early contributions were confined to extensive proselyting, both in the States and in Europe, and in directing the escape of the Mormons from Missouri to Illinois during a period when Smith was in hiding. These two activities, however, did much to enhance his prestige with the bulk of the common membership of the church, and Smith's death gave him his opportunity.

It was evident that the Mormons could never remain in Illinois, and Young began that great exodus to the West which meant the salvation of the church. Werner's description of that pilgrimage is perhaps the ablest section of his book. It was largely due to Young's dominant will, to his insight into political and economic situations, to his choice of competent lieutenants, and to his sense of humor and balance that he brought thousands of people into the Great Basin and there founded communities, stimulated agriculture by irrigation, fostered local industries, and within twenty years constructed a self-sustaining culture in a desert.

Here the Mormons felt secure from their enemies, the gentiles, a thousand miles away. But Utah could not remain in the isolation of stage-coach and covered-wagon days. The transcontinental railroad cut across the territory, the local industries languished, and the gentiles came in increasing numbers, especially upon the discovery of gold and silver in the Utah mountains. Once more Mormonism came into contact with the outside world. And before his death Brigham Young was to witness the insidious influences at work which are, no doubt, ultimately to wipe out the cultural distinctions between his people and the rest of the country.

Young spent his last years bolstering his people against the gentiles and in conflict with the federal government over polygamy. He died at the age of seventy-six, mourned by his thousands of followers as a modern Moses and deprecated by his enemies as the greatest traitor to his government since Aaron Burr and as the most monstrous opponent to decent Christianity since Nero.

Legends are certain to surround such men as Young. The sources of information about him are highly biased. On the whole, Werner has done exceptionally well in presenting Young's portrait. Especially happy is his frequent use of Young's sermons, which give the best clue to his mentality and philosophy. Whatever the future of Mormonism, Brigham Young will stand with Robert G. Ingersoll, Dwight L. Moody, Frances E. Willard, P. T. Barnum, and others, as one of the most striking figures in that emerging American folklore of which we have only lately been conscious.

KIMBALL YOUNG

The Battle for a World Court

The Permanent Court of International Justice and the Question of American Participation. By Manley O. Hudson. Harvard University Press. $4.

Security Against War. By Frances Kellor and Antonia Hatvany. The Macmillan Company. 2 volumes. $6.

WHY is it that the National Council for the Prevention of War and the League of Women Voters and thousands of church societies urge so passionately that we join the World Court as a great step toward world peace? And why is it that others are so alarmed lest by joining it we somehow compromise our purity and postpone the great day of good-will on earth? I have read patiently Manley Hudson's plea for the court and Frances Kellor's attack upon it, and still I do not know.

It isn't much as a court. The nations of this cautious, selfish, over-victorious Allied world of ours made it, and they no longer even pretend to wear haloes. None of them was willing to give it much power; and they have been timorous about referring important matters to it. But it has acted reasonably

and expeditiously whenever it has had a chance. Even Miss Kellor admits that; and she has such a magnificent bitterness against the League and all its works that when she admits anything good about them she is extraordinarily convincing. The court, in the East Karelia case, even showed a bold independence of the League that gave it birth. In that dispute between Russia and Finland it declared itself incompetent to judge, Russia having refused to appear before it. That, it seems to me, was a splendid and deserved rebuke to the Council of the League, which ignored, as the League has always resolutely ignored, the fundamental flaw in its own constitution—its failure to include Germany and Russia as equal partners. What is the use of prating about international ideals in a body which clearly and constantly shows its double parentage in the victories of Versailles and the capitalist fear of a proletarian state?

The court is better than the League. No political chancellery dictates to any of its judges. The Hague conferences were unable to build a permanent court because the little nations and the big could not agree upon a method of electing judges satisfactory to both; the League constitution, with its two bodies—one in which, as in our Senate, all the states are equally represented and one in which the Great Powers preponderate—offered a compromise solution. The Powers nominate by geographical groups, and both Assembly and Council must vote for a judge before he is chosen. If Germany, Russia, and the United States were to participate in the choice it would seem to be as good a compromise as can be devised. Some compromise there must be; it is nonsense to insist that Liberia and Siam and Panama stand upon an absolute par with the great empires of the world. The facts that the court is thus a creation of the League and that the League sometimes turns to it for advisory legal opinions need not upset one's equilibrium, even though one is convinced that for the United States to join the League at this juncture would help chain Europe further to the prison of Versailles. Nor need the fact that the European nations have been slow to trust their troubles to the court destroy faith in the court or lead one to suppose that a different court would be better. The world will still be made up of the same nations even if we should start afresh upon the basis of the old Hague treaties.

There are wise folk who oppose joining the court unless it at the outset outlaws war and codifies international law. The phrase "outlawry of war" appeals to the American heart; but I doubt if the American people understand what it means. The American Legion adopted a resolution favoring it at New Orleans; I am sure they did not mean the words they used. Put it another way: Compulsory submission of all international disputes to arbitration—are we ready for that? Would we, for instance, arbitrate our dispute with Haiti? I should like to see a forthright campaign to educate the American people to willingness to discuss their international problems with other nations. And I wish the League of Nations people would be silent for a while, and permit the people to think about international questions without injection of that emotionalized issue.

Something about the League of Nations corrupts the mind. Manley Hudson, usually a person of exceptionally astute and discriminating scholarship, finds in his 287 pages of text and 75 pages of documentary appendices upon the court no room for the text of President Harding's St. Louis speech requiring revolutionary changes in the League's court; for Judge Moore's crisp comments on the suggestion that the court be asked to render advisory opinions; for Mr. Root's sage memorandum on the relation of the court to the question of codifying international law; for the statement, made by the committee of jurists called into consultation by the League, when the Council of the League insisted upon limiting the jurisdiction of the court; or for Senator Borah's alternative proposals. Mr. Hudson's religious devotion to the League and all its works destroys his critical acumen; one would hardly realize from his narrative that the Council of the League had again and again refused to submit contentious questions in their entirety to the court, or that because of the hesitations of the League Council Poland had evicted nearly a thousand German colonists in defiance of the opinion rendered by the court.

Miss Kellor's book gives documents which are missing from Mr. Hudson's. Her first volume, in which she analyzes the League's action at Vilna, in Silesia, Corfu, the Saar, and elsewhere, would be a useful antidote to the mushy sentimentalism of the current collegiate devotion to the League, if the professors would wade through its pages. As a history of the League, however, it is no fairer than Mr. Hudson's story of the court. Austria and Hungary are relegated to footnotes; the tone is persistently bitter; at times Miss Kellor gives evidence of a kind of Europhobia which blinds her to facts. To treat the League's interventions in Latin America as if they were outrageous interferences with a province where we ruled with far-seeing benevolence, for instance, is silly. Read with Mr. Hudson's studies, her second volume gives a rounded picture of the court. Each book requires the other as a supplement.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Poetry and Science

Earth Moods and Other Poems. By Hervey Allen. Harper and Brothers. $2.

HERE is the modern poet at his painful task of digesting science. In Mr. Allen's own words, "the first section, 'Earth Moods,' is for the most part an attempt to phrase poetically some of the modern conceptions of life . . . it is an epic of man in the northern hemisphere from the last ice age to the voyage of Columbus. It is presented from an astronomical perspective. . . ."

An epic without a hero, one would say at first, for this abstraction, "man," is no individual and therefore can be no hero. Later one realizes that there is, after all, a hero: Scientific Intelligence on a distant star which has been chosen as this year's meeting-place of the International Scientists' Association; and after the monographs on ethyl and the atom have been read, a half hour is granted to a queer fellow, doubtless a friend of one of the scientists, who puts on a movie for the serious thinkers, reeling off calculatedly fantastic visualizations of their mentations for them during a period of rest and refreshment. In short, Mr. Allen's plight is that of every contemporary poet who is too big to immerse himself in personal emotion, who has no ancestral religion to sustain and vivify and concentrate his imagination, and who plays with the avowedly "poetic" mythologies in deft abstracted manner while wondering what to do next.

Epic was never achieved in this mood, but certainly an enlargement of the field of experience over which lyric emotion can crystallize is gained by prolonged brooding on the facts of science—and this enlargement Mr. Allen achieves. For the thoughtful poet, brooding far backward over the history of his race instead of meditating only upon the brief history of his affair with Cynthia, finds his lyric moments here and there, as does Mr. Allen in many a notable passage in this volume that has seemed, as he says, to require "an almost epic treatment." But it all remains too static to be true epic; there is not the sublimely monotonous flow of some few overwhelmingly alive individuals down rivers of environment long accepted by the poet and his age. Leif the Lucky, Columbus, and the poet himself are all young tourists, and at any moment their newfangled ship may blow up.

Funeral at High Tide, in which the poet displays familiar landscape, accepted mythology—that of "Oh God! Oh! Jee-*sus!*" —and the simplicities of white fishermen and Negro mourners, is supremely successful; it obeys that formula of complete digestion of environment, mythology, and characters which must prevail if true epic is to be done on the larger scale to which this poet aspires.

ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS

The Assimilated Jew

God of Might. By Elias Tobenkin. Milton, Balch and Company. $2.

IN this book Mr. Tobenkin has answered Israel Zangwill. The ideal of assimilation which Zangwill presented in his "Melting Pot" is put to the test and found to be a sentimental bubble. Here a young Jew consciously throws himself into the cauldron that is America but cannot fuse with the dominant elements there because they refuse to accept him and deny the affinity between a Jew and the other peoples of a typical American community. This poignant tragedy comes at a propitious moment, for today the Jews in America are facing the problem which agonizes its hero and the gentile population is becoming conscious of the pressure which the non-Jews in this book unwittingly exert on Samuel Waterman.

Waterman finds that neither intermarriage nor acceptance of most of the American *mores* unites him with the people he has adopted. As another "assimilated" Jew puts it, "Nobody bothers about your belief or unbelief—it is conformity that people demand. . . . If I had known eighteen or even fifteen years back what I know today, I would have gone where nobody knew me and would have buried my Jewish origin as deep as I could. . . . Then it was still time." But Waterman cannot conform. Memories of an orthodox upbringing; an inability to accept conscientiously the dogmas of Christianity, and the inevitable ties that bind him to the faith of his father keep him from church affiliations, though outwardly he has broken with his family in order to marry a gentile, and keep him a stranger in his town and to his family.

The general reader—and this novel is most emphatically for the general reader—will feel that the story of Samuel Waterman is only begun. Will he join the swaying congregation which prays to the God of Might? If so, will he part from his wife, lose his children, and challenge the small town? Can he continue to hold the anomalous position? Or will he surrender? Until these questions are answered the book must be judged incomplete. It is incomplete in another sense. Had he delayed the action of the plot to paint the panorama of the small Nebraska town as it is tangent to the life of the Jew, Mr. Tobenkin might have achieved greatness. As it is his novel ranks far above the shoddy sentimental reactions of those Jews who, becoming articulate in English, have contributed popular paeans to the Promised Land; it ranks with the best Yiddish interpretations of America.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

Orphan Island. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Miss Macaulay tells of a boatload of orphans, bound from London to San Francisco, wrecked, with their governess, a nurse, and the drunken ship's doctor, on a coral reef, and of the social taboos, forms, and conventions they set up and adhered to for seventy years—until discovered by the Thinkwells. It was no doubt a pleasant island, little frequented, with gentle rains and all the fruits and flowers of Tahiti in abundance; yet it became a land of prejudice and rebellion, of furtive drinking and mean pride, a spot forever England—and Victorian England at that. Nor was this evolution the result of a falling away from grace. Rather it was the direct consequence of a laying-on of civilization, the working of a stern, uncompromising faith in virtue, not unmixed with a contempt for the humors of the poor. Indeed, this satirical expedition of Miss Macaulay's proves (if it proves anything) how much of sweetness and toleration we owe to just such unregenerate rascals as Villon and Marlowe, how much of sanity to Falstaff, of beauty to Rabelais—and how little life would be worth living if Washington, as he is expounded to us, were indeed our ideal.

Gold by Gold. By Herbert S. Gorman. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

In the accepted tradition but with a new method Mr. Gorman brings a poet to New York and displays the process of his disillusion. Karl Nevins has a book of poems accepted by a metropolitan publisher. He fancies himself a genius, deserts his wife, and finds his chosen hell in New York. Encountering the pundits and the intellectuals, he watches them blow like puffed kites in the wind. Mr. Gorman lends his hero a soul of glittering perceptions, and yet tries to destroy him as a silly man of talent. The paradox is never quite resolved. The method is borrowed from Joyce; and though the words spin like golden rockets in a leprous sky they never quite assume the form of an inner original integrity. Joyce alone is Joyce. Mr. Gorman is enormously clever and often dazzling, but he has not yet found his own style.

The Groote Park Murder. By Freeman Wills Crofts. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

The House of Seclusion. By Marion Hervey. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

Two mystery stories in the dull if popular tradition whereby after the finding of the body the detective smells a clue and finally nips the murderer in the bud. Interminable dialogues and garrulous innocent bystanders disclose the core of the secret in a series of interviews as artistic and exciting as a court record.

Sea Horses. By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The horses of Francis Brett Young have suffered a sea change within the deep green waters of Conrad's subaqueous world. The mood and color of Conrad's prose and Conrad's mind and especially Conrad's own practice of unique romance wash about the sea horses conjured up by Francis Brett Young so that Mr. Young often appears only as an honorable ghost just as Conrad himself so often appears as not much more than a discreet ghost of the blood-boltered Russians. A melancholy captain bound in by delicate scruples and gathering frustration (he is too much like the Heyst of "Victory") accepts as supercargo a woman in difficult circumstances. The crew all wear the garb of picturesque villains or austere seamen doing their duty. Africa and a fever port glower like an embodied horror. It is work of admitted distinction and enchantment, but Mr. Young herein is too often going about Conrad's business.

Greater France in Africa. By William Milligan Sloane. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Readers whose interest in the Moroccan war has led to a desire for further information about France's colonial experiments in Northern Africa will find a useful and up-to-date survey in this volume. The author visited Morocco and Algeria as a member of a group invited by the Committee Franco-America. Thus he saw the region primarily through official eyes, with both the advantages and handicaps of such a method. Mr. Sloane not only discusses the graver problems of the French protectorate but finds room also for notes on the picturesque and artistic aspects of the country. The book is illustrated with some excellent photographs, but there is only one map, and that rather unsatisfactory.

Swallowing the Anchor. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

We would be tempted to say of Mr. McFee that he is more interesting as a man than as a writer were it not for the thought that if he hadn't turned writer we would not know how interesting a man he is. He is a marine engineer by vocation, a writer only by avocation. Clearly he regards himself as a good engineer—and he sticks to it. Apparently he is not equally sure that he is a good writer—but he sticks to it. We think he is right—in sticking to both. Each makes the other more worth while. Objectively Mr. McFee has little

to say, in spite of wide experiences and extensive travels. Subjectively he has much to communicate—of which there is evidence in the twenty-seven essays, mostly on literary topics, collected in this book.

The Messages and Papers of Woodrow Wilson, with editorial notes and an introduction by Albert Shaw, and an analytical index. George H. Doran Company. 2 vols. $3.

Some day some conscientious plodder will assemble all the public papers of Woodrow Wilson, edit them, footnote them, and index them so that the student may find his text with ease. This edition comes nearer it than any yet issued. Like Dr. Shaw's compilation of 1918 it begins with the First Inaugural Address, omitting the magnificent material of the "New Freedom" period and the "Seven Sisters" addresses. It leaves out the preparedness addresses of 1916, but assembles the state papers which prefaced our entrance into the war and includes the full series of addresses in Europe and on that last trip West which brought the breakdown. The index is too slight to be very valuable, and a careful editor would not have left uncorrected such simple slips of the stenographic ear as "Adjur-Badjan" for Azerbaijan.

Memoir of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe and Others. Vol. V. Harvard University Press.

This last volume, concluding the record of the 373 Harvard men who died in and through the war, includes many men who died after the armistice. One was a pilot in the Kosciusko squadron killed flying over Lemberg in preparation for war against the Bolsheviki. Another was slain by apaches at Brest; still another's bruised body was found in the Rhine. Influenza took most. The war found its victims in curious and varied ways, but one word inevitably rises to consciousness as one reads these memoirs of these venturesome boys who met death gladly. It is "gallant."

Commercial Yearbook of the Soviet Union; 1925. Edited by Louis Segal and A. A. Gantalor. B. W. Huebsch. $2.50.

Here is a new kind of book about Soviet Russia. There is no propaganda in it—unless facts and figures and texts of laws be propaganda. How much cotton did Russia grow in 1923? How much better was that than the 1922 figure and how much worse than in 1913? Here is the answer. What is the depth of water in any Russian port, and what quay space is available? Who is the Russian diplomatic representative in London or Athens or Mexico City? How many shoes did Russia make last year? How many did she import, and whence? How big is her army? What proportion of her trade in woolen [illegible] in oil is carried on by private individuals, by cooperatives, by the state? How many automobiles has she? How many schools? What are her tariff duties? Her tax laws? The answers are all here. It is as matter-of-fact a record as a report by the Department of Commerce. Business men will find more in it to interest them than agitators will. Bolsheviks and Red-hunters can dig material out of it to prove Russia's rise or [illegible] as they wish. But no one will find passion in it. Russia is here again a part of the world of everyday common-sense life.

James Gibbons Huneker. By Benjamin De Casseres. Joseph Lawren. $1.50.

The volume comprises a tentative bibliography of Huneker's writings, for which his admirers will be grateful, and forty pages of homage by Mr. De Casseres. Although Jack London, Edwin Markham, James Branch Cabell, and other men of letters unite, on the jacket of the book, to honor Mr. De Casseres's genius, what he has to say about his friend and hero is undiscriminating as criticism, strained as epigram, and out of date as Philistine-baiting. It is a pity. Huneker was a great personality, and his services to American culture it would be difficult to overestimate. He deserves the honor of intelligent criticism.

Aristotle. By John Burnet. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

Few except specialists realize that the existing works of Aristotle, impressive as is their scope and bulk, are, in the main, not the writings published during his lifetime and known throughout antiquity as his works, but his private lecture notes. The implications of this important fact are brought out in Professor Burnet's address, delivered before the British Academy, along with valuable suggestions toward determining the chronology both of the existing and of the lost works of the Stagirite. Particularly interesting is the emphasis placed upon the period of Aristotle's residence in Ionia, and upon his kinship with the Ionian philosophers. In this connection Professor Burnet takes occasion again to stress the neglected fact that few of the great philosophers of Greece were Athenians.

advt.

HELP — WANTED
by an Advertiser

The above caption was suggested by the thought that not everybody reads the advertisements. Frequently, the small classified notices are as interesting as news.

An artist who wants someone to share her apartment and her interests over in Paris; an estate for sale of eighty-six acres—apples, cherries, pears; trout, salmon; bear, deer, geese, Chinese pheasants; more prosaic, a lawyer who wants a secretary—or a Radcliffe graduate who wants to tutor; or an instructor of English who is looking for a new connection; or an importer who wants a business assistant. . . .

Sometimes the results secured by just a few lines are amazing. To one such advertisement over one hundred replies were received. In partial explanation is the fact that *readers of The Nation are uncommonly responsive to a message in The Nation—even to an advertising message.*

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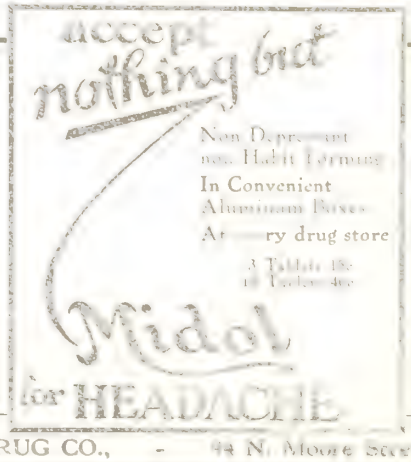
BECAUSE of his command of Siberian resources, gained as already told in "Man and Mystery in Asia," Dr. Ossendowski was sent to act as chemist in the supply service of Kuropatkin's army. He tells of the confusion and corruption which followed the Japanese War, of the [illegible] of 1905, of his Presidency for 53 days of the ill-fated Far Eastern Republic, and of the prison to which he was sent on its collapse. Characteristically vigorous and enthralling. $3.00

MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA

BEAST, MEN AND GODS

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



GENERAL DRUG CO., - 93 N. Moore Street, New York

[illegible] please mention The Nation.

"Art" in the Movies

By GILBERT SELDES

THE hardest thing a critic of the movies has to face is the accusation that he wants to make the movies artistic. The reason this is a crime is, of course, that art doesn't sell; and the critic, whenever he has the good fortune to talk to a professional, feels the underlying hostility which means "you want to bankrupt me."

The last thing I want to see is a movie made for the pleasure of a few aesthetes. I have been assured that we shall come to it; that a chain of little movie houses, like the little theaters, will give new vitality and new artistic standards to the movie; and that gradually the movie, like the commercial theater, will incorporate the good discoveries of the artistic groups. This is possible; but unless there is a great confusion of terms, it seems to me unnecessary. "Art" when used roughly about the movies usually means good interior decoration, Duse-like restraint in registering emotions, and the elimination of banal plots and incidents. It also suggests a great infusion of "artiness"; the whole attitude of movies for the few is arrogant and patronizing. Regard the mechanics of the stage and you are instantly aware that at its best a play can have only a few hundred auditors at one time; look at the mechanics of the film and you see that, while you can have a movie for one spectator, the natural thing is to have hundreds of thousands simultaneously—the limit is really the product of multiplying the number of prints by the number of spectators; it approaches infinity. I am in favor of its doing so.

The confusion, I suspect, arises from our habit of saying that a film is inartistic when we dislike the plot, a standard we might as well apply to the "Vanities of 1925." We say it, again, when the methods used are a little obvious, when, in order to show us that a husband is no longer in love with his wife, a director can think of nothing but having the gentleman thumb his nose at the lady in public. But these are largely matters of intelligence; the directors may be right in assuming that their spectators do not understand a shrug of the shoulder, and the whole notion that subtlety is the basis of art is open to question. It is possible that the moving picture can handle only broad effects; it is certain that a satisfactory picture can be made with them.

The artistic elements can exist in a film without for a moment touching upon the subject in such a way that the spectator is made uncomfortably aware of them. The structure of the whole film, the relation of part to part, the rhythm of the action and its variations—all these can give a picture artistic qualities, and they are as possible in a slap-stick comedy as in a super-spectacle.

We get further if we ask of a picture only that it be technically a good picture—that it utilize the capacities of the camera to the full. In this respect the most interesting films made in America today are the quarter, half, or one reel "short subjects" which usually follow the news of the day. Sometimes they are scenics, sometimes trick photography, sometimes drawn pictures or combinations of drawn and photographed pictures; and they are always interesting. The aesthete of the films hardly recognizes them, because they offer very little scope for imagination, in the story sense, or for composition; and none for plot. But these films are made with complete mastery of the instrument. The last one I saw in the way of trick photography was a joy. It represented a cow in a meadow. The cow walked. Presently the fore part lengthened itself and then again collapsed, or walked away entirely from the hind quarters; a moment later the cow was facing itself and walked head-on into itself. The whole thing was pure movie and was done with perfect skill. Another example: a film made by Soviet Russia—for what propaganda I cannot say, as it dealt with the work of the ice-crushers which open lanes in the Arctic. I happened to see this on a bill which also presented Caligari and Chaplin in "The Fugitive"—certainly the best movie program I ever saw, and entirely devoid of "presentation features"—and the Russian "actuality" seemed to be as interesting in its way as the main film or the comedy. Every position the camera could assume was utilized; you saw the copper-clad nose of the ice-boat as if it were a knife-blade, cutting the ice; you saw the ice open and the streak of water was like a lightning flash; you saw planes and skyscrapers created by the camera. The film actually had beauty of a natural sort, reformed by mechanical skill.

Yet the average director of the average film still uses his camera as a meat-chopper; even the simple trick of slow-motion is abjured, as if it would break the illusion of the film. The occasions when trick photography can be used are not, of course, unlimited; the misfortune is that our realistic films have driven all thought of anything not strictly *accurate* off the screen. That still leaves a wide scope for the camera: the field now occupied by purely conventional gestures and registrations can be refertilized by using the further developments of the methods of taking pictures; and the field of the caption can be cut down. The caption is essentially a connective, not an explanation, because the camera, if put to the test, can explain itself.

Master the camera and you will have started *internally* to make pictures properly artistic; ignore it, and all the art applied from the outside will only be façade, artiness, and eventually bunk. Master the camera and use your dullest plots, your worst happy endings; you will have comparatively good pictures. Ignore it, and your Othello, and Tess, and Penguin Island—if you choose them as possibly great pictures—will be "artistic," and terrible.

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China's Servitude

A survey of foreign control in China, by Charles Hodges, assistant professor of politics of New York University, will appear in next week's issue of The Nation, *followed by more articles and documents from Harry F. Ward, whose article The Meaning of Shanghai was published in* The Nation *for July 22.*

International Relations Section

Mussolini's Fascist State

ITALY is passing through a period of political and social change. Single events, however important in themselves, can hardly give the significance of this change or its direction. The following summary of the accomplishments of the last parliamentary session is reprinted from the London *Observer* of June 28:

The parliamentary session has just closed with a series of dramatic surprises. Signor Mussolini has given the country plenty to think about during the holidays. During the last few sittings of the Chamber three important laws were passed in rapid succession, regulating respectively the position of the bureaucracy, the activities of the press, and the power of the Government to legislate by the use of royal decrees.

Without entering into details, it may be said that the general effect of these measures will be to strengthen the position of the executive and render it difficult if not impossible, for either Parliament, press, or civil servants to offer opposition to, or criticism of, its methods.

Lest the full import of this victory should be lost on the country, the Prime Minister closed the Fascist Congress last Monday with one of the most remarkable speeches he has ever made. It is an absolutely clear statement of his deliberate intention to create a Fascist state, a state in which Fascism will not be a part of the nation but the nation itself, so that the words Italian and Fascist shall come to be synonymous, just as are practically the words Italian and Catholic. As a preliminary, he announces that parliamentarism has been conquered. The laws that have been passed so far are for the defense of Fascism; those that will be put before the country in the autumn will carry on the work in a constructive and creative sense.

A Real Fascist State

That these intentions are the logical outcome of Signor Mussolini's policy for the last three years no one can doubt who has made any consecutive study of his acts, which are invariably plain, and of his public utterances, which have never been tortuous. The very boldness of his conceptions has caused many people to assume that he could not possibly mean what he said, and to hope that with time Fascism would slough off its most marked characteristics and cool down into a party more or less like any other, ready to give and take. They can hardly think this any more after his last declarations. He has flung out a straight challenge to his adversaries, and, in the absence of any really strong, homogeneous opposition, he may possibly go some way toward realizing his ideal of a state in which "all the power will be to all the Fascists."

So far as Mussolini is concerned the old Italy, the Italy of Liberals, Democrats, and Socialists, has passed away. We are at the dawn of the new Italy, which needs new institutions, new laws, and an entirely new directive. What is to be the type of the new Italian? He is to have "courage, intrepidity, love of risk, a repugnance for pacifism at all costs, readiness to dare both in individual and in collective life, and a hatred for all that is sedentary. He is to show discipline in work, respect for authority, and to feel pride every hour of the day in the thought that he is Italian."

This, as a Roman paper calls it, is the breviary of the perfect Fascist. In the new Fascist Government the executive power will practically control the destinies of the nation, for it is continuous and omnipresent.

> It is the power that finds itself called at any moment to solve vast problems, to decree great things, to declare war, to conclude peace. This power, which disposes of all the armed forces of the state, which controls day by day the complex machinery of state administration, cannot [illegible] a second place. It cannot be represented by a group of puppets who dance according to the caprices of popular assemblies.

A Constitutional Innovation

Yet Parliament is not to be abolished; it is even to be strengthened in one sense by the introduction of new forces. An organization of national syndicates will group the workers and producers of the country together in their different categories and classes. In the Italian Chamber of the future two-thirds of the deputies will be elected as before by universal suffrage, the remaining third will consist of technical representatives of the arts, professions, and industrial and agrarian interests of the country, elected from among the members of the local syndicates. This innovation, which has no precedent, will need the creation of an entirely new electoral law. It forms the basis of the constructive legislation now in course of preparation by a parliamentary commission of eighteen, popularly known as The Solons.

Signor Mussolini openly admits that in his hands Italy's goal is empire, not necessarily territorial, for empire may be political, economic, or spiritual. Yet Italians must never forget that their capital is Rome, the only city that ever succeeded in founding an empire on the fateful shores of the Mediterranean, and that the realization of the Fascist dream can only be attained by the formation of a granitic block of united national will.

It cannot be denied that these conceptions have a kind of Napoleonic grandeur, while no one can doubt Mussolini's ardent patriotism and his genuine belief in the possibility of leading Italy, through his own methods, on the path of happiness and prosperity. Like Napoleon, he has impressed himself upon his country with dynamic force at a critical moment of her history, and future historians may say of him, as Marmont said of his hero, "There was so much future in his mind." He stands for a reaction which, whatever may be its eventual outcome, has certainly resulted in the greatly increased vitality of the Italian people. He and Fascism together have come through storms which must have broken a smaller man and disintegrated a party that had not in itself some very vital cohesive elements. As it is, the party stands today before the country welded together in that iron discipline which Mussolini wishes to impose upon the whole nation.

Publicity for Armaments

THE League Arms Traffic Conference at Geneva aroused little general interest and understanding in this country. With the exception of the ban on poison gas its accomplishments were hardly noticed in the press. The following estimate of its importance by Charles Roden Buxton is reprinted from *Foreign Affairs* (London) for July:

The main result of the Arms Traffic Conference will be a greater degree of publicity for the arms traffic. There will be also a greater degree of government responsibility for it. A license has to be given by the government of the exporting country for any arms exported. As regards "category one" [arms exclusively destined for war], the export cannot take place at all except to a government. As regards "category two" [arms which may be used either for warlike or peaceful purposes], these may be exported to private individuals; but the consent of the government of the importing country must first be secured, if the laws of such country require it. The new arms traffic convention has a clause saying that the numbers of aircraft exported are to be published, but no other description is required, so that it gives no information with regard to aircraft for military purposes.

The arms traffic will probably continue on the same vast

scale as at present; but we shall know more about it. It should be remembered that Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations laid down, six years ago, that the members of the League would "interchange full and frank information" on armaments; and the new convention will be a slight step in that direction.

It is also a gain that the question is taken out of the sphere of private enterprise and brought into the sphere of government action. This will, at any rate, make it easier to get the same principle applied to a much bigger problem—that of the private manufacture of armaments.

Publicity

These results are not to be despised when we remember the great volume of the arms traffic and the powerful impression that would be made on public opinion if only the facts could be brought home. The League of Nations has published a useful volume of statistics. In the course of three years, from 1920-22, twenty of the principal countries exported war material to the value of over £45,000,000. And this figure did not include ships of war, aeroplanes, tanks, or armored cars. Even apart from this tremendous omission it must be remembered that the figures are very incomplete. They are not the result of any special inquiry, but are merely extracted from official or published reports. It is probable that a very great volume of traffic is entirely concealed.

The odd thing about the report is that while it shows £50,000,000 worth of exports, it shows only £17,000,000 worth of imports! This is partly because a number of importing countries make no returns; but it is also symptomatic of the fact that governments are much less ready to tell the world about the arms they receive than about those which they send to others.

America, it may be noted, heads the list of arms traffickers, Great Britain being second, and France third. (It is impossible to say, however, how much of the British exports consist of consignments to British possessions or British forces abroad.)

It is of special interest to note that during the period under review the total import of arms into China, even taking the officially admitted figures only, amounted to nearly £1,000,000.

What We Are Up Against

We may wish well to any efforts, however feeble, to show up this gigantic scandal. It is as well to realize, however, the feebleness of the effort, because the causes of that feebleness are matters of considerable interest from the point of view of foreign affairs in general. The main reasons why more was not done at Geneva were the following:

1. The desire of the great arms-producing Powers to keep their export as secret as possible. Hence the British amendment excluding warships, etc. (to which I allude below), and the complete dropping of the provisions for examination of consignments of arms in transit.

2. The fears of the governments that the restriction of the arms traffic would deprive their private manufacturers of those markets abroad which are required to keep their works going on a sufficiently large scale.

3. The desire of the small non-producing states to obtain arms freely—and if possible secretly—and not to be at the mercy of large producing states.

4. America's fear of being drawn too much into the League of Nations. Hence the dropping of the Central Information Bureau under the auspices of the League.

5. The unwillingness of independent states, such as Persia, to be treated as "prohibited zones."

6. The absence of Russia from the conference. Hence the decision to drop the obligation of publicity, so long as Russia should not adhere to the convention, on the part of the states bordering on her territory.

The effect of these difficulties, taken all together, was that the original draft convention, weak as it was, was considerably whittled away in the course of the proceedings. Many states were more concerned with their own particular objections than with the general object of the conference; and there was, unfortunately, no great driving force in support of effective action.

In the days of Mr. MacDonald's premiership, or even in the days when Lord Robert Cecil was a power in the deliberations of the League, such a driving force would have been supplied by the British Delegation. This was not to be looked for from a delegation consisting solely of the Earl of Onslow, Under-Secretary to the War Office. His assistants (with the exception of Mr. E. H. Marker, of the Board of Trade) consisted of the British military, naval, and air representatives on the Permanent Advisory Commission on Armaments. All the other important delegations (notably the French and American) contained numerous delegates, and among them men of political influence and distinction. The contrast was much commented on. The composition of the British Delegation suggested that the British Government regarded the subject of the conference as being purely military and having no political importance.

One of the fundamental difficulties in the way of disarmament is the place occupied in the counsels of the League by the members of the Permanent Advisory Commission (military, naval, and air experts). From being a mere advisory body to the Council, this body has risen to a position of quite unmerited power, and has impressed its attitude of mind on the whole of the discussions. It is impossible for the soldier or sailor—except in very rare instances—to approach the question from the right angle.

The British amendment excluding from the scope of the convention "ships of all kinds designed exclusively for war, with their armaments" (including submarines and submersibles), and also airships, aeroplanes, etc., was the chief sensation of the conference. The leading Geneva paper, the *Journal de Genève*, said: "It has produced the effect of a thunderclap in conference circles. . . . Military aeroplanes and men-of-war are not to be considered as armaments!" It was opposed by France and others. It was eventually carried as regards aeroplanes, but as regards vessels of war and their armaments a new article was inserted providing for certain information to be published—more limited, however, than in the case of other armaments.

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OFFICIAL FIGURES obtained by the United Press from the office of the League of Nations in Geneva in connection with the eleventh anniversary of the outbreak of the World War show that seven years after the end of the slaughter there are 6,055,144 men in the standing armies of fifty-nine nations. There are more men today preparing to murder and be murdered than when the "war to end war" began in 1914.

> One of the contributing causes of the Great War—the competitive race for supremacy in armaments—is actively revived today [says a United Press dispatch from London]. Now it is for the supremacy of the air. Great Britain has prepared an air budget of $77,565,000, designed to contest France's domination of the air.
>
> Only seven years after the most terrible of wars nearly every power in [illegible] is preparing for the "next war."

The United Press dispatch recalls that Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, British Secretary of State for War, replying to a parliamentary question, said British scientists had killed 1,001 animals in the last year in research for poison gases, while Mussolini, speaking in the Italian Chamber, said: "Do you think the Great War was the last war? We must be prepared because the next war will not give us time to prepare, but may come totally unforeseen." The Japanese Navy Department has announced the construction of twenty-two warships with a total tonnage of 124,000, and the War Commissar of Russia recently told the Congress of Soviets that the international situation would not permit Russia to reduce the army below 552,000.

THE UNITED PRESS correspondent goes on to cite indications of the war spirit in Europe:

> Jugoslavia has bought an additional 150 military airplanes from France. Russia is purchasing large quantities of airplanes in Holland.
>
> The Italian Minister of Marine urged the passage of a naval budget of 1,000,000,000 lire, or fifty-five millions more than previously.
>
> Fokker, the famous Dutch designer, has invented a super-fighting airplane of 1,000 horsepower, carrying six machine guns and a half ton of bombs, and traveling 180 miles an hour.
>
> J. C. C. Davidson, parliamentary secretary of the British Admiralty, announced in Commons that 345 war vessels have been laid down in the world since the armistice and 200 more are projected.
>
> France is establishing an air base at Cherbourg which is much commented upon in Britain.

These indications are solely in the Old World. But are we of the New World doing our full share to avoid the catastrophe of a "next war"? Have we not at this moment a naval fleet in the Pacific, sent to impress the Orient with our power, and are not the Congressmen who lately visited Hawaii clamoring for a greater armament of the island? In the face of all this it is hard to have patience with those who champion merely the alleviation or the limitation of war. Is there any possibility of restraining this madness except to lay down arms and refuse point-blank to fight or prepare to fight?

"DO YOU KNOW"—ask Edward Hachtel of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, John Nevin Sayre of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Tucker P. Smith of the Y. M. C. A.—

> That [illegible] college students and [illegible] high-school students drilled in uniform for three hours every week in the last college year? (See War Appropriations Hearings, U. S. House, 1925, also U. S. House Report 288, page 14.)
>
> That 745 officers and 1,000 enlisted men have been detailed by the War Department [illegible] on this restoration of youth in the schools and colleges? (See Army List and Directory, March 1, 1925, pp. 50-62.)
>
> That in contrast only 119 officers were thus engaged in 1916, with no attempt being made at that time to enlist high-school students in this Crusade of Militarism? (See Army List and Directory, December 1, 1916.)
>
> That the War Department in the fiscal year 1925 is spending on summer camps alone $2,100,000 for the purpose of inducing 28,000 citizens to take military training in these camps? There were no such camps previous to 1921. (See War Appropriations, U. S. House, 1925. Also U. S. House Report [illegible].)
>
> That today in many high schools and universities military training has been made compulsory, so that boys

who are not Quakers are subject to coercion? Yet neither the National Defense Act, nor any land-grant act to State universities, nor any other federal enactment requires any institution to maintain compulsory drill. (See brief regarding military training at universities, by Walter L. Longstreth, prepared for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, obtainable at Room 15, 1305 Arch St., Phila., Pa.)

MOST OF US KNEW in a general way. Few of us have been awake to the extent of this organized threat to the young manhood of America. The War Department has fooled us. The Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps Manual says:

> The purpose of this book is not to make soldiers out of your boys, but to develop them physically, morally, and mentally into the best type of citizens, capable of defending our flag should an emergency arise. . . .

The Infantry Drill Regulations for 1925 for use with the R. O. T. C. manual, however, instruct the officers frankly and without bunk:

> Always remember that the men are the material being trained and molded for the work of battle. They should be handled with the same care which an expert artisan gives a fine tool.
>
> So it is necessary that a drill instructor look and act at all times on the drill field and elsewhere like a trained soldier, if he is to create in the minds of his men a desire to be like him. They are being trained to be soldiers, and the model should be actually before them.

The high-school R. O. T. C. schedule gives 40 hours to physical training, 248 to military drill, and not a minute to citizenship. The college course gives (in four years) 6 hours to physical training, 506 to military training, and not a minute to citizenship; the citizens' military camps give a perfunctory 5 hours to citizenship; 10 to physical training, 5 to hygiene, and 90 to military instruction. Further information on this camouflaged campaign to militarize America may be obtained at Room 385, Bible House, New York City.

ENGLAND'S COAL CRISIS is no ordinary strike threat; it may end in the reorganization of the industry. So far the moves made on both sides are only jockeying for position in the struggle to come. The present break between owners and miners comes at the end of a three-months conference which attempted to find a way out of the situation. The coal industry in England is in a precarious position; since the war four crises have occurred and each time only minor tinkering has been done. Exports have fallen off enormously, operating costs are high, and the employers declare that they cannot continue to run the mines at a loss. During the last 18 months 400 pits have been closed down; more than 200,000 miners are out of work. Wages, in proportion to the cost of living, are far below the level of 1914. The miners have declared, and they have been strong enough to maintain their stand, that they will not consider a reduction in wages or a lengthening of the seven-hour workday. Consequently the owners have given notice of the termination, on August 1, of the present agreement with the miners, and the miners have responded by threatening to strike. The railwaymen have warned that they will refuse to move coal in case of a strike; and talk of a general strike has been heard. The owners, however, have refused to withdraw their notice; possibly they wish only to bring the present long-drawn-out dispute to a head; or they may hope that the Government will get them out of the hole. It would be typical of British history if a Tory Government should move toward the nationalization for which Labor has fought.

THAT FORCE BEGETS FORCE is so well known that it is hard to hold Mussolini and the Fascist Party guiltless of political brutalities in Italy even when they may have had no direct hand in them or have made definite efforts to prevent the outrages. If newspaper dispatches are to be credited, the recent attack upon Deputy Amendola, chief among the opponents of the present regime, was not officially inspired by the Fascisti. Amendola had gone to Montecatini to take the water cure for which the town is famous, but a crowd surrounded his hotel and became so menacing that local Fascist leaders urged the deputy to leave. He did so, his motor car guarded by Fascist militia to the town gate. Later he was ambushed at night and severely beaten. The trouble with Fascist efforts in an affair like this is that no one can hope to hold in leash men who daily drink in a gospel of force and violence from their great chief, Mussolini himself. The Fascisti will have to do a lot of house-cleaning higher up before they can expect decency in the ranks.

ITALY'S IDEA OF HOUSE-CLEANING, however, seems to consist in the expulsion of foreign correspondents who tell unpleasant truths. She has just expelled George Seldes, representative of the Chicago *Tribune*, on the ground that his dispatches were misleading and exaggerated. We do not believe the charge—having followed the work of Mr. Seldes (a brother of Gilbert Seldes) for many years. But even if it were true it would be no reason to expel him. Such high-handed action can only lead outsiders to believe that Italy is attempting to conceal something shameful. We are proud to note that the Rome representatives of the New York *World*, Chicago *Daily News*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and the United Press have protested against the treatment of Mr. Seldes and announced that if the Mussolini Government persisted in its attitude they would ask their newspapers to withdraw them from Rome. The European correspondents of the American press have more than once demonstrated their loyalty to the principle of the freedom of the press, and we hope that their home offices will boldly sustain them.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN even in the worst-regulated families, and it is not exactly the fault of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company that announcement should be made of permission to increase its passenger rates just at the moment when publication of its semi-annual report showed a largely increased net income in the last six months. The New York Public Service Commission has given permission to the railway to raise its commutation fares within the State by 40 per cent, while the Interstate Commerce Commission has allowed an increase in interstate commutation rates of 20 per cent. At the same time we learn that the net income of the railway for the first six months of 1925 was $2,663,574, as against $473,514 for the same period in 1924, which raises the question whether on the basis of recent income any rate increases are justified. Much more important, though, to the public at large is the question whether in the long run higher rates will not defeat their

own end by diminishing the company's business and thus its income. Everybody knows that automobile buses are giving the railroads stiffer competition than ever before on short hauls. Yet the railroads generally are quite without imagination or enterprise in meeting this competition.

"WELL, IT'S THEIR OWN FUNERAL," is the easy conclusion of the average person. It isn't. The nation has invested its materials and labor to the extent of millions of dollars in the railways, and it is of far more consequence to the average person that this plant be utilized and run for his benefit than it is to the stockholders and officers. It is an axiom of physics that one can move a given load easier and cheaper on hard wheels over an unyielding track than on flexible wheels over an even slightly irregular roadway. The advantage of the motor bus or truck lies chiefly in the smaller capital outlay necessary, in a saving in loading and unloading, in the flexibility of its routing, and in operating economy due to the use of smaller vehicles. But so far as the railroads go, the capital expenditure, to a large extent, has already been made. To take advantage of that outlay we think they will have to organize their own collection and delivery services (reducing the existing appalling duplication and waste) and run more and shorter trains. For a railroad like the New Haven, with a large amount of short-haul passenger traffic, there is obviously a field for one-car trains operated by gasoline engines or other power cheaper than the modern locomotive. In our issue of June 17 we noted an experiment of that sort by the New Haven. Certainly railways can no longer hope to meet automobile competition by the outworn formula of raising fares and reducing the number of trains.

HOUSES WITHOUT PROFITEERING are rising—slowly but safely. We commented in our issue of July 22 on the importance of the experiment of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which, on new housing in New York City renting for $9 a room per month, made a net profit of 9¼ per cent for the first full year of operation. This ought to be a spur to cooperative building, since commercial builders are not offering anything comparable to the apartments of the Metropolitan Life for less than two or three times the price. But cooperative building, like all other kinds of cooperation, makes headway with difficulty in the United States. New York City, of course, is littered with so-called cooperative apartments, mostly at high prices, which have been constructed within the last few years. Some of them are doubtless good investments for those who have the money, but they need to be expertly scrutinized, for the real-estate agents and builders take their profits before the public is invited to come in and "cooperate."

COOPERATIVE HOUSING of the true kind seems to have its best future not by means of specially organized groups but through labor unions, fraternal bodies, and other existing societies. This latter method has the advantage of starting with an already-organized group of persons of similar ideas and economic status, and it provides a business experience and stability which otherwise may be lacking. The garment-trade unions in New York City are an instance. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers are engaged in a cooperative housing enterprise, while the Labor Home Building Corporation has just obtained a loan of $950,000 from the Prudential Insurance Company with which to finance a five-story apartment house in the Bronx to accommodate 242 families. Behind the Labor Home Building Corporation are the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the International Fur Workers, the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers, and the Pocketbook and Leather Goods Workers. It is estimated that the carrying charges for the apartments, including amortization, will be about $14 a room per month.

ANOTHER SPECIALIST in forging Soviet documents has been arrested—this time in Vienna. Alexander Jakubowitz is the gentleman who supplied the Tsankoff Government in Bulgaria with evidences that the Soviet Government inspired the bombing of the Sofia Cathedral and planned other outrages. He also did a lively business providing fearsome documents for the Rumanian and Jugoslav representatives in Vienna. Austria's police found him in possession of an excellent set of forging implements and an unfinished "Soviet document." Unfortunately Mr. Jakubowitz needed one more die to perfect his screed, and the missing die was in Berlin, where his friend Drusilovski, the super-forger, had just been arrested. And so his plans went agley. Austrian law does not provide any penalty for mere forgery; it must be proved that the forger obtained money for his products. Since the gullible Balkan envoys are not eager to expose their gullibility in court, the matter rests there. Meanwhile, however, Bulgaria, on the strength of this gentleman's forgeries, has persuaded the Allies to permit her to increase her army, and has officially murdered some hundreds of persons who never knew who had invented the documents that incriminated them.

NOT ALL MIRRORS ARE AIDS to vanity. Sometimes the picture of America as reflected in the foreign press is a little startling. As, for instance, the comment of the Glasgow *Forward* upon this New York dispatch to the London *Times:*

MUNICIPAL TRADING IN PETROL—STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S SUIT

(From Our Own Correspondent)

NEW YORK, June 3.—The Standard Oil Company has brought a suit in Nebraska the outcome of which is awaited with great interest in many other States. The suit is for a perpetual injunction to restrain the city of Lincoln from maintaining a retail petrol [British for gasoline] station. At this station the city sells petrol to motorists for 18 cents a gallon, although the oil company maintains that 22 cents a gallon, which it charges, is a fair price.

In its petition the Standard Oil Company contends that the only grant of power in the law which permitted the city to frame its own charter was for its own government. The selling of petrol retail, it asserts, is not part of the business of government; furthermore, petrol is not a necessity, so that there is no warrant for the exercise of police powers to justify the city selling it.

"Seldom," says the *Forward*, "has one seen a more naked and unashamed illustration of the sheer undisguised greed of private 'enterprise.' . . . A public authority sells 'petrol' to motorists at 4 cents a gallon cheaper than the great oil trust sells, so the public authority is haled before the law courts, and an attempt made to prevent the public receiving the benefit of public enterprise."

William Jennings Bryan

BRYAN early won the love and confidence of a vast section of the American people, and he held his devoted personal following for nearly thirty years. With the echoes of the Dayton trial still in our ears, it is easy to forget the great crusades of his early days and to miss his significance in American life. The New York *Herald Tribune* of today can afford to speak of his exacting moral code and of his political honor. In 1896 the *Tribune* wrote that

> The wretched rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing resounding rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld, the anarchist, and Debs, the revolutionist. But he was a willing puppet, Bryan was—willing and eager. None of his masters was more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of that campaign against the Ten Commandments.

What was the secret of this hatred in the newspapers, which pursued him all his life? It was more than free silver that made the *Tribune* foam. The "boy orator of the Platte" represented in that day what his contemporary La Follette expressed in the next generation—the protest of the Western farmers against the domination of public life by the vast aggregations of capital centering in New York City. We forget today the denunciation in Bryan's 1896 platform of "government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the State and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners." We remember the "cross of gold," and forget that in the same speech Bryan eloquently pleaded the cause of the federal income tax (which even *The Nation* of that day regarded as a dangerous precedent) and insisted—doubly interesting today—that the income-tax law was not unconstitutional when it was passed or the first time it went before the Supreme Court. "It did not become unconstitutional," he said, "until one judge changed his mind; and we cannot be expected to know when a judge will change his mind." There in 1896 Bryan was pointing out the fallibility of the Supreme Court, as La Follette insisted upon it in 1924—and it is profoundly discouraging to reflect that the country in 1896 seemed to be more open-minded on the question than in 1924.

The curse of his free-silver mistake followed Bryan all his life. The "gold standard" is a kind of fetish in the business fraternity; like Bryan upon religion, they will not reason, but prepare for battle on mention of the phrase. Much of the criticism of monometallism in the years preceding the Bryan and McKinley campaign was justified. No one could foresee the Alaska gold rush or the development of the Transvaal mines, which made the success of the gold standard possible while inconspicuously giving that larger basis to the currency for which Bryan and his cohorts had somewhat unintelligently fought. The historian smiles to think that Bryan was feared all his life because in 1896 he bore a standard which McKinley, Lodge, and other heroes of the Republican faith had earlier espoused. They, however, spoke for "free silver" at a safe time and without any sense of protest against Eastern capital. Bryan helped to make it a class issue and a sectional issue. "Upon which side shall the Democratic Party fight?" he asked a hesitating convention. "Upon the side of the idle holders of idle capital or upon the side of the struggling masses? Burn down your cities and leave our farms," he cried, "and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country." And accordingly all the power of capital, idle or occupied, was thrown against him, and the newspapers bayed at him as at few men in the history of this country.

Instinctively Bryan chose the side of the people as against the powers of money, but it was his weakness that his heart was much stronger than his head. La Follette knew his issues; he studied, he toiled to master every fact and every detail before he made his smashing public indictments. La Follette's career in Washington was an attempt to work out on a national scale policies which he had already applied on a smaller scale while governor of Wisconsin. Bryan had no executive and almost no legislative experience. He was lost when pinned down to detail. He had no talent for administration; in the State Department he floundered. It is significant that the man who sincerely fought the Presidential campaign of 1900 upon the issue of anti-imperialism bears the official responsibility for two of the most outrageous examples of brute imperialism in American history. He was engaged in negotiating an excellent if somewhat vague series of peace and arbitration treaties with all the nations of the world; and while he was doing that American troops ruthlessly invaded Vera Cruz in Mexico, and later stamped out the century-long independence of Haiti. Of course Bryan took no initiative in either of these proceedings; but neither did he do anything to stop them. He fought imperialism more effectively on the Chautauqua circuit than in the State Department. He resigned as Secretary of State because he thought the President's course was drifting dangerously toward war; but he did nothing else to stop the drift, and when the war came he ridiculously volunteered as a private. And his last wish was to be buried in the Arlington military cemetery, on the strength of his military record in raising a regiment of Nebraska volunteers for the Spanish War. Always the heart swept him on, with no check from a reasoning head. When the anti-evolution issue came up he dashed valiantly to the defense of the Christian religion without stopping to inquire whether the Christian religion was in danger or how it could best be defended. And when Clarence Darrow got him on the witness stand he revealed himself as a pathetically sincere and pitifully ignorant old man.

The lapse of time leaves heroes stranded. Bryan was stirring as a boy orator, pleading for the people against the powers of capital; he was splendid preaching democracy to an imperialist age; he was magnificent when in 1912 he made the Democratic convention nominate Wilson in spite of itself; there was something noble in his lonely gesture of serving grape juice to the foreign diplomats, taking his convictions seriously even in public office—but it is pathetic to think of the hero of such crusades spending his last years selling real estate and attempting to keep science out of the schools. The world has a right to ask of its leaders something more than sincerity and a generous heart.

Germany's Peace Offensive

GERMANY'S answer to the French security notes is another step toward peace. A long vista of negotiations opens ahead, but Europe is on the right road. And vastly more important than the phrases of the diplomatic notes is the fact that the French troops are out of the Ruhr. That mischievous invasion of German territory plunged Europe anew into a haze of war talk. Drums beat, troops marched, men talked angrily. Hate boiled on both sides of the Rhine. France was still so bitter that Herriot, a year ago, dared go no further than to give a secret pledge that the French troops would come out in August, 1925. Germany, naturally, has not yet recovered from the ill temper stirred by Poincaré's act of war, with all its ruinous aftermath.

Now the troops are out at last. France is back within the military frontiers set by the Treaty of Versailles. Stresemann's note, and his subsequent speeches, clearly imply his expectation that in return for Germany's agreement to a security pact France will go further and consent to evacuation of the Cologne sector. The treaty, it will be recalled, provided that the Cologne sector would be evacuated after five years, if Germany had fulfilled her obligations under the treaty, the Coblenz sector after ten years, and the Mainz sector after fifteen years. Cologne was due for evacuation in January, and there is only the scantest of technical excuses for the delay. England and France punctually notified Germany that because of her defaults they could not proceed with the withdrawal as scheduled, but it took them three months to agree as to what the defaults were. Let us hope that the day of such chicanery is past. Germany is making the modifications in her military system which the Allies suggested, and complaints on that score seem to have ceased. The irritating presence of the French troops in the Ruhr is no more; if the Allies will only proceed to liberate Cologne, too, at once, they will go far to give the fulfilment policy in Germany the support which it needs.

France has been taught to put her faith in force. She has acquired a habit of looking eastward at her larger neighbor, and of shuddering—and believing that only an army on guard can preserve her. Possibly the amicable tone of the present discussions will help to cure her of that unreasonable state of mind. The urgent need of her troops in Morocco may also be of assistance. Sooner or later she will have to rely for security upon the pledged word of other nations—including Germany—and upon the rightness of her own actions. Ten years hence, fifteen years hence—some time—the whole Rhineland will have to be evacuated; and if she taxes herself eternally to maintain, with a population two-thirds of Germany's, an army five times as large, she can only lose in the economic competition which lies at the root of national power.

Germany has offered France a pledge never to make war; to accept the Western frontier as binding and to resort to arbitration in case of disputes concerning the Eastern frontier. France replied, insisting that Germany first join the League of Nations, and reiterating, in somewhat ambiguous terms, her right to resort to force if Germany failed in her treaty obligations. Germany's reply is, as M. Briand said, a reasonable basis for further negotiations. She is willing to join the League, but only upon assurance that she will not be obliged to violate her neutrality by aiding in a war or by transshipping foreign troops across her territory. Forced by treaty to reduce her army to 100,000 men, she feels she has the right to ask that she be freed from military obligations. Furthermore, she naturally declines the suggestion that France—ally of both Poland and Czecho-Slovakia—become a "guarantor" of Germany's treaties with those nations. Some of the most controversial points the note leaves untouched.

And that may be just as well. The fundamental need is for a peace atmosphere. Too much debate can spoil the air. It is something to be grateful for that Germany and France today find it possible to write polite notes without thumbing their noses at each other. There is, of course, a certain unreality in this long-range hallooing by means of studiously worded notes. How long will it be before their representatives can sit down together, face to face, and actually work out an agreement? Perhaps, when the two nations acquire the habit of friendly conversation France will throw off that strange obsession which has led her to demand that every "peace pact" be sealed by military guaranties. When the nations begin at last to talk peace in terms of peace, instead of thinking of it in terms of threats and penalties, Europe will really have emerged from her dismal war psychosis.

Dayton—And After

THE liberal, enraged by the fantastic proceedings at Dayton, is likely to be impatient with any effort merely to ameliorate the situation there revealed. He is in no mood for compromise and he feels like proclaiming boldly the right of every citizen to speak or to teach as his conscience dictates. Yet the fact remains that such a right, however desirable it may be, is not recognized by either our law or our customs. Some restrictions are and will continue to be, at least for many years to come, placed upon the freedom of teaching by both law and public opinion; and no general or absolute recognition of the right to such freedom is to be expected. Conditions have for years been bad—Tennessee, after all, is only doing by statute what other States do by public opinion. In many States a Catholic is virtually barred from the teaching profession; during the war dissent was rigidly suppressed—a Quaker teacher was ousted in New York City merely because she preferred not to conduct Liberty-loan campaigns among her pupils; and the Geneseo (New York) State Normal School is now stirred by the dismissal of two instructors whose Columbia-University brand of psychology was considered too radical by their superiors.

What the affair at Dayton has proved is simply this: There is no law so fantastic that it may not be passed by a legislature and supported by a court. Liberals who have sometimes amused themselves by imagining burlesque statutes to illustrate a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Volstead Act or the Clean-Books Bill are on the point of awakening to find their nightmares real. Those who saw Mr. Scopes on trial can be surprised by nothing. For a long time it has been known that not one legislator out of a dozen had the courage to vote against anything introduced under the guise of "morality," but the fundamentalists in religion, ethics, sociology, and manners are only beginning to understand the extent of the power which this fact puts into their hands. The success at Dayton has surprised

even them by its completeness, and the next year will see a flood of bills introduced into the legislature of every State in the Union which will make the worst buffooneries of Kansas seem almost sensible. Busybodies are likely to unearth a dozen such statutes as that which Congress unwittingly passed precluding payment of salaries to teachers who are guilty of "disrespect of the Bible." Such harmless-appearing gestures can be made to include in their prohibitions anything from the theory of evolution to Thomas Hardy's novels. There is no science which does not somewhere and somehow exhibit "disrespect for the Bible," no history which does not cast some aspersions upon national heroes, and no literature that cannot be regarded as both "dangerous" and "immoral." Stretch the legislation which every legislature is ready to pass as the laws against espionage, syndicalism, or "discouraging recruiting" were stretched and you will paralyze all education, all journalism, and all literature.

There is, we fear, no power on earth which could at the present moment cause Tennessee to repeal her anti-evolution bill, and very little hope that liberals will be able to win anywhere in the United States the complete intellectual freedom which they believe they have a right to have. In the face of such circumstances it is folly to take one's stand simply upon abstract principles of freedom; specific attacks upon this or that will have to be met with specific objections. Speak to the average Tennesseean, or, for that matter, to the average New Yorker, about academic freedom, and he will no more know what you are talking about than he would if you spoke to him concerning the metaphysical aspects of the trinitarian dogma or any of the other unconsidered theological conceptions which he is perfectly willing to see written in the statute books if assured that they promote good morals. But prove to him that the doctor who cut out his appendix, and all the scientists for whom he has a vague respect (gained largely from the Sunday newspapers), consider the theory of evolution a necessary part of scientific training and he may possibly be persuaded not to make a fool of himself.

The ultimate fate of the Tennessee law in the supreme courts of the State and nation will not really depend upon its constitutionality or unconstitutionality. If it is thrown out, any one of several grounds may be given for the decision, but the real reason will be that the judges recognize its absurdity and are therefore willing to seize the best available technical excuse for declaring it invalid. Constitutional guaranties of this freedom or that are feeble reeds on which to lean, and they are wont to fail a minority when it needs them most. So the fight for free speech, free literature, or free science will, in the main, be made, in each instance, upon the reasonableness of the individual case. Hence the necessity for that strategy at Dayton which Mr. Hays of the defense counsel describes elsewhere in this issue. The time seems to have passed, in America at least, when popular indignation can be aroused in defense of an abstract principle of the sort which appeared important to those founders of our government who believed freedom worth defending for its own sake. If liberals win the case against the Tennessee law they will not, thereby, win the acceptance of any general principle. They will have killed one bit of fool legislation, but they will be compelled to fight almost as hard against the next. The fact that a judge believes in evolution will by no means prove that he is willing to tolerate radical sociology or tobacco.

Hail to the Chief!

BELLEVILLE, ILL. (By Associated Press).—Big Chief Henkemeyer, a cigar-store Indian for fifty years, will soon have a place of prominence and dignity as a statue on Perrin's ledge overlooking the Illinois River. He will be placed on a concrete pedestal on the estate of J. Nick Perrin and will be unveiled in September with special exercises.

The wooden chief has stood on a rostrum before a local cigar-store for twenty-five years. Previous to this his stolid visage had graced a tobacconist's shop in St. Louis for twenty-five years and was purchased by the late Peter Mohr for the sum of $70.

The ancient chief in his full regalia has been crated for his journey to Perrin's ledge, where he will be set on the loftiest pinnacle.

The Indian figure has withstood the onslaughts of all kinds of weather. It was damaged once, when a Fourth of July reveler placed a pinwheel in its mouth which resulted in the burning of a cheek. Chief Henkemeyer is five feet high.

HAIL to the Chief! This bluff old wooden Indian is among the last of a once mighty line of rulers one of whom stood just outside the door of every cigar store worthy of the name in the older America. The fact that Chief Henkemeyer is to be transported from his natural and rightful realm to an artificial kingdom away from the odor of tobacco is a sharp reminder that the older America in which he ruled has passed. For the change of position is not a promotion for Chief Henkemeyer. He may enjoy purer air and a finer view on Perrin's ledge, overlooking the Illinois River; more people may gaze at him and his pedestal may be kept in better repair than before; but he will become a puppet instead of a real ruler. The divine right of kings will be his no more, because he will be despoiled of his kingdom. He may gain in pomp, but his power will be about that of the Sultan of Morocco since the French occupation.

It was a real and an interesting kingdom over which these old cigar-store Indians presided, and it has passed away almost as completely as have the chiefs. The owner of the old-fashioned cigar store was an individual and not a chain. He gave away no coupons good (after collecting for several years) for a paper knife or a silver-backed hair-brush, but he peddled a large amount of village gossip and he was a good companion for the lonesome, for he kept open at hours when about every other kind of shop was closed. He kept open even on Sundays!

And he dealt in rather a different line of goods from the links of the modern chain. The cigarette had not yet made its conquest. Only anemic young fellows smoked it. Men smoked cigars or pipes. Women didn't smoke at all—at least only very wicked ones did. Also men chewed. A "chaw" of tobacco was as necessary as a smoke. Today, even in the Supreme Court of the United States, chewing tobacco is going out.

Chief Henkemeyer will be lonesome sometimes gazing out over the Illinois River, especially on cold nights and Sunday mornings—when his old realm of Tobaccoland was the liveliest. But he would be even lonelier if he tried to return to his realm—for it is no longer there. It has gone with the Indians and the bison—West! The old rulers will soon be found only in museums of antiquities.

Hail—and farewell—to the Chief!

The Strategy of the Scopes Defense

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

EDITORIAL comment on the Scopes case seems to indicate a complete misunderstanding of the purposes and strategy of the defense. "A Wandering Defense" is the characterization of the New York *World*, which presents the issue as a clear one—whether "the State of Tennessee may establish the Bible of the fundamentalists as the official standard of truth in the public schools."

Mr. Darrow's eloquent argument on the motion to quash the indictment showed that the defense never misunderstood the main issue. This was clear throughout the trial—from his first claim that the law was unconstitutional because it "makes the Bible the yardstick" of every man's learning, to his last shot at Mr. Bryan in which he proclaimed his purpose to prevent the educational system of the United States from being throttled by ignorance and bigotry.

But there was more to the case than that. We presented a supposititious law parallel in text, making it a crime to teach, contrary to the Bible, that the earth moved around the sun. The difference between the two laws was that the Copernican theory is well established. The court, without hearing evidence, held the Tennessee law constitutional on its face. We wished to show by scientific testimony that the facts substantiate the theory of evolution, and thus to prove the recent law as unreasonable as the supposititious one. If unreasonable, the law would not be within the police power of the State. Thus the introduction of this evidence had a sound legal basis and was pertinent to the issue involved. Mr. Malone's brilliant speech related to this question. He took Bryan's slogan of a duel to the death, and pointed out that Mr. Bryan's idea of a duel was to strap his adversary to a board and threaten him, defenseless, with a flaming sword. Why the fear if the proofs of evolution are not effective?

But this was not all. If the fight of liberalism and honest thinking is to be won it must have the support of millions of intelligent Christians who accept the Bible as a book of morals and inspiration and who thus find no conflict between it and any scientific fact. They were entitled to the presentation of their point of view. This led to evidence of what the Bible is, its history, meaning, translation, application, and interpretation. Mr. Bryan was called as an expert on the Bible. He admitted that the earth was millions of years old. He agreed that no intelligent person would accept the Bible literally. Even from Mr. Bryan our case might have been proved. And such evidence would further show that the law was indefinite and therefore unenforceable; was unreasonable and therefore unconstitutional.

It is to this phase of the defense that most of the criticism is directed, for it led to the position that evolution and the story of creation in the Bible are not necessarily inconsistent. Even if the Bible and the theory of evolution were entirely contradictory the law is a bad one, so why take the position that they can be reconciled? On their face they are utterly inconsistent. But this assumes that all people think alike. The Holy Rollers in the hills of Tennessee insist that the earth is flat: "Look at it, brother, look at it." So with the dissenters and the Bible: "Look at the words, brother, look at the words." Churchmen answer: "Look at the spirit, brother, look at the spirit." We felt that there was a real value, not only because it was sound law and a fair defense but likewise from a public point of view, in presenting the position of millions of churchgoers who are defenders of science. We made it clear that as lawyers we expressed no opinion on this, but that the evidence would completely answer the bigot's contention that we must choose between science and religion or even between science and the Bible.

After all, if we were to accomplish anything of real value it was important to recognize the point of view of the fundamentalists. They insisted that since religion should not be taught in the public schools it was unfair to teach a theory that to them negatived religion. To them religion is the Bible. To them evolution is described by the statement of Mr. McKenzie acting for, if not speaking for, the State of Tennessee. "God threw a dish-rag into the sea and said 'Now be a good boy and behave yourself and in about six million years I'll come around and make a man of you.'" These people would admit the importance of separating church from state, but they would demand that while the Bible was not to be the "official standard of truth" in the schools, neither was evolution. They feel that this law eliminates both. In the words of one of the State counsel: "If I have to choose between education and religion, I'll choose religion." In the words of a preacher in the hills: "I thank God I ain't educated." Evidence which would tend to show that there is no conflict between religion and science, or even between the Bible, accepted as a book of morals, and science, would be more effective in answering their claims than a mere contention that the schools must be free to teach what these fundamentalists regard as irreligion. And to show the unreasonableness of the law no evidence could have been more persuasive to the presiding judge.

In other words, the defense, far from having wandered, was based upon three definite propositions: First, that the law was unconstitutional because it attempted to make the Bible the test of truth; second, that the law was unconstitutional because in the light of present-day knowledge of evolution, to be adduced from scientists, it was unreasonable; and third, that the evidence of Mr. Bryan and other students of the Bible would show not only that there was no inconsistency between an acceptance of the evolution of man and of the Bible, but would also show that the law was indefinite as well as unreasonable, because no two persons understand the Bible alike.

Many would have presented the simple issue that the law on its face violated constitutional guaranties. The defense went further and sought to show that such laws result in hate and intolerance, that they are conceived in bigotry and born in ignorance—ignorance of the Bible, of religion, of history, and of science.

Dayton at first was friendly but unresponsive, then antagonistic and impervious, then tensely hostile, then mildly interested, then eager. The youth were triumphant.

They cheered Darrow. Possibly no one's attitude was changed, except perhaps subconsciously, but thought permeates. They greeted Darrow as an infidel, found him an agnostic, acclaimed him more sympathetic, more tolerant, more kindly, and more Christian than the prosecution. The psalm-singing, prayer-meeting, muttering groups in the courtyard the first days, surrounded by signs threatening future punishment in hell to unbelievers, gave way to circles of men earnestly discussing the issues in the main streets. Representative Butler, who introduced the bill, learned for the first time that there was more than one Bible and thought the scientific evidence would give him a "right smart" education. The jury expressed disappointment not to have heard the words of scientists which they had feared would weaken their faith. A fundamentalist minister told me they had been terribly shocked when we had objected to prayer in court, but later had talked it over and had thought perhaps we were right, that it wouldn't have been fair to have had the fundamentalist minister of each juryman practically suggesting a verdict to his parishioner! Another minister asked me to send him a work to which I had referred—Andrew D. White's "The Warfare of Science Against Theology." The judge said he would receive, and I know he will read, Darwin's "Origin of Species' and "The Descent of Man." Robinson's drug-store will contain a circulating library of works on evolution, the first one consisting of the scientific evidence in the record of this trial. The intelligent minority in the State, heretofore amused, is now ashamed. Lawyers of Tennessee at first refused to be connected with the case, then offered advice *sub rosa*, then openly proclaimed themselves with the defense. It is possible that laws of this kind will hereafter meet the opposition of an aroused public opinion. That was not without our purpose. If we have succeeded to some extent, we feel we have answered the criticism of those who regard the issue as a narrow one of constitutional law.

What the trial lacked in dignity it gained in democracy. The real basic questions involved were brought into the open. The question is not whether Howard Morgan learned that life had developed from a single cell, which information didn't "hurt him any." The question is not merely one of whether such laws accord with American institutions. The question is whether among civilized people ignorance and intolerance, even when indulged in by the majority and made into law, should be permitted to stifle education.

That people should derive light and education from court proceedings may be novel, but can hardly be objectionable.

Communist Art

By LOUIS FISCHER

WORKINGMEN in Russia laugh when you tell them that British labor meetings open with a prayer or that English Socialists celebrate their victories in church. The Pope's recent encyclical against Communism rather shook some of the Catholic followers of MacDonald until they decided on a sort of condominium of Marx and the Holy Father, the one to color their politics, the other their religious life. But to the Bolshevik such a combination is as strange as it is impossible. Communism is not merely an intellectual luxury, a code of law to be put on and doffed when the need arises. It is a philosophy of life which determines its adherents' class sympathies, religion, social behavior, and moral standards. It has as direct, and as negative, an attitude toward church attendance and wife-beating as it has toward capitalism and imperialism.

This is one of the essential differences between the Socialist and the Communist, the evolutionist and the revolutionist. The Socialist lives the life of the ordinary bourgeois mortal, only his mind accepts as correct and wise a certain economic doctrine. On the other hand, the Communist who does not eat, dress, lodge, think, work, marry, and die bolshevistically is not a good Communist. There can be millionaire Socialists, but a rich Communist is an anomaly. To be sure, many Russian Communists, especially many Russian Communists working abroad, do not live up to the high standard of their party, but it is important to note that the standard exists, that entrance into or expulsion from the ranks of the party depends on it, and, moreover, that it has been distilled out of long practice.

If Marxism purposes only to change governmental forms and to nationalize mines and banks and factories its aims are indeed limited, for there is something evil in all government and the millennium will not arrive as a result of nationalization. These reforms must be projected a step forward into the personal, non-political lives of men, into the realm of culture. It is no accident, therefore, that Trotzky writes "questions of Life," in which he treats of marriage, the family, swearing, public kitchens, etc. He does so as a statesman, not as a dilettante. Nor is it by chance that he comes upon the subject of "Literature and Revolution." His book by that name is more a political treatise than a criticism of art: How is the revolution changing social forms? Do these new forms, can these new forms, express themselves in art? In the same way, [illegible] of the Communist Party follows a discussion and resolution on peasant soviets or the federal budget with another on conflicting schools of poets and prose writers.

The revolution of 1917 was not tantamount to the substitution of one ruling party for another. It was a gigantic social upheaval. It well-nigh destroyed an entire class; it certainly made the ways, traditions, customs, culture of that class *non grata*. It released a great stratum of society which had been held under foot. This stratum is educationally inferior to its ex-rulers, but physically and spiritually it is healthier. It is strong, young, capable of action, sure-footed, and does not need fox-trots and "La Garçonnes" and other forms of vicarious excitement.

Inevitably, tastes and demands for art have undergone modification in Soviet Russia. The changes are definite and tangible. Thus, the famous Russian ballet is popular no longer; people consider it a vermiform appendix of the

past. Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Chekhov, Pushkin, Lermontov, the outstanding lights of Russian literature, find few readers and fewer adorers. Tchaikowsky, the gifted composer, is considered passé. The renowned Moscow Art Theater of Stanislavsky, Moskvin, and Kachalov which charmed America and Europe frequently bores the Russian animated by the spirit of these times. The new attitude toward matters of art suggests the question, "Is a thing of beauty a joy forever, or do art values fluctuate in the tide of events? Is art the possession of a certain class and age or is it universal and eternal?"

One would think that Geltzer, Kondaourova, and Abramova dance as well in 1925 as they did in 1916, that if anything the scenery they use for their ballet performances is richer. Nevertheless the same people, plain bourgeois people who enjoyed the ballet a decade ago, feel that it is unreal today. The Russian ballet, except in a few of its productions, is so perfect a reflection of imperial Russia and so accurate an echo of court life that it looks like a remnant of the Middle Ages.

It took but a few years for Chekhov, Pushkin, and other "great writers" to become classics, if we would speak charitably, and to have outlived their usefulness, if we are to be more realistic. Consider Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard" or his "Three Sisters," or Pushkin's "Evgeni Onegin." They portray a society which is dead and deal with problems which do not exist in Russia today. With the tremendous revolution in sex relations which has occurred since 1917 much of the fiction of preceding generations, which so often deals with love, must necessarily transport itself to the scrap-heap. It is as outmoded as would be the work of astronomers who believed the earth flat.

In Germany during the inflation period Dostoevsky was much in vogue. He still is. Not in Russia, however. It is not that he is under an official ban; students of the Moscow universities are required to read him as part of their course. But the quintessence of Dostoevsky is foreign, antagonistic, and repulsive to the spirit of the revolution. All Russians, and even non-Russians who have any soul-contact with the revolution, are aware of this, for not to understand so fundamental a fact is to misunderstand everything in the revolution that is not statistics and decrees. Cynics, philosophic doubters, and the Prince "Idiot" type do not make a revolution. A large part of the pre-war Russian intelligentsia—Dostoevsky was its idol—paralyzed itself by indecision and endless and meticulous balancing of the scales of theory. It lost itself in the never-ending maze of its own speculations and devitalized itself by its own argumentation. If it ever mustered enough courage to make a move it permitted the advantages thus gained to slip from its hands. At best it dissipated its nervous energy in isolated acts of futile terrorism. But the present revolutionary era is the day of the strong and clear-willed. The revolution, before its precipitation and after, demanded quick action. A Raskolnikov would have been swamped by the merciless succession of events.

Most of the characters of Dostoevsky, genius and great psycho-pathologist that he was, answer no popular demand. Let Karamazov debate through whole chapters on the existence of a god. The Russian of the revolution knows that there must not be a god. Theism, to him, is part of the system of capitalism, and he has learned to look upon capitalism as a beast rotten and decaying. Therefore Upton Sinclair, who voices this view of the present state of society, is a best-seller. To Chekhov's portrayals of dainty, manicured ladies and tight-waisted gentlemen they prefer Jack London, full of fresh air, rich movement, coursing life. Yet they can dream with Wells and with him build castles in the ether, for they, like him, have seen the faint vision of a new world. Gogol's "Revizor" and his other satires on the society that was, also Gorki, who lived and worked among the masses in the "Lower Depths," appeal to the mind which now rejects Turgenev and Andreev. What could be more natural?

Of course the spirit of the new times deeply stirred the Russian theater. But since the essential function of the theater is to interpret and give form to a content which need not be and often is not written for it, the effect of the revolution on the Russian theater has, generally speaking, been confined to a search for original externalities and for new modes of expression. On the stage of the Kamerny, Tairov experiments with cubism and constructivism; the Theater Revolutzii tries new perspectives and dull color tones; Granovsky in the Yiddish Theater makes his actors move on a horizontal plane as usual and up and down a vertical plane too; he moreover tries by means of recitations in chorus and movements in concert to create an illusion of the Jewish Ghetto and Pale; the little Semperante ventures into the field of impromptu acting and of shadow casting; the revolution gives the most limitless freedom to all sorts of theatrical empiricists and faddists. We come finally to Meyerchold, the outstanding talent of the revolutionary theater. In one performance of his, machine wheels and windmills keep time with the emotional tempo of the persons of the play; he takes Ostrovsky's "Woods," which pictures the life of the middle nineteenth century, and passes it through a proletarian atmosphere—the result is a burlesque. He willingly and gladly makes his theater, which, incidentally, is one of the best-paying theaters in Moscow, a soap box for the propagandist. Meyerchold is feeling his way. Occasionally, as in his recent "Bubus," he fails completely, sometimes he is realistic even unto vulgarity, but always what he puts on the boards is strong and young.

Is Meyerchold producing proletarian culture? No. At best he avoids what is non-proletarian. Are Upton Sinclair and Jack London proletarian writers? No. At best they are non-bourgeois.

There is no such thing as proletarian culture, says Trotzky. There will be no proletarian culture and there cannot be, is his further contention. "Indeed there is no reason to regret this," he writes. "The proletariat assumed power in order to have done forever with class culture and to blaze the way for a culture of all of humanity." Trotzky divides history thus:

"Prehistorical 'history' of primeval man; ancient history with its slavery; the Middle Ages with their serfdom; capitalism with its exploitation of voluntary wage-earners; and, finally, the socialistic society with its painless—let us hope—transition to the governmentless commune." The dictatorship of the proletariat, we read further, is not this last ideal form of social organization, but the "revolutionary-military way of achieving it." During this revolutionary-military period "there is more destruction than new construction." The fight for life, the struggle against the omnipresent enemy, the effort to vouchsafe to all at least a modicum of material well-being completely absorb national

energy, leaving little free for the creation—not of new culture—but of a new culture. Russia is at present passing through just this in-between era. It will end with the coming of the commune which, in turn, will be brought about by the world revolution. How long shall we have to wait? Twenty—thirty—fifty years, is Trotzky's estimate.

In the meanwhile Russia is culturally active. The professed aim is a democracy of culture rather than an aristocracy of intellect. More books are being read now than ever before in Russia, read by the man in the street and by the peasant behind the plow. Literacy and education are being brought to the dark millions; Soviet Russia is honeycombed with tens of thousands of workingman and village clubs which are lecture hall, library, social center, meeting-place in one. The number of communal kitchens and communal laundries, as well as of child nurseries, which free the woman from the home and help make her economically independent, is increasing. The Soviet Government is a gigantic internal propaganda organ. Hordes of agitators buzz along the countryside and distribute their information and literature—for aeroplanes, for child welfare, for chemical preparation, for the planting of corn, for the use of tractors, for the International Rote Hilfe, against illiteracy, against swearing and drinking, against slovenly farming.

Simultaneously hundreds of imagist, impressionist, centrifugalist, futurist, constructivist, and so-called "proletarian" poets and "proletarian" and peasant prose writers are putting their wares on an absorbent market. Most of them are young and groping; some, Demyan Bedni, Mayakovsky, Pilniak, Saifulina, Yessenin, for instance, have won their spurs. Many of them are popular in the literal sense of the word: they are read by the populace, by the cab-driver, the lowly mujik, the coal miner, and car conductor.

The minds of what we are wont to call the "common people" have been working hard since the revolution. There is an insatiable thirst for knowledge accompanied by a higher standard of living. The demand of the peasants for the resuscitation of the Soviets is one sign of cultural progress. [illegible] thousand [illegible] correspondents (selkors) and as many factory correspondents (rabkors) who write as unpaid and enthusiastic "free lances" for the bolshevik press are another such sign. I asked an old woman in a village what difference the revolution had made. "We talk more," she replied. Talk, indeed. But it is not gossip. They are discussing serious political and economic problems. They are stimulated by a wave of mental activity which is sweeping all Russia.

The Tale of Lenin and the Czar

By L. SAIFULINA

Translated by JESSICA SMITH

IT was a large ooyezd,* far from the capitals and great cities. Entire foreign countries might have been contained within its boundaries. It was full of gold mines, distilleries, and tallow works. There were great stretches of rich black earth, and over the meadowlands wandered herds of sheep and goats with that soft fine down from which the famous Orenburg shawls are made. The population was rich and various, and came from many regions, with many different habits and customs. Farther away, along the river Samarka and deeper in the steppe country, [illegible] of thte Mordvians, the Bashkirs, and the nomadic Kirghese. People of different races, with different ways of life, and different faiths—Pravoslavnies, Old [illegible], [illegible] Evangelists, and many other creeds, concealing their faith from the government in this far-away place.

Here there were rich peasants with thousands of dessiatins of land, and landless peasants, too poor even to build a [illegible] for themselves. And [illegible] away in the most distant spots in the darkly ignorant Cossack stanitzas and Russian villages there were the petty intelligentsia—doctors, teachers, agricultural experts, librarians—oppressed by the backwardness and darkness of the villages. Now and then they received papers from Orenburg bringing news of the life of the rest of Russia. But the papers were received within a reasonable period only at those Cossack stanitzas which were on the main road, or at the gold mines, or at the ooyezd town itself. In the raw depths of the ooyezd, papers and news were quite lost. The villages of this ooyezd were hundreds and more versts away from the main town and from the single-track railroad line to Orenburg.

In our village there were peasants who confused Kerensky with Rodzianko. And the women and young folks were not in the least interested in such games. But in the turbulent winter of 1918 both the low-built town and the far depths of the ooyezd were powerfully agitated by the bolshevist alarm. And with this alarm came the name "Lenin." It came, and not one of the inhabitants of the ooyezd, diverse in blood and possessions and thoughts as they were, remained indifferent to this name. In the rich Cossack stanitzas, in the villages where the landed Old Believers ruled supreme, among the rich sectarians—among all of these the tales of Lenin were nourished with that hatred which only a great and strong enemy can inspire, a hatred which is more like an ecstasy of admiration. They seldom accused him of selfish motives. They created legends about him as about some being from a mystical, supernatural world. I have heard Old Believers and Sectarians ecstatically chanting passages from the Bible, invoking for Lenin the number of the beast, 666, the number of the Anti-Christ. His name emerged from the village darkness, where the names of all others were choked in abysmal ignorance. Only his name blossomed, and blossomed miraculously. Among the rich peasants it was spoken with respect and hatred; among the poor with unalterable faith and reverence. Of all the stories I heard there is one which I remember more accurately and vividly than the rest.

I heard it in a hutor on the road to town. The mujik Nikita Minushev was journeying 140 versts to the city for news, in that stormy winter of 1918, and he had taken me along with him. A cold wind and a fine stinging snow caused us even before dusk to turn into a post station in an

* A geographical district, roughly corresponding to a county.

isba belonging to an acquaintance of Minushev. Sprawled over a rickety wooden bed and on benches before a samovar green with age, were already many travelers turned aside from the road. Until darkness they watched one another with their furtive mujiks' eyes. They exchanged the usual opinions about the price of bread, the lack of goods, and they spoke very, very cautiously about the new conditions in the country. But at one o'clock the light began to grow dim from the steam issuing from the unclean clothes of the peasants and from the breathing of those gathered together in the little isba, and to cast flickering shadows on the beams under the ceiling, and then the peasant women began to talk. The spare, gray-faced woman, with her glittering black eyes, and ashy-gray hair straggling out from underneath her platok, told the sleepless ones a story about Lenin, and how he divided the people with the Czar:

Once upon a time there came to the Czar Mikolashka the most important of his generals. "Oho, your majesty," he said, "you must know that in a certain kingdom in a certain land there has appeared a man well versed in all the sciences. His rank is not known, he carries no passport, and he goes by the name of Lenin. And this man threatens your majesty and boasts that he will come to you, Czar Mikolay, and that with one word he will take all your soldiers unto himself, and that all your generals and officials and noble officers and even yourself, Czar Mikolay, will be turned into dust and blown away with the wind, such is the word he has!"

And at that the Czar Mikolashka was frightened. He stamped his feet and wrung his hands, and he cried out in a loud voice: "Write immediately to this man whose rank is not known, who carries no passport, and who goes by the name of Lenin. Tell him not to come against me with his word, not to shatter me and my officials and my high-born officers into dust, and for that I will give to this man half of my kingdom!" Then there came running to the Czar many learned people with their quills and paper; they sharpened their pens, and wrote to this man Lenin: "So, Lenin, do not come against the Czar Mikolay with your word, but take unto yourself half of the kingdom of Mikolay, without any fighting, without any abuse!" And very soon came the answer from that man whose rank was unknown, who carried no passport, and who went by the name of Lenin. And thus wrote Lenin to the Czar Mikolashka: "So, even as it has been written, I agree to receive from you, Czar Mikolashka, half of your kingdom. Only I will write for you the agreement as to how it shall be divided. Not by provinces, not by ooyezds, not by volosts. But this is the way, just as I prescribe it, this is the only kind of a division to which I will agree; and so that there need be no further discussion on the matter, I will [illegible] down for you. Take to yourself, Czar Mikolashka, all the white-bones: your generals, your officials, your high-born officers with all their distinction, with all their rank, their crosses, their gorgeous epaulets, with their noble wives and with their white-boned children. Take your gentlemen landowners with all their riches, with their clothes of silk and velvet, with their gold and silver dishes, with their wives and their offspring. Take unto yourself your merchants with their goods and countless treasures, and take all the wealth from the banks. Take to yourself all the factories with their equipment and their machines and all their riches. But give to me all the black-bones—the mujiks, the soldiers, the factory workers, in all their common overalls. Only leave me the cattle for breeding, the meadows of grass, the mother-earth for plowing."

When the Czar Mikolashka read this letter he kicked his heels together for joy, clapped his hands merrily, and ordered his generals and officers and officials thus: "Write at once to this Lenin that we entirely agree to everything. And for all that he's such a wise man and knows a secret word, look how foolish he is! For he leaves to me all my countless treasures, all the merchants' goods, all the landlords' property, and he takes for himself only the black-bones, who are of no use whatever. And we shall easily find other black-bones to guard my treasures, and we shall make soldiers out of them, and so we shall live again in peace and prosperity." And then there ran again to the Czar, as fast as they could, panting, many learned people. They sharpened their pens, and they wrote that the Czar was agreed. And they didn't even jeer at Lenin, lest he should think better of the bargain, and come against them after all with his secret word.

And so in good time, very quietly and softly, Lenin gathered together all his soldiers and mujiks and workers. The Czar had already taken his white-bones and gone far away. And as the mujiks and the soldiers and the workers gazed about them, there came up to them a very simple peasant, and said to them "Comrades, good-day!" And then as far as your eye could see he shook hands with everyone, and said in a loud voice: "You and I will all be equal one with another, just as we are now, comrades. Only follow my instructions. I am learned in all the sciences, and my comrades will not be the worse for it." And the soldiers answered him in their soldiers' way "Right, Comrade Lenin, we are ready!" And the factory workers, the literate city folk, with their usual politeness, did not contradict him either. But the mujiks were offended because they thought there had been some mistake in the reckoning, and they began to growl, to glare at him, to push forward: "And why have you given up all the countless treasures?" they demanded. "If you had divided them among us we might have been able to improve our condition." But Lenin just smiled and wagged his head, and said these words in answer: "Don't get excited, don't reproach me, just gather your cattle together and go about your business, and then everything will be quite clear. I did not take the treasure for you because there are many thousands of you, but of the white-bones there are only a few hundreds. As for wiping all the white-bones entirely from the earth, for that I know a word, but it is still not complete—I have still not reached the bottom of it. But for all the black-bones of the earth I have a word which is sure. And so I say to the Czar: "Nowhere will the white-bones find for themselves either soldiers or workers. All will come under my hands and refuse to serve you; and as they are not producers, your white-bones, but only spenders, so it will come to pass that they will not live long under the bright light of the sun."

And in good time it happened so. There came men galloping on horseback to Lenin, bringing him news from Mikolashka the Czar. And thus wrote Mikolashka: "Oho, Lenin, you have duped me. You have taken unto yourself all the black-bones, and you have given to me not producers but only spenders. All my generals and my highborn officers stand like horses without their soldiers. They only drink and eat and grow fatter and fatter all the time. The gentlemen-landowners have gone through all their stores. They have already used up all the fine clothes from their trunks without thinking, and torn up and dirtied everything. My merchants are ruined, for without the mujiks they have no customers for their goods. My factory owners have worn out and spoiled all their machines. For with all their learning they have no practical knowledge—they cannot even adjust a screw. And I cannot get the black-bones to work for me. They all rush to you, at your secret word. And our affairs have come to such a pass that there is nothing to do but lie down and die. And so now all my

generals will go against you in order to win back for me the black-bones."

And so it came to pass that there was a war between the white-bones and the black. But the white-bones could not hold out very long, as the generals and the high-born officers were only used to yelling commands at their soldiers, and moving about their warriors here and there as they pleased, and not at all used to fighting wars themselves, so delicate were their veins. And so it came to pass even as was said by the man whose rank was unknown, who carried no passport, and who went by the name of Lenin—that the white-bones did not stay in the bright light of the sun for long, and they soon turned to dust and were blown away with the wind.

The lamp went out. The mujiks snored. A woman murmured a question, but the spare old peasant sitting on the floor in her sheepskin coat went on chanting, as if in a prayer, the droll and touching words of her tale. This is the first peasant legend about the man by the name of Lenin in an ooyezd very poor in legends, where many bright names have sunk into oblivion.

T. S. Eliot

By EDWIN MUIR

PROBABLY no writer of our time has said more things about the art of literature which are at once new and incontrovertible than Mr. T. S. Eliot has said. He has written very little. His criticism is contained in "The Sacred Wood," a small book, and in "Homage to John Dryden," a still smaller one. With every subject he has attempted he has only made a beginning, said a few pregnant or subversive words, and stopped. His criticisms of Dante, Blake, Swinburne, and Dryden have the appearance of footnotes. The series of essays in "The Sacred Wood" on the problems of criticism end with a remarkable economy of generalization. Even in essays which are more full, in those on Ben Jonson and Marvell, Mr. Eliot seems to be filling in the few strokes needed to complete a portrait rather than drawing an original one himself.

This impression of incompleteness is largely misleading. It is only when one tries to discover what essential aspect of Jonson's talent has been left untreated in Mr. Eliot's essay that one realizes how nearly complete it is. His prose is deceptive because in it he exercises continuously the faculty, rare in our time, of always saying more than he appears to say. In his essays he seems most of the time to be concerned with minor points, but he is in reality concerned always with essential ones. His critical method consists in pressing a small lever and thereby lifting an unsuspectedly heavy weight. His essays are full of observations which do not appear important, but turn out to be those on which a really just generalization would be based. Accordingly his criticisms continuously grow in interest: they are among the few written in our time to which one can go back and find something which one perusal, or two, did not yield. In one way Mr. Eliot is the most complete critic of our time. What he does choose to say he says most unassailably. He rarely sets down an opinion without being conscious of all that has already been said in favor of or against it, and his final pronunciation is not only something new, of the same solidity, the same order, as what has been said already; it is at once a summing up and a revaluation. No one writing today has a stronger sense of tradition. He has written profoundly of it in his essay on Tradition and Individual Talent, saying not merely that we are judged by tradition but that we also modify it; that by adding one new work of art to those which constitute tradition we do something which is enough to change, however slightly, its character; and that thus tradition is a thing which is forever being worked out anew and recreated by the free activity of the artist.

Admirable and profound words—yet why is it that in spite of them Mr. Eliot always appears to us to underestimate the free character of tradition, the fact that in its living perpetuation it gives the artist his proper liberty and is not so much a thing to be submitted to or imposed as to be discovered and welcomed? The influence of tradition on Mr. Eliot's criticism is not to make it uniformly bold and comprehensive but more generally to make it too cautious. He often draws back where a genuinely classical writer, a writer in the full stream of tradition, knowing the dangers, seeing the raised eyebrows of all the past and hearing the warnings of the present, would have gone on. Mr. Eliot feels answerable to tradition for every judgment he makes; but this accepted responsibility, while it gives his criticism weight, sometimes makes it rashly timid. Thus, if his enthusiasms are never wild, his understatements sometimes are. One is struck by the sheer oddity when he describes Goethe's "Faust" as "a very able and brilliant poem," and when, admitting that a few "many-sided" men must "probably" be conceded to history, he adds: "Perhaps Leonardo da Vinci is such." It is as easy to lose one's sense of proportion through excessive caution as to lose it through excessive rashness. In these instances Mr. Eliot's caution becomes mechanical, and functions where it is not needed and has no meaning.

But if his criticism is sometimes weighed down by his sense of tradition, it is also enriched and enlightened by it. His great gift as a critic is that of seizing the artistic source and justification of a convention, the necessity in a poem of elements which may appear artificial, the real virtue of a school, the essential law of a work of art. He makes every work live while he considers it, for he sees its articulations, the necessity for them, and their living functioning. Thus, though at times he may appear to be concerned with craftsmanship alone he is in reality concerned with the organic structure, trying to discover whether it is a living body or merely an agglomeration of dead parts. He does not show a writer's "qualities," therefore, but the principles of his art. The reward of this difficult and concentrated way of approach is that in Mr. Eliot's criticism the work of art, stripped of all incidentals, shines with its own essential light, and that in an immediate way the artistic problem is brought before us. In penetration, knowledge, intuitive apprehension of the inner laws of a poem Mr. Eliot deserves to be ranked with the chief English critics.

His criticism has had a considerable influence on younger writers; his poetry has had perhaps even a greater

influence. But his influence as poet has not been in the same direction as his influence as critic. The author of "The Sacred Wood" and Sweeney Erect is obviously a writer of contrasts. Certainly the poet in Mr. Eliot sets out to obey the critic. The idea, for example, that since the Elizabethan era poetry has been losing its complexity, richness, contrast, surprise, subtlety—a favorite idea of Mr. Eliot's, and a very fruitful one—is as clearly to be seen in his poetry as in his criticism. His poetry does attempt to restore some of the psychological richness of Elizabethan poetry, to be more full and diverse, to attain a new and more vigorous beauty. But in aiming at one thing it in reality achieves another. It has not the fulness and suppleness, the mixture of extreme refinement and natural coarseness of Elizabethan poetry. These elements are present, it is true. "The Waste Land" has extreme refinement and extreme coarseness; but they are not harmoniously and variously combined, producing a diversity of rich effects; they are set down side by side, in contrast, not in combination. Mr. Eliot's poetry is in reality very narrow, and in spite of its great refinement of sensibility, very simple. In the main it is a statement of two opposed experiences: the experiences of beauty and ugliness, of art and reality, of literature and life. To Mr. Eliot in his poetry these are simple groups of reality; their attributes remain constant; they never pass into one another; and there is no intermediate world of life connecting and modifying them. The plan of the early Sweeney Among the Nightingales is the same as that of "The Waste Land." The raw fact and the remembered vision, the banal and the rare, the crude and the exquisite, reality and art, are set down side by side.

> The circles of the stormy moon
> Slide westward toward the River Plate,
> Death and the Raven drift above
> And Sweeney guards the horned gate.
>
> Gloomy Orion and the Dog
> Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
> The person in the Spanish cape
> Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees.

That is the simple contrast which one finds again and again in Mr. Eliot's poetry; and all the poet's admirable subtlety of mind is directed not to varying the contrast but to making it as violent as possible. This he effects in two ways: by releasing the contrast suddenly at the moment when it will produce the maximum shock, and by refining the passages of formal beauty and psychological obscenity until their juxtaposition has an element of horror. The former device is unworthy a serious poet; the latter has yielded Mr. Eliot many exquisite lines and a few passages [illegible] ing a curious mood, not of despair, nor of mere depression, but of something which seems to combine both and to pass beyond them:

> A rat crept softly through the v[illegible]
> Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
> While I was fishing in the dull canal
> On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
> Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
> And on the king my father's death before him.

It is in passages such as this that Mr. Eliot has attained nearest to beauty in his portrayal of actual experience; for in his passages of pure beauty the inspiration is almost always literature. This passage has the same quality as the earlier:

> The sable presbyters approach
> The avenue of penitence;
> The young are red and pustular
> Clutching piaculative pence.

It is the artistic realization of what Mr. Eliot failed to express, and betrayed, when he wrote

> The red-eyed scavengers are creeping
> From Kentish Town and Golder's Green.

It is, in short, the expression of a mood in which a hatred of squalor disguises a certain pleasure in squalor. This mood is not uncommon, as most people would have to admit if they had Mr. Eliot's courage; and could it be grasped with all its implications—as Baudelaire grasped similar moods—it would no doubt be found to be profoundly significant. But Mr. Eliot does not grasp its implications. His presentation of it is at once bold and timid—it is inconclusive, and, one feels, deliberately so. The mood is not pulled out into the light frankly and cleanly as one of Mr. Eliot's Elizabethans, for instance, would have pulled it out. And it is for this reason that his poetry is sometimes displeasing, as all things fragmentary and unrealized are. It is not displeasing because the poet expresses his anguish so fully that we cannot endure it, but because he does not express it fully enough. For when the sense of the pain of life is fully expressed, with nothing kept back, with no self-protecting veil between the poet and his suffering, it brings release. And release Mr. Eliot's poetry rarely attains. It is not false or shallow, but it is inconclusive: it lacks immediacy and importance. It expresses an attitude to life, not a principle of life. The difference between

> Non val cosa nessuna
> I moti tuoi, nè di sospiri è degna
> La terra. Amora e noia
> La vita, altro mai nulla; e fango è il mondo,

to quote a poet who had even more than Mr. Eliot's gloom, and

> Then how should I begin
> To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

is a difference fundamentally in seriousness. As a poet Mr. Eliot lacks seriousness. He is bitter, melancholy, despairing, but he is not serious. There are moments when seriousness is given him. It is his in the two beautiful and [illegible]ble stanzas which conclude Sweeney Among the Nightingales:

> The host with someone indistinct
> Converses at the door apart,
> The nightingales are singing near
> The Convent of the Sacred Heart,
>
> And [illegible]
> When Agamemnon cried aloud,
> And let their liquid droppings fall
> To [illegible]

But when that seriousness is absent what is left? Not, indeed, a pose, but an attitude which will seem in another few years as obsolete as Byron's or Musset's seems to us now. It is, curiously enough, an attitude very like theirs. Disdain for life, loneliness of soul, the sardonic gesture, the mysterious sorrow—all these are in Mr. Eliot's poetry. They are also in Mr. Huxley's novels, they have been called the spirit of the age, and it is impossible to take them seriously.

But although Mr. Eliot's work has not the fulness and seriousness of great poetry and does not reflect the spirit

of the age so much as a fashion, it is something beautifully finished and quite unique. In it an anguished vision of the world is expressed in light verse. In all of Mr. Eliot's finest poems, in the various poems about Sweeney, Burbank with a Baedeker, Whispers of Immortality, The Love Song of Prufrock, the mood and the treatment are deliberately too trivial for the theme. That is Mr. Eliot's method, and it is one which can admirably render a deep loathing for life; but little else. Grief appears somehow both intensified and belittled when it is expressed in the most artificial terms the poet can find; disgust assumes the importance of a conviction steadily held when pains are taken to discover the most polished formula for it.

> But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
> Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
> I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
> I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
> And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
> And, in short, I was afraid.

There everything is underlined, every word is written for effect, and we are intended to know it. In its hint of theatricality this poetry is like Heine's, but the theatricality is not ironical as Heine's was. Heine could only have spoken of the eternal Footman with his tongue in his cheek; Mr. Eliot does so with perfect seriousness. His theatricality is always meant: he may often appear, but he very rarely is, ironical. His utterance is a sort of elegant bombast used sincerely; and the real distinction of his "sable presbyters," his Princess Volupine, his Grishkins, is that they are not what they look—that is, creatures of a melodramatic fancy—but seriously intended symbols to body forth a genuine vision of life. Very few poets have used symbolism of a similar kind for a similar purpose, and to have done so establishes Mr. Eliot's originality. At the same time it is clear that in these symbols a great variety of meanings could not be expressed. And although his symbolism makes Mr. Eliot's poetry arresting, piquant, unique, it makes him fatal to imitators and definitely a poet of inferior range. The instrument of expression he has forged would not serve for a great poet, and could not be used by an unskilful one. What value it could have for our time it is hard, therefore, to see. But the value of Mr. Eliot's criticism, on the other hand, is palpably important, and will probably become more so.

The Hired Man

By REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

I. The Passing Phase

THERE is a labor problem in the country. The farm laborer used to be called the hired man and is still in some parts; but the hired man of other years is a passing character; the hired girl, or "maid" as the city knows her, is disappearing too; and they are going for something like the same reasons: the feeling of being under direction at all times, the long hours, the heavy work, the want of a social group to adhere to, and in general a sense of oppression and lack of freedom.

Certain demands of the human organization must be complied with if the pitiable psychic results of maladjustment are to be escaped. The impulse to boss is quite as strong in the average man as the desire to be bossed; at best we are something like mechanisms designed for a hunting, wandering, nomadic life, and we will escape at the first opportunity from regularity, monotony, and sustained and directed effort.

The human mind revolts from factory labor with all the accumulated strength of millions of years of evolved adjustment to an entirely different life. The outdoors calls to men and their minds and bodies respond automatically and powerfully; the suppression of this group of tendencies helps to account for some manifestations of urban unrest. But the hired man when he left the farm could not foresee unhappiness. It looked like an easy life to him in the city. He had been able to exercise his nomadic impulses more or less on a two-hundred-acre farm, but there was a chance to escape the other unpleasant features of farm life and to find the humanly necessary relationships of a social group—all by going to the city. Important, too, in influencing the hired girl and the hired man to change was the feeling of social inferiority that goes with living as well as working on the job; one of the few aspects of factory work mitigating its hard circumstances is the chance the workman has at home to be among equals.

There is another cause for the scarcity of hired men: provided a man has the minimum physical and psychic qualities necessary to farming success, it is easy for him to become a farmer on his own. There is no reason why a good man should work long for another in the country. Farm papers forever enlarge on the hardships of farm life, among them the obstructions to ownership; but these difficulties are not very real, not, at least, to be compared with the restrictions on like opportunities in the city. On the whole it is astonishingly easy to rise from hired man to owner; nothing can keep a man down but his own limitations; it is so easy, in fact, that most of the hired men who did not go off to the city have themselves become farmers.

II. The Hired Man of Romance

Riley drew him; he was a kindly sort; an all-around helper and very nearly a part of the family. In blue jeans and a hickory shirt, he took the children rides on the hay wagon and knew about doodle bugs and such. Even I can well remember him, but in New York State, not Indiana; just lacking usually the qualities of complete independence, yet not needing close direction in the day's work; resenting it, in fact. He rose at dawn and did chores, worked all day in the fields, and did chores again at night till dark. He demanded few of the good things of life; uncouth, awkward, a great chewer of tobacco, a great believer in the traditional method, old age took him by surprise. And his end was the county poor farm like as not, an end not unpleasant except for the social stigma.

Robert Frost knows him in New England, shows him coming home to the farm place to die after going off a-wandering. Hear him saying: "Home is a place you somehow haven't to deserve"; and feeling this place where

he'd worked and given service owed him the home relationship all men crave. Seen at this distance, the man of labor in the fields and barns he did not own seems to me to deserve a nation's gratitude. He acquired but little else and not many thanks in his time; and he helped greatly at a pioneer task. It must be remembered that he worked side by side with the farmers who cut off the forests and field by field reduced a good part of the continent and almost the whole of many States to tillable condition. A person who has never worked in the hardwoods through the winter and spring; in the snow and cold and the slush and mud of March; and never tried to break a stumpy field to the plow scarcely can have an adequate conception of the task. We who buy our farms now are apt to look across the smooth, cleared acres without a thought of their primitive condition or any surge of sympathy for the sweat and pain of hard living it cost to make farmland of it all.

It was a job that called out the last resources in men, a job to try men to the utmost, soul and body. There were poor roads and therefore few and poor markets; this meant that the farm had largely to be a self-supporting unit. There were isolation, hard labor, long hours, and rewards far in the future. Later, of course, the rewards began to come; but all through a century of this sort of thing there was the hired man, working by the farmer's side, carrying half the burden and looking forward to nothing. The reward, if it ever came, was not coming to him; and he never has had any reward.

In time there came a change in the relationship between the farmer and the hired man; as pioneer conditions passed and roads were built the farm ceased to be so distinct a social unit in itself; neighborhoods now formed the social group; and neighborhoods have in our own time been infinitely widened by the automobile. Wider markets and somewhat greater farm prosperity have followed. And the hired man finally got to be less a member of the family and more a servant as enlarged neighborhoods enabled farmer to associate with farmer and created an employed and an employing class; and as prosperity increased it became more and more apparent that there existed a real difference in economic status. This difference had been kept in the background all through the pioneer period because most men lived alike and had open to them about the same pleasures. The hired man had been as good as the family; he was so no longer. Therefore, in the period beginning roughly with the beginning of this century the hired man had to be of a somewhat lower mental type, without any great spirit of independence, any marked abilities, or even any great skill and knowledge of his own.

Hired men began to be scarce; and such as there were proved altogether unsatisfactory. The labor problem had arrived on the farm.

III. The Changing Job

The industrial revolution on the farm really began just after the Civil War; and even now it is nothing like so complete as the revolution in the processes of the production of factory-made goods. Horseless farms are still in the future and there is still hard manual labor on the farm rather than the machine-tending activities of the factory. But machine tending becomes more and more important, mechanical cleverness gradually overbalancing in usefulness physical strength and endurance. Now a different man is required. A good mechanic can be a highly successful farmer in rather a short time.

The new farmer has only to use the telephone to confer with a highly trained, community-paid expert in the farm bureau office at the county seat. There he can be advised what, how, and when to plant, the best methods of cultivation, and the complete technique of caring for the crop. How to combat disease, a matter of growing importance, he can learn from this expert too. And he no longer has to save and care for his own seed; it is done much better commercially, and the farm bureau is willing to see that it is really better done.

All this means that the farmer of the future to be successful must be a man willing to drop the traditional method and depend on expert advice even though it runs contrary to long-founded notions. He must be the sort who is willing to recognize that a man who spends his life studying, say, the blossom-end rot of the tomato probably knows more about the disease than a general farmer can know, even though his life is lived in laboratories and not on the farm. All of us whose ancestors were farmers know that this is just the sort of men they were not.

More and more as time goes on mechanical processes become important at every stage of cultivation. The tractor plows and fits the land, cultivates, threshes, and cuts the ensilage. The motor and gas-engine milk, saw wood, and pump water. Spraying for disease control is a power process; and so it goes. The farmer of the future may be a slighter and a softer man, but he must be a clever tinkerer. And his hired man will be a mechanic who can keep the tractor running.

The city has pulled farm labor away and the job has changed so that the old kind of man is no longer wanted. He must be a better man—or a poorer one. No great, uncouth, kindly, silent men are needed. But at harvest time there come out of the cities a swarm of casuals. This is something new.

IV. Casualty

He is not called a hired man any more; and really he is not, in the old sense, at all. He comes for the days of the harvest, and goes. Sometimes we know his name; oftener the women and children go in fear of him because of his crooked look and the slouching bravado of his carriage, and we know him as "Bill" or "Jim" or "the tall one," "the lame one," and so on.

It will be nearly harvest time when they begin to drop off the way freights and make their way along the country roads, stopping at this farm and that, picking up rumors of a crop ripe here or there, working a few days and moving on. At the very time I had this article in preparation a particularly bad case of this sort of casualty came to my attention. He was a man about thirty-eight, thin, emaciated, and with the rotting teeth, dull eyes, and scabbed lips of his type. His physical condition made it impossible that he should be able to deliver a good day's work for his wages. He came along a road where I was playing with a small daughter and something in the pathetic look he threw at her riotous health and youth hurt so that I stopped him. He had arrived in the country too early and had not found work; characteristically he had not started out until he had been driven from New York by hunger; he had been on the road two and a half days and had walked over a route I estimated at sixty-odd miles; he had eaten nothing but a little green fruit and his feet were a mass of sores. He tore at a piece of bread with his teeth as a dog tears at flesh.

In my county thousands no different come for the fruit picking, plums, peaches, grapes, apples. The work begins in August and lasts intermittently until the winter apples are harvested late in October. But in the wheat country and in other specialized sections it is much the same, except that fruit picking is pleasanter labor than almost any labor known to man; and that grain harvesting is just the reverse.

Here, if we have a sizable farm we have a separate house, empty the rest of the year, where the pickers camp. We hire a cook and furnish them with beds; and we are glad when their work is done and they are gone. They are unclean, and we want them to have no contacts with our family life; they smirch and subtly contaminate whatever they touch. Persons who talk and write about the romance in the life of the casual ought occasionally to be reminded of the kind of human material they are and of the conditions of their lives. Most of us who have dealings with them know neither whence they come nor whither they go; but some of us have seen a city lodging house in winter. I need not go into that: the crowding and promiscuity, the underfeeding, the uncared-for sickness, the perversions, the distortions of manhood. Nevertheless, this outcast of the cities such as the specimen I have described, emaciated, worn out with lack of nourishment and unthinkable vices, is one of the types of our hired men of today.

The other type may fairly be described as a casual, too, although he forms a somewhat different problem. Not all retired farmers have been successful before they retired; a great many have been forced out because they lacked the personal qualities of success. They drift into the villages and depend for a poor livelihood upon a day's work here and there on near-by farms. The number of their kind is swelled by the failures in the easy competition of village life. This is the country proletariat. The village drunkard is a time-honored type; we can now see that he was a drunkard because he was a failure in life and his numbers have not been lessened by prohibition. This man's characteristics are not greatly different from those of the drifters who come down out of the cities for the harvest save in one respect. He has a family and usually a large one.

Conditions of life are easier for him here than they would be in the city; there is little rent, there is less costly fuel; and there is cheaper food, for his wife has a garden. Natural bent and adversity have soured him; he is often physically unwell and lacking in the precautions of personal sanitation that would build up vigor. This is the precise mental and physical type of drifting casual distinguishable on construction jobs in the Northwest woods and mixed in with lately arrived foreigners doing the lowly labor of the nation everywhere.

He is a familiar country figure and far more numerous and significant than is usually believed. He feels that society owes him a great deal and he does not scruple to take what he can acquire in not too dangerous ways. Every country person knows his sort and knows that there are more and more like him as farms require greater efficiency for success. There are none of the qualities of toughness, persistence, and shrewdness in him that make even unintelligence partially successful. We have not noticed him because he is not coherent, remains ungrouped, and so has little stimulation to revolt. But we shall be hearing more of this particular country casual in the future.

What Little Mary Learned About History

By JIMMIE CRISWELL

Benjamin Franklin

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN had a great many brothers and sisters, so he had to walk around Boston with a loaf of bread under each arm, where he also bought a whistle. When he grew up he used to fly a kite with a key to it, and he got a lot of electricity out of the clouds and put it in Leyden jars, which was a good thing, because now we can use it for a great many things. He is especially famous for his sayings, which he used to publish in an almanach, until the *Saturday Evening Post* was started, and then he put them in that. He was a great help to America in its early days and did a lot for the country.

Napoleon Bonaparte

Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest general in the world. He fought a great many battles with everybody else, and he always won them. Once he went to Russia, but the Czar of Russia, who was called Peter the Great, set fire to the town and the French had to retreat, and lots of them died because they got lost in the snow on the steps. After this he won a lot more wars, until it was time for the battle of Waterloo, at which a lot of Napoleon's soldiers fell into a sunken road, and so the Duke of Wellington won the battle and the Germans could capture Paris, and Napoleon had to go and live at St. Helena, which he did not like very much. He married the Empress Josephine, and also Maria Theresa, and their son was made king of Rome.

Lord Nelson

Lord Nelson was the Admiral of the British Navy and won a victory, which was a good thing for England. He had only one arm, and something had put his eye out, so he used to look at things through a telescope with it and say he didn't see it. His wife was a beautiful lady named Mrs. Hamilton, and they painted lots of pictures of her. He beat the Spanish Armada at Trafalgar, only he was killed while so doing, so all the sailors had to wear black handkerchiefs. He was hit very badly by a cannon-ball, which killed him, which was a pity. His last words were: "Kiss me, Harriet," and then he told them not to give up the ship, and so they didn't, and England won the war.

Martin Luther

Martin Luther is famous because he was a Lutheran and everybody else was a Catholic. He thought this was very wicked, and so he nailed Theseus onto the front door of the church. But the Pope sent a bull after him and chased him away, and so he started the Reformation, which is commonly known as the Hundred Years' War, because it lasted a very long time and did a great deal of damage. After this, the Pope was not allowed to leave the Vatican any more.

Captain John Smith

Captain John Smith was a very brave man and discovered Virginia, only Indians captured him, who would have destroyed his life, but a beautiful Indian maiden named Pocahontas saved his life and all the Indians smoked a pipe of peace, and so Virginia was made an English colony, which was a good thing, because Sir Walter Raleigh could

raise tobacco there, and they made a great deal of money. Afterward they were married, and we don't hear much more about him.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

Frederick the Great was the king of Germany. He was a very good king, although he was a German. He fought a great many wars with Maria Theresa about silesia, which was a good thing for Germany, because they always won and got more silesia. He wouldn't let anybody in the army unless they were over six feet tall, and so the army was very powerful and won all the wars. Frederick the Great was very fond of dogs and lived in Potsdam. Only there was a wind-mill in the way, which he ordered them to tear down, only they wouldn't because they had a right to have it there, so Frederick said he would uphold the law and leave it be.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Queen Elizabeth was a very great queen, and she was queen of England during the Spanish Armada. She was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, who laid his cloak on the ground for her and thus kept her clean. Although she never got married, she was called the Virgin Queen, and was very popular. After the Armada was over, she cut off the head of her sister, who was called Bloody Mary Queen of Scots, because she wanted to be queen instead of her. She lived a long time and when she died she was beloved by everybody.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been to Atlantic City. He has eaten in blatant hotels, larger than towns, gaudy and rich and unreal. He has seen bathing suits made of crossword-puzzle designs with the puzzle all worked out. He has seen babies two years old dancing the Charleston on Young's Million Dollar Pier at 11:30 in the evening. He has seen a public dance floor, of vast acreage, filled with couples whirling, racing, jiggling, heaving, side-kicking, with a speed and competence unmatched in any polite hotel ballroom. He has ventured out at night and seen thousands of grown men and women being trundled in go-carts along the endless Boardwalk, and other thousands walking—walking nowhere in particular, with a blaze of gaudy shops and shows and restaurants on one side and on the other a dark ocean rolling in unnoticed, insignificant, almost invisible.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has stopped at a stand where a cheese concern offers foaming glasses of buttermilk and sandwiches toasted on electric griddles with rich yellow cheese bubbling between the crisp slices. He has stopped at a stand maintained by a well-known orange distributing company and sipped juice squeezed with visible honesty from glowing samples of California's best. He has yielded to the carnivorous delights of steak sandwiches, rare, tender, and juicy, and made up in rolls like some super-hotdog. He has looked into shop-windows where the latest obscenity in Kewpie dolls hangs side by side with jade from China and bowls from the North Carolina hills. He has seen window displays of vast overhanging knickerbockers which make plus-four a conservative estimate, and bathing suits that might be called minus-eights. He has seen whole shop-fronts given over to pictures and maps showing the rich delights of Coral Gables, or Palm Beach West, with young men in dazzling white flannels lounging in wicker chairs in front, prepared to sell you the whole coast of Florida for a consideration.

* * * * *

AND in broad daylight, with the Boardwalk subdued by the sun, he has seen brown arms, strong legs, bright sunshades, gray sand—and, beyond and between, the ocean itself tumbling in, dousing the just and unjust alike. He has seen children, at peace with sand and sea, at home and oblivious in the midst of the crowds and jazz, the noise and the general air of insanity; he has watched them playing in the waves, digging sturdily toward China, and has envied them their cool unconcern. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dayton

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your interesting editorial of July 8 on Tennessee *vs.* Truth you say: "We can hardly question the right of any people to decide how and what the youth in its schools shall be taught." On this important point, incidental as it may seem to the generally excellent doctrine of your article, may I venture to ask if we ought not daily, and especially when a legislature or our Congress is in session, watchfully to question the right of the people or its representatives to pass any law or make any decision which is not essentially *right?* If, for instance, the Tennessee Legislature, as you well say, has been extremely foolish, why not question its right to enact folly into statute law and thus proceed to drive truthful teachers from its schools?

I assume that you do not suppose that democracy consists in a mechanical system of counting the noses of opposite factions in order to secure a show of public law and order. If democracy is worth having at all, it must be based upon a certain spiritual or humane respect for the fellow-men who constitute any political unit. Neither is it properly a continual contest between dissatisfied and angry parties, but rather a reasonable approach and a means of development toward a friendly system of cheerful cooperation in pursuing common interests. In other words, it fails to constitute a tolerable government, so far as any party in it, however large, is disposed to treat another party or group in an unfair or unneighborly manner.

Does not this cardinal principle need to be made clear to a generation who are still largely living upon the mischievous tradition of the arbitrary governments of the past, that its majority, once established in power, possesses a species of mystic "right," like a king, or an aristocracy, or a pope, to enforce its will upon its minorities, or to make the laws for a despised helotry? On the contrary, the entire history of the rise of democracy is a series of protests, ineffectual at first, but slowly winning their way, against the notion that "might can make right"; that is, that any group of "great" men, or any number of ordinary men, are good or wise enough to compel their opinions upon others, few or many, who are unpersuaded and unwilling to conform to their urgency.

There is not a nation in Christendom that is not today getting its fill of the unrighteousness that a false democracy perpetrates. The fact is that mankind has not as yet learned to practice its democracy any better than its religion, the two functions being indeed far nearer to fundamental identity than is commonly supposed.

We wonder whether meddlesomeness is not the special vice, as well as the favorite pastime, of a half-baked democracy. Meddlesome people are inclined, under the popular sway of "the holiness of the majority," to impose all sorts of rules of

conduct upon their neighbors. We are furnished, accordingly, at immense cost with the melancholy ancient symbolism of the rule of threatening and fear—jails and penalties and spies and handcuffs and armed police, and worst of all, the inhuman bitterness and contempt which traditionally attend the presence of a "criminal class."

This is not to say that there should be no laws. I wish rather to urge that the real need is spiritual. It is the need of genuine sympathy, and the patience that belongs with sympathy, and ever so much more outlay of education and persuasion, without which our "pains and penalties" and threatened punishments leave a nation uncivilized and reduce democracy and religion to hypocritical forms.

Southwest Harbor, Maine, July 8 CHARLES F. DOLE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the State has not the right to say what children in schools supported by the State should not be taught, why [illegible]?

As a Pennsylvanian it is my right to believe the government of the commonwealth and of the United States should be overthrown by force, but should I teach such doctrine, openly and at my own expense, I would land in jail, and the Supreme Court would sustain my conviction. The right of the legislature of a State to enact that no public-school teacher should teach the pupils in school that the moon is made of green cheese, or that the earth is flat and rests on the shoulders of Atlas. I am a member of no church, profess no religious creed, and believe the Tennessee law more asinine than a bunch of monkeys assembled as a legislative body would have enacted, but being for law enforcement, even to the extent of jailing a man who mashes a bunch of grapes, adds sugar to the mash, and permits God or nature (whichever best pleases the ear) to create an alcoholic content of the mess equal to one and one-half of one per cent by volume, I naturally am for strict enforcement of the anti-monkey law.

Huntingdon, Penn., July 6 WM. WALLACE CHISOLM

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: H. L. Mencken's article, In Tennessee, has aroused my ire. I think it was his crack at plumbers that started me off, as I am a steamfitter, but I shall attempt to back up prejudice with reason.

Now, of course, Mr. Mencken, being "a specialist in human liberty," is entitled to look down on pedagogues and mechanics; but what he overlooks is the fact that a good workman takes a great pride in his work, and when his boss tells him to teach a system of biology or put in a piping system which he knows is wrong that workman is liable to speak out his mind without being "filled with subversive ideas by specialists in human liberty."

Ossining, New York, July 9 ARTHUR QUINN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Krutch's article on the cowardice of the Tennessee University folk is most timely. Just add, however, another straw. In South Carolina, where Cole Blease of hideous memory still performs as the leader of the State and threatens a state proscription of evolutionists as well as a federal enactment against science, the State University, in fear and trembling at its recent commencement gave every graduate a Bible with his diploma! This was in the nature of a fetishistic propitiation of the powers that be and Blease. The professors are tongue-tied and terrified before this sacrifice to Moloch.

Germantown, Pennsylvania, July 17 GALILEO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the study of Dayton, in your issue of July 8, the writer observes: "The good people of Dayton, at least those one sees about the streets and in the stores, understand that no decent evolutionist claims man is descended from a monkey."

As a reader who has been familiar with Darwin's two great works for many years past, may I quote two passages from Chapter 6 of Part 1 of "The Descent of Man"?

> In forming a judgment on this head with reference to [illegible]. This family is divided by almost all naturalists into the Catarhine group, or Old World monkeys, all of which are [illegible] structure of their nostrils, and by having four premolars in each jaw; and into the Platyrhine group, or New [illegible] of which are characterised by different structure of the nostrils, and by having six premolars in each jaw. Some other small differences might be mentioned. Now, man unquestionably belongs in his dentition, in the structure [illegible] or Old World division. . . .
>
> The Catarhine and Platyrhine monkeys agree in a multitude of characters, as is shown by their unquestionably belonging to one and the same order. The many characters [*sic*] which they possess in common can hardly [illegible] species; so that these characters must have been inherited. But a naturalist would undoubtedly have ranked as an ape or a monkey an ancient form which possessed many characters common to the Catarhine and Platyrhine [illegible] and some few, perhaps, distinct from those now found in either group. And as man from a genealogical point of view belongs to the Catarhine or Old World stock, we must conclude, however much the conclusion may revolt our pride, that our early progenitors would have been properly thus designated. But we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole Simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey.

There is a very good library in the city of Mount Vernon. The other day I asked one of the librarians whether there was much call for Darwin's works, since the Dayton controversy became celebrated. "Not for Darwin's *works*," she replied, "but they ask for lots of books *about* Darwin."

Mount Vernon, New York, July 9 DREW BOND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Krutch's timely article on the pervasive cowardice of public men in Tennessee, is there not abundant material, never more evident than right now, for a similar article on the absence of intellectual and moral integrity among our well-known men of science? Whoever has read Andrew Dickson White's masterly volumes on "The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom" recalls how the ruthless recital of the facts showed the uniform absence of moral or intellectual integrity on the part of ecclesiastics as a whole: first denouncing the scientific view as false to the facts and destructive of religion, then with the inevitable advance of science attempting to read the new truth into the old formulas, and finally, in some cases, denying they had ever opposed the scientific view! This ecclesiastical attitude is perfectly understandable—nothing else was to be expected. But what are we to think of the integrity of scientific men today who, in the face of a challenge which demands honesty above all things, are denying the existence of any necessary antagonism between the practically universal teaching of our churches and the plain logic of science?

San Francisco, July 16 W. T. BROWN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Toward the elucidation of the Tennessee muddle I should like to contribute the view of a jurist of forty years' standing. It will be found that the issue is not by any means between evolution and inspiration but concerning our unique methods of legislation.

The idea prevails that "We the people" are competent to enact any restriction that at the moment may be regarded as

proper. If we are competent to determine by law what a man may eat or drink, what he shall take for the support of his physical body, we must be equally competent to determine by law what he shall take for the support of his mental or spiritual body. There is no escape from this deduction. In the science of law both assumptions are *ultra vires*. They constitute tyranny and not law.

In countries where there is no written constitution, what is *ultra vires* is regarded as unconstitutional. But we have adopted a narrower interpretation of that term. What is ultimately needed as the outcome of the present dispute is a recasting of our conception of what is constitutional, an appreciation that there can be no amendment of a constitution which is not an enlargement of liberty; curtailment being dangerously near tyranny, if not actually so.

San Francisco, July 16 EDWARD MARSHALL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are the fundamentalists and Mr. Bryan given full credit for the reasonableness of their position by President Hibben and others in the present controversy? It seems to me that they are not.

The laws of evolution postulate a struggle for existence with the survival of the fittest, a logical sequence in which there is no conflict with reason. But the minute God is introduced and purpose is attributed to evolution we find that the law of the destruction of the weak becomes in reality the law of the destruction of those created weak on purpose to be destroyed. Can the law as now stated be reconciled with modern Christian conceptions?

It appears to me that it is not the fundamentalists who are bungling in their logic.

Dark Harbor, Maine, June 20 JAMES F. PORTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The shameless exhibited disclosure of the American spirit of intolerance in the Dayton episode is simply the logical sequence of the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act. In the face of this plain fact a little honest reflection on the part of *The Nation* would be good for its soul. The spirit of the KKK is abroad; the almost fanatical intolerance of America is loosed. It stirs the imagination to think of the possibilities in the light of what we are witnessing.

Brooklyn, July 18 WM. TAYLOR

The Kathleen Mavourneen Treaties

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you give me space in which to answer a letter of Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, in your issue of June 3, in which he criticized certain statements made in my article which you published on May 6? I said that the instructions to the American delegates to the Geneva opium conference had been made public. Mr. Fosdick says "the American instructions were never made public."

In May, 1923, Mr. Porter first went to Geneva to a meeting of the Opium Commission, and laid before it the American suggestions as to the first steps to be taken to end the opium traffic, i.e., that opium production should be limited to the medical needs of the world and that all other use should be considered an abuse and not legitimate. Later on, the Council and the Assembly of the League of Nations accepted these suggestions in principle and the League called an international conference to see how the opium traffic could be curbed.

The sixty-eighth Congress appropriated money to send an American delegation to Geneva, passing a resolution known as H. J. Res. 195 (February 21, 1924). Part of this reads as follows: "Whereas as the result of the conferences in January, May, and September, 1923, between the representatives of the United States and the governments represented by the League of Nations, the latter governments agreed that the United States construction of the Hague Opium Convention . . . represented the objects which the treaty was intended to accomplish, and that any other construction would render the treaty ineffective and of no practical value . . . it was decided: (1) If the purpose of the Hague Convention is to be achieved according to its spirit and true intent, it must be recognized that the use of opium products for other than medical and scientific purposes is an abuse and not legitimate. (2) In order to prevent the abuse of these products it is necessary to exercise control of the production of raw opium in such a manner that there will be no surplus available for non-medical and non-scientific purposes." This is the bedrock and foundation of the American attitude toward the opium trade. The resolution then continues, and after appropriating money for American participation, ends with these words: "Provided, That the representatives of the United States shall sign no agreement which does not fulfil the conditions necessary for the suppression of the habit-forming narcotic traffic as set forth in the preamble."

These are "instructions" if you like, and they were made public months in advance. They had also received the approval of both the Council and the Assembly, and the Geneva conference was convened with the American attitude already well known. Our delegation hoped to cooperate with the other nations and to bring forth a real improvement on the vague Hague Convention of 1912, and not be fobbed off with a Kathleen Mavourneen treaty, "it may be for years or it may be forever," before something is done to stop the abuse of opium.

But, that there might be no mistake as to the American attitude, Mr. Porter had prepared two books, which set forth in minute detail the American point of view. "The Traffic in Habit-Forming Drugs," is a collection of documents, papers, congressional resolutions, and letters from cabinet officials and other prominent men, all covering a period of years, from the Shanghai conference onward, and including H. J. Res. 195. This was printed in both French and English, and shows how American opinion has been inflexibly anti-opium from the earliest days of our interest in the subject. The second book, "International Control of the Traffic in Habit-Forming Drugs," sets forth in triple columns, for easy comparison, the old Hague Convention, the suggestions as to revision of the Hague Convention offered by the Opium Advisory Committee, while the third column contains the United States suggestions as to revision. These two books were sent to every delegate to the conference, and the surplus copies were snapped up by others. The second, on international control, was afterwards printed in French and issued by the League as Document O. D. C. 34. Together, they were variously known as the American suggestions, or proposals, or point of view, or instructions, or what you will. Therefore, I feel that Mr. Fosdick is mistaken when he says the American instructions were never made public.

May I suggest that any one interested in the happenings at Geneva should read Dr. Willoughby's book on the two conferences,* particularly the chapter, Final Conclusions. On page 459 we find that the British Government had instructed its delegates to refuse all discussion of certain specified matters, one being "any resolution specifically affecting the domestic regulation of the production and use of opium and cognate questions of internal administration in India or any other portion of the British Dominions." This protected production, smoking, and eating, and was directly opposed to the American contention that opium should be limited to medical use only. Hence the deadlock, ending in the American withdrawal, since we could sign no agreement which countenanced a continuance of this abuse.

Stone Ridge, New York, July 9 ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

* "Opium as an International Problem. The Geneva Conferences." By W. W. Willoughby, professor of Political Science, Johns Hopkins University. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1925.

Books and Music

The Sign

By AMADO NERVO

Translated from the Spanish by J. M. [illegible]

Talk not to all about things sublime and essential.
Scatter your flowers to the poor.
Descend to the level of him to whom you speak, so as not to humble or distress him.
Be frivolous too when you are with the frivolous; but once in a while, as if unsought or even as if thoughtlessly, drop into their cup, on the foam of frivolity, a very small petal from the rose of your dreams.
If it is not noticed, recover it cautiously, and, always smiling, go away. It means that their hour has not yet come.
If, however, someone picks up the frail, small petal, as if askance, and caresses it and inhales its fragrance, give him forthwith and carefully a sign of discreet intelligence.
Then take him aside and let him behold one or a few of the marvelous flowers of your garden; tell him of the invisible divinity that surrounds us all; and give him the magic word, the Open Sesame of true freedom.

First Glance

MYSTICAL poets have differed very little among themselves with respect to the images which they have employed to render their visions intelligible, or at least imaginable. And this is not strange in view of the fact that no proper images are available. There is no known literary device by which a truly ecstatic state may be communicated. But the poets who have made the attempt have agreed with remarkable unanimity, even with a sort of monotony, upon an approximately adequate image—the image of light. Time to them is a vale of shadows, a cave of reflected glory, a copy of death; while eternity is a "white radiance," a sun, a field of stars, a child's unshaded soul. Ideal things have usually been conceived as brilliant things. And poets have succeeded in saying so in proportion to the art which they have applied to the problem of expression. On a large scale Dante and Milton proceeded by indirection—beginning their ambitious narratives in a hell of darkness so that in the end an indescribable radiance might with some measure of power be implied if not revealed. On the lesser scale, among the minor mystics, a more direct path has been taken, and in some cases a more intense conviction has been caught. One passionate phrase or one ingenious figure or one divine cadence has been sufficient.

Among the minor mystical poets "Æ" cannot be said to be one of the most passionate or ingenious or divinely lucky. Immensely important in literary Ireland today, he is a man whom one respects. As philosopher, leader, and friend he is reported to come as near perfection as a human being comfortably can. As poet, however, he has seldom been more than pure and unaffected—and those qualities are not enough. In his earlier volumes he outlined a mood rather than pierced to the center of a vision; and now his "Voices of the Stones" (Macmillan: $1.25) only continues that outline with faint if delicate tracery. But a single stanza has the shock of originality:

The cold Gods of the air
Bend by me on the hill,
Climb to the utmost crag,
Leap out, then all is still.

But a single poem has both the clarity and the finality which indicate that the necessary effort toward knowledge is made:

[illegible]
Through a long [illegible]
In the heart of age
A child wakes sleeping.

No invisible mother
Was nigh him there
Laughing and nodding
From earth to air.

No elfin comrades
Came at his call,
And the earth and the air
Were blank as a wall.

The darkness thickened
Upon him creeping,
In the heart of age
A child lay weeping.

The rest is simple statement, in none too varying terms, of the poet's faith in a far and shining perfection which any mind must recognize.

Through most of his "Hesperides" (Macmillan: $1.75) Ridgely Torrence is also a mystical poet, but one without the courage of his fancy. Having hung his golden apples in the Western Isles, he gathers them again and brings them home; having entertained a vision of some perfection outside himself, he decides that it is within him after all. Therein he may be more subtle and right than "Æ" in his child's innocence can ever be; but he is not so interesting. Milton's reference to "A paradise within thee, happier far" is effective as an afterthought to an epic of Eden and the Empyrean; as the theme of that epic it would have been deadly. Mr. Torrence, skilfully and beautifully as he writes, cannot escape the consequences of a somewhat didactic theme. In the end his world is neither here nor there; neither stone nor star.

MARK VAN DOREN

Saga and History

The Mistress of Husaby. By Sigrid Undset. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

The Tree of the Folkungs. By Werner von Heidenstam. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE ghost world of history may be conjured from the shades of the past in forms of legendary poetry or in a documentary realism which makes dead women and spent battles appear like aspects of contemporary life. In any case the process is sure to be a trick. Not one of us can turn back the wheels of our brains and think as our ancestors thought, mix our blood with the blood they shed in violence or persecution, or indeed enter into their bodies and walk the straight or twisted roads of their various dispensations. Whatever we may pretend of sympathetic imagination or knowledge or hieroglyphics we realize that they must enter into our bodies,

speak with our voices, and think with our brains. We can change our environment, but never our inheritance. The dead always buries its own.

The best historical novelists, therefore, make little effort to give back the past as a grotesque incantation of obscure dialect, mock literary rhythms, and a great smothering bog of historical detail. The men and women in "War and Peace" talk and act as if they were contemporary to ourselves: that is, as they appeared to each other to talk and act. The heroine of Undset's "The Mistress of Husaby" does not, like Scott's heroines, serve as a fine quilt of nicely sewn chivalrous moralities, and the Norsemen in von Heidenstam's "Tree of the Folkungs" do not shout old Norse war songs freely translated and sounding like the roar of costume actors. Kristin Lavrans is living now just as much as she was living as Erlend's lover in "The Bridal Wreath" and Erlend's wife in "The Mistress of Husaby." She is not a medieval poetic allegory like so many word-blown myths in historical novels, and she shows very well that women are very much of a piece except for the accidents of space and time. The fact of her living in the fourteenth century in Norway does not make her talk and act as if she knew that she is a heroine in a novel any more than the Romans who lived during the fall of Rome had any idea that Rome was falling or that Gibbon would write about their lives or that history is full of lessons and tendencies. Indeed the truth of "The Mistress of Husaby" is almost oppressive in its slow passage of days spent as all of us do spend our days, whether we are put into a novel or whether we are contemporary and therefore dull. "The Mistress of Husaby" is not a brazen clamor of battles and sudden elopements, of sword thrusts and poetic justices. After their love affair in "The Bridal Wreath" Kristin and Erlend are married. Kristin has seven children, one a year, and keeps house. Erlend plays politics and helps keep house. The times are vexed with dynastic and foreign turmoil, but, as in our lives, the wars do not spin like a moving picture. House must still be kept, the children taught manners, and clothes mended. Erlend does not leap from turret to turret, his sword on the one hand, his lady fair on the other. He is a husband and Kristin is a wife. They act as they must act from their character and not from dramatic inventions.

It is so true that often it is rather dull with the acknowledged dulness of life. Kristin spends much of her time agonizing about her love affair with Erlend before their marriage. Herein she acts and feels as no doubt she did act and feel according to the savage morality of a frontier civilization which regards any marriage as sacred, a maid lost if she knows the beauty of passion, and man justified only if he accepts legal vows as the pledge of love. Sigrid Undset appears to identify herself completely with her characters, and Erlend is given entirely from his own point of view and not alone from his wife's. Certainly Sigrid Undset cannot herself accept all this bother about "sin," which is the chief agent of the difficulties between Erlend and Kristin. Yet she makes her men and women [illegible] within themselves and their own times that thereby she gives the most binding illusion of contemporary life. These people are the pawns of their time as we are the queens of ours, and that is the only method whereby genius can make of the past anything except a tiny blaze of poetic fireworks, milk-white heroines, and leaping prancing knights of old.

In "The Tree of the Folkungs" you do not get so much the illusion of contemporary history as the exquisite enthralment of a saga. "The Mistress of Husaby" is daily life and "The Tree of the Folkungs" (though the content is often just as historical) is a poem even as Homer is certainly not daily life. The eleventh and thirteenth centuries in Sweden appear like the effortless beauty of a dream rather than as the slow dredging of life. The characters are symbols and allegories rather than men and women, and all the confused wars about dynasty and plunder and political ambition take on the shining contours of a vision beheld in a deep mirror. Kristin and Erlend (with a slight change of speech and costume) might very well and probably do live next door to your own house. Folke Filbyter and Magnus and Valdemar are splendid embodiments like the warriors in Homer or the gods of the Norse. "The Mistress of Husaby" and "The Tree of the Folkungs" interpret the Middle Ages with a difference that is an absolute distinction in art. It is your own choice whether you prefer history to saga or can believe both as they are here so finely wrought. "The Mistress of Husaby" is the inevitable sequel of "The Bridal Wreath," and readers of von Heidenstam's "The Charles Men" will find in "The Tree of the Folkungs" a truth no less profound and a poetry no less beautiful.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Mr. White's Wilson

Woodrow Wilson: The Man, His Times, and His Task. By William Allen White. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

MR. WHITE has been so prominent in the American Progressive movement that high expectations are aroused when he writes the life of one who, with the possible exception of Mr. Roosevelt, was the foremost national leader of our time. Unfortunately, serious obstacles have prevented him from answering two of the most important questions which the reader asks about Wilson.

First, what was Wilson really like as a man? The greatest biographies grow out of the intimate personal acquaintance of the writer with his subject. We are told from day to day what he did and said, what he thought of men and affairs and the universe. Mr. White knew Wilson only through a few brief interviews. Other biographers, though lacking personal acquaintance, have been able to picture the mental and emotional development of the man in his letters. Mr. White, while he has evidently had access to some of these, was not authorized to reprint them. They are evidently to be reserved for the life by Ray Stannard Baker. These two great gaps, caused by want of personal knowledge and of correspondence, are imperfectly filled by the valuable information which the author has painstakingly gathered from Wilson's friends and associates.

The second question has to do with the development of Wilson's political ideas. Together with Disraeli, Wilson is one of the few men who set forth their political views in their writings before they engaged in active politics. Like Disraeli, Wilson's performance differed very widely from his program. When and why did he change? Mr. White's own political experience might have enabled him to picture the growth of Wilson's political views, but he fails to do so. He dismisses his books as mostly college texts. This is not an adequate description of "Congressional Government," which is a picture of a political system in action that takes its place beside Bryce's "American Commonwealth" and the "English Constitution" of Wilson's favorite, Bagehot. A fascinating study might be made of the contrast between the views of the Professor and those in the book and Wilson's conduct in office. Somewhere in his letters and conversation and state papers the material must exist which would enable us to trace the change.

Much more could have been done to fix Wilson's place in the Progressive movement, with which the biographer was actively familiar. Mr. White's statement that Wilson was at first unfriendly or indifferent to the movement probably has some basis in fact, but it still rests too much on conjecture. How do we know, for instance, that Wilson was "quite oblivious of the tumult in the East and the turmoil in the hinterland"? There must be notes of his lectures at Wesleyan and Princeton which would give concrete information on the matter. Mr. White's best contribution to this question is his emphasis on the Princeton controversy as turning Wilson's attention to the undue influence of great wealth upon matters of national im-

portance, and his narrative of Wilson's relation to the Democratic machine when he became candidate for Governor of New Jersey. At this point the biographer's knowledge of practical politics enables him to say much of distinct value.

Although the subtitle holds forth promise of an account of Wilson's "times," little is said about this; much less than was to be expected from a close neighbor of Populism and Mr. Bryan. The best contribution is a single phrase, the chapter-heading on the 1916 election: "Our First National Liberal Victory." Unfortunately, as in most discussions of Wilson, the war overshadows in this book his achievements for American liberalism. The fifteen months between his first inauguration and August 1, 1914, deserve a much more intensive study than they have ever received. For a record of progressive legislation his first term may compare with Gladstone's first administration. Even after the war begins domestic questions ought to receive attention from a biographer—for instance, the controversial Adamson law. And adequate study would treat failures in liberalism as well as successes. Why, for instance, did a man whose whole training should have led him to value brains in politics consent to the haphazard selection of ambassadors? Was this owing solely to Bryan? How far did Wilson's dependence on the Democratic machine in the South force him to abandon his liberal program?

Such a friendly man as Mr. White is frequently shocked by Wilson's inability to make and keep friends. It must be said that the universal denunciation of him on this point loses some of its force when we remember the friends of his successor.

A material fact bearing on Wilson's character, a fact concerning which Mr. White gives us little information, is his health. Even while he was at Princeton it was rumored that he took two hours' rest in the middle of each day. May it not be that a limited physical vigor caused him to dismiss persons and topics abruptly, in much the same manner as a hospital nurse unceremoniously sends out a visitor when the patient shows signs of fatigue? Wilson may have disregarded customary courtesies because he felt forced to save his strength for matters for which he thought it imperatively needed. If he had possessed the inexhaustible vitality of Roosevelt he might have put forth just the little energy required here and there to prevent subsequent disasters. Anyone familiar with invalids will comprehend these sudden and irritable refusals to think or act further in a given direction. Mr. White hints at this explanation and shrewdly recognizes that Wilson's strength could have oeen much economized if he had not been unwilling to delegate important tasks to able subordinates—a fault wholly alien to the genial Kansan.

For all its merits of friendliness and insight, we lay down the book with the feeling that the story has not yet been told. This man was far more than "a shy, middle-aged gentleman." He cannot be explained by Mr. White's constant attempt to balance his Scotch maternal ancestry against his Irish forebears. Those of us who were aroused by Wilson in 1912 and 1916, as never before or since, are waiting impatiently to learn more of his mind and soul. We have waited through years of detraction; we have read, and heard praised without limit, all that was written against him by Walter H. Page, generously open to the contagion of English war-time fever, of whom it has been said that he was an excellent ambassador but that he was sometimes a little uncertain which country he represented; a man who, though an honor to America and a warm-hearted friend of Wilson, remained throughout wholly incapable of understanding the imperialism of all the warring nations, the temper of our West which did not want war, and the President's endeavors to build up a nation-wide desire for a permanent international settlement. Until we have Wilson's letters, the best answer to such attacks is found in his state papers, of which Mr. White makes too little use, and which even after the lapse of years revive in us the deep emotions of the day they were written. No biography can give us this man so well as the paragraph in the address of January 22, 1917, which begins: "They [the terms of a lasting peace] imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory." That the speaker of these sentences should have been content with the Treaty of Versailles is one more, and the greatest, problem in the life of Wilson for which we still await the answer.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

Englishmen Look at Their East

Western Civilization and the Far East. By Stephen King-Hall. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

The Occident and the Orient. By Sir Valentine Chirol. University of Chicago Press. $2.

THESE two complementary volumes by Britishers—one dealing with China, Japan, and Siberia, while the other covers practically the rest of Asia as well as Egypt—survey Oriental history and politics up to the summer of 1924. Both have grown out of the vital need for the White Man to take cognizance of startling changes in what he has regarded as the "unchanging Orient."

Mr. King-Hall pictures, with a fine sense of humor and a rare talent for forceful understatement, the opera bouffe of the chronic wars fought in vast China since the 1911 revolution. Trade is hampered, yet it is constantly growing; while in 1911 the post office transmitted 116,000,000 articles, it handled 442,000,000 after the ten years of civil war. The author believes neither Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu, Sun Yat-sen, or, as one would say now, his party, the Kuo-min-t'ang, the "Christian" General Feng, nor any of the intellectual leaders strong enough to unify the country; but he holds that since China has produced strong administrators in the past she will do so again, and he hopes that the regeneration of China will not be a military one as was Japan's. The rise of the Nipponese he calls the wonder of the twentieth century, equal to the French Revolution in world importance.

The contrast between Sir Valentine Chirol, a veteran journalist who first "heard the East a-calling" fifty years ago, and Mr. King-Hall, who fought in the World War, is as fascinating as that in Tolstoi's "Two Generations." Sir Valentine harks back to Gladstone and uses sonorous Biblical allusions; the younger man hopes that "Eastern and Western gear wheels can be synchronized and clutched together without stripping of teeth." The older man thinks little of Lloyd George, the Labor Party, and the League of Nations, while he believes in the "grave responsibilities" of European powers in Asia; much the same thing the young man calls "each nation trying to filch some national advantage from prevailing confusion."

Though the age and attitude of the two writers differ so widely, yet their concrete suggestions are very similar. Westerners must recognize that the Orientals are awakened. They must understand that "self-determination," which ran its inevitable course in Europe in spite of the Holy Alliance, will affect the East. While there can be no question of mass immigration of Orientals, yet individual Asiatics ought to be treated without show of race prejudice. The feelings of the Eastern nations ought not to be needlessly wounded; it is folly to give the Japanese "hard words where they merely wished for soft soap."

ADOLF E. ZUCKER

Roosevelt in a China Shop

Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War. By Tyler Dennett. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

THOSE who are of the Roosevelt cult will revel in this story of their hero's incursion into the field of international politics, as the hero himself reveled in the incursion. He sees Japan about to bait the Russian bear. The courage of the little fellow appeals to him; and besides, it will be just as well if the bear is checked up a bit. So he prepares to play the grand monarch's part at the jousting. He will watch; he will encourage; he will disapprove; he will even tip the scales slightly

if it suits his royal whim. And then he will patch up the quarrel and announce the victor.

The game was full of the action Roosevelt craved. He saw Russia pressing eastward in Asia, and he felt it portended no good for American interests in that part of the world. He saw Japan, with England's backing, ready to stop the Russian advance. American interests were involved; and in foreign affairs he was America. No more was needed. He forthwith told Japan that we should be more than benevolently neutral toward her efforts. He told Germany and France that if they did not confine themselves strictly to their own affairs and let Japan alone, he would take America into the war at Japan's side.

Thus he arranged the war. Next he turned his attention to the peace. Russia might be needed to hold Japan in check if she became too obstreperous later on. China must be preserved in her integrity to serve as a market for American goods. Japan must not be too victorious, but she must be compensated for her admirable effort. The Russian tidbits like South Manchuria and Sakhalin were hardly commensurate. What could be done? Ah, yes! Korea! A rather unnecessary country anyway. And Japan wanted it. Why not let her have it? To be sure, we had a bit of an old treaty with Korea in which we had agreed to protect her if any other nation tried to injure her, but then that was only a treaty. Surely, let Japan have Korea if she wanted it and get Japan to agree in return for our acquiescence to let our Philippines alone. It was so ordered.

It was a magnificent revel, and Roosevelt with his usual luck—a luck which, it must be admitted, was three parts skill—came through it unscathed. America cheered the Japs and damned the Russians and was quite satisfied at the outcome of the struggle. They were not to know until Mr. Dennett got to searching around in the private papers of the late President how great a part they had played in bringing about the result. They were not to know until then how the great Teddy had played football with their Constitution; how, considering himself a Foreign Office, he had taken all the liberties with their lives and fortunes that Downing Street habitually takes with the lives and fortunes of the people of the British Empire. They thought Congress had the sole right to make war, but they would have discovered their mistake if Germany or France had refused to stay put. In fact, no absolute monarch ever played the international chess game with quite so free a hand as Roosevelt did.

Both those of the Roosevelt cult and those of the opposition then, should be grateful to Mr. Dennett for this thorough study and impartial presentation of the inner workings of American diplomacy under Theodore Roosevelt.

ORRIN KEITH

Timid Bravery

Things and Ideals: Essays in Functional Philosophy. By M. C. Otto. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IF Mr. Otto's convictions were not of a slightly sentimental color, "Things and Ideals" might be called a brave book; but with all its fluent and pleasant interest it has not this stirring character. It is a clear, brave saying that America is not God's country, as the world is not God's world; or in Mr. Otto's terms, that the hunger of the soul for cosmic support is not to be satisfied by any heavenly manna in the way of revelation or of eternal values. And it is sound, if somewhat obvious, reasoning that rejects any easy evasion of the fact that the good life is to be found here upon earth among men or else is simply not to be found. Mr. Otto agrees with Mr. Dewey—and with many less illustrious persons—not only that we are part of nature but also that nature is part of us; so that while the hope of supernatural aid in our undertakings is superstition, it is only good sense to believe that with natural means we can make over both ourselves and our ideals into something not so very different from what we might wish them to be. So it is, I take it, that iron and other materials can be made into railroads, and that railroads in turn can form such efficient and even desirable (i.e., impulse-satisfying) habits in human organisms as might well be called contrary to human nature. More than this. It is not unreasonable to suppose that our varying ideals might be adjusted to the production of a life offering the greatest possible satisfaction to human desires in general; for it needs no miracle to make men prefer this satisfying life to the bare acquisition of possessions.

Such is in general the contention of these twelve essays, and it is a contention which should at least be taken on its merits. But one does ask how it is possible for a philosopher to take so seriously and to criticize at such length the casual talk that passes in the current magazines for reasoned opinion or the thousand and one pronouncements of grave editorials or occasional speeches or entertaining letters. Such discussion has no doubt some symptomatic import; but it is strange to find it treated as if it were to be logically refuted. One does not argue with such accidental obsessions any more than one argues with a lover—unless, I suppose, one is a parent or a teacher. And this suggests an explanation. A college teacher is accustomed, when he is talking seriously, to talk to adolescents, and he is only too likely to write what is suitable to adolescent intelligence and to take such writing seriously himself. Any one, too, who can fall into the sentimental tone of some of the pages where Mr. Otto is discussing the "acquisition of soul" is close enough to the feelings and minds of faintly intellectual young Americans to speak their own loose language. Which may mean that he is close enough to easy-going intellects in general to be of use to a great many grown-up Americans—and others. Speaking pragmatically, then, these essays have their own philosophic truth, even when they go so far as to take a highly subjective view of science itself. But philosophers of other schools will be sure to find them wanting, if not in depth and scope, then perhaps in intellectual distinction or merely in appropriate brevity.

D. W. PRALL

How Well Is Europe?

Reconstruction. By J. D. Whelpley. Funk and Wagnalls Company. $3.50.

"THERE is now no such thing as a [illegible] Europe," says the author of this volume, a recognized authority on world trade, in this study of economic conditions six years after the armistice. "Europe has not only recovered from all material damage done but has greatly improved her position over that of November, 1918, and even that of 1913. . . . Europe in 1925 is more populous, richer, more highly developed, and better able to carry on the activities of industry and commerce than it was in 1914, so far as material, plant, and labor supply are concerned." Then a dark stroke is added to the otherwise glowing picture: "It is humanity which is still devastated and not the region itself." Fear is the ruling emotion in the world today, while, as a corollary, power is the dominating force. "The state has a closer grip upon the actual affairs of its citizens and upon the citizen himself than it had in 1913, but this grip is not the result of greater sympathy and understanding between the state and the people" and the time is approaching "when the people of every country in the world will revolt against the tyranny of the state and its drain upon the vitality of the nation."

Mr. Whelpley dwells upon the vast mountain of public debt under which the Allied powers are struggling and thinks that, with the exception of Great Britain, the only escape is in abandoning the pretense of paying these great sums and in reducing the cost of government establishments. In spite of the physical recovery of Europe the trade of the world is less than in 1914, due to the lessened purchasing power of millions of people and to an increased industrial nationalism.

American assistance is necessary for the recovery of Europe, Mr. Whelpley thinks. Thus he welcomes the Dawes Plan, but believes the financial demands upon Germany will [illegible]. ARTHUR WARNER

Books in Brief

The Challenge of Asia. By Stanley Rice. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

This able essay is written by a man who, while a Britisher to the core, has removed himself to the Olympian heights and, after reading everything on every side of every question affecting the relations of East and West, proceeds to discuss those relations with a detachment and a lack of bias quite out of the ordinary. After a discourse which charms us with its style and its erudition—the author seems equally at home in the fields of politics, economics, sociology, military science, literature, religion, philosophy, art, and music—he arrives at the not startling conclusion that the challenge of Asia is political.

"Gentlemen of the Jury." By Francis L. Wellman. The Macmillan Company. $4.

The author of this book, a veteran of our bar, belongs to that happy group of men who see the world progress by codification and amendment. He describes the vagaries of the jury system, brings in instance after instance of oppression and injustice, and at the end suggests reforms—such as better ventilated jury rooms. His gods are of the field-weed variety; his eulogies go to men like the late Judge Bartow Weeks, who tried the Gitlow case; Judge Goff of the Becker trial, and William F. Howe, who in his day was the Ring Lardner of the Court of General Sessions. While he retells the story of bloody Judge Jeffreys, he mentions no parallel during our passing years. Yet there were instances during the recent political trials of judges who bullied counsel as well as the prisoners, and who stretched the power to punish for contempt. Mr. Wellman, who for thirty years has watched the wheels of justice turn, is weary of arguing the ways of their turning, knowing that long after he is done with pleading the juggernaut of the American system will keep on clumsily and mercilessly grinding. Like most reminiscences of a busy man who has arrived, the book suffers from overabundance of confidence, lack of profundity, and, above all, lack of editing. But it is entertaining.

Principles of Economics. By Raymond T. Bye. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Here is a clear and careful elementary statement of strictly orthodox economic doctrine. For those who still feel that there is any educational value in classical economics, and who have freshman classes to teach, this book will perhaps be more useful than any other. It goes farther toward creating an illusion of reality than most of them, because its illustrations are more modern and because its diction is cast in that certain naive but dogmatic mold that, as teachers know, makes textbooks "go" with students. Anything that helps to mitigate the unreality of orthodox economics is a blessing to those who have to teach it. The present reviewer will not attempt to disguise the fact, however, that for the good of economic science he hopes that not a single copy will ever find its way into a freshman's hands. This is not because he feels that its writer has failed in what he proposed to do, nor, even, that he does not in a way sympathize with the purpose, but because it seems to him to represent that mode of approaching the study of industrial life which is best calculated to cut off at its very inception any thrill of discovery or any creative satisfaction that a student might otherwise possibly feel. It makes of economics a body of received dogma rather than an experimental science; and it [illegible] a pedagogical method which admittedly [illegible] cram dogma down the students' throats in certain-sized chunks which are measured by the length of chapters, rather than the method that tempts them to intellectual adventure by successive challenges to their ingenuity. Mr. Bye says that he intends now to write a book of problems. It seems to the reviewer too bad that he felt it necessary first to write a book of "principles." He has a feeling that the problems will not be so freely nor so liberally discussed as they would have been if the principles had not come first; for somehow, now, the hostages have been given, the "system" has been presented. Everything hereafter will have to fit into it. And it seems only too likely that many of the vexing problems of contemporary economic life will refuse to find solutions that will fit the laws adumbrated here.

Love. By "Elizabeth." Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

The author of "The Enchanted April" appears to have forsaken that light vein for something a little closer to the accepted formula for successful fiction—something which breaks up conveniently into instalments, and may be read in that manner without great loss. She has thickened the plot and thinned the emotion; her latest novel is perhaps more filling, but it is certainly less nourishing.

Soundings. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

Mr. Gibbs has cast his novel unreservedly in the romantic mold; all base metals have been excluded. He has fused it with the fervor of his own belief; there is nothing half-hearted or halting about its glamor. One might argue that his characters and his situations are a trifle hand-picked, that they are too ineluctably right; but since they fit so perfectly in the romantic relationships which he has fashioned for them the objection is overruled. "Soundings" has gaiety and depth and glow, which is all that one ordinarily asks in a love story—and more than one ordinarily gets.

The Mulberry Bush. By Sylvia Lynd. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

The acid test of a collection of sketches such as this is to read them consecutively. There are twenty-odd brief stories in this volume—each of them scarcely more than the evocation of a mood and a few strokes of characterization—and yet so skilfully has the mood been created, and so deft is the characterization, that they easily stand the test. Every line has significance; the effect is delicate but in no degree precious.

Martha. By Percy Marks. The Century Company. $2.

Tested ingredients have gone into the fashioning of this story. Mr. Marks is sure of his ground; he never ventures far from the blazed trail of sentiment. The history of a girl, half-Indian and half-English, is set forth with romantic trimmings—a guitar, a beautiful face, a trustful confidence betrayed—and ends upon a note of sadness, plaintive rather than ironic.

Napoleon. Von Emil Ludwig. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag.

In his collection of portraits entitled "Genie und Charakter: Zwanzig männliche Bildnisse," Emil Ludwig announced himself as a biographical psychoanalyst of the school of Plutarch. The limits of those slender sketches held him to scant and insufficient formula. In the new volume, with seven hundred pages for one soul, he heaps up traits and tendencies till we have—not as with the Twenty—crude outline drawings, but detailed, dispersed, and puzzling Dürer line-engravings. Ludwig is not a historian. He gives no bibliography, and he has probably never gone back of the popular biographies. He often tells us as fact what scholars are by no means sure of. But his contribution is his inference as to character and genius. He cares [illegible] for Egypt or Waterloo, nothing even for Josephine or Sir Hudson Lowe, except as the record of what Napoleon did furnishes a clue as to what Napoleon was.

Music

Landowska's Contribution

THE further we go with the twentieth century—and it has now attained a respectable age, an age when characteristics are asserting themselves unmistakably—the more clearly we see its sympathetic relation in music to the eighteenth. At first glance such a declaration may seem extravagant. Polytonality, atonality, multiple rhythms, the deliberate use of the quarter tone, even some of the orchestral instruments would have been as inconceivable to the eighteenth century as the radio. But for all that the essential moods and the creative impulses of the two periods are curiously alike. Stravinsky and Honegger show far more kinship to Bach than to Beethoven. Contemporary writers in the smaller forms, composers of music that is "amusing" in purpose rather than designed primarily to communicate emotion, suggest again and again Frenchmen, Italians, even certain Germans of the eighteenth century. Music today as then is oftener cerebral than it was under the imperious romanticism of the nineteenth century. It is minutely studious of form, even though the form seem strange or elusive; it is inexorable in matters of detail; its astonishing innovations leave no room for lax or fragmentary workmanship. Usually it suggests or evokes an emotion, or merely takes the emotion for granted; rarely does it seek to express feeling by actually embodying it in tone after the forthright and luxuriantly romantic manner of the nineteenth-century masters.

Our century could more easily give the world another Handel, a second Gluck (not forgetting Handel's historic sneer!), than a new Schubert, a new Schumann, a new Wagner. Indisputably, in music, the nineteenth century, though it has not yet ceased to dominate us, must face a discipline of semi-retirement, a time of proving and elimination; doubtless it will return purified and refreshed in the twenty-first century, when our music of today will, in its turn, suffer a partial eclipse. But the period through which we are passing already belongs increasingly to our own century and the eighteenth. Where thirty years ago were Handel, Gluck, Rameau, Couperin, the Scarlattis, the lesser Bachs, where even Johann Sebastian Bach, father of all, and the divine Mozart, compared with the conspicuous favor they enjoy today? It is the history of every continuing family repeating itself in the immaterial substance of an art. The parents must suffer the chagrin of seeing their carefully nurtured offspring turn with the years in an instinctive sympathy to the doting grandparents whom fondly the parents had believed at a safe distance away.

The elect apostle of the eighteenth-century music to twentieth-century America has been Wanda Landowska. This is said without undervaluing the similar labors of certain prominent orchestral conductors—notably Messrs. Stokowski, Monteux, Mengelberg, Walter, and Koussevitzky. First honors still must go to the Polish woman who has made the harpsichord live again, who plays Mozart on the piano "as if Beethoven had never been," whose voyages of discovery through uncharted seas of composition in the hundred years before the death of Haydn, and even earlier, have resulted in the recapture of a rich treasure of forgotten or neglected music, in the correction of erroneous ideas as to interpretation and performance, and in the writing of an authoritative book upon this period of incalculable importance and revivified interest.

Winter before last Mme Landowska had already revealed to us the possibilities of the harpsichord, not at all as a mere precursor of the piano, but as an instrument with a vivid independent life of its own. In the same season she proved her supremacy in certain fields of piano music. Her extraordinary musicianship and intellectual and emotional finesse, the chiseled perfection of her phrasing, her incomparable resourcefulness and taste in ornamentation, her unerring command of varied and delicate nuance, and a patrician disdain of anything suggesting excess in her playing had imparted to her interpretation of Mozart's music the quality of a veritable evocation. But it was not until this spring, when Willem Mengelberg twice conducted for the Philharmonic Society Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew," that Mme Landowska, Bach, and the eighteenth century took complete possession of their joint heritage in this second quarter of the twentieth century.

One does not have to be far descended in the valley of years to remember perfectly when "additional accompaniments" to this and other choral works of Bach were a subject of acrimonious dispute. Folk wrangled about the fitness of many a page of Bach as "worked out" by, let us say, Robert Franz. They divided over the admissibility of an anachronistic instrument like the clarinet; they argued pro and con the claims of transposition where Bach's brass parts run perilously high for modern instruments. But nobody, save perhaps an antiquarian or two, thought of summoning to action the harpsichord, an instrument that Bach and Handel indicated as sustaining a major role in the accompaniment of oratorios, cantatas, and operas. Had any temerarious musician seriously advanced the claims of this antiquated relic a contemptuous majority would have dismissed it at once as outmoded, feeble, merely quaint.

In these April performances of the "St. Matthew Passion" the score at last emerged in its incorruption, thanks to the experience and faith of Willem Mengelberg in supervision and conducting, and to the competence of Wanda Landowska in handling the harpsichord part, which she had many times played in performances directed by Mr. Mengelberg in Europe. Because of these two exceptional musicians, the instrumental scheme of the work was restored to virtually the conditions imposed by Bach himself. The result was a novel and arresting beauty of orchestral color. The use of oboi d'amore and of the harpsichord along with the other instruments of Bach's own scoring was responsible for this ravishing result. Presented thus, Bach's orchestra wooed our ears with an unaccustomed and other-worldly loveliness, and through its iridescent fabric the myriad voices of the harpsichord, awakened by Mme Landowska, spoke out with a bardic freedom and fervor. In employing the harpsichord alone as accompaniment to the narrative of the Evangelist, Mme Landowska made it seem the rapturous messenger of a rhapsodic annunciation. As an ensemble instrument, there is a peculiar sonority in its plucked strings that binds together the instrumental and choral bodies and makes the thought of any modern substitute for it a pitiable subterfuge.

One may fearlessly set down these performances of the "St. Matthew Passion" as epoch-making in our local understanding and appreciation of Bach, and thus as the culminating contribution of Wanda Landowska to her advocacy of the harpsichord among us of America and her illustration of the authentic spirit of eighteenth-century music.

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China's Servitudes

By CHARLES HODGES

THE treaties and other accumulated diplomatic arrangements between China and the powers constitute the legal basis of the limitations on the free exercise of sovereignty by the Chinese Government. It is a network of undertakings that enmeshed the old Middle Kingdom and which the republic inherited willy-nilly. It is perhaps the greatest network of circumscriptions ever binding a people in the history of the family of nations: its ramifications include jurisdiction over Chinese territory; administrative autonomy; economic freedom of action; and the sovereign right of self-defense. No ancient and honorable people, awakening to their full implications, could fail to resent them. Indeed, did not the Chinese now challenge these admitted infringements of sovereignty, we might well doubt China's right to claim a place in international society.

These foreign "vested rights," as it were, are based upon either general treaties or more or less dubious special arrangements. In the first case, they are buttressed by the combined interests of the powers; in the latter, they depend on the strength of the particular power concerned, and the interlocking of such pretensions with similar rival claims, for their maintenance. The formal treaty arrangements generally cover matters such as China's tolerance of foreign judicial processes and municipal administrations under the exercise of the right of extraterritoriality. The special arrangements between China and the more acquisitive among the powers include pledges regarding the appointment of administrative experts, the use of foreign advisers, and the invidious provisions contained in seemingly legitimate commercial and financial concessions.

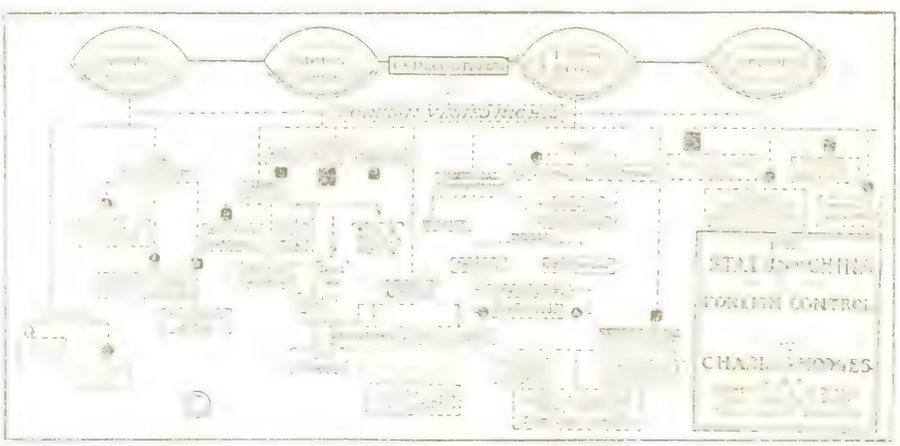
The spread of alien interests into the very heart of the machinery of China's governance presents an involved picture of foreign penetration—both political and non-political.

For the purposes of analysis, the situation may be simplified by dividing China's integrity into four distinct aspects. The accompanying graphic presentation separates the problem into matters concerning territory, administration, finance and economics, and defense.

From the time of the First Foreign War China has been threatened by territorial mutilations. The less dangerous, perhaps, have been the outright cessions such as characterized Britain's acquisition of the island of Hongkong in 1842; and the Japanese victory of 1894, the Peace of Shimonoseki giving Japan the island of Formosa in fee simple. China's defeat at the hands of Japan opened up the phase of indirect territorial alienation through leaseholds and the development of preferential foreign rights of a particular power in a part of the vast territories of China comprehended in the term spheres of interest. Alienation by leasehold was initiated by Germany in her acquisition of the base of Kiaochow for the period of ninety-nine years under a convention concluded in 1898. Russia, France, Britain, and, subsequently, Japan became beneficiaries of the process at China's territorial expense. The spheres of interest were negative rather than positive; that is, they were pledges exacted from the Chinese Government to the effect that certain parts of China, wherein particular powers held they possessed primary interests, would not be thrown open to rivals for development without prior consultation with the power supposed to be first concerned. These spheres were built up on the ground of territorial propinquity, as in the case of Russia in Manchuria or France in South China, and reinforced by the possession of a strategic leasehold with its implied or state right to the "hinterland"; or they rested on commercial predominance, instanced by the British policy of prior interests in the Yangtze Valley. The documentary basis was either treaties between China and foreign nations individually concerned or agreements confirming the division of the spoils among the powers themselves—as witness the Anglo-German Agreement of 1898 and the similar Anglo-Russian undertaking in the following year. In addition, the development of special railway zones, best seen in Manchuria, created lines of communication administered under the policing and law of the dominant power.

Finally, there are the municipal areas wherein all the nationals of foreign powers, under the general treaty rights, enjoy the privilege of residence and trade under their own administrations in most instances.

Alien influences in the government of China are of three sorts. They are the foreign direction of the most important Chinese sources of revenue under international regimes; the extraterritorial administrative invasions covering courts, postal communications, and wireless; and the general use of foreign advisers and experts in China's administration, many of them occupying their positions by virtue of the diplomatic influence of their home governments.



ALIEN CONTROL IN CHINA

The large black squares indicate privileges the powers pledged themselves at the Washington Conference to return immediately to China.

The small black squares indicate foreign interests to be curtailed or abolished in the future.

The small black circles mark activities which the powers agree will not be extended or renewed in the future.

Unmarked: alien control not affected by any action of the powers.

The direct invasions of China's administrative integrity are long-standing. The maritime customs came into being through the breakdown of Chinese administration at the time of the Taiping Rebellion in the 1850's, the Americans, British, and French providing emergency machinery under which their na-

tionals continued to pay the 5 per cent duties imposed under the first foreign treaties. Circumstances led to British predominance in customs direction from that time, the Chinese Government in 1898 confirming the appointment of a British subject to the inspector generalship so long as Britain's trade exceeded that of other powers.

The treaty powers also have a vise-like grip on Chinese fiscal autonomy. The exactions of the early nineteenth-century Chinese officials were a fruitful source of difficulties between foreigners and the Middle Kingdom, and the early treaties made the tariff duties part of the international agreements. These duties are still fixed by convention and China is not free to change them except by the consent of the treaty powers. In a world of changing values and national circumstances, China has found the "conventional tariff" to be one of her most costly concessions to the foreigner. Not only has the preponderance of alien commercial interest been thrown against any endeavor of the Chinese to gain the revisions to which they have been entitled; anything like a protective tariff for native industry has been out of the question.

The Chinese posts, originally part of the custom service, fell under the influence of the French; an exchange of notes between France and China, likewise in 1898, committed the Chinese to the use of French advice in postal reorganization, and it was reinforced in 1902. Later the direction of the Salt Gabelle, taken over by the central government from the provinces in 1909, fell to another British subject. All of these "'services" are likewise "stiffened" by foreign subordinates; and until recently, apart from the nominal Chinese headship, the Chinese were but slowly advanced into the higher positions of administration. The honesty and the efficiency of these internationally manned services cannot be gainsaid; but dubious diplomatic claims have from time to time crept into even the recruiting and assignment of foreign officials. This second group of alien administrative interests, the posts, wireless, and courts, rise and fall with the status of extraterritoriality. They are administrative invasions of Chinese sovereignty—abnormally resting on essentially abnormal international conditions.

The third group of foreign vested "rights" are indirect in character, comprised in the advisers of a dozen different nationalities on the pay roll of the Chinese Government. The powers are very jealous of the opportunities presented by having an expert strategically placed, in a position to watch national interests while serving the general cause of China's modernization; and the Chinese are far from free to choose whom they shall pay to shepherd them out of Oriental governmental ways. Some of the bitterest battles among the Peking legations have arisen in the conflict of foreign interests represented by the appointment of this man or the dropping of that; and the history of Japanese endeavors to oust the American adviser to the Ministry of Communications in post-war days is a typical instance of what is taking place behind the scenes and not included in the State Department's annual "Foreign Relations of the United States," under our usual official editorial policy.

Passing to financial and economic matters, we come to the real material interests behind the play of diplomacy. Leaseholds, with spheres of interest and influence, were the attempts of foreign offices to stake out political claims to economic monopolies. Extraterritoriality in the widest sense was but the means to a commercial end—the opening of a great market with the greatest security to Western enterprise. The services under foreign control were to assure foreign bondholders, on the one hand, of their coupons being met; and, on the other, of the maintenance of equitably administered charges on alien business. The foreign advisers were listening posts for national opportunities and pawns in the game of remaking China, at a price, according to specifications dictated by particular national interests. These came out into the open in the struggle for concessions dealing with commercial opportunities, railway development, and loans. In the heyday of this dollar diplomacy, it meant monopolistic commercial rights manipulated from China's central or provincial authorities in the face of bitter rivals; and political loans of the most questionable banking character.

These developments, so especialy marked since the close of the nineteenth century, vitally affected China's defense. Leaseholds meant foreign-occupied bases. The diplomatic balancing of one power against another meant the progressive undermining of the military position of China, as each of the foreign nations concerned sought to strengthen its Far Eastern grip. Ultimately, it meant war—conflict within China's territorial jurisdiction between alien powers—as shown by the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, fought in Manchuria, and the Japanese intervention against Germany in Shantung with the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. Other complications presented themselves in foreign garrisons elsewhere in China; the military menace of foreign-administered communications, especially in combination with extraterritorial railway zones confined principally to the old ex-Russian and the prevailing Japanese interests in North China; and special alliances, such as the notorious Sino-Japanese Arms Pact of 1918.

Foreign armed forces on Chinese soil fall into three classes—legation guards maintained under the provisions of the Boxer Protocol; other regular national forces; and local corps of foreign volunteers. Under the first group there are about 1,000 troops of the treaty powers in the Legation Quarter of Peking; and at points commanding access from China's capital to the sea are 4,000 more. The nationalities include American, British, French, Italian, and Japanese forces. The special position of Japan in Manchuria is marked by railway guards and garrisons, based on the reversion to Japan of the old Russian treaty rights in this respect following the War of 1904-1905. A Japanese army division normally is stationed in South Manchuria; and sixteen independent battalions of railway guards, each unit numbering over 600 rank and file, may be maintained under the Treaty of Portsmouth. The local corps are best exemplified by the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, a municipal militia numbering some 1,500 men of all arms. England also maintains Sikhs recruited as police in her treaty "settlements."

There are four phases in the efforts of China and the powers to readjust these perversions of international relations. While the original treaties between China and the outside world contemplated periodic revision of provisions such as dealt with the 5 per cent ad valorem tariff, little had been done during the nineteenth century. But after the Boxer troubles of 1900 the way seemed pointed for a reformation of these fiscal conditions. The Mackay treaty with Britain in 1902, followed by similar ones negotiated with Japan and the United States in 1903, pledged these powers to revise the conventional customs duties every ten

years and promised increases in the level of rates, provided China herself reformed in particular the native customs, or *likin*, charges. Moreover, the then Imperial Chinese government stiffened its attitude toward the railway and bank diplomacy of the more predatory powers. Between 1900 and 1908, the basic principle of Chinese ownership was written into every concession for communications; and during the period 1908-1913, it was supplemented by the insistence on Chinese administrative control with foreign experts confined to specified posts.

The troublesome days of the republican revolution of 1911-1912 were hardly out of the way before the Great War ushered in the critical period in recent Chinese affairs. The efforts of the Chinese Government to force the tariff issue in 1912 on the double ground that the customs yield had fallen below the 5 per cent basis stipulated in the Boxer Protocol of 1901, and that the Anglo-Chinese Commercial Treaty of the following year provided for revision within a decade, failed of acceptance by the powers. With the recognition of the Chinese Republic in 1913, the question was again blocked by the attitude of Italy, Russia, and Japan. But the desire of the Allies to get China into the Great War by 1917, with the customs yield dropping to 3 per cent, brought about the customs conference of 1918; it at last enabled the Chinese to get the fourteen nations involved to agree to slightly more adequate rates within even the low treaty percentages. Here the diplomacy of the United States was used to underwrite the Allies, America promising China very definite support in the eventual peace conference that was to go to the roots of the whole question—from tariff autonomy to foreign leaseholds.

China failed to get any consideration of her claims at the Paris Conference. The Chinese Delegation presented forty-one pages of exquisitely printed memoranda entitled Questions for Readjustment which covered the renunciation of spheres of interest; the withdrawal of all foreign forces and police; the closing of all alien posts and other communications; the abolition of consular jurisdiction; the relinquishment of lease territories; the restoration of foreign settlements; and tariff autonomy. This program, inspired, we may say, by the pledge of American cooperation, was buttressed by a 90-page "Claim of China for Direct Restitution to Herself of Kiaochow," and a 47-page "Claim of China," etc., for the abrogation of the notorious Japanese treaties of 1915. The subsequent story of the refusal of the Chinese Delegation to sign the peace treaty is the record of our first great failure to meet the full implications of the Far East situation at Paris in 1919.

The Washington Conference opened the fourth phase of China's pilgrimage in search of justice at the hands of the powers in 1921. Sandwiched into the primary issue of naval armaments, the problem of China was again sidestepped as much as it was advanced toward any fundamental solution. The return of foreign-held bases was begun with Japan's assent to retrocede the leasehold of Kiaochow and Britain's similar action regarding her adjacent holding of Wei-hai-wei; but Japan was not affected in South Manchuria, nor was France inclined toward any generosity regarding her leasehold of Kwangchow-wan in south China. All the powers, however, maintaining postal administrations in the Chinese Republic's territories agreed to their suppression. These comprise the restitutions the powers proposed immediately to make to China's sovereignty.

The second category of actions at the Arms Conference regarding hapless China deals with pledges made by the powers as to curtailing or eventually abolishing certain privileges. The solution of the basic issues of (1) extraterritoriality, and (2) tariff autonomy, were pushed once more into the future. The first problem was dealt with in Resolution 4, promising China a commission of inquiry into the administration of justice to report within a year of its convening, internal conditions, however, obliging China herself to ask its postponement. The second was subject of a special customs treaty—heretofore held up by France's refusal of ratification—laying down a systematic modernization of the Chinese tariff. The provisions covered an immediate temporary revision to further adjust the work the commission of 1922 already was undertaking; the imposition of a surtax to aid Peking revenues; further increases in the customs charges when China reformed her entirely native-controlled *likin;* and a schedule of duties to be revised every seven years. In this group also goes Resolution 6, which provided a commission to consider the withdrawal of all armed forces from China; it was made contingent upon that country's ability to "assure the protection of lives and property of foreigners."

The third category includes those declarations of principle set forth in the first, or "Nine-Power," treaty signed at Washington dealing with the problem of China. Sponsored by the United States, the agreement represents a restatement of the accumulated policies of American diplomacy in regard to East Asia embodied in the most formal of compacts adhered to by all the principal powers. It attempted no reformation of existing conditions but dealt exclusively with the none-too-bright future—once again there was pledged adherence to the "open door"; equality of opportunity was bolstered up to cover every diplomatic maneuver toward preferential interests; China's integrity was reaffirmed; and the undermining spheres of influence, the monopolistic concessions, the sinister combinations among the powers in defiance of such excellent principles were denounced. Applied a quarter of a century prior to the Washington Conference, it would have blocked the political, administrative, and economic enervation of China by recent world politics—or precipitated war on the Pacific.

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THIRTY THOUSAND REFUGEES lodged in wretched barracks on the German-Polish border—the newspaper stories revive cruel memories of the homeless French refugees who poured south and westward in the spring of 1918. That was war. This is the war spirit surviving in the East of Europe. Poland is evicting the Germans of the annexed provinces—those who were unwilling to renounce their German citizenship. They made their choice, she says, and must abide by it. Under the terms of the wretched treaties signed, in the name of "self-determination," in 1919, Poland has a legal right to drive these Germans from their homes, and she is exacting her pound of flesh. The outside world cares little for legal technicalities—it is appalled by Poland's inhuman brutality. These Germans, most of them were born and have lived out their lives in territory which the statesmen carved out and handed to Poland; they are being torn from their farms, driven across the imaginary line that marks a national frontier. Poland thinks thus to make the task of unifying her peoples easier. We shall see whether her home task will be made simpler; certainly she is doing all in her power to make permanent the anti-Polish feeling in Germany.

THESE MISERABLE TENANT FARMERS are only the first instalment in Poland's program. They are the Germans who owned no landed property. There are more thousands to come—men and women with real property, with more at stake in Poland, who may, however, be better able to provide for themselves than these poverty-stricken deportees. Germany, meanwhile, talks of reprisals. But the Poles settled in Germany are for the most part migratory laborers with no roots in the soil; they will not suffer as do the thousands of Germans torn from land which they and their ancestors have tilled and sown. One suspects that Poland's sudden realization of this long-threatened plan of expulsion is part of a subtle campaign. Poland and Germany have been unable to agree upon a commercial treaty, and both have set embargoes upon exports from the other. Such commercial war hurts Poland most. Is she seeking, by cruelty to these luckless ones, to force Germany's industrial barons to terms? Poland has been before the League of Nations and the World Court more than once for her efforts to get rid of German settlers on her lands. By delay, equivocation, and outright defiance she has carried through illegal expropriations. Now she has found a legal method to continue ousting Germans from the world we helped make safe for democracy.

GEORGES SYLVAIN is dead—and who in the United States recognizes even his name? Sylvain had for five years been the leader of the band of Haitian patriots who in season and out of season have proclaimed their determination that their country shall be rid of the American incubus. Educated in France, he belonged to the elite of the black republic. He served it in various posts before American marines destroyed its century-long independence—among others, as Minister to the Holy See and to the French Republic. France made him a member of the Institute and an officer of the Legion of Honor. After the collapse of the military effort to repel the American invaders Sylvain organized the Patriotic Union of Haiti, which twice sent missions to the United States in the vain hope of awakening the American people to the brutalities being committed in Haiti in their name. With unfailing hope he told his people that in the end right must win. But the American troops have remained, and the domination of American business has grown more and more complete. Last year, after another futile effort to win a regular election of a new Senate to replace that which General Smedley Butler, brandishing his gun, dissolved eight years ago, Sylvain organized an irregular election and himself became a member of the rump Senate which again proclaimed Haiti's rightful independence. *The Nation* is proud that it was privileged to aid Sylvain in his long fight as a patriot, but its pride is mixed with shame that Haiti is not yet free.

A GREAT SILENCE has fallen over China. The statesmen who speak in the name of England, France, Japan, and the United States are presumably in deep thought. We hope it will be fruitful thought, but the uniform experience of the past has been that whenever the powers, following a public display of good intentions, lapse into silence, they also lapse into fruitfulness. We were treated, at the time of the Washington conferences, to a great display of self-congratulation on the good-will of the

powers toward China; and now, three years later, we have just discovered that owing to the detail of France's failure to ratify nothing whatever has been done toward realizing the era of good-will. It took a national strike, following the official murder of a score of young Chinamen by British police, to rouse the world into so much as a repetition of the expression of good intentions. Senator Borah has announced that he will bring the Chinese question to the floor of the Senate when that body reconvenes, and a body of public-spirited missionaries and others is holding a conference on Chinese-American relations at Johns Hopkins University in September. So far so good. Meanwhile the Chinese have been on strike for ten weeks, in the hope of getting some immediate action, and they are hungry. As far as the dispatches indicate the statesmen are chiefly concerned with the method of whitewashing the official murderers at Shanghai. The most effective sympathy which the Chinese are getting comes from an American ommittee which is raising funds to help the strikers. Its treasurer is Morris Ernst, of 7 Dey Street, New York City, and we urge our readers to be generous.

AMERICAN MARINES were on the eve of leaving Nicaragua on August 2, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Managua. Their return to this country will undoubtedly be the cue for considerable comment by our newspapers, as inadequate and misleading as has been the interpretation of the events of our thirteen years' military occupation—without consent of Congress and without declaring war—of a friendly and supposedly independent republic. We will be told how our diplomacy, backed by the marines, has lifted Nicaragua out of political anarchy and financial chaos and put the country back on its feet, but we will hear little or nothing of the three fundamental aspects of this adventure, i. e., that our entrance was uninvited, unnecessary, and unconstitutional; that before we gave our aid to financial reconstruction we first so wrecked the finances that assistance became necessary; that before withdrawing our troops we arranged for the organization of a constabulary with an American military officer at its head, the net result of which may be to give us as much control over Nicaraguan politics as during the occupation of the marines.

THE WRONG TO NICARAGUA has been a subject of frequent comment in *The Nation*. The essential facts were set forth by John Kenneth Turner in our issue of May 31, 1922, and in an editorial, The Republic of Brown Bros., the following week. The adventure began in 1909 with an attempt to depose President Zelaya. He may have been a scoundrel who deserved deposing, but it was none of our business officially to help do it. Neither did we make the gesture from high moral motives. As usual, we were led into it by the nose by soldiers of fortune and financial interests looking for quick and easy profits. Our interest in controlling a possible rival to the Panama Canal route was used as an excuse for American diplomatic interference, and led in 1916 to the ratification by Congress of the Bryan-Chamorro treaty, the underlying purposes of which were carefully concealed. Previously Zelaya had been overthrown through American money, and Diaz, a puppet of our business interests, had been seated in power by the action of President Taft in sending nearly 2,500 marines into Nicaragua. From then until 1924 we officially dictated who should be President of Nicaragua. We also insisted upon the validity of a number of doubtful claims, foisting "loans" upon the country with which they were liquidated and other unnecessary services performed. Only a small part of these "loans" ever left New York, and by the time our financiers were through with their manipulations the state railways and the government bank had come into their hands and Nicaragua had a debt of about $15,000,000, with an American official administering the customs.

NICARAGUA IS NATURALLY an enormously rich country, and financially she is about back on her feet. Due to this, and to insistent criticism here at home, the Washington Administration permitted Nicaragua to have a measurably free election last autumn. Victory went to Carlos Solorzano, candidate of the National Liberal Party, opposed to American control. It was announced that the marines would be withdrawn when Solorzano was inaugurated at the beginning of 1925. But at the new President's request their departure was delayed pending the organization of a constabulary with Major Carter, an American, at its head. What inducements or pressure—if any—led to President Solorzano's request for such a constabulary we do not yet know, but the possibilities of political control through it are obvious. A Nicaraguan correspondent of the *Diario Latino* of San Salvador writes:

> The new form of Yankee intervention in Nicaragua, as we have so often repeated, is the constabulary, only now it is to be more offensive, in that it will be more direct, less disguised, and highly insulting. From now on the Government will have no control of the army, nothing to do with firearms, nothing to say about any of these matters. The only man who can make and unmake the military forces of Nicaragua at will is to be Mr. Carter, officer in the active service of the United States army, and consequently subject only to the superior officers in his country.

The Nation is glad to hail the withdrawal of our marines from Nicaragua—but it will watch developments.

THE ANTHRACITE WAGE NEGOTIATIONS are an empty exercise in rhetoric. The problems of the industry are not being debated. The miners' problem is how wages can be increased by the industry as a whole when the two largest companies show only a small profit and a considerable group of minor companies make even scantier profits. Behind these the profitable companies hide. How can the miners share in the prosperity of the industry as a whole? They might debate the merits of a wage pool or nationalization. They are doing neither. They might inquire why they and the public should continue to pay for the real-estate speculation in coal lands which keeps the profits of those two large companies down. They are not doing that either, although the United States Coal Commission condemned the practice of adding the cost of that speculation to the price of coal. The miners are simply banking on the political breaks of the game of Senator Pepper *vs.* Governor Pinchot. They stand to lose.

COAL CONSUMERS are less interested than they used to be in better wages for the anthracite miners. The miners have not succeeded in preventing the coal companies from adding every wage increase to the price of coal. Even Governor Pinchot was unable to prevent that practice. So

today the operators stand as the opponents of higher prices. Until the miners effectively attack their practice of refusing to pay wages out of profits the coal consumer will remain apathetic. The operators are saying today that oil, soft coal, and other substitute fuels make it impossible for them to raise prices. But they do not say that they will not increase prices if there is a coal shortage or if the menace of fuel-oil competition passes. They give no guaranties of any kind that prices will not go up. However, the fruits of stupidity may ripen: If the operators are forced to increase wages, some of them will go to the wall, and that will bring greater unity in the industry; if the miners lose, they will be two years nearer a realization that their only hope lies in intelligent nationalization.

PROFESSOR EDWARD M. EAST of Harvard allowed his neo-Malthusian doctrines to lead him into unfortunate paths at the Williamstown Conference. His first steps were in the right direction. He met Count Cippico's demand for imperialistic expansion to take care of Italy's excess population by the reasonable suggestion that Italy reduce her excess. Unluckily, he went further and adopted the dubious position that Italy's surplus millions were poor stuff anyhow, a cancer in the nation's body of which it was naturally eager to rid itself, but which other nations had no desire to absorb. Here he plunged into a tangled wilderness of controversy. He made Italians of all parties angry; patriotism was aroused; the record of our Italian immigrants was invoked to deny his charge; President Garfield uttered soothing rebukes—and the original point was lost. Professor East might better have stuck to his one unanswerable contention. Italy is vastly overcrowded; her soil cannot support her population. If she exported a half million people a year, the relief would only be momentary; the hole would promptly be filled by an increased birth-rate. A nation must adapt itself to its boundaries. Let the Italians bear children intelligently, in numbers that can be fed; and not seek in new territories and colonies a patent medicine to cure their ills of overproduction. Professor East should have stopped here.

THE TWO OLD PARTIES (we might write it the too old parties) will applaud the recommendation of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor to keep out of third-party movements in future, and work along strictly nonpartisan lines. Others will not applaud, but they will not care a great deal. They may ask, reflecting ironically upon the less than half-hearted support given to the La Follette movement in 1924, When did the federation ever do anything else? Also they may rest assured that no theoretical policy laid down in advance of the event amounts to a snowball in the hot place; when another new-party movement vital to organized labor as a whole develops, the question of what to do about it will have to be forced, and it will be decided then without regard to previous pronouncements. It is not true that third-party movements in this country have been unsuccessful. The present Republican and Democratic parties both began as such movements and, although recent efforts have been less successful, they present, nevertheless, the main hope of progress. The A. F. of L. program of supporting so-called friends of labor among Republican or Democratic nominees leads—to the present state of our politics.

England's Socialist Tories

ENGLAND is not going to have a general strike—not even a coal strike. But she is not averting the strike threat by her usual process of last-minute muddling compromise. The Government—Mr. Baldwin's Tory Government—has taken the drastic step of assuming the deficit of the gasping coal industry. The miners are happy, because the menace of a reduction in their pitifully low wages is removed; the owners are content, because they do not have to shoulder losses. Only the Tory taxpayers, faced with new and incalculable tax bills, growl. They voted out Labor to avoid just such socialistic experiments, and now their own safe-and-sane Government has outramsayed MacDonald, agreeing to make up the deficit of coal companies which cannot earn a profit with the current wages.

Mr. Baldwin's action carries England further toward socialism than the Labor Government moved in its entire term of office. The subsidy offer, even if it is only temporary, is based upon the acceptance of the principle, which two government commissions had already asserted, that a living wage should be a first charge upon the industry. The owners accept no such principle, as their determination to shut down the mines rather than continue operation upon the current wage scale evidenced. The miners, of course, made the principle the foundation of their case. Now if the Government goes so far in its acceptance of this principle as to agree to subsidize the coal-owners in order to make the living wage possible, where is it to stop? It cannot idly stand by and pay the extra cost of inefficient operation. It cannot permit uneconomic mines to be reopened and operated under the benign encouragement of a government guaranty. Already miners are coming to the Government asking it to reopen mines that have been closed for months. The Government cannot accept responsibility for the deficits of an industry without assuming virtual control of it. The subsidy-policy of the Tories leads straight to Labor's program of nationalization. And what applies to coal applies by the same logic to the railroads, to shipping, to steel and to other industries.

Indeed, there are rumors of other socialistic moves by the Baldwin Government. When Mr. Baldwin went to the electors on the issue of a protective tariff nearly two years ago he met defeat—largely because the voters feared that a protective tariff would raise the cost of food. His supporters are still clamoring for a protective tariff; they believe that is the only solution for England's industrial depression. It is rumored that Mr. Baldwin is investigating the possibility of some government control of food prices—possibly even of food supply—which would make it possible to ask the voters once more to indorse a protective tariff, this time coupling that issue with a pledge of government-guaranteed low food prices.

Tories in England are not what they are in the United States today. Mr. Baldwin, instead of getting angry, faces facts. He said last spring that

> We are confronted today, and shall be more and more, with great consolidations of capital managed by small concentrated groups, and by great organizations of labor led by experienced and responsible leaders. That position must be accepted.

If Mr. Baldwin realizes the Labor program under Tory auspices he will act according to good British precedent.

California Justice

A JUDGE who gets off the bench and serves as witness for the prosecution; a defendant charged with corruption of a juror who never was a juror and whom the defendant never saw; a man sentenced to five years in prison for discharging the ordinary routine duties of secretary of a defense committee—these are some of the features of a trial recently concluded in Sacramento, California.

It was the third trial of Tom Connors for jury tampering; and it was perhaps the strangest specimen of California justice thus far offered by that strange State. To understand the situation it is necessary to go back to March, 1923. At that time there was a bill before the California Legislature to repeal the criminal-syndicalism act. A number of liberal, labor, and radical organizations circulated leaflets revealing the iniquitous workings of this war-time law and urging moral support of the repeal bill. Among these organizations naturally was the California branch of the General Defense Committee of the Industrial Workers of the World. Tom Connors as secretary signed and sent out some 20,000 of these leaflets. The names of the citizens addressed came from the telephone-books of the various cities, and nothing beyond their names and addresses was known concerning them.

Now it chanced that at that time in Sacramento, the State capital, there was a trial for criminal syndicalism involving three members of the I. W. W., Judge Charles O. Busick, and the Sacramento *Bee*. The *Bee*, rather a fair and well-edited paper in other respects, reserves its sharpest stings for the I. W. W. Its editorials are frequently incitements to violence against this organization which its owner, C. K. McClatchy, so ardently hates. Of this, more later; the real star in the drama is Judge Busick himself.

Charles O. Busick has a little more than a year still to run as judge of the Superior Court. He has tried nearly all the criminal-syndicalism trials held in Sacramento, and has been regarded as uniformly unfair and prejudiced. On one occasion a change of venue was asked because of his bias; Judge Busick heard the evidence against Judge Busick, decided that Judge Busick was fair, and proceeded to try the case. It was in his court that defense witnesses were not permitted to testify, as not having knowledge proper to the case, unless they stated they were members of the I. W. W.; whereupon as they left the stand they were arrested on a criminal-syndicalism charge, having confessed themselves members of the outlaw association. Their convictions have been upheld by the Supreme Court of California and the men are still in jail. Judge Busick is also the author of the famous anti-I. W. W. injunction, by which it becomes an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to be a member or officer of the I. W. W., and a man can be and has been sent to jail, without jury trial, in Los Angeles, hundreds of miles away, for violating an injunction issued by a judge in Sacramento. This injunction has been made permanent, and is still in force though nowadays seldom used.

To return to the criminal-syndicalism trial in Sacramento. On the venire for the jury—Judge Busick *selects* his juries from the registered voters, as do other Sacramento judges; the panel is not drawn by lot—were two men, one named Arnold, the other Bennett (a literary coincidence having no relation to the intellectual standing of the venire). Neither of these men actually served on a criminal-syndicalism jury, and therefore neither was ever a juryman in a position to be "tampered" with. But both of them, being in the Sacramento telephone-book, received copies of the printed plea for repeal of the criminal-syndicalism act sent out by Connors's office.

These leaflets they carried to Judge Busick, who thereupon secured the arrest of Connors on a charge of jury tampering, the leaflets being the only evidence against him. The first trial resulted in a disagreement, the second in a conviction and sentence of five years in San Quentin. After Connors had served more than a year he obtained a third trial, which has just ended in the same conviction and sentence. It is interesting to note that while the second trial was in process another man was tried for jury tampering in the little town of Woodland, near Sacramento. This man had introduced the defendant to a juryman in a bootlegging case and solicited the best efforts of the juror in the defendant's behalf. He was convicted, and sentenced to—five days, as against Connors's five years!

When Connors's third trial started, with District Attorney J. J. Henderson and his assistant Renfro prosecuting, and another Henderson—R. W. Henderson, the blind labor attorney—acting for the defense, it was suddenly discovered that the prosecution had "lost" the evidence submitted at the previous trials—namely, the envelopes addressed to Bennett and Arnold containing the leaflets. The court immediately granted permission to use the transcript of one of the former trials as evidence. Every motion of the defense, including one for change of venue before the trial commenced, was overruled as if automatically. The judge himself assisted the prosecution liberally with advice and encouragement. "Aren't you going to object to that, Mr. Renfro?" was a phrase frequently on His Honor's lips.

Finally he abandoned his bench and took the witness stand to testify that he had been sent and had seen the envelopes and leaflets. Immediately the defense offered a motion that if the judge was going to act as a witness for the prosecution another judge must occupy the bench. This motion was promptly denied, and when his testimony as witness had been heard by himself as judge, His Honor stepped back into the judicial seat. He justified this action by saying he had not physically left the bench—he had only stood up!

Meanwhile, during the five days of the trial, the Sacramento *Bee* poured forth news items and violent editorials against the I. W. W. and all its supposed works. The jurymen received the *Bee* regularly, and they all knew that Connors was a member of the I. W. W. This, however, was not "jury tampering," and no one has suggested arresting McClatchy.

Tom Connors is a slight, boyish-looking fellow, appearing younger than his years of experience as lumber-worker and labor organizer would seem to make him. He takes the situation with calmness and courage. But his philosophical acceptance of his personal suffering does not make the proceedings against him any less of a disgrace to the State of California and to the nation at large. "Tennessee justice" has become a phrase for laughter; "California justice" is something uglier.

Outlawing War by the World Court

A POLL of the Senate is said to show a small majority in favor of our entry into the World Court on the basis of a compromise between Senator Pepper's plan and the so-called Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations. Nevertheless any small majority in favor of the Court will have hard going against the powerful opposition of the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. It is not merely Senator Borah's strategic position, but his intellectual ability and moral passion which make it so important to win his advocacy of any plan for international justice. He has stated that he will support our entry into the World Court only if it can be coupled with the outlawry of war and the codification of international law.

Hence the peculiar significance of the proposal recently advanced by a mixed group of men and women, some known for advocacy of the League and the World Court and some for opposition to the League and advocacy of the outlawry of war. This program contemplates immediate entry into the Court on the basis of the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations plus an agreement that our adherence is limited to a five-year period unless within that period a general treaty embodying the principles of the outlawry of war has been negotiated and adopted.

This proposal has been criticized as impracticable on several grounds: (1) Europe will not now accept the principles of the outlawry of war as an institution; (2) the United States which might like the idea of the outlawry of war will not accept the affirmative jurisdiction of the Court over all justiciable questions, which is essential to the outlawry of war in practice; (3) the practical difficulties of a codification of law will prove insuperable at least within a five-year period.

We can only tell by trying. The German offer of a security pact provided that the nations signing should outlaw war between themselves; and the effort of the Geneva protocol to define and outlaw aggressive war was a step toward outlawing war. As for the codification of international law, draft conventions for the Pan American Union have already been prepared for consideration and the League itself has at last made a beginning. The real difficulty, we fear, may be America's refusal to accept compulsory jurisdiction over all non-domestic quarrels. And without this we cannot see any great gain in joining the Court at all.

Of course enormous problems remain: the underlying problem of the economic causes both of war and imperialism; the problem of keeping law fluid so it will not freeze into unchanging form, perpetuating existing injustices; and the details of procedure. But at least in America all these problems will be easier to face if the spirit of constructive adjustment of differences which brought together men hitherto so opposed in tactics as former Justice Clarke of the League of Nations Nonpartisan Association and S. O. Levinson, author of the plan to outlaw war, can be made to prevail. It may be long before lovers of peace will reach complete agreement on method or philosophy but every bit of united action they can honestly take together will confound the cynics, the militarists, the worshipers of selfishness and force, whose preparation for new wars imperils all hope for the future.

Miami the Mighty

WHAT newspaper in the United States prints the greatest amount of advertising? The New York *Times?* Wrong. The Chicago *Tribune?* Wrong again. You might as well give up; unless you are an expert in advertising you won't get it in fifty guesses. You won't even get the right State. For it is not a newspaper of any of our great metropolitan centers. It is the Miami *Herald!*

Miami and Florida are booming. We've known that for some time, but we've seen no more impressive confirmation of it than a page advertisement in the *Editor and Publisher* for July 18, in which the Miami *Herald* sets forth that it has doubled its advertising in the course of a year and gives the following table of the lineage of it and its nearest competitors, published seven days a week, for the first six months of 1925:

Miami *Herald*	18,024,587
Detroit *News*	16,414,678
Chicago *Tribune*	15,948,574
New York *Times*	13,587,936
Los Angeles *Times*	13,156,654
Washington *Star*	12,671,279
Pittsburgh *Press*	11,885,342
Los Angeles *Examiner*	10,862,405
St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*	10,556,160
Columbus *Dispatch*	10,478,036

Among newspapers printed only six days a week the only serious contender against the publications of the above list, in space devoted to advertising, is the Chicago *Daily News.* For the period under review it printed a lineage of 10,331,-101, but this was less than that of the Detroit *News,* which for six days a week had a lineage of 11,998,266, and the Miami *Herald,* the lineage of which reached 13,419,560.

A glance at the Miami *Herald* shows that it prints an issue of about fifty pages on week days—and heaven only knows how many on Sundays. Naturally its advertising is mostly of real estate, but its ordinary week-day issue shows some ten pages of classified material. Naturally also its rates are low. It charges twelve cents a line for classified advertising, while for similar material the New York *Times* gets from forty cents to a dollar. Still it is space that counts in a boom town. And the Miami *Herald* covers the space.

Nor is the *Herald* the only prosperous newspaper in Miami. The new tower of the Miami *News,* modeled after that of Spain's Giralda, rises 270 feet and is illuminated at night. The *Editor and Publisher* prints photographs of the interior, including a "magnificent room, overlooking the sea," occupied by the society editors. The *News* is owned by a man by the name of Cox—James M., to be precise—who once ran for some national office or other, the Presidency as we remember it. Naturally this speck in his career has been forgotten since he began to publish a daily in mighty Miami, whose population is growing so fast that it will take two federal censuses to count it, whose wealth is increasing at such a rate that depositors in its banks have to stand in line as long as one does to obtain a ticket to the world's championship baseball series.

Well, all this is as it should be. Miami is the boom town preeminent in our paramount boom State. And advertising is the essence of booming just as booming is the essence of advertising. Boom on, Miami!—until the boom meets the boomerang.

War Among the Railroads

By H. G. ANDREWS

IN Wall Street there is a saying that the ticker talks. It does. Most listeners believe that, among other things, the ticker has been talking a great deal about railway mergers. Most certainly there has been a broad basis for ticker conversation of that sort. Few days have been so barren that they have not brought forth a new crop of merger rumors. Some days have even brought the mergers.

All of this is important. A railroad merger is consolidation in the process of evolution. And the railway consolidation idea when launched was to be the Moses which would lead the American public out of its transportation wilderness. Consolidation was to bring with it lower rates, a national railroad system, which would make a maximum use of all railroad facilities, pool advantages, share burdens —and require dollars invested in railroads to work for an equitable wage.

The mantle of leadership in the consolidation movement was draped over the shoulders of the Interstate Commerce Commission by the hopeful Congress which framed the Transportation Act of 1920. The Interstate Commerce Commission accepted the congressional mandate. It prepared a tentative plan. Railroad executives, bankers, and numerous unattached citizens wearing no particular label countered with other plans equally tentative. Consolidation entered the era of discussion. Attention centered upon details, with the result that there was increasing confusion regarding principles. Doubts multiplied as to whether railway consolidation, when it came, would be devised solely in the public interest or whether the traditions and expectations of private property would determine the course of action.

For five years this issue has been evaded. But procrastination has reached the end of the alley. Three men have compelled a showdown. They are O. P. and M. H. Van Sweringen and Leonor F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson. All three are men who have known what they wanted. Their ambition has been to accumulate railroad systems which would look so big that other systems considered great would look small.

O. P. and M. H. Van Sweringen started in Cleveland, Ohio, with a real-estate business, and proceeded to build it up into a continental transportation system. They gathered in the Nickel Plate, the Pere Marquette, the Hocking Valley, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and other odds and ends hauled from the railroad scrap-heap as junk. The lines now under their control rival the facilities possessed by the Pennsylvania or the New York Central. Apparently a good job well done. The operating cost of the lines merged will, as a result of unification, be reduced $6,000,000 a year, say the Van Sweringens. Fixed overhead has been reduced. The capitalization of the lines in the Nickel Plate merger is some $125,000,000 less than the capitalization of the lines merged.

The Van Sweringens are now attempting to justify their activities, having been brought to bar by minority stockholders, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and railroad executives who would like to get what the two young men from Cleveland now have. The issue, from the standpoint of the public, is whether the Van Sweringen mergers do not render consolidation on the basis of a national transportation system increasingly difficult.

As for Loree, he is driving at a furious pace and is a part of the record which shows how the consolidation wheels, as they are now geared, go around. In order properly to place Loree in the present scheme of things it is necessary to recall a bit of history. When the Transportation Act was signed, sealed, and delivered, railroad executives celebrated the event by making it known in various ways that they considered themselves blood brothers. They were all going to work together and repair all the damage the government had done to the railways while it was administrator. And they were going to consolidate facilities after a fashion that would establish coordination and cooperation wherever railroads ran. Consolidation was the first step in the big program. Discussion was necessary. Conferences were called. The president of the New York Central would blandly inform the gathering that he thought his system, when completed, should include the Central Railway of New Jersey, as well as the leased lines of the Philadelphia and Reading. As for the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, that just could not be fitted into any system except the Central.

Then the president of the Pennsylvania would arise and remark that his system represented seventy-five years of effort. In the interest of efficient service it should keep everything it had. There were, however, some leased lines controlled by his colleagues which he really thought he should have. More talk of the same kind, and then the conference adjourned. The executives would shake hands and assure one another that they had made real progress. Then they would bolt for their offices and lay plans to grab all the properties the other men in the conference were most anxious to obtain.

The result has been that the railroad executives have ceased to be blood brothers. Recently it has been next to impossible to get them into a room together. That is the situation into which Loree plunged—so fighting mad that he stuttered. His particular grievance was this: Four railroad executives decided that they would end discussion and fix things. They proceeded to divide the railroads east of the Mississippi. Loree was not one of the four. His was a "small" road and his line was part of the loot to be parceled out.

Then Loree got busy, launching the most ambitious railway consolidation scheme conceived since the days of Harriman. He leased the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, strengthened his position in the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, began reaching out after the Wabash—projecting a system which would extend from Montreal into the remotest parts of our Southwestern territory. The backbone of this system is to be the New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago, a new line to be constructed from Easton (Pa.) to Pittsburgh. Loree has been before the Interstate Commerce Commission justifying his plans—with practically all of the other executives appearing as a part of the opposition.

This is only a part of the story. What Loree and the Van Sweringens have been doing in a big way others are doing in more restricted spheres. The St. Louis and South-

western has passed to the Rock Island, which, in turn, may pass to the Southern Pacific. The Texas and Pacific has merged with the Missouri Pacific. The big railroad fish are swallowing the little fish. And the ticker has been celebrating the feast. "Low-Price Rails Advance on Merger Rumors," "Merger Rails Lead Upward Swing," "Merger Rails Market Favorites," so chronicle the financial writers. Wall Street is placing its bets. As one inspired market commentator recently wrote:

> Who thinks that stocks are not cheap? Still, the future movements of the stocks depends [*sic*] largely on the outcome of the merger which former real-estate men of Cleveland contemplate putting through with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The big system will be formed. Members of the Interstate Commerce Commission will ratify it.

And that, just now, is the Wall Street wager. The bet is that the few provisions of the Transportation Act drawn in the interest of the public will prove inoperative and that when the act loses its baby teeth it will not grow new ones.

In defending its interests the public must use the weapons at hand until it can forge new ones. The Transportation Act has been heralded as a sword and buckler by the consolidation fundamentalists. Modernists, therefore, have reason to give increasing consideration to the question of how far this relic of an old order meets the needs of a new era. In the range of discussion regarding railway consolidation the provisions of the Transportation Act regarding it have been well-nigh forgotten. This is what the act has to say:

> The commission shall as soon as practicable prepare and adopt a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the continental United States into a limited number of systems. In the division of such railways into such systems under such plan, competition shall be preserved as fully as possible and whenever practicable the existing routes and channels of trade and commerce shall be maintained. Subject to the foregoing requirements, the several systems shall be so arranged that the cost of transportation as between competitive systems and as related to the values of the properties through which the service is rendered shall be the same, so far as practicable, so that these systems can employ uniform rates in the movement of competitive traffic and under efficient management earn substantially the same rate of return upon the value of their respective railway properties.

Impressive, perhaps, were it not for the joker. Consolidation is as yet permissive. It must proceed upon the basis of mutual agreement. The railroad executives must determine what is best for the country, coupling that decision with a determination of what is best for the lines they represent. Railroad consolidation, therefore, in its present phase is not a movement toward cooperation. It is an elimination contest. As Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania, once remarked: "How can a strong road get the consent of its bond and stock holders to consolidate with a weak road?" The issue, from the railroad point of view, is one of present profits, the maintenance of present advantages. Consolidation on a national scale presupposes the equalization of advantages and the standardization of returns upon capital invested in transportation.

The Transportation Act and recent decisions of the courts carry the canons of railway consolidation, so far as there are any. The difficulty here would seem to be that the decisions of the courts and the spirit of the act are not in agreement. The Supreme Court in the Wisconsin rate case declared that "commerce is a unit and does not regard State lines." It declared, further, that it was the affirmative duty of the Interstate Commerce Commission to take steps to maintain adequate railroad service for the people of the United States. This decision clearly established a railroad as a part of a national system. Its obligations are national, since the line between Podunk and Pikeville must some day carry produce consigned from New York. Weak railroads are essential to permanent national prosperity.

What is a weak railroad? It is one that does not earn enough to pay its keep. This failure may be due to local conditions, bad management, or the rate schedule. For schedules which enable some roads to pay large dividends year in and year out keep other roads at the starvation-point all of the time. And right here is the nub of the whole matter. Railroad rate schedules are not fixed by the people who own the roads. They are fixed by the people who use them—by the customers. For the Interstate Commerce Commission, the courts, and the Congress are, theoretically at least, the people in action. This brings up a question of practical justice. What right have the people to penalize capital invested in a necessary transportation project? The courts have held that the returns to railway investors should be reasonable. Is it reasonable that the Michigan Central should earn $76 a share, that the Union Pacific should pay a 10 per cent dividend, the Atchison pay 7, the B. and O. 5—sometimes—while many lines have not earned a dividend in years?

An important fact railroad executives sometimes overlook is that the railroads ceased to be private possessions when they became public utilities. They also ceased to be local institutions when the Supreme Court decided that notwithstanding its State charter no railroad could, under the protection of a State, enforce a rate which was destructive of the rate structure erected under federal auspices. Moreover, the advantages accruing to particular lines disappeared when the courts sustained the contention that railroad earnings above a figure deemed a reasonable return could be drawn upon for the support of a national railways system.

Thus it is that the logic of all the decisions of the courts tends in the direction of the conclusion that dollars legitimately invested in necessary railroads should stand upon a parity—and that the next step is to recognize the progress made by providing the standardized return contemplated by the judicial findings.

It is for these reasons that consolidation is not likely to get very far on the unanimous-consent basis. Railroad executives and railroad-security holders will contend for every advantage they now possess. The railroads will seek to make all of their special privileges income-producing. Lines which monopolize waterfronts will cling to their holdings. Those possessing terminal monopolies will hold them as long as they can. However, the people can compel joint use of terminals. They can, step by step, force the creation of a transportation system that is really national.

But they must first clear away some legislative underbrush. The Transportation Act contemplates consolidation. Consolidation is a step in the direction of cooperation. Cooperation is the alternative to unrestricted competition. Nevertheless, the competitive principle is written into the Transportation Act. Railroads are to share advantages, approach a parity as to return—and continue competition. Those who contend for the competitive principle explain that they contemplate competition in service only. Very

well. Why not frankly recognize that situation? There are two factors to be considered. First there is the railroad itself—the right of way, the rails, the appurtenances which a leased line turns over to the company which leases it. Then there is the operating group—the transportation company, if you please. The relations suggested are those which exist between the owner of a building and the tenant who rents the use of a business house.

The railroad is the permanent factor. It cannot be wiped out of existence because it does not pay. It is a part of the national highway system. Highways properly belong to the people. The business under those highways can, perhaps, best be developed under private auspices.

At any rate, the situation as it exists now is manifestly unfair. The public, through its government, sits in on the transportation game. But it takes no risks, not having purchased any chips. It protests whenever any move is made to abandon railways which have ceased to pay their way. If it is desirous of effecting consolidation, the public must recognize that government-owned roads would necessarily be welded into a national system and that roads which regard themselves as private possessions never will come in on a national consolidation plan voluntarily. Compulsory consolidation, therefore, looms as the alternative to consolidation engineered from the private-interest point of view. And compulsory consolidation is evidence of such power, and is inevitably so drastic in its leveling that it is only government ownership under another name. Government ownership has a fearsome sound in many quarters. And yet there are some advantages attached to ownership. An owner can require a tenant to comply with the terms of his lease. Owners have rights and to a certain extent they are partners with those who utilize their properties.

However the dice fall, this much seems certain. Consolidation of some sort is in the offing. Decision regarding the principle of consolidation cannot be evaded for five years more. There are two brands of consolidation—consolidation conceived wholly in the public interest and consolidation conceived from the standpoint of private interest. Wall Street is betting on the second. Watch the ticker.

The Rehoboth Question

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

THE mandates system of the League of Nations, heralded panacea for righting wrongs of misgoverned peoples, is face to face with one of the most perplexing problems it has ever been called upon to solve.

The Rehoboths of South Africa are demanding their independence.

To the ordinary reader that means nothing. Few have ever heard of the Rehoboths. Fewer still know who, why, and where they are. But among those few are William I of Germany, who, back in 1885, concluded a treaty granting them absolute independence; Generals DeWitt and Maritz, intransigent Boers, whose incipient revolt against the British died a-borning in 1915 when the expert riflemanship of the Rehobothans stopped the drive of the German colonial forces into the Union of South Africa and prevented a juncture of rebellious burghers and the Kaiser's troops; the present administrator of the South West Africa mandated territory, who was constrained to call upon 1,000 soldiers and several airplanes to subdue the patriotic fervor and "hopes for freedom cherished in the breasts of the majority" of the Rehoboth community—and the present Permanent Mandates Commission of the League, whose task it is to decide the respective merits of moral obligations and material interests.

For those others who are uninformed, the Rehoboths are a community or, as they declare, a nation of about 8,000 souls inhabiting some 5,000 square miles of the "most fertile land in German South West Africa." And on the fact that the land they occupy is "most fertile" hangs this story. Originally the Rehoboths were South Africans of European origin. Some fifty-odd years ago they penetrated the territory which the Germans later claimed, and squatted in their present locality. They intermarried with the natives, especially the Hereros, a tribe which Prof. E. H. Schwartz claims are descendants of the Vandals. The result was a "distinguished-looking people with a strong political sense and far above the natives in intelligence." They adopted the name of "Rehoboths" from a European missionary and set about to carve a kingdom out of the jungle. Their land lies well in from the coast and was little visited until the Germans, in their exploitation of their colony, sought to bring the community under control. This effort soon ended—chiefly because of the brave resistance the Rehoboths made—and the invaders asked for a treaty.

The pact expressly defined the borders of the Rehoboth country, recognized the government as a political entity, waived all rights of tribute or exploitation, and specifically agreed that the nation should go on being a nation. The fact that the territory was completely surrounded by German soil made no difference. And for once, according to the Rehoboths, Wilhelmstrasse saw fit conscientiously to observe [illegible].

During the period from 1885 until 1915 the Rehoboths continued unmolested. They were ruled by a kapitein or president, elected by a raad or parliament, which in turn was chosen by votes of the eligible male population. Laws and courts were set up and functioned normally and naturally. There were controversies with other tribes, the Hottentots and Hereros, but these usually were settled favorably for the Rehoboths. In 1915, with the World War well under way, the colonial German forces started their drive into Union territory for the purpose of forming a juncture with the DeWitt-Maritz rebels. They called upon the Rehoboths to join them. This was refused, the kapitein citing a provision in the original pact with the Kaiser which specified that in case Germany went to war with other white peoples the Rehoboths were to remain neutral. The colonial administration immediately abrogated the treaty and issued an ultimatum. The Rehoboths answered the ultimatum by dispatching a well-armed force to the frontier. So effectively did they dispute the advance of the German colonials that General Botha was able to suppress the rebellion and then throw his forces into position to threaten the line of communication of the Teutons.

At this moment the kapitein of the Rehoboths evaded

the German lines and made his way to Swakopmund, Botha's headquarters, and with the old treaty in his hand asked the Boer general if the British would respect it should the Rehoboths join the Allied forces. Tapping the document, General Botha, according to Cornelius van Wijk, the kapitein, replied: "All that this gives you, you at least shall keep."

From then on until the end of the war the Rehoboths "stood shoulder to shoulder with the British, despite their weakness, in the struggle for liberty and right."

The World War ended. Versailles granted to the British Empire, or the Union of South Africa, the mandate over what was formerly German South West Africa. Gijsbert Reitz Hofmeyr, "a companion of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George," was appointed administrator. And the Rehobothan troubles began.

The administrator decided that the "Gebied of Rehoboth" was an integral part of his mandate. The Rehobothans were under administration rule, the same as the rest of the 4,500,000 natives—Hottentots, Hereros, Kaffirs, Swazis, Basutos, and others. Protests were made to the South African government, the League, the British governor generals, Prince Arthur of Connaught and [illegible] Buxton, and even to King George. But all to no avail. Said the Rehoboths:

> General Botha promised to respect our independence. We are an autonomous people, with our own government, our own laws, our own schools and churches . . . we are neither a community nor a union, but a people and a nation . . . living on land that has been in our possession for more than a half century.

To which Hofmeyr flung back:

> Indolent loafers, squatting on the most desirable portion of Southwest Africa . . . treacherous, unreliable people who betrayed the Hereros to the Hottentots, the Germans to the British [to which betrayal Hofmeyr owes the position he now holds] . . . ignorant, degenerate, and furnishing shelter to lawbreakers from all the surrounding region . . . seeking to arouse the native population into revolt against the government . . . cherishing hopes of independence instilled by certain Europeans and still desired by the majority.

The last an undiplomatic admission at this stage of the game.

Hofmeyr's administration has not been unsuccessful. The administrator managed, by unfair tactics, the Rehoboths allege, to secure the Old Raad's signature to a treaty which surrendered practically all the rights enjoyed under the pre-war conditions. The Old Raad was immediately repudiated and thrown out of office; the majority elected a New Raad, refused to obey the administrator's decree, and appealed to the League. The administrator countered by declaring the New Raad an illegally elected body and supported the Old Raad with military force.

> We have done all that is within our power, but to no purpose [writes the New Raad to the administrator]. We withdraw ourselves once and for all and shall no more ask your counsel or advice . . . we remain henceforth totally independent of you because we see that the magistrate and the administrator persist in forcing the people against their will to bow to the deposed raad and also even to the agreement. . . . We will not obey any laws except those of our own raad; we will serve only the laws of our fathers which are still independent.

The Old Raad appealed to the administrator, who, with law and regularity on his side, issued a proclamation. The New Raad, which, even Hofmeyr admits, represented the overwhelming majority, was abolished; all rights, prerogatives, papers, moneys, duties whatsoever exercised by the kapitein and raad and courts were vested in Major Manning, magistrate appointed by the administration.

"This is the law," proclaimed the administrator. "And as it is the law, regardless whether it is just or desirable, it must be obeyed."

But the Rehoboths—"indolent, ignorant, degenerate loafers" that the administrator regarded them—were not ready to quit. Under the leadership of their deposed kapitein and a Dowdney Drew (called a European by Hofmeyr in his report) they carried on their policy of non-cooperation. It is even charged that they were planning military reprisals (perhaps reminiscent of Sinn Fein days in Ireland). The administrator sent several hundred police into the community. Reports of uprisings among the 4,500,000 Hereros, Hottentots, Kaffirs, and other blacks drifted in. A German tramp steamer, the Nordmaark, was captured off the west coast of South Africa, laden to the decks with rifles, machine-guns, and ammunition. It had cleared from Hamburg. Its destination has never been ascertained—or revealed.

Finally, one Sunday morning, after a flying column of 750 South African troopers had marched through a rainy night, the administrator delivered his coup de grace. With airplanes hovering overhead the Veldtmen surrounded the Rehoboth village. Taken by surprise at this move—they had regarded the administrator as a "devout churchman who would not break the Sabbath"—the Rehoboths were disarmed and some 700 made prisoners. Hofmeyr's official report tells the rest of the story:

> Four hundred of the prisoners were punished . . . fines from two to thirty pounds sterling and jail sentences from four days to three months at hard labor. . . . The manner in which the Rehoboths have defied the administration has made the natives defiant, too. . . . Martial law has been declared.

Thus the situation stands. The Rehoboths have been completely subjugated for the time being. They are a "native population." The treaty rights, respected by the German Kaiser for almost fifty years, are repudiated. The mandates commission of the League of Nations has almost unlimited power. It can recommend that a mandate be canceled or changed. It can force a mandatory power to recognize the Rehoboth pact with Germany or even grant the people independence. Or it can decide that "the march of civilization and progress justifies repudiation of moral obligations in behalf of material interests."

Eight thousand peoples are not many. Fifty-odd years' occupancy undisturbed of 5,000 square miles of "the best territory in South West Africa" does not necessarily mean a clear title to that land if "victors in the war" desire different. Despite the fact that the Rehoboths fought for the Allies they can still be considered as "conquered peoples" and dealt with accordingly.

But what does matter is that census figures show the native population of Africa, especially South Africa, is increasing rapidly and the white population is decreasing. Eight thousand dissatisfied "natives" with a "high political intelligence" can easily produce fermentation that may in time prove disastrous to the supremacy of the white rulers of the world's largest continent.

Oil

By ALTHA LEAH BASS

"BRAMAN, OKLAHOMA." Thus, in a cramped hand without any flourishes, the farmer or the merchant wrote it in the hotel directory in Oklahoma City or Wichita or even Kansas City, when some unusual business of selling cattle and hogs or buying a half-year's stock of merchandise took him beyond the quiet monotony of Braman. The young men of the town did not write it thus, or at all, in hotel directories. They preferred, rather than confess their Braman origin, to sign themselves from Blackwell, Oklahoma, which is twelve miles southeast of Braman and is a thriving little city with a glass factory and oil refineries and picture theaters and intersecting railways and filling-stations polished to laboratory cleanliness. Braman claimed, in round numbers, a population of five hundred souls, though the number was round rather than accurate if the family of the Methodist minister for a certain year happened to be small or the death toll of aged folk and infants heavy.

For Braman, till less than two months ago, was a village apparently forgotten by God. Its population consisted of the settlers who had homesteaded there in the Cherokee opening of '93, of their relatives who had come on later when land was still cheap and farming an occupation of some promise and hopefulness, of their children who had intermarried and were now rearing families of their own, and of an occasional merchant with his family who came in the eager hope of putting fresh zest into the town's business and after a few months moved on to fields of brisker activity or remained to content himself with a fly-specked stock that stood in the same order, item for item, from year to year on his shelves. It was the sort of town traveling salesmen "made" in two hours, if possible, getting away by freight train or bus when the one-passenger-train, each-way-daily schedule proved inadequate. If the wheat failed, through the ravages of a late frost or the chinch bug or hot weather in "filling" time, the farmers of the community hoped for compensatory returns from their alfalfa and corn crops, which an inopportune rainstorm or a few days of hot wind might reduce to nothing. Sometimes throughout a season all the crops were good, and farmers and merchants alike celebrated their prosperity by buying new Fords or going on little visits to their folks back East in Illinois or Missouri. Sometimes, in spite of the rich loam soil, all the crops failed, and the ministers of the town went unpaid, the stock of dry-goods and even of groceries held over on the shelves for another year, and most of the families felt the pinch of taxes and doctor's bills. Housewives fed their starved sense of beauty by the courageous growing of flowers that the mid-summer heat usually blighted, by making jars of pickles and jellies that were little culinary triumphs, by baking angel-foods and crocheting lace that vied for prizes at the autumn community fair. Through a succession of cloudless summer days the barber and the banker and the grocers passed the time on dusty croquet grounds at the back or the sides of their business buildings, while stray customers waited till the end of a game to be served.

In winter the same groups, with additional farmers who were free for an occasional half-day from the less arduous farm work of cold weather, sat around big drum stoves or small gas heaters in the stores and the barber-shop and related the sparse news of the community: the death of a registered cow, the condition of the winter wheat, the recent home-talent play at the high school. It was a meager, direct, honest life in Braman.

Then, when other topics failed, they discussed the prospect of bringing in oil at the community oil well on the old cow lot in the east end of town. There was some gleam of romance, some remote possibility of change in the quiet course of Braman annals. Many of them had given over their vacant town lots to form the community lease; two oil promoters named Hicks and Helmerick had hired the Herbert Oil Company to drill for them on the ten-acre lease on which cows still grazed when drilling operations permitted; and spasmodic drilling took place.

Then without warning the miracle happened to Braman. Oil was struck within the town limits. To the pious, it seemed that God had remembered his forgotten people; to the more worldly minded, the facts seemed to be that the drilling company met with an accident that brought in the oil well which they intended to keep sealed under a layer of cap-rock until leases had been bought up solidly at the leasors' own terms. Storage, oil companies admit, is cheaper in the ground than in tanks. And leases are undoubtedly more cheaply and readily bought in unproved territory.

The people of Braman talk of it now with an air of pride and mystery, as peasants talk of the birth of a royal child. "It come in on the twenty-first day of May," the honest, overworked mayor explains to curious visitors. "'Bout 'leven in the morning she shot right over the derrick, when nobody knew they was within five hundred feet of oil. I was out in the country and didn't know about it till an hour or so later, and then she'd shot over the derrick three times. By the middle of the afternoon the town had begun to grow, and the next day the place was alive with oil men—buyers and drillers and speculators and geologists—till you couldn't hardly see anybody you knew. When that cap-rock blowed off, she blowed something more'n a few barrels of oil into Braman. I'll say she sure did."

And so she did! In two weeks' time the whole aspect of the quiet town was changed. The skyline is no longer one of trees and cottages, but of oil derricks, one in each of the twenty-seven town blocks and several in many of them. Huge trucks carrying oil casing creak and bump down the unpaved streets; eating and rooming houses (four or five beds in the room if the floor space permits) fill the few spots that drilling has left vacant; a hastily built airdrome gaudily offers old pictures and stale vaudeville to the crowds that penetrate the gleam of its corrugated iron front on Broadway; slush-ponds take the place of lawns and vegetable gardens. The harsh noises of tool-dressing, rig-building, oil-drilling drown out the clatter of dealers bargaining with lot owners and blend crazily with a wailing radio, while over all the heavy dust sinks tirelessly and the summer heat pours in steady brightness. Housewives, even the most meticulous, have left off their dusting and baking because dirt heaps crowd their door-yards and their men are too busy bargaining over town-lot leases to remember their meal hours. The little park is crowded with rows of tent-houses. Here women cook and wash and children play and whole families eat and sleep, by choice or because they cannot rent houses in this town that has tripled in population without increasing its size by a single block. Where is there

labor or lumber for homes when oil rigs must be built?

The school-yard has its derrick, overtopping the red brick building that has suddenly grown inadequate. The churches, four in number, each have a share in some well being dug nearby. On Sundays the drilling drowns out the choir's feeble declaration that "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." "Better sing it,

> 'There is an oil well filled with oil,
> Running fifteen hundred barrels a day,'"

the dusty driller grunts.

In a "dog-house" just outside one church a dapper young geologist keeps the log of the well his company is drilling. He records all its strata with scientific care, while inside the church the minister prays for "the victory of the old-time faith and the triumph of the truth of the Old Book over all its adversaries." Geological strata, dumped before him in streaks of sand and rock and mineral, prove nothing at all to him.

But the spirit of Braman has changed. She has hope; she has feverish excitement; she has romance. Once conscious of her own municipal inferiority, she is now proud, head-high, ready to compare her oil sands with the best the oil industry has unearthed. Fat men, worth millions, walk her streets and bargain with her humble citizens now grown shrewd and wary. Men talk, not of the little business of crop success or failure, but of the showy homes they will build, of the trips they will take to California "and ride the Pullman all the way," of the municipal improvements they will achieve if the town property develops oil. Here appears a bit of pathos of lost opportunity: a boy of twenty-five with good prospects of coming into a half a million dollars laments that he did not have two or three thousand a few years sooner, when he could have studied law before he married and had a family; a spinster, old and detached from life in her early thirties, laments that she cannot play the grand piano that her first royalty has bought. But there is little time for regret while the crowds increase and the wells drill deeper and excitement grows more tense.

July fourth, the experts declare, ought to reveal the facts as to whether Braman is built over a great oil pool or whether its one producing well is a false lead, signifying nothing. Now, in their new confidence, Bramanites announce a three-day oil celebration, July third to fifth, with the prospect of a gusher being brought in to thrill the crowd of celebrants. Where such a crowd will eat, where they will sleep, even what they will drink unless the inadequate water supply can be hastily supplemented, are matters scarcely to be considered in the sketchy planning of Braman's great oil festival. For once, and perhaps for long if the four oil sands are proved to exist, Braman is on the map.

Meanwhile, the extent of leased territory about Braman increases, prices for leases soar, and plans to take care of the prospective oil through refineries and pipe lines grow definite. The dust thickens, the days grow hotter, the wheat stands in the shock for want of threshers, but derricks rise daily on the skyline, and the mad race down into the earth for oil goes on. Now Braman's young men proudly sign themselves as Braman's own when they register in out-of-town hotels. Now they carry banners on their cars announcing their stupendous growth and their coming oil festival.

"Braman Invites the World."

In the Driftway

THE breakfasts of Carl Van Vechten, as he describes them in the *American Mercury* for August, have been varied and satisfying. "But," the New York *World* inquires of him belligerently, "have you ever tried beans?"

> If you have not, you have a most faulty understanding of breakfasts, to say nothing of history. Beans are the most notorious American breakfast there is. They were served to the American army in France every morning, rain, snow, or shine, just after reveille. Sometimes they were plain, sometimes they went with bacon, sometimes they were embellished with a slice of pickle on the side. The ostensible theory underlying this breakfast was its caloric value. The real theory was that any soldier who had eaten such a breakfast would be mad enough to lick a whole platoon of Germans. Well, it was hard while it lasted, but it worked. We won the war.

The *World* is right. Apart from the war, beans are so important a breakfast dish in the history of America that Mr. Van Vechten must be a spurious sort of citizen unless he is familiar with this ritual. It used to be true in New England—there has been some backsliding in recent years—that no God-fearing family (and they were all that) failed to make its Saturday-night supper and Sunday-morning breakfast off baked beans and steamed brown bread. As a Saturday-night supper this combination has few superiors. As a Sunday-morning breakfast—— Well, the Drifter has always laid the gloomy character of New England theology to those breakfasts. Any minister who crowded beans and brown bread on his stomach just after rising on Sunday morning could hardly help going out and preaching a three-hour sermon on eternal damnation, while any layman who went through such an ordeal would naturally regard even such a discourse as a relieving aftermath.

* * * * *

ALSO Mr. Van Vechten pays too little attention to pie as a breakfast dish. True, he says that when he was working for a Chicago newspaper and had to be on the job at the convivial hour of 4 a. m., he used to prepare for the day's work by a hurried visit to a lunchroom, where he downed a cup of coffee and two pieces of apple pie. But there is something in his tone which suggests that Mr. Van Vechten looks back upon this function as an unusual feat instead of in line with sound American tradition. Now, when the Drifter was a boy pie was an accompaniment—almost the *pièce de résistance*, in fact—of breakfast in most respectable households of the farming communities of the Middle West and New England. He thinks it is still going fairly strong today, although our agricultural communities have become annoyingly citified in their eating habits within recent years.

* * * * *

THE last time the Drifter ate pie for breakfast was when, during college days, he was sent with another young man to some sort of convention in a small Western town. The Drifter and his fellow-delegate were entertained by a generous family which expected them to eat two kinds of pie for breakfast and sleep on a feather mattress at night. The Drifter and his mate negotiated the pie, but they rebelled at the feather bed—the time was late in June. They were afraid boldly to cast it aside; they used

to remove it each night and in the morning return it to its place, rolling on it several times to make it look as if it had been slept on.

* * * * *

THE simplest breakfast the Drifter recalls was originated by a friend when he was an art student in Paris. This friend had been used to fairly bountiful American breakfasts at home, but in France he decided to conform to custom. He began the day with a simple *petit déjeuner* of a roll and butter, with hot chocolate, which he prepared in his studio before starting off to his morning classes. After a few days' experience the young man omitted butter as a luxury and a nuisance (the latter was the more influential factor) and later he decided to forego milk in his chocolate on similar grounds. After a week or so more it occurred to him that hot water added no great amount of nutriment to his chocolate, and he began to save time by munching the bar as he ate his roll. As the days grew shorter, and it got harder and harder to get up in the morning, the young man arrived at the 100 per cent efficient breakfast. He abandoned the roll and ate the chocolate on the street as he dashed from his bed to his art school.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Oil, Judges, and the Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial comment in *The Nation* of July 1 on the decision of Judge Kennedy upholding the validity of the lease of the Teapot Dome oil reserve furnishes an excellent illustration of how easy it is for even the most intelligent lay opinion to go astray in discussing decisions of the courts in complicated cases. You speak of "Judge Kennedy, differing on identical points of law and evidence from his colleague, Judge McCormick." Precisely the contrary is the case. Judge McCormick found the Elk Hills leases to be illegal upon two grounds only: (a) That the evidence before him sustained the charge of "fraud and conspiracy" and (b) that the leases contained "an unlawful delegation of power" to the Secretary of the Interior. In his opinion Judge McCormick says: "If it were not for the fraud and conspiracy . . . and the unlawful delegation of power in the agreements, the contracts and leases in suit would be authorized and would be binding obligations upon the United States of America under the act of June 4, 1920."

Therefore, if Judge Kennedy in deciding the Teapot Dome case were disposed to adopt Judge McCormick's conclusions upon the law, he would be bound to sustain the Teapot Dome lease unless he found that the evidence before him sustained the charge of "fraud and conspiracy" or that the lease contained an "unlawful delegation of power" to the Secretary of the Interior. As a matter of fact, Judge Kennedy found that the evidence before him did not sustain the charge of "fraud and conspiracy" and it was not seriously contended by the Government that the Teapot Dome lease contained any "unlawful delegation of power" to the Secretary of the Interior such as Judge McCormick found in the Elk Hills leases. It therefore follows that, except in respect of the charge of "fraud and conspiracy," regarding which it is undisputed that the evidence in the two cases differed widely, the two judges reached the same conclusions. Stating the point differently, if Judge McCormick had been deciding the Teapot Dome case his own reasoning in the Elk Hills case would have compelled him to uphold the Teapot Dome lease unless he found that the evidence sustained the charge of "fraud and conspiracy."

New York, July 29 PAUL D. CRAVATH

[We took pains to point out that the two cases were "not precisely alike"—that the evidence of conspiracy was less direct in connection with Teapot Dome. But one of the grounds for declaring the Elk Hills lease illegal was that it contained an unlawful delegation of power to the Secretary of the Interior. This came about through an order by President Harding transferring the oil reserves from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior. Judge Kennedy's decision necessarily upholds this order, while Judge McCormick said it was "in excess of the executive power of the President." As to the many other points where the two decisions seem to be in conflict we have not read a stenographic report of the evidence and doubt if Mr. Cravath has. But a special dispatch to the New York *Times* from Los Angeles on the day of the Teapot Dome judgment said that it differed from the Elk Hills decision "in nearly every important point in issue," while a telegram to the same newspaper from Washington described the rulings as "generally at variance." Moreover, our "lay opinion" is supported by the legal mind of the chief counsel for Mr. Doheny, whom we quoted as saying: "There is no distinguishing between the two cases. On the real facts either Judge McCormick or Judge Kennedy is wrong."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret that I should have to include in my letter of congratulations to you an exception to one of your editorials. I congratulate you upon your sixtieth anniversary; you have fought with superlatively meritorious fortitude and courage. However, I am rather surprised that your disagreement with the decision of Judge Kennedy in the Teapot Dome case should provoke you to an unfair and unfounded criticism of the law.

I read of Judge Kennedy's decision with as much chagrin as *The Nation* did; I am, too, one who has but little reverence for our judges; the many travesties of justice which I have witnessed and the number of ridiculous opinions which I have read have made me cynical of the law's majesty and potency. But I deny that there is justification for the editorial contained in your issue for July 1.

You ask why Judge Kennedy and Judge McCormick should reach different legal conclusions. Well, why do Professor Conklin and other biologists disagree with Dr. Kammerer on the question of "inheritance of acquired characteristics"; why do in the field of philosophy rationalists wage war with the empiricists; why do psychologists disagree; why did Hamilton and Jefferson disagree? Why do people have different opinions?

And who has claimed for the law scientific certainty? Judge Bailhache in the case of Belfast Ropewalk Co. *vs.* Bushell, 1918, 1 K. B. 210, 213, wrote: "Unfortunately or fortunately, I am not sure which, our law is not a science."

I am unqualifiedly in favor of criticism of our courts and judges as well as of our other institutions and officials. But it seems to me criticism ought to be fair and justified. *The Nation's* editorial to my mind was not.

Brooklyn, June 30 JACOB LIPPMAN.

Retribution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was encouraging to a tired radical to see the following in a Buffalo department store:

"The Truth About the Treaty" by André Tardieu, 15c, the $4 book.

"The Peace Negotiations," by Robert Lansing, 10c, published at $3.

"Woodrow Wilson as I Knew Him," by Joseph P. Tumulty, $1.45, the $5 book.

"The Kaiser's Memoirs," 15c, the $3.50 book.

"Prohibition Inside Out," by Roy A. Haynes, 55c, reduced from $2.50.

Buffalo, June 15 W. C. MUELLER

Books

Dilemma

By VIRGINIA MOORE

That you breathed air and, later, ceased to breathe
Becomes a spike to split the mind upon:
Quick limbs and haughty hair could not bequeath
Immunity from death, and you are gone
To mix the fine-spun mortar of your flesh
With sorrel seed and crumbled dogwood bark. . . .
What are companions if they are not fresh,
Pale inmates of an unfamiliar dark?
I will not say your spirit roves somewhere,
Now that your eager body lies so low;
I do not care—I do not want to care—
What use of caring if I cannot know?
God! how can beauty molder, thus, in you?
—Sometimes I think my mind is moldering, too!

Henry James's Home-Coming

The Pilgrimage of Henry James. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

WITH his book on Henry James Mr. Brooks sets another illuminated square in his mosaic representing the American artist in his relation to the American scene. Nearly everything he has written is a contribution to this capital subject, and although I question his assumptions and often disagree with his conclusions I hope he will be encouraged to continue. In essence he seems to believe that a society is good if it is favorable to independence of mind and to the creative spirit; and that all our hopes for a decent arrangement of the productive system or for the settlement of the subway tangle in New York or for the abatement of national hatreds or for a thousand other things—that these are important only as they tend toward a society in which the artist, representing the highest reach of independence and creative power, can happily exist. This is an unusual attitude in America, where, more frequently, the artist's importance is measured by his contribution to the maintenance, or at best the improvement, of social conditions. In "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" Mr. Brooks presented to us the plight of an artist harried and ultimately defeated by American morals, by American business. In his new work we have the obverse of the medal: an artist, intelligent enough to recognize the fatality, for him, of life in America, escaping to Europe and meeting defeat there because of his separation from his native land—because "it was as if he had not lain on the ground, had not touched the ground, for twenty years, as if he had been living in a balloon."

That is the theme and it positively bristles with challenge. I pass over the main idea, that the expatriate always loses by his detachment, that an artist must "contract local saturations and attachments . . . and strike roots" into his home country. The particular instance ought to illumine the general theme sufficiently, and I propose two questions about James. Was America ever—could America ever—be the home of Henry James? And was his work vitiated and thinned by his exile? My own answer, as I am a confirmed worshiper of James, is no to both questions.

From the time he was a "mere mite of observation" James seems to have felt himself "born to discriminate *à tout propos*." His was a watchful, critical mind, he was intellectually eager for and responsive to every sensuous appeal. He lived in a time when action and not observation, enthusiasm and not criticism, was required; in a country with tremendous faith and energy but with no dignity, a country which entirely denied the faculty of discrimination by fanatically repudiating the whole idea of rank, and one in which the fading Puritan and the pushing pioneer neglected in themselves and hindered in others the pure enjoyment of the senses. There was business and there was nothing else, nothing else *native*, to which one could attach oneself. The youth who was to be an artist was fed constantly on European dainties. Mr. Brooks's first chapter is an admirable picture of the Europeanization of the youthful James's mind. William, his brother, escaped because he found an Agassiz; Henry found no artist who had remained in any way American to assure him that the two terms, artist and American, were at all compatible.

He was himself meditative, speculative; and the accident which kept him out of the Civil War may well have persuaded him that detachment was the cardinal virtue and that action only corrupted. But all his qualities were inherently favorable to such an attitude, and one in particular: his irony, his skepticism of all human endeavor. He was interested in "cases of conscience," in human emotions, in courage above all; but he was always aware of the "immitigability of our mortal predicament." It was not an attitude to be warmly embraced in America, where the very air seemed to persuade one that energy and the republican system could change all things in time.

James, in short, when he went to Europe returned to his spiritual home, to a land of fixed values, of social structure, of accepted discipline, to a society where there was, in addition to the basic conflict for bread, room for spiritual adventures. He went to the country which, in his mind, corresponded to his temperament. He was wrong; Europe, England were never as noble as his image of them. Mr. Brooks quotes the remark of Ford Madox (Hueffer) Ford that James "had found English people who were just people singularly nasty." Immitigable, indeed! And James was never deceived.

It displeases me to think of James as the kind of snob Mr. Brooks makes him appear; but that is not so important. Nothing, in fact, is so important as the kind of artist James was. Mr. Brooks cannot think of a novel simply as a work of art, without social or moral prepossessions. For one who seriously is concerned with the artist he is strangely indifferent to art, and he goes so far as to tell us that "in real life" no one could have thought and felt as Hyacinth Robinson felt in "The Princess Casamassima"—as if that, even if it were true, is at all relevant to the achieved triumph of a character imagined and created.

Mr. Brooks, in fact, does not see that James, unable to saturate himself in the facts of either America or Europe, gave up a bad theory of art (although he always fancied himself holding to it and praised Zola and Bennett and Wells for their achievements in the method of "data," and himself actually gathered data, but of another order, to the last) and let himself "all divinely" soar. (Read the passage in Percy Lubbock's introduction to the "Letters" for the quality with which James associated creativeness.) He created, in brief, when he could no longer report. He created an imaginary world in which political and economic ideas and current morality were notably lacking—but in which the human soul is present in its highest manifestations.

Mr. Brooks complains that James became at the end more interested in the relations between people than in the people themselves, as he complains that James became more interested in organizing his material and in its ultimate "form" than in the material itself. The first is the way of civilization—is not Mr. Brooks himself more interested in the artist's relation to America than in the artist? Does he not know that civilized people exist most completely and intensely in their relations to each other? The second is the way of art, for the artist knows that his material is common property and becomes significant only if it is expressed in appropriate form, which gives it grace and intensity and persuasiveness. It is easier to see this in the plastic arts than in fiction; for James it must be said that his artistic integrity (which Mr. Brooks unsuccessfully im-

pugns) demanded everlasting care of the form in order to take care of his material, to *render* it. He was always "organizing," but with a definite purpose. And he dealt with objects of almost incalculable delicacy, with the gentlest swayings of our consciousness. To this material he was always close; for this he had to absent him from felicity not for a while but for a lifetime of exile and devotion. GILBERT SELDES

A Russian Miscellany

Fragments from My Diary. By Maxim Gorky. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

OVER ten years ago Gorki, having reached the summit of his achievements, began looking backward to the lower depths from which he had come; and he has spent the last decade in retracing his circuitous ascent. As a result we have an autobiography in three volumes ("Childhood," "In the World," "My Universities") that stands out even among the distinguished examples of this type of writing in which the past few years have been so rich. Unfortunately, toward the end of the third volume, which brings the story down to the beginning of the author's literary career, the strong, fine fabric of the earlier work frays out—as though the weaver had not the energy or the interest to finish his task. It is the greater pity that he has failed to do so, since Gorki is indubitably a representative figure of our age, and the complete story of his education would be a significant document. The book under review is in a sense a sequel to the trilogy, and yet it is difficult to [illegible] in the [illegible], because the personality around which the earlier books clung, as flesh clings to bone, is not present here. Nor do these "Fragments" have anything like the coherence of the preceding volumes.

The mind of which this book is the product makes one think of a boy's pocket—full of all manner of oddments, from stale crumbs to newly made slings. Gorki's treasures indicate more curiosity than discrimination. He records everything: an overheard remark, a casual conversation, half-defined thoughts, and stray encounters. And like a thrifty housewife, preserving her cheese-parings and candle-ends, he turns everything to account. But this parsimoniousness is merely one side of a medal, the other [illegible] of which is an acute and ever-vigilant interest in his fellow-creatures.

Some of the specimens exhibited are grouped with at least something like neatness. Thus Gorki assembles a number of queer fellows who are so fascinated by fire that they commit arson, and who are of interest chiefly to the fire department and the criminologist. Gorki's descriptions of fires are touched with an ecstasy that makes one believe that writing about them may have saved him from starting them. In a like fashion he makes an awkward frieze in which some townsmen of Arzamas are presented, each dull sordid figure making its ineffectual gesture of acquiescence or distress. And he strings together a series of studies that add to the gallery of hoboes for whose portraits he is so famous. Some of his characters are exhibited singly, as, for example, a man who becomes a thief in order to defeat his good fortune; a dealer in antiques who believes that his mistress has drawn his soul away and given him the soul of her dead husband, and who is further harassed by a six-legged spider which attends him in order to remind him that he may not dispose of a stranger's soul; a hangman with the fixed idea that he has an air-bubble in his chest which makes him a human balloon; a truck-driver so horrified by a man's power to destroy the life of another that he commits a series of murders in order to demonstrate that power repeatedly to himself. Striking as these sketches are, they are mainly interesting as clinical pictures. It is only occasionally that Gorki draws a character who approaches what we like to think of as the norm. One of the most memorable of these is the Mordvin bear huntress and sorceress who houses the author for a night and whose prayer, which he overhears, he characterizes as "the finest conversation of man with God . . . which I had heard in all my life." The scheme of the book is so free that it can afford hospitality not only to these nameless casuals but also to several celebrities with whom Gorki came into more or less close contact. He gives us his conversation with Alexander Blok on the subject of eternity, and offers brief pointed notes on Tolstoi and Chekhov which appear to have been left over from his earlier reminiscences of these two men. There are also a few Snapshots of the Revolution, of which the note entitled Atheism, Marriage, Dancing is the best. It gives, in a flash, Russia, style 1920.

Gorki concludes his miscellany by quoting William James's hesitating word to the effect that the Russians have probably been called "to astonish the world by something unexpected" and affirming his own faith in the future of Russia: "I think that when this marvelous people has passed through its share of torments and freed itself of all that tortures and confuses the mind, when it begins to work in the full consciousness of that cultural, indeed, that religious importance of labor which joins all the world into one, then it will begin a fairylike, heroic life and in many a way will enlighten a world exhausted by strife and maddened with crime." Inclined as one is to share these sentiments, one must admit that taken in conjunction with much of the book they are decidedly a *non sequitur*.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Mangled Evidence

Jean Paul Marat: His Career in England and France Before the Revolution. By Sidney L. Phipson. London: Methuen and Company. 7/6.

IF this be history, then Henry Ford was right. Disregarding the findings of the best biographers of Marat and basing his exposition chiefly on some quotations from various numbers of *Notes and Queries*, Mr. Phipson, with more industry than discretion, with more ingenuity than care, has revived the old legend of the criminality of Marat before the French Revolution. He is fully aware that all of the charges against Marat have been thoroughly refuted, but with a perversity born of prepossession he insists upon refuting the refutations. By considering spurious all evidence that he dislikes and by accepting evidence that the best biographers have repudiated, he proves his case.

It would be useless and would take much too much space to refute Mr. Phipson's refutation of the refutation of the legend. Perhaps, however, if we examine the origins of this legend we can throw some light not only upon Mr. Phipson's gropings but also upon the developments of legends in general about radicals in enemy countries. In 1793 the Reverend Mr. Huddesford, having nothing more to go by than a similarity of names, identified Jean Paul Marat with a former tutor at Warrington Academy who had in 1776 robbed the Ashmolean Museum and had been sent to prison therefor at the Woolwich Hulks. In the same year a writer in the London *Star*, having nothing more to go by than the same similarity of names and perhaps, too, a resemblance in person and personality (for the characteristics of the true Marat were by that time universally notorious), associated him not only with the Warrington tutor but also with a tambour artist who had been arrested in Edinburgh for debt in 1786 (when it can be almost convincingly shown that Marat was in France). A certain Mr. Harford, a former student at Warrington of the tutor-convict whom he had again seen at the Woolwich Hulks, with only the similarity of names and perhaps, having by 1792 or 1793 learned of Marat's appearance, a similarity of appearance to adduce, also connected Marat with his former teacher, although he never put his suspicions on paper. In 1792 the servant of one Mr. Ireland, guided certainly by a similarity of appearance and perhaps also by a similarity of names, thought he recognized in Marat of 1792 a bookseller of Bristol who in 1787 had been arrested for

debt. Mr. Ireland's servant told Mr. Ireland and he told Mr. Harford. Mr. Harford now merged into one the tutor-convict, the Bristol bookseller, and the French revolutionist. He told a certain Dr. Turner of his discoveries. In 1813 Dr. Turner in a footnote to a history of Warrington Academy said "there is great reason to believe" that the tutor-convict, the Bristol bookseller, and the French revolutionist are one. Mr. Harford also told his son, who in a letter written in 1822 likewise made the trinity one. In 1887 a Mr. Latimer in a history of Bristol, having nothing more than a Bristol tradition, probably derived from Mr. Ireland and Mr. Harford, to go by, united the Bristol bookseller with the French revolutionist. Various historians and biographers have at different times since placed Marat in Warrington Academy, the Ashmolean Museum, the Woolwich Hulks, the Edinburgh tambour-shop and prison, the Bristol bookshop and jail; but nobody, not even Mr. Harford, placed him in all of these predicaments until Mr. Phipson came along. And all the time this Swiss-French villain had been posing as Dr. Marat (I almost said Dr. Jekyll) well enough to fool Chevremont, Bougeart, Bax, Roberts, Stephens, Vellay, Cabanes, De Witt, Brunet, Bowen-Graves, and several others who have made more or less careful studies of his career in England. Imagine what a future Mr. Phipson, a hundred and thirty-five years hence, will be able to say of Trotzky's career in the United States by using the same kind of evidence.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Pictorial Biography

Lives and Times: Four Informal American Biographies. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Casanova in England. By Horace Bleackley. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

AMERICAN social and political history is so filled with absurd phenomena that it should provide an inexhaustible mine of biographical data for the painstaking historian. But such historians should show more depth and a profounder intuition than Mr. Meade Minnigerode reveals in his four essays. In spite of research that appears to have mastered the social and political scene which formed the stage whereon his four frustrated individuals walked, the author has failed to do more than give a rather clever series of pictorializations. This is regrettable, for there was opportunity here for infinite analysis. The wine merchant Stephen Jumel, transformed into a spiritual bankrupt and dispossessed of his wealth by the bedizened adventuress Betsy Bowen, who ended her problematical career as Madame Burr; "General" William Eaton, leader of an opera bouffe campaign against Derne on the Barbary Coast and one who finished life as a dishonest sot offering false testimony against Aaron Burr; Theodosia Burr, a child-prodigy who became mistress of her father's house at twelve and entertained celebrities from Talleyrand to Thayendanegea; and Edmond Charles Genêt, first minister to the United States from the Girondist group in revolutionary France—all these personages are microcosms through whom a startling era makes itself evident. With the expertness of a distinguished journalist Mr. Minnigerode causes these tragic puppets, so bullied and overpowered by a fluctuating time, to pass in colored show before his readers; but they pass at a slight distance as actors in a spectacle-drama, and their internal passions are no more than hinted at.

Even so, it is perceptible that these people were crushed idealists in a sense and that their inward agonies were fierce and long-drawn-out. The story of Jumel, successful as a merchant and climbing steadily higher on the social ladder of the New York of his day, only to be tortured and eventually removed from all his proud estate by an unfortunate misalliance, is not new. Neither are the miniature odysseys of William Eaton and Edmond Charles Genêt, the first disillusioned and left in the lurch by a feeble and timid government and the other stripped of his honors because of his own over-zealousness. So, too, is the story of Theodosia Burr ancient in its implications. If Mr. Minnigerode had pursued his subjects with greater insight he might have fashioned an extremely important addition to the history both of society and of the individual. As journalism, and as journalism only, "Lives and Times" is adequate.

The charge of lack of insight must also be leveled against that amazing rapscallion, Giacomo Casanova. Mr. Bleackley has removed that portion of the "Mémoires" in which Casanova describes his nine months in England (it comes pretty near the end of the twelve-volume edition), carefully annotated it, and offered it in a finely bound volume. As readers of Casanova will know immediately, the story includes the episode with the charming and notorious La Charpillon, who fooled the adventurer to the top of his bent, bled him constantly for money and extravagant presents, and never bestowed a single favor upon him. It was a case of fate setting one rascal to catch another one. Here Casanova is to be found at his best as a narrator. And in the checking up it is surprising to observe how strong a foundation of actuality there is beneath the "Mémoires." Especially is this so in the English portion.

He was never psychological in his deductions, and the host of personages (the greater number fair—according to Casanova—and frail women) who appear in the "Mémoires" are viewed as a picture is viewed—from the outer surface. If he does set down a pertinent and revelatory truth, be sure it is by accident.

Mr. Bleackley has done his work thoroughly, and his identification of the various English persons, noble and otherwise, seems to be quite accurate. He is wrong in one particular, however. He states in a footnote that the Casanova manuscripts and letters, once the property of Count Waldstein at his Castle of Dux, disappeared about the time of the creation of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. These papers were merely removed to a museum (in Prague, I believe) and are now available to scholars there.

HERBERT S. GORMAN

Shakespeare and Marlowe

Studies in the First Folio Written for the Shakespeare Association. Oxford University Press. $6.

The Death of Christopher Marlowe. By J. Leslie Hotson. Harvard University Press. $3.

THE harvest of lectures delivered in celebration of the First Folio Tercentenary two years ago has been gathered within the covers of the handsome volume which Sir Israel Gollancz introduces to the world. Sir Israel's introduction—a general survey of the problems suggested by the Folio—is here reprinted from the brochure published by the Worshipful Company of Stationers in honor of the Tercentenary. The article which follows, on Shakespeare's Portraiture, by M. H. Spielmann, is likewise not new, having been printed separately about a year ago. In this lavishly illustrated demonstration Mr. Spielmann (who, as the author of the article on Shakespearean iconography in the Encyclopaedia Britannica and of a somewhat similar essay in the "Book of Homage to Shakespeare," 1916, speaks with authority) re-traverses in greater detail part of the ground already covered by former discussions. His general arguments in favor of the Stratford bust and the Droeshout portrait are familiar. He limits the supposed eighteenth-century restoration of the monument to minor details; and advances arguments in support of the contention that the "Flower portrait," which has often been called "the Droeshout Original," is in reality based upon the engraving on the title-page of the Folio. To Mr. Spielmann's contentions no valid arguments have ever so far been opposed; and this matter of the authenticity of two likenesses and the spuriousness of all others may now be considered as firmly settled as such a question is ever likely to be.

With Mr. Dover Wilson's essay on The Task of Heminge and Condell we come to new matter and are plunged into the "new" bibliographical Shakespearean scholarship. Mr. Wilson raises the four questions which every editor of Shakespeare must try to solve. "What sort of 'copy' was placed at the printers' disposal in 1623? Where did it come from? What is the relation of quarto to folio texts in plays that have survived in both forms? How close does any text, quarto or folio, bring us to Shakespeare's original manuscripts?" He bases his answers upon the "belief in the essential integrity of ordinary human nature which . . . regards a man innocent until he has been proved guilty." That is, like Mr. Pollard before him, he refuses to believe that Heminge and Condell were either knaves hoodwinking the public or fools unable to write an intelligible preface. Shakespeare's old friends and fellows limited their responsibilities to the gathering of the best texts at their command. Where the manuscript acting versions owned by the Globe Theater were available, these were used. For some plays a "good" quarto, based upon the stage-version, was employed. Occasionally an "assembled" text, pieced together from the players' parts with the aid of the theatrical "plot," had to be resorted to. Answering his fourth question, Mr. Wilson, while allowing for certain contingencies, vindicates in essentials the authority of the Folio as on the whole the most reliable text, that is, the nearest to Shakespeare's own manuscripts.

That tireless statistician Sir Sidney Lee contributes A Survey of First Folios in which in summary fashion he brings down to date the census of Folios which he published in 1902. Since that list was compiled many copies have changed hands and in particular a great many have come to this country. One learns with amazement not unmingled with something like indignation that at least thirty-five copies of this most famous of books are in the possession of Mr. H. C. Folger. Mr. W. W. Greg breaks new ground in The First Folio and Its Publishers, in which he attempts to formulate the general practice of the early seventeenth century with regard to publication and in particular to determine the significance of the various forms of imprint. With his suggestive views he reconstructs the preliminary steps which led to the publication of the Folio.

Dr. Hotson's Marlowe discoveries are worthy of the beautiful format in which the Nonesuch Press has, in collaboration with Harvard, published them. As Professor Kittredge remarks in his preface, "seldom is it the good fortune of any scholar . . . to make so remarkable a find" as that which Dr. Hotson now sets on record; while the acumen and diligence with which he followed up his first clue put his discoveries beyond the range of mere happy accidents. To retell his story here would be an offense similar to the divulgence of the conclusion of a detective yarn. Sufficient to say that on the basis of documents of whose authenticity there can be no question he has settled once for all the mysterious and much-debated question of the circumstances of Marlowe's death. He has identified the slayer; discovered the report of the inquest; discovered the Queen's pardon granted the slayer; and indicated with much fulness of detail the relationship which existed between him and his victim. The documents and deductions are alike set forth with admirable clarity and grace. Several excellent facsimiles are provided by way of illustration.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Books in Brief

My Name Is Legion. By Charles Morgan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A story that stretches eager fingers toward the thin veils of mysticism, but grasps too often the crude vestments of a thriller instead. Irma Pennell possesses strange spiritual and clairvoyant powers. She moves, a feminine messiah, among the fleshly and godless group of her brother's friends. Murder and madness follow her disturbing sanctity until finally she frees herself from the obsessions of her inner life and achieves happiness in the emotions of a normal woman.

Points of Honor. By Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

One of the baffling questions left by such war chronicles as "Points of Honor" is whether these soldier-authors might not go into battle again if a second holocaust arose during their lives. Despite the passion and agony that tears through each of the tales in this book, they are told in a voice bereft of emotion or expression—facts, simple unadorned episodes of the war. But they smite with utter conviction.

Mr. Godly Beside Himself. By Gerald Bullett. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

After twenty years of monotonous contentment the reputable Mr. Godly suddenly can bear it no longer. One morning he leaves his fat good breakfast and his thin good wife to go adventuring in quest of beauty and romance. These desirable qualities he finds in his stenographer; but she proves to be a fairy, and for two days leads him an iridescent chase through a preposterous country of satire and poetry and mirth. Mr. Godly's middle-aged eyes glimpse enchantment, and the reader glimpses it too.

Mrs. Harter. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers. $2.

The author of "The Heel of Achilles" can always be counted upon for artistic competence in fiction, and her newest novel maintains that standard of excellence. She sets down a story with economy and grace; "Mrs. Harter" is technically satisfying and continuously interesting in the bargain. The central figure is built up by indirection—"conjectures more than anything"—but the materials are handled in a way which brings out every detail. The novelist works with a soft-focus lens, but the likeness is distinct and unmistakable.

Contributors to This Issue

H. G. ANDREWS is on the staff of the Institute of American Business in New York.

ALBIN E. JOHNSON is a journalist living in Geneva.

GILBERT SELDES, author of "The Seven Lively Arts," contributes a monthly article on motion pictures to *The Nation.*

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY is head of the Slavonic department of the New York Public Library.

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HERBERT S. GORMAN is the author of a recent novel "Gold by Gold."

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK is associate professor of history at the University of Louisville.

THEATER

Evenings (except Monday) 8:30 sharp
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30 sharp
The Grand Street Follies of 1925
Orchestra $2 Balcony $1.50

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A new Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thursday and Saturday.

International Relations Section

Modern Slavery in Africa

SLAVERY in its cruder form is disappearing; there are in the world today only about 1,000,000 persons in whom somebody claims a salable property right. Modern slavery takes the form of compulsory labor or, as in South Africa, the natives are simply excluded from the skilled trades. A group of Americans interested in such conditions in Africa requested Edward A. Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, and R. Melville Cramer, a New York physician, to investigate the labor conditions of the natives in Portuguese Africa. To make inquiries among the Portuguese officials would have been fruitless, for the law under which labor is requisitioned by the government in these colonies is well known and any inquiries addressed to the officials would have elicited the response that they are proceeding in accordance with the law. Therefore Professor Ross and his colleague visited many villages and took down the actual experiences of a large number of natives. The data were collected between July 19 and September 3, 1924. The following excerpts are drawn from the notebooks of Professor Ross:

In practice forced labor works out as follows. A laborer works for the coffee planter and at the close of his term of service the planter says: "I can't pay you anything for I have deposited the stipulated wage for you with the government; go to such and such an office and you will get your pay." The worker applies there and is told to come around in a couple of months. If he has the temerity to do so, he is threatened with the calaboose and that ends it. It is all a system of barefaced labor stealing. They think that the planter has really paid for their labor, but that the official does them out of it. It is frequently observed that the official comes suddenly into prosperity and this is suspected to be the source of it.

If a private employer wants to retain a worker, he advances the man's tax and the man is unmolested. If, on the other hand, one has worked for a private employer for months, but for any reason leaves that employment, he is liable to be recruited by the government. Past employment affords him no protection. The villagers insist that times are worse for them than they used to be under the king. More unrequited toil is exacted now than a few years ago.

From natives passing our place of entertainment we learn that at K——, forty miles away, the government recruits many natives, and puts them at the disposal of the planters. They work six months for food and 60 escudos ($1.50). Forty escudos are kept back to pay their taxes, so that for their six months' work they net only 20 escudos (half a dollar).

Four years ago a large number who were tax delinquents were sent to San Thomé and have never returned. Since then the forced labor of these people amounts to six months a year. Their wives have to work on the roads, but are not recruited for the plantations. The men are carried off as far as one hundred miles to work on the road, for which they get their food and their tax receipts. When they work on the road near their home they have to furnish their own food. On the plantations some die from being made to work after having been weakened by flogging.

I talked with a man whose two neighbors were taken to work a year on a plantation a few miles out from Malange. They received nothing, not even a tax receipt. Their taxes being unpaid they cannot get a pass. Not having a pass, they cannot venture outside of this district without running the risk of being jailed. . . .

Village No. 4

Fifty villagers are gathered—Ambaquistas. They say that in the time of the monarchy (before 1910), although they were slaves, they were better off and got more for their work. Their lot is getting harder. Things got abruptly worse for them in 1917-1918. The government makes them work, but gives them nothing. They return to find their fields neglected, no crops growing. They would rather be slaves than what they are now. As slaves they have value and are not underfed, but now nobody cares whether they live or die. This government serfdom is more heartless than the old domestic slavery, which was cruel only when the master was of cruel character. Now they are in the iron grasp of a system which makes no allowance for the circumstances of the individual, and ignores the fate of the families of the labor recruits.

When a white man applies to the *administrador* for workers a soldier is sent with him to the village, who calls out the chief and notifies him that so many men must be forthcoming from that village. When men are taken for distant plantations they are provided with a thin jersey, a *pano*, and in the cool season a blanket. Two months ago thirty from this area were taken to an unknown destination.

In 1922 twenty from this area were requisitioned to work as carriers between L—— and P——. Their taxes had already been paid. For six months' service they got the equivalent of $1.80. They think that the government gets twelve dollars for every man who works for the planters six months. Somebody keeps most of it so that the laborer gets no pay.

The law contemplates that the laborer shall enter into labor contracts with a free will. These Ambaquistas say that they put their thumb prints on some papers, but do not know what these papers contain and would be flogged should they dare refuse to sign them. The government keeps all these contracts. They are *para Ingleza ver*, i.e., "*for the English* to see."

Village No. 8

Interviewing an intelligent man from it, we learn that it has about two hundred inhabitants, of whom sixty pay poll taxes. The village is obliged to maintain six on road work the year around. The elders decide who shall go. Eight have to be kept on the plantations, where they get 50 escudos ($1.25) for three months' work. No *pano* or blanket is supplied. Their food is a quart of meal a day, which they must cook themselves. This being insufficient, they have to obtain food from home. They work from dark to dark with two short intervals for resting and eating. The work is very hard and the stick is freely used if one straightens up or takes a moment's ease. The overseer is a white man. After working three months some leave without asking for the 50 escudos due them, because those who do are [illegible] work another three months' period. However, this seems sheer imposition, for when they have taken their time cards to the post and asked whether they have to work a second three months the official has said "No." But only those have gone to the post who took no pay. A man may have to put in four [illegible] The planter seizes all manner of pretexts for not "writing" a day that has been worked. He will write on four days a week when six days have been put in, saying "I can't write every day you work, for then your period of service would come too quickly to an end."

All government work yields no pay and carries no rations unless the laborers are sent far from their homes. If the official gives them a shilling or two a month each it is understood as a tip rather than a wage.

An elderly carpenter and early mission convert remembers well when some of the planters had hundreds of slaves. I ask: "Are conditions for your people better than they used

to be or worse?" He replies: "Twelve years ago when there was slavery the slaves had all the hardships, while the free Negroes were not badly off. Now we are all slaves. The slaves were better fed than we forced laborers are, for we are not property." There is little effort on the part of the authorities to spread their exactions evenly among the native males. The skilled are retained at unpaid labor much longer than the unskilled. Hence boys shrink from learning carpentry and masonry for fear of being kept longer at unpaid labor. Migration affords no relief to the blacks, for the headman of a village will be jailed when any of its inscribed taxpayers are not produced. The chief will say: "Where is Josia?" "He's moved away." "Well, you find him or someone to take his place. He is on my books and he had no permission to leave." So the headman is jailed until Josia appears. The natives are held in a net of strong mesh.

Conclusions

Inasmuch as we shall be expected to communicate the impressions made upon us in the course of our ten weeks of investigation, we offer the following, which applies particularly to Angola:

1. The labor system—virtually state serfdom—which has grown up in the Portuguese colonies in recent years often claims so much of the natives' time and strength that they are no longer able to give adequate attention to the production of food in their own gardens and fields.

2. There is little evidence that any considerable part of the wages turned over in trust to the officials by the employers of natives hired from the government actually reaches the hands of those to whom it belongs. It appears that the typical thing is for the earnings of these commandeered laborers to be embezzled.

3. The amount of unpaid labor exacted of skilled natives is not infrequently so excessive that the young men see nothing to be gained by their acquiring skill in the missionary schools.

4. Motor roads have been extended far beyond the needs of the colony and the construction of such roads by conscripted, unpaid, unrationed natives—for the most part women—with only the most primitive implements, imposes in some cases an almost crushing burden.

5. There appears to be widespread labor stealing, i.e., the planter arbitrarily refuses to give credit or pay for certain days or half-days of labor which have been rendered him. We heard of no effort made by any official to curb this despicable practice.

6. The official does not appear to be in a strong position with respect to his fellow-nationals, the traders, and the planters, and hence rarely ventures to stand up for the rights of the natives as against the claims of a white man. The blacks feel that the Portuguese are leagued against them and that there is no recourse against the white man's violence and injustice.

7. The native policemen (*cipaes*), utilized among stranger or enemy tribes, grossly abuse their authority for purposes of lust, spite, or extortion. There is no regular channel provided by which the complaints of the natives thus wronged may be brought to the attention of the officials.

8. The government provides practically nothing in the way of schools, medical care, emergency relief, or justice against the white trader for the people of the villages as recompense for the heavy burden of unrequited toil it lays upon them.

9. The treatment of the natives in Portuguese territory compares so unfavorably with that experienced by the natives in Rhodesia or in Belgian Congo that there is a strong tendency to emigrate across the frontier.

10. In Portuguese East Africa the amount and manner of collection of the hut tax impose severe hardships upon the natives.

Slavery in English Kenya

IN Portuguese Africa records which prove that the natives enter into labor contracts with a free will are kept "for the English to see." Recently Englishmen have been looking into their own records in Kenya. The report of the Parliamentary Commission sent out to East Africa by MacDonald's Government has aroused a great deal of discussion. The following editorial is reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian* of May 11:

In Kenya, in striking contrast to what has happened in our West African possessions, there has gradually grown up a system, half political half economic, under which the interests of the two and a half million Africans are sacrificed to those of a few thousand European settlers. The root of the evil is the "plantation" system. Large areas of the land have been alienated by the government to white men, the natives in many cases being expropriated. The settlers, having obtained the land, cannot make use of their farms unless somehow or other they can get the natives to work on them for wages. But, for the most part, those native tribes which have been segregated in "reserves" refuse to come out and work on the white man's farm for low wages, unless some form or other of compulsion is applied to them. Under pressure from the settlers the government of Kenya has applied that compulsion by cutting down reserves or harrying tribes from their land, by taxing them until they have to come out and earn wages, by registration and labor ordinances, and by those most subtle and pernicious forms of compulsion which are always open to administrators among backward peoples.

The question which the commissioners had to face was whether this system should be definitely repudiated, not only in word but in fact, or whether it should be condoned and allowed to develop to its only logical conclusion—a semi-servile, landless, discontented population of uneducated Africans bound to work for low wages for a handful of white masters. . . . The only place in the report where facts are really faced is in the supplementary memorandum—in effect a minority report—by Mr. Linfield. This is particularly the case in an admirable paragraph in which Mr. Linfield puts forward the arguments (unaccountably overlooked by his fellow-members) in favor of the alternative to the plantation system. That alternative is that the Africans should be encouraged and helped by the government, which professes to be their trustee, to produce economic crops, for their own food and for export, upon their own land. But as soon as this alternative is proposed you reach the crux of the Kenya problem. The government cannot do this without striking a blow at the plantation system. The labor supply is insufficient, as it is, to meet the settlers' demands, and the more prosperous you make the native in his "reserve" the more impossible would it become to force him out of it to work for wages.

Thus a government which favors the plantation system, instead of, as in West Africa, developing native agriculture, persistently discourages it. For instance, the Giriama tribe, which successfully cultivated grain for export, was so unmercifully harried—the story is told in Dr. Leys's book—that the export of grain has ceased and the place where it was grown is now practically empty of inhabitants. The Masai tribe, which is pastoral and, like the Giriama, has stubbornly refused to see the blessings of wage-earning, has been harried in the same way. For, as Mr. Linfield says, "native tribes which are self-sufficing through cattle-owning are anathema to the contact theory of development." The Kitui Akamba have paid £207,749 in direct taxes alone in ten years, and the only government enterprise in the Kitui reserve has been the putting up of buildings for the tax-collecting staff.

Shortly after the report mentioned above was made public it developed during a debate in the House of Commons that the Government itself had conscripted native labor, in Kenya. The following debate is reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian* of May 19:

Mr. Snell (Labor—Woolwich) asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies if he will state whether he has recently sanctioned, or proposes to sanction, under the Kenya Native Authority (Amendment) Ordinance, 1922, or otherwise, the conscription of 4,000 native laborers for work on the Thika-Nyeri railways; and whether such labor is recruited only or mainly in the reserves, thus penalizing laborers in the reserves as compared with laborers for white settlers.

Mr. Amery (Secretary to the Colonies) replied that, in view of the urgency of completing the railway through to Uganda as soon as possible, approval had been given for a compulsory recruitment of labor for railway construction generally up to a maximum of 4,000 at any one time, but there is no present indication that the full power will be used. This labor is recruited in the reserves. It would not be possible to recruit men who are under contract to perform other work for government or other employers.

Captain Eden (Conservative—Warwick) asked how many native laborers were engaged on railway construction.

Mr. Amery replied that the totals were 1,620 compelled and 11,099 voluntary. Work on the Kenya section of the main extension into Uganda has been held up by the non-completion of another section. No figures of laborers employed on the extension were available, but it was known that none were compelled men.

Commander Kenworthy (Labor—Hull). Have I not heard the right hon. gentleman on public platforms denounce the conscription of labor in Russia?

Mr. Amery. I am not aware I have had the privilege of having the hon. member in my audiences. (Laughter.)

Mr. Smith (Labor—Bermondsey). Are you not doing in our colonies what you are afraid to do in England—namely, conscripting labor?

The question was not answered.

In reply to further questions the following statement was made in the House of Commons by the Under Secretary for the Colonies. It is reprinted from the *Guardian* of May 26.

Mr. Ormsby Gore (Under Secretary for the Colonies) said that the power of calling up labor for government purposes is conferred on native headmen under the Native Authority Ordinance, 1912, as amended in 1922, in accordance with the decision of the then Secretary of State contained in the dispatch published in 1921 as Cmd. 1509. In the selection of laborers efforts are made to choose those able-bodied males who have neither undertaken work for wages outside the reserves nor have shown willingness to produce economic products for export from the land in the reserves.

The period of enlistment is limited by the ordinance to 60 days in any one year, and it appears that for the Uasin-Gishu line the bulk of the labor will only be required for two months in order to hasten the completion of this all-important connection.

The rate of pay for compulsory labor was originally fixed at 14s. a month, with the special railway scale of rations in addition, this rate being 2s. a month less than the current rate for experienced voluntary labor. Since then the labor market has become somewhat easier and the rate for voluntary unskilled labor has fluctuated betwen 16s. and 12s. a month, plus rations. In the ordinance the penalty for disobeying any lawful order given by a headman is on conviction a fine of 150s., or in default of payment two months' imprisonment.

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THE KU KLUX KLAN is not dead yet; it can marshal 30,000 Klansmen willing to don a sheet and peaked nightcap and march through the streets of Washington on a sweltering August Saturday. But when the Klan announces its parades in time to sell concessions in advance to the hot-dog vendors, when it charters trains and has itself photographed flaunting the star-spangled banner on the Capitol steps, it ceases to be either a fascinating mystery or a threat to society. It has settled down to be just one more in the long list of shriners, templars, tall cedars, veiled prophets, red eagles, white rats, western bees, blue geese, and other dress-up orders which serve in their solemn way to let loose the repressed play instincts of grown-up men who have forgotten how to play naturally. Gone is the sudden drama of the flaming cross at midnight; gone the passion to regulate other people's lives and habits in picturesque disregard of the law. The Klan is no longer even 100 per cent white, Protestant, and Nordic. Its chiefs confer with "good" Negroes like Marcus Garvey; it denies class, race, or religious prejudice; it buys its klaverns from Loebs and Woolfs and sells to Fabians and Klotzmans. It still thrives and takes in membership fees; but for that matter the National Anti-Horse Thief Association, founded in 1854, still boasts 36,000 members. The Klan has become safe—and uninteresting.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1914 Germans are finding it an advantage to be German. Not in Europe, of course, but in far-away China, where the Germans, unlike Britons and Frenchmen and Americans, no longer have special extraterritorial privileges. Like the Chinese and the Russians they are subject to Chinese law. In the *Japan Chronicle* (Kobe) of July 9 we read:

> Germans in Canton are going around with armbands bearing the character for "German" lest they be mistaken for an unrighteous Briton or Frenchman! A few years ago the Allies were "sicking" the Chinese on the Germans and they gave China every encouragement to deprive them of extraterritorial privileges, concessions, and all the rest of the imperialist paraphernalia. And it seems that after all they have done the Germans a kindness.

Time indeed has its revenges!

THERE ARE ALWAYS ACID TESTS. *Clarté*, the organ of the French revolutionary intellectuals led by Henri Barbusse, has been using Morocco as a sort of litmus paper to try out French writers. Romain Rolland, of course, joined the protest against the Moroccan War, although warning the Communists that the rise of Asia would one day crush their bolshevism as well as the older imperialism. Charles Vildrac, Georges Duhamel, old Mme Séverine also stood opposed. So did Pierre Hamp and Victor Margueritte, who were not yet among the *revoltés* in the late war. René Maran, author of "Batouala," thought it an abominable war but "since it has been begun it should be carried on to victory." Victor Basch, Theodore Ruyssen, and Charles Gide were among the pre-war pacifists who found excuses to pack away their pacifism in 1925 as in 1914. Jean de Pierrefeu, Roland Dorgelès, Marc Sangnier, and Henri Guernut signed receipts for *Clarté's* letter but did not answer it. And after Henri Barbusse's Appeal to Brain Workers had been printed, demanding peace in Morocco, the great army of learning in France signed a counter-blast. A majority of the members of the Academy, of the Academy of Sciences, and of the Academy of Medicine, a host of university professors, artists, writers, and actors gave their names to an Address to the French Troops in Morocco, denying the charge of imperialistic aggression, denouncing Abd-el-Krim as a brigand, and insisting that France had brought peace to Africa. The ninety-three German savants who in 1914 blindly signed their names to the famous whitewash document have their counterpart across the Rhine today. And, for that matter, how many have there been in America to protest against the rape of Haiti?

FRANCE'S TROUBLES MULTIPLY. Marshal Pétain boldly proclaims success in Morocco, but what he calls "success" consists in stemming the Riffian advance, not in throwing back the tribesmen. Meanwhile, across the Mediterranean in Syria, the Druses, another Moslem tribe famous for religious fanaticism and bellicose fervor, have taken the warpath against the French army of occupation, wiping out one detachment of 200 men and capturing the entire convoy of a larger punitive expedition. "French airplanes are dropping tons of explosives upon Druse vil-

lages," we read in the New York *Times*, "killing eighteen men and numerous women, and children." Is that what they call *l'œuvre civilisatrice de la France*, what the English empire-builders mean by the "white man's burden"? The French are in Syria as conquerors, hated by the Syrians. They are there as a result of secret treaties made during the war, and all the late Allies must share responsibility for their being there. Since "prestige" is at stake, they will not get out—yet; but every day they stay, every Druse or Moroccan they kill, means more ultimate disaster to the West, just as the short-sighted, selfish shilly-shallying of the powers in China is preparing another ghastly harvest. "I accuse the governments of France and England," writes Romain Rolland, "of loosing upon Europe —by stupid politics, by brutal, selfish imperialism, by continual provocations—an immense insurrection of the peoples of Asia and Africa." And he is right.

"REORGANIZATION" is a magic word in Wall Street. It is not enough that a financial firm make handsome commissions on floating new companies. It is not sufficient to foist on a corporation high-salaried officials and high-priced loans. It is also necessary to hover over the corpse of any company that gets into difficulties and take out a big fat bite for "reorganizing" it. Within recent years "reorganization" has been one of our most profitable lines of business, and numerous stockholders, already heavy losers, have been further milked by the specious arguments and sharp practices of the system. We are glad therefore to see the curtain raised on this abuse by J. B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, better known as the "Katy," was recently reorganized by two New York City banking houses. For doing the job they asked $1,614,249.79 for themselves and $750,000 for their lawyers, a total of $2,364,249.79. The Interstate Commerce Commission thought this was too much and cut the bill to $900,000 for the bankers and $600,000 for the lawyers. But Commissioners Eastman, McManamy, and Campbell regarded this sum also as excessive, and the former wrote a vigorous dissenting opinion, part of which is printed in *Labor*, the organ of the railroad brotherhoods, but which for some reason other newspapers have not featured.

WHEN A MODERN CORPORATION gets into financial difficulties, observes Mr. Eastman, some firm or group of bankers emerges as "reorganization managers" or "protective committees." "At the outset they are largely self-appointed and throughout their existence they are largely self-guided." In the case of the "Katy" the reorganizing bankers formulated a plan for raising $18,420,800 by assessment upon the stockholders. Against this they not only turned in a bill amounting to an eighth of the total but previous to this they had already collected $107,000 for traveling expenses, $153,675 with which to pay a firm of engineers, and $149,000 in commissions as members of the underwriting syndicate. In regard to legal fees Mr. Eastman remarks:

> It was testified in this case that the services of one of the lawyers were worth $500 per day. Men receiving such compensation usually entertain a righteous conviction that it corresponds with intrinsic worth, although, at the same time, they may be incensed that painters or carpenters should assume to demand and be able to exact $15 per day for their services.

In spite of the high price paid, Mr. Eastman does not feel sure that the railroad has benefited greatly through its new birth. Commissioner McManamy is also sharply critical of the new scheme, especially of the issuance of a million shares of no-par-value common stock and of the fact that the voting power resides in this and in 300,000 shares of preferred. He points out that in this way the owners of 650,001 shares of no-par-value common stock have control of the $270,000,000 worth of railroad property.

"LABOR UNIONISM ON THE RAILROAD has passed through three stages. First it was bitterly fought by management. Then it was tolerated. Gradually it is coming to be welcomed by management as a necessary, helpful, and constructive factor in industry." This optimistic declaration was made by Bert N. Jewell, head of the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor, in opening the first Railroad Labor Institute in the United States, just held at Brookwood Labor College, at Katonah, New York. Presidents and vice-presidents of international brotherhoods and unions in the railroad industry, chairmen of system federations of shop-craft unions on such roads as the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Baltimore and Ohio, and Canadian National, and fifty rank-and-file members of these unions spent a week studying the history of railroad-building, the management and financing of railroads, plans for cooperation between union and management for efficient production, the technique of presenting labor's case, and the complicated factors fixing railroad wages. The institute was a concrete expression of the growing conviction on the part of some of the stronger labor unions that only by a more thorough education of their members and officers can the unions fulfil their role as a necessary and constructive factor in industry. If the miners' union officials had as long-range a vision of their function in the coal business John L. Lewis might not find himself today facing a strike which can only weaken his union. The anthracite bunkers are full, the non-union soft-coal mines are gaining territory every month; Europe is eager to dump surplus coal in America. But John Lewis still stands upon his old tactics.

AT CENSORSHIP every nation gets its innings. "Desire under the Elms" came so close to censorship in this country that the demand for seats increased and the managers profited. England's Lord Chamberlain has put his foot down on the play; and "Desire under the Elms" will not be allowed to corrupt British morals. Mr. Basil Dean, the English producer, may rage, but little more will be heard of it. On both sides of the Atlantic the passion to regulate other people's thoughts and morals is about the same; the difference lies in the method. The English have had a good laugh over our "monkey trial." They should laugh; they would wisely fight such an issue out on Hyde Park corner. But they have suppressed—except when it is given in Italian —Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Scotland Yard has also put its ban upon the publishers of "Ulysses." "Kappa" tells in the London *Nation* of Miss Edna Beasley, who has been haled to Bow Street police station:

Miss Beasley is an American writer, who was charged with neglecting to register under the Aliens Act. The police, however, were obviously not interested in this technical offense. They were interested in securing an order for deportation, on the ground that Miss Beasley had written an improper autobiography, the proofs of which, coming from France, had been stopped in the post. It was explained that her publishers were the firm responsible for Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses," and that no communications from them are allowed to pass through the English post.

Censorship is an old, old story. Plato wished to delete parts of Homer before allowing the Athenian youth to read it—and certainly he was not the first.

GEORGE GRAY, who has just died at eighty-five, was one of the staunchest opponents of American imperialism in its infant days. In 1897 he voted in the Senate against the annexation of Hawaii, and as a member of the United States Peace Commission at Paris in 1898 he long stood out against his colleagues who insisted upon annexation of the Philippine archipelago. Judge Gray was a profound believer in the importance of arbitral procedure in settling industrial as well as international disputes. Roosevelt made him chairman of the commission which settled the bitter coal strike in 1902; and three presidents named him American member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague. More than once he served as arbitrator in international disputes. He was a Democrat, but an independent always. In 1896 he refused to follow his party's indorsement of Bryan and free silver; several times his party barely failed to make him its standard-bearer. He would not have brought it Bryan's oratorical power, or Wilson's moral fervor, but he would have given it a solid respect for facts, a decency toward adversaries, and an essential seriousness which American politics need.

A Woman-Made World

ENGLAND has some two millions more women than men. Are they to be spinsters or concubines or casual lovers, or shall they be delicately shoved off the island in the direction of Australia and Canada? Or are they being led, embittered and hopeless, into the ranks of militant feminism? Is feminism the child of puritanism and thwarted sex desires, or of freedom, love, and self-expression? These questions and a host of others—the morals of the young, the effect of birth control, the employment of married women—are being discussed in England with a certain heat and violence. Feminism has been raised to the status of a national issue. People lecture and debate on woman's future; they organize societies to settle unmarried women in the colonies; and they write letters on the "surplus female population" to the London *Times*. Two recent discussions of feminism have appeared as a part of the Today and Tomorrow Series published by Dutton in this country but largely English in its authorship. One of these, "Lysistrata" by Anthony Ludovici, that lively generalizer, states the case against what he likes to conceive as feminism. Another, "Hypatia" by Dora Russell, who parenthetically (and rather inappropriately) is described on cover and fly-leaf as the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, states the case for feminism as she knows it.

Mr. Ludovici sees a modern world full of degenerate bodies and flabby minds, of "surplus" women and weak-willed men. He sees an active and admittedly intelligent feminist minority snatching this opportunity to establish a woman-made world, in which puritan virtues will dominate, and the body be despised. He sees a future in which women, the ruling sex, will have abolished natural conception and childbirth, and killed all men but a few poor specimens retained for purposes of breeding; artificial impregnation will be universal and babies will be incubated by chemical processes and fed artificially. The body and its functions will be looked upon with loathing, and love will be unknown or considered a criminal aberration. He sees, as the only alternative to some such sterile and ascetic world, a future in which men will forcibly recreate themselves as physical and mental successes, whom women will gladly admit as their superiors (though women will be similarly regenerated); all the former domestic functions will return from the factory to the home and women will return too—with concubinage to take care of the sorrowful "surplus." Civilization will reconstitute itself in the image of some previous golden age of physical delight and health to which Mr. Ludovici constantly alludes but which he never exactly locates.

In her companion volume Dora Russell also describes a sodden civilization about her, but she envisions a different future. The older feminists, she admits, developed in an atmosphere of hostility to men and to sex. Puritan virtues were accepted by all right-thinking people; the early feminists wanted merely to apply them to men as well as to women. The sex subordination of women at home and the bitter public persecution of women who "sinned" generated rebellion against the "double standard." The feminist seldom questioned the conventional virtues; rather she turned upon men and said "All right, take your virtues; live up to them and see how you like them."

But, says Mrs. Russell, one look about will make it clear that times have changed. Like the older feminists, young women today demand a single standard—but they have adopted a standard of equal experience. Dora Russell believes that feminism will bring about social changes to insure women's chance of health and freedom and intelligent child-bearing—primarily mothers' pensions and birth control; and she, too, urges the regeneration of men, but in the hope of making them adequate as lovers and friends of women.

Neither of these writers cares a rap for conventional religious and moral standards; both demand free play for impulse and bodily desire. Mrs. Russell's most damaging answer to her opponent is her own attitude. If this be feminism, as one of the "younger feminists" sees it, what becomes of Mr. Ludovici's fears? If woman's freedom means, now that a few legal preliminaries are out of the way, the freedom to love without shame, to set up new standards of bodily beauty and strength, to brush aside religious taboos and social restrictions—Mr. Ludovici is left in the lurch. He cannot be expected to join the ranks of these radical young women; and certainly he will not defend their ascetic forebears. He may find among conservatives some support for the "masculine renaissance" he preaches, but his glorification of physical desire and his scorn of all Christian teaching make him a dangerous ally. Mr. Ludovici is the original "old man of the tribe"—but his tribe seems to have got lost.

Slush

TO one familiar with American journalism during the present century the accounts of the death and burial of Mr. Bryan suggest the rise of a new tendency to emotionalize such events, to resort to "fine writing," to make an effort at pathos and "color" which was not permitted under the sounder traditions of reporting which prevailed up to two years ago. We say two years ago because this new technique made its signal and unblushing appearance with the death of President Harding in the summer of 1923. Many who observed and regretted the depths of sentimentalism to which our news dispatches descended at that time thought it was a unique outbreak (due to the fact that in a sense Mr. Harding was a martyr) and would not be repeated. It was repeated six months later upon the death of Mr. Wilson, but there again exceptional circumstances gave some excuse. But what is one to conclude upon seeing in connection with the death of Mr. Bryan the same abandonment of straight news reporting in favor of pulling wide open the *vox humana* stop and frankly attempting to play on the emotions?

We are not talking now of the tendency to praise editorially at death a man whom a newspaper has damned during his life. That is the old practice of "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." We are considering now not editorials at all but news accounts, which, according to the best traditions of American journalism, should be records of fact, unmixed with propaganda or effort to work upon the feelings of the reader. It would be hard to pick out any worse slush, for instance, than the following paragraph in an Associated Press dispatch sent from San Francisco on August 3, 1923:

> To his widow, Mrs. Harding, the city said au revoir with a compassion unwitnessed here since those sad days of the earthquake and fire, when San Francisco had unassuageable sorrow of her own. . . . The same sun which he [President Harding] saw set behind the Golden Gate in a halo of mist last night from his hotel window tonight burnished for a few brief moments the metal of his bier.

After that from the Associated Press, which prides itself on being uneditorial and unemotional, one was not greatly surprised to read in the New York *World* of August 9 a Washington dispatch describing Mr. Harding's funeral in which the following paragraph is only a little worse than the average:

> There was all the glory, majesty, and grandeur of death when he lay under the impressive dome of the Capitol, with music swelling in mighty waves and chanting voices hymning the triumph of the soul over the body, while the sculptured and painted forms of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and those other titans who have made America's history looked down on the new recruit to immortality.

This technique of emotionalizing the passing of a widely known national figure is also to be found in recording various other events which lend themselves to such a treatment and will, unless recognized and stopped, more and more pervade reporting. We suspect its origin lies partly in the war, when hysteria and sentimentalism overwhelmed everything, when propaganda came to be regarded as a regular and legitimate element in the news columns. Combined with that has been the influence of the movies—with their perfervid and nonsensical jargon—and the general movement of the press away from strict presentation of the news and toward that mass of real or alleged entertainment and inspiration known as feature material. Oddly enough the war hysteria in this country did not reach flood tide until well after the Treaty of Versailles was written in 1919. The anti-radical and anti-alien repercussion of the war, for instance, did not arrive in full force until 1920. This slowness of the war madness to develop explains, perhaps, the fact that the passing of Roosevelt, which occurred only a couple of months after the armistice, was chronicled with a restraint in strange contrast to the geyser of maudlin twaddle which drenched us upon the death of President Harding. The account of Roosevelt's burial at Oyster Bay in the New York *Tribune* of January 9, 1919, is far from a cold setting down of facts. There is a legitimate attempt to reproduce the atmosphere and spirit of the occasion, but the writer does not let it run away with him. A fair sample is the opening paragraph:

> The flag that he loved with a surpassing devotion still lies upon his coffin. About him is the brown earth to which he lived so close in this his own home. Beyond his grave the steel-blue waters of the Sound stretch away and at right and left above his resting-place rise his beloved hills.

While not great literature that is good journalism, in pleasing contrast to the blah which the same newspaper printed five years later, February 7, 1924, when Mr. Wilson was buried:

> With the piercing blast of the bugle, martial and unafraid, it seemed the hardy spirit of Woodrow Wilson was taking flight up and up, swiftly toward the stars to ride down the solitary ages with the ideals for which he spent his life.

In New York City the *Times*, which more than any other journal is a strictly *news* newspaper, has offended the least in the tendency to emotionalize and sentimentalize its reporting. The two other morning dailies which have the best news columns, the *Herald Tribune* and the *World*, have not been equally fortunate. Glancing through their news columns at the time of the death of Cleveland and of McKinley, for instance, one understands the change in reporting which has taken place.

The *World's* dispatch from Princeton, New Jersey, describing the burial of Cleveland (printed in the issue of June 27, 1908) opens with the following succinct and sufficient paragraph: "Attended by scenes of solemnity, simple yet profound, Grover Cleveland was laid at rest at sundown today."

It is true that the *World* of February 7, 1924, carried a dispatch from Washington with an equally simple and somewhat similar beginning to the account of Mr. Wilson's burial: "Without thunder of guns or bugle calls, and with not a word beyond the ever-beautiful Protestant Episcopal funeral service, Woodrow Wilson was laid to rest this afternoon." But the *World's* restraint at that time was

exceptional in the overwhelming flood of crude bathos.

The reporter of twenty-five years ago was primarily a fact gatherer. He was perhaps the best fact gatherer that journalism, here or anywhere, has ever known, but he was not so good a writer as his successor of today. Neither was he so bad a one. The prizes of journalism then went to the successful fact getter; today the best salaries go to the feature writer—the man who can give an amusing or a personal interpretation of an important happening. The star reporter of today aims above all else not to be hackneyed, and this has led to a better-written presentation of lesser events than we used to have, but in the face of high tragedy he lacks, on the one hand, skill to do it justice and, on the other, the restraint not to try which usually characterized the journalist of a quarter of a century ago. When the journalist of that earlier era did try, his very limitations kept him from making such a mess of it. He was sometimes stilted, strained, even ridiculous, but having been mercifully spared from contact with the vocabulary of the movies, he was not lachrymose or maudlin. McKinley died a martyr's death; it stirred the country vastly. But the New York *Tribune's* account of the funeral in Washington, printed in the issue of September 18, 1901, is to be criticized as hackneyed and cumbersome rather than as sentimental and slushy. The opening paragraph reads:

> The nation of which for more than four years he was the loved head paid the dead President today its last tribute of honor and affection. Through the chosen representatives of its power and sovereignty it discharged the last sad debt of love and reverence due the faithful servant and leader of his people. The chiefs of all the departments and branches of the government gathered at the Capitol to join in the last solemn rites celebrated in his memory, contributing to a ceremony, in itself simple almost to plainness, a significance truly impressive and truly national. In beauty and solemnity that ceremony may have left a certain something still to be desired; for the neglect of forms which democratic habits foster will often revenge itself at unexpected and awkward moments. But what it missed in smoothness and fitness of setting it undeniably atoned for in depth, sincerity, and tenderness of feeling, stamping itself as a tribute not of formal and perfunctory duty but of universal and unstinted affection.

Going back to the assassination of Lincoln we find in contemporary accounts a journalistic style which today seems stiff and pompous, but is not awash with professional tears. This, although probably no other President's death has ever so stirred our people. Incidentally, it is worth recalling that the issue of the New York *Tribune* which carried the news of Lincoln's assassination (that of April 15, 1865) did not present the information on the first page. The first page was given up to some letters purporting to reveal secrets of the Civil War and to news from Mobile, then a scene of fighting. The shooting of Lincoln was told inside on the editorial page under the heading:

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!
THE PRESIDENT SHOT!
Secretary Seward Attacked.

It is a fair guess that the failure to put the news of Lincoln's assassination on the first page was not due to lack of proper appreciation of it, but to the fact that the dispatch arrived late, after the paper had been made up, and it was not so easy or so customary to make over in those days as in these.

Our Prejudices

"I ADMIRE your political opinions," writes a subscriber of three years' standing, "but I hate and detest your pro-Catholic and race-equality propaganda. You lose subscriptions by it. You lose in the South particularly. Of course you may gain Negro and Catholic readers, but neither is liberal or progressive, and all your writing cannot make them so." *The Nation* is always losing subscribers who do not like one or another of its ideas and ideals, but it does not modify its opinions according to the circulation manager's mail. To angry cancelations it pays small heed, for the person who resentfully cancels a subscription because he differs with a magazine's views thereby stamps himself as illiberal from the start.

The reader quoted above, however, is the kind of reader we should like to convert. He regards the Catholic church as the enemy of human progress, and says he has always found the Negro ready to "scab" on union men. Doubtless where the Catholic church is in the majority it tends to control education and politics, but in this country, where the Catholics are a small minority, it is often a powerful ally of political liberalism. The Klan and other manifestations of intolerance and bigotry have been an effective demonstration. Through the Dayton trial, for instance, the Catholic attitude was intelligently one of opposition to both sides. The Catholics accept the Bible as the inspired word of God—to be interpreted, however, by the church, not by the state or by the individual. They oppose the Tennessee statute, realizing that if the state can proscribe it can also prescribe what is to be taught to children. *The Nation* has found among the Catholics effective allies in the struggle for industrial, political, and even religious freedom; and even if that were not so it would continue to protest whenever it found the bars raised against men and women because of their religious beliefs or opinions.

For inter-race justice, too, we shall continue our stand, even though it cost us circulation in the South. We read in *Opportunity* that an educational survey recently completed in Georgia—40 per cent of whose people are Negroes—recommended a State school appropriation of more than a million dollars, only $122,500 of which was to go for colored children. Sumter County, Georgia, received $29,228 as a State grant for schools last year, and spent $22,8[illegible] of this on its 1,622 white school-children and only $6,400 on the 1,961 dark-skinned children of school age. It has just cut the salaries of all Negro teachers earning more than $25 a month! Does any one wonder, in the face of such inequity, that the Negroes do not stand en masse in the forefront of progress? Does any union man, honestly facing the record—not the resolutions, but the actions—of the big unions toward colored men, wonder that colored men frequently "scab"? The labor unions have never made an aggressive effort to drain the reservoir of potential "scab" workers by organizing the Negro masses, and that fact has cost them defeat more than once. Some day the South itself will awaken to the handicap imposed on it by its own policy of race domination, but until the brave minority which is already making itself felt in most Southern States succeeds in breaking the crust of Southern tradition every national progressive movement will face shipwreck on the rocks of the solid and conservative South.

Religion Becomes News

By CHARLES W. WOOD

A FEW years ago we couldn't have imagined the United States eagerly awaiting the news from some church convention. There wasn't any news in a church convention. The papers, to be sure, covered these affairs, after a fashion, and sometimes gave them complimentary write-ups on the first page; but this was done out of courtesy to certain blocks of subscribers and not with any notion on the editor's part that religion was news.

Any story which involved religion, in those days, was taboo. No matter how carefully it was handled, it was apt to get the paper in trouble. The reporter who "did religion" was trained to turn in a perfectly colorless column of church notices and to avoid even the appearance of human interest.

The break came suddenly, about two years ago. What had happened nobody seemed to know; but the Virgin Birth presently began to run neck and neck with murder and politics for front-page layouts, even in such newspapers as the New York *Times*. Ever since then religion has been the livest news there is.

A few months ago the country waited eagerly while the Presbyterians, assembled in Columbus, Ohio, actually took a ballot on the Virgin Birth. A little later the Associated Press and all the other news agencies of the nation were covering in World Series, play-by-play fashion an argument in a Tennessee courtroom on the all-important problem of where Cain's wife came from and whether God could have worked by the day before he invented the sun.

Now all eyes are beginning to turn toward New Orleans. The question at issue there is: Can a bishop think? Nobody seems to care particularly how the question is decided. The public isn't partisan; it is just eager for the news. For religion is news today, and no mistake.

A lot of my friends seem to be distressed over the situation. The United States, they tell me, is still pretty largely fundamentalist; and if the people begin to act according to their fundamentalist philosophy, the advance of science will presently be checked. They point to the Tennessee anti-evolution law. If that law is upheld, they fear, it will be followed by others. Presently only Mosaic astronomy can be taught. And Mosaic geography. And what kind of country will it be, they ask, if our children are brought up to believe that the earth is flat? Others, following the lead of the New York *World*, are fearful of an approaching reunion of church and state—a thoroughly Ku-Kluxed country, with the fundamentalist creed written into the Constitution and all dissenters deprived of their political rights.

Somehow, I don't share their distress. I think it's a good sign, this renewed interest in religion. I think we are miles ahead of where we were when religion was a subject which editors were afraid to mention, which everybody was trying to keep out of politics, which the tactful would even keep out of their general conversation.

During the past fifty years, all fundamentalists will tell you, there has been a steady decline of the religious life throughout America. There were no fundamentalists fifty years ago because practically every church member believed implicitly in the whole fundamentalist doctrine. So did most of the sinners, who looked upon the town infidel quite as superstitiously as did the saints and gave as their own excuse for not being saved that the church was full of hypocrites. The "town infidel," by the way, was anyone who had read Tom Paine or dared to argue right in the minister's face that a good God wouldn't let anybody go to hell. Half the preachers under forty today are quite as atheistic as that.

There were revivals from time to time, but there was no particular revival of orthodoxy. None was needed; for everybody was orthodox to begin with, and the revivalist's task was not to prove that the Bible was true but to frighten his audience into doing something about it.

But the *force* of these revivals waned, from decade to decade. The last one of any national consequence was that of Moody and Sankey; and that was a tame performance, unmarked by the great spiritual outpourings of former days when hundreds of those "convicted of sin" threw themselves before the mercy seat and writhed in holy agony, while those who "had the blessing" prayed and sang and shouted their hallelujahs.

In the course of time revivals so deteriorated in force that the current revivalist, whose name, if I remember right, was Billy Sunday, had to do all the performing himself, depending for his effects upon a skilful advertising campaign by which the sawdust trail could be sold to leading Rotarians. Billy was just as orthodox as Jonathan Edwards. And undoubtedly he had as many converts. But Jonathan's converts wrestled mightily with the hosts of Satan before they felt themselves plucked like brands from the burning; while Billy's blithely checked their sins outside, marched down the aisle giving three cheers for holiness, learned the first verse and chorus of "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and doubtless commemorated the incident by sending a picture post card home: "Having a swell time wish you were here X marks the spot where I was washed in the Blood."

Billy, in those days, was news. But religion wasn't. It was his mannerisms, not his message, that made him good copy. If he coined a new nickname for the Holy Ghost it might get a headline, but the fact that half the leading citizens of the town had been rescued from hell wasn't worth two sticks. One old horse rescued from a burning barn was considered a much more important story.

It wasn't that the editors didn't believe in rescue from hell. But there is the subjective belief and the objective belief. We may, and do, act upon both; but the tendency, especially for the past fifty years, in America, has been to compel us to act upon objectively discovered information and to relegate our subjective notions to an ever-lessening jurisdiction over our conduct.

There's a reason for that. For the past fifty years, in America, we have been devoting ourselves to building up a new industrial system. To hang on to an old system does

not require much new information. All such a task requires is a tremendous willingness to hang on. But to build a new system—one which nobody ever heard of before—necessitated our learning a lot of things the old Bibles didn't tell us. They might warn us not to muzzle the ox that threshed out the grain, but they were absolutely silent on what to do when the engine wouldn't spark.

This didn't mean that we had to revise our old beliefs. A few of us did, but we didn't really count. The vast majority kept their old beliefs intact, but they didn't use them quite so often. When the plumbing went wrong, they didn't call in a savior; they called in a plumber. No one thought of calling that a conflict between science and religion; but since life is principally made up of what we do, the Old Gospel, while still "believed," began to strike less and less deeply into the emotional life.

The old-timers noticed this and deplored it. They sought for a reason, but not until five or six years ago did they seem to find one. They found it, strangely, not in the heresy of the masses but in the heresies which had crept into the modern Christian pulpit.

The masses, it seems, didn't have to revise their old religious creeds. All the masses had to do was to shove them back somewhere into a far corner of their brains, where they could bring them out at funerals and on special occasions; but the theological students and the professors who taught them, were compelled in the very nature of their jobs to think about religion. It is easy enough to hold conflicting beliefs if you don't have to think about them; but when you have to overhaul them daily you've got to do something about it. So the new theologians revised their ancient creeds. They built them over, in so far as they were able, into religious concepts which seemed applicable to the life that men were living. That religion should be kept out of politics did not appeal to them at all; and to keep it out of business was equivalent to keeping it out of life. So they began to preach a Seven Day Religion, a Social Religion, a "religion to live by, not to die by," a religion which might be harmonized with every new discovery, a religion of deeds not creeds, and a religion of practical human brotherhood rather than a mere mystic formula for the forgiveness of sins.

The new preachers were certainly religious. They were Christians; and they accepted, or they thought they did, the theory of the Atonement. To be sure, they didn't emphasize it; but when Billy Sunday swept through the country most of these new preachers united with their brethren of the old school in welcoming him. His theology might be crude, they said, but was he not bringing thousands into a Christian life?

When, a few years later, the Interchurch World Movement was launched, the old-timers similarly got into that. But never again. In fact, they couldn't wait to give the movement a chance. They wrecked it and got out as soon as they discovered what it was up to—reporting about conditions in the steel industry and all that, instead of bringing souls to Christ.

And while all these merry things were happening religion had not yet become news. Billy was news and so was the Steel Strike Report; but that it would interest the people to have their sacred religious beliefs spread all over the front page where they could look at them objectively—that hadn't occurred to any editor yet.

It was the fundamentalists who brought the change. It was they, not the modernists, who caused the modernists to get a hearing. It was they who called attention to the irreconcilable conflict between this social-service ethics which the "atheistic" modernists were preaching and the good old gospel of redemption through the Blood. It was they who called loudly for the heretics to be put out. And it was they who compelled millions of Americans to overhaul their complete mental stock and ask themselves seriously, for the first time in their lives, Just exactly what do I believe?

That is the best thing, as I see it, that has happened to America in my generation. A belief which is too sacred to be examined is the only dangerous belief I know anything about. We may try to keep it out of politics, out of the papers, and out of our conversation; we may even try to keep it out of our consciousness entirely, but we can't get rid of it by any such methods. We will surely develop what the psychoanalysts call a conflict; and not until the belief comes into consciousness is there any likelihood of the conflict being resolved.

And America, all these years, has suffered from just such a conflict. We have had two sets of beliefs, one objective and practical, the other subjective and utterly unworkable; but just because a belief is unworkable it doesn't follow that we will not try to work it. We will and we do; and until we get out our unworkable belief and examine it, there is little likelihood of our discovering what the trouble is.

Americans believed, for instance, that water expands when it is heated; not because the Scriptures said so but because they checked up on it and found out. Hence, their industrial advance was marvelous. But they also believed that punishment would prevent crime—and their achievements in crime-prevention have been nil. Punishment never did prevent crime, at least in America; but there is little likelihood of our finding it out until that utterly unworkable notion is brought to consciousness and examined as objectively as we would examine a proposition in mechanics. For my part, I would rather have Mosaic geology consciously proclaimed in the public schools than to have Mosaic criminology unconsciously dominating all our social acts. And I would rather have a child told that the earth is flat than to have him scared into thinking that Red, White, and Blue are Jehovah's favorite colors.

America has grown great in so far as it has believed whatever it has found out. It has grown ridiculous in so far as it has believed what it has been told. But the first step in unbelieving these beliefs that make such fools of us is to bring them into consciousness. It was a great day for American progress when religion got into the news.

And it was the fundamentalists, we must remember, who put it there. When the new heresies came storming out of the theological seminaries, few were able to state exactly what they were. Finally, after much soul-searching, the sainted brethren were able to draw up four dogmas, too sacred to be questioned, which, as they saw it, were the four cardinal points of orthodoxy. They were: The literal inspiration of the Scriptures; the Virgin Birth; the Vicarious Atonement; the Second Coming of Christ.

So that was what the fuss was all about. It all looked awful to most of the orthodox until they began to see just

what it was. Anybody, it was noted, could believe in all those things and be the biggest skinflint alive. You could never guess from such a layout what his attitude toward human problems might be. Nothing about industrial relations, race relations, or war—nothing about any problem affecting modern life. Could it be that that was all there was to religion? From that day on the people of the United States have been eager to get all the information they could.

That is why their eyes are turning now toward New Orleans. There, far more than in the Scopes trial, the beans will all be spilled. Bishop William Montgomery Brown has raised the ultimate question, and it is up to the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to answer him.

The question is: What must a bishop believe in order to remain a bishop in good standing in the church?

Ten years ago the question could hardly have been raised. It was assumed in those days, at least by everybody except the bishops themselves, that a bishop had to accept the whole orthodox formula, beginning with Adam's sin being responsible for all our ills, from war to boils, and ending with whatever anybody could make out of the Book of Revelation.

Bishop Brown, according to the popular understanding, "didn't believe anything." Adam's sin as a cause of war was a complete joke to him; and with Adam's fall out of the way, Christ's redemption couldn't be taken literally at all. He came to the conclusion, in fact, from his study of history, that there was no such historical character as Jesus; and if any literal belief whatever constituted religion, he was completely and undeniably irreligious. Had religion kept out of the news, Bishop Brown's case would have seemed ridiculous.

But religion got into the news and all America has been trying to find out what it actually is. And, little by little, due to the prodding of the fundamentalists, America has been given to understand that religion and *theories about religion* are two very different things. Religion, we have been told, is not a creed but a life; and the real Christian is he who leads the Christ life of human love and service. But that, according even to his prosecutors, puts Bishop Brown away up in the front rank of leading Christians. It is only his theological opinions to which anybody has objected. It is not what he is but what he thinks.

But what can a bishop think? That is the nut which the House of Bishops has to crack, the court which found him guilty of heresy having utterly dodged the question. They said he didn't believe what they believed, but they wouldn't say what it was. They wouldn't permit themselves, or any other bishops, to be examined.

Perhaps they didn't think it was necessary. But that was a year ago. It has become decidedly necessary since; for religion is in the news and all eyes are turning toward New Orleans. It is the first real showdown. What is the point, if any, beyond which the mind of a churchman must not ask questions? The future of the Protestant Episcopal Church is bound up in the answer, perhaps the future of organized religion in the United States. For if the Protestant Episcopal Church decides that a bishop is at liberty to believe whatever he can find out, the conflict between science and religion may soon be resolved.

Thou Shalt Not Whistle—in Guam

By ARTHUR WARNER

IT has long been my intention, when I become Grand Supreme Dictator of the Universe, to begin the exercise of my authority by issuing an edict which shall read as follows:

> 1. No man shall be allowed to whistle without having spent four years in an accredited conservatory of whistling and having passed a satisfactory test before the Board of Whistling Examiners.
>
> 2. No boy under eighteen, and no woman, shall be allowed to whistle at all.

But I have learned that it is not necessary to become Grand Supreme Dictator of the Universe in order to issue this edict. I need only join the United States navy and be assigned as Governor of Guam. This information I have from a man who is back in this country after several years' residence on the island. He may want to return there some day, and so does not wish to publish his observations under his own name. As my plans for visiting this remote Pacific island are rather more than hazy I am under no such restriction.

The city of Agana contains 8,000 of the 15,000 inhabitants of the island. With some imagination it may be described as the metropolis. Imagine, then, the scope of the following decree, even more sweeping than that of my dreams:

> EXECUTIVE SPECIAL ORDER No. 52
>
> The practice of whistling is an entirely unnecessary and irritating noise which must be discontinued.
>
> It is therefore ordered and decreed that no person shall whistle within the limits of the city of Agana.
>
> The penalty for a violation of this order shall be an executive fine not to exceed five dollars.

Guam, like the Virgin Islands, has been the victim of congressional forgetfulness and indifference, due to its remoteness, its inconsequential population, and its lack of a press to rouse its people or our own. Guam came to us as part of the spoils of the Spanish-American War of 1898. President McKinley, in his instructions for taking over the island (printed in full in the International Relations Section), put it under the "absolute domain" of the Navy Department "until the legislators of the United States shall otherwise provide." Nearly twenty-seven years have slipped away since, but Congress has not yet otherwise provided. President McKinley added in his instructions that

> it should be the earnest and paramount aim of the naval administration to win the confidence, respect, and affection of the inhabitants of the island of Guam, by securing to them in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the inheritance of all free peoples, and by proving to them that the mission of

the United States is one of benevolent assimilation, substituting the mild way of justice and right for arbitrary rule.

So? Well, maybe; but to date the navy has devoted considerably more energy to maintaining its "absolute domain" than to "substituting the mild way of justice and right for arbitrary rule."

Guam, my informant tells me, is unprotected from attack or capture. Any nation could take it without firing a shot. There are, it is true, several guns on the island, but of a sort found nowhere in the United States except in musical comedy. Yet 700 marines and 100 men of the navy are garrisoned on the island at a cost to the citizens of the United States of $2,000,000 a year.

Under "the mild way of justice and right" established in Guam by the navy the Governor is one of the several czars which, oddly enough, a democracy like the United States has permitted to rule in our distant and helpless possessions with an absolutism and an insolence that probably have no parallel in the colonial administration of any other nation on earth. The Governor of Guam makes the laws, he changes (at will) the laws, he is the law; he is the master of every creature on the island, under the island, and in the waters within three miles of the island. In order that no one man should be bored with playing the despot too long in this out-of-the-way corner of the Pacific, the Governor is changed every eighteen months. There have been as many as six in three years. Every Governor has his hobby. With one it may be roads, with another military pomp, with a third photography. Each Governor may change the laws of his predecessors, and most of them do. It is fun to make laws when taxpayers 5,000 miles away foot the bills, when nobody can make any objection, and when you can sail away after eighteen months sure of another job, no matter what a mess you have made of this one.

"Thou shalt not whistle" is not the only way in which the czars of Guam have violated President McKinley's promise "to protect the natives in their personal rights." Even the legislators of the sovereign State of Tennessee have been outdone, as witness the following:

EXECUTIVE NOTICE 106

The order of March 10, requiring that school-children shall not wear long skirts, is not being observed. Long skirts tend to trail the dust and germs and should not be worn. The skirts of schoolgirls should not reach lower than four inches from the ground.

One Governor, to his credit, issued the following proclamation:

GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 11

1. It is to be regretted that the licentious and lawless conduct of some of the men belonging to this station has made it necessary to issue this order, which is intended to be a reminder that, in assuming control of this island, the government is pledged to fulfil its guaranties of absolute protection of all the rights and privileges of the residents of Guam, in their homes and in their lawful pursuits of life.

2. Attention is hereby called to the fact that the natives of Guam are not "damned dagoes" or "niggers," but they are law-abiding, respectful human beings who have been taken under the protection of the United States government and who are as much entitled to courtesy, respect, and protection of life and liberty in their homes as are the best citizens of New York, Washington, or any other home city.

Fine words. But what do they amount to in the face of such race snobbery and executive nincompoopery as below:

EXECUTIVE GENERAL ORDER NO. 326

1. It is hereby ordered and decreed that on and after October 1, 1919, any white person residing in the island of Guam is forbidden to marry any person whole or part Chamorro or Filipino extraction, and any marriage entered into on or after said date shall be null and void.

2. White persons are those of the Caucasian extraction who have no Chamorro, Filipino, or Negro blood in them.

The police department of the island is in the hands of the Marine Corps. These international policemen are under the direct authority of the Governor. A policeman may enter the home of any resident of the island, without a search warrant. The right of a trial by jury is denied to every one, regardless of his place of birth. The old Spanish penal code, except as modified or aggravated from time to time by the governors, is still in force, and the right hand of a Spanish Inquisition is everywhere visible. There is a native "judge" appointed by the Governor. He has never completed the grammar grades of any school system. Yet Americans and others are brought before him for trial, although he does not pronounce sentence without the approval of the Governor. Should an appeal be granted, the case is tried before a semi-military court. The colonel of the marines is judge of this court, with a naval officer as first assistant judge and a civilian as second assistant. No sentences are given from this court without the Governor's approval.

By gubernatorial whim a large, modern penitentiary has just been completed at a cost of $30,000 or more. The natives were satisfied with the jail they had. They are a docile and peaceable people, not keen about spending any considerable part of their lives behind bars, even to please their Governor, and if they are so unfortunate as to have to go to jail they are not especially concerned to have all the niceties of polite prison life as it has been developed in highly civilized lands. Indeed the natives went so far as to request the Governor to abandon his plan for a prison de luxe, but without effect. Considering that the population of Guam is about 15,000 persons, including children, the cost of the penitentiary was $2 per capita.

Colonial possessions are in many ways so antagonistic to true democracy that we have had to jettison many of our best American traditions since we began to clutch at empire. An instinctive fear of the difficulties and dangers has led us to refuse to admit that we had colonies, to decline to set up any general administration or policy for their care, and to consign them "temporarily" to the mercies of army or navy—our least democratic services. In no way have we made more of a mess of it than in regard to citizenship. This, for instance, is the situation in Guam:

NAVY DEPARTMENT

Washington, D. C.

Court-Martial Order No. 1923

April 30, 1923

Bulletin

Naturalization: Native of Guam.

Held: While a native of Guam owns perpetual allegiance to the United States he is not a citizen thereof nor is he an alien and there are no provisions under which he may

become a citizen of the United States by naturalization. (26252-165, JAG, 31 March, 1923.)

EDWIN DENBY,
Secretary of the Navy

Yet Edward Everett Hale once greatly stirred the United States with a book—purely fiction—entitled "The Man Without a Country."

The least Congress should do for Guam is to provide a civilian government, adopt a modern legal system and code of laws, and allot certain areas to the naval establishment beyond which its authority should not go. Industry in Guam has not prospered under naval rule—it doesn't anywhere. Some $125,000 a year is collected from the people in land and personal taxes—and spent, unchecked, by the Governor. Imports are ten times as great as exports. Previous to the American occupation the people lived chiefly on fish and native fruits. We introduced canned salmon, since when the natives have done practically no fishing.

Probably the Spanish regime in Guam was pretty bad; our naval czardom may not be much worse. But was it worth the natives' while to give up the fun of whistling for the privilege of saluting the Stars and Stripes and eating salmon out of a can instead of fish fresh from the ocean?

Writing for Money

By R. V. HARDON

THERE are at least 40,000 persons in the United States who more or less methodically write for money. These 40,000 are the men and women who believe they have within them dormant or active properties which, if editors were not such fools, would quickly bring them to the foreground of the literary world. Why, in one town in Iowa alone, there are 11 potential Mary Roberts Rineharts, 7 James Branch Cabells, 4 almost-Ruby M. Ayerses, and 2 perfectly good Zane Greys, with 118 scattering from Joe Hergesheimers to Joe Blows. Don't lift the eyebrows over Joe Blow. You never heard of him before, but he is the most widely printed fiction author in all America. Of his ilk, more anon.

I am a fiction writer, a working author. I am not one of the 40,000; rather, I am one of a group of about 30 writers whose annual output in the course of a year is the incredible total of more than 2,200 short stories, 400 novelettes, and 150 serial novels, these latter often running to 200,000 words in length each. We are the "Two-Centers."

New York is the heart of the "2-cent fiction" market. There are 23 possible places in which to sell a fiction story which will command the average price of 2 cents a word. Some of the magazines, most of them monthlies or semi-monthlies, occasionally pay as high as 3 cents a word. More often they want to pay 1 cent or 1½ cent a count word.

There are living in New York at this moment 4 men and 2 women writers who actually turn out the bulk of all popular fiction printed in the standard 20-cent and 25-cent magazines published in America. The "high-class" authors who are paid from $500 to $1,800 a story are not capable of writing the sort of short story these magazines require. Obviously, authors who have big names and powerful reputations would not attempt the 2-cent market. But, at that, if they were so disposed, they wouldn't succeed. Writing what is technically called "tripe" is a highly specialized job. And in the cheap magazine field, whose periodical output attains a gross circulation of more than 2,400,000 copies per issue, the demand for the right kind of story is greater than the supply. But it would do no good to tell the 40,000 men and women who are writing for money, and never getting it, anything about this. They couldn't write the material, no matter how hard they tried.

It would be inaccurate to say that the successful writers of the 2-cent fiction field are hack writers. They are not. They are highly specialized mass-production experts.

Ten years ago I was a plain and ordinary newspaper man of thirty. I had never written a word of romance, adventure—nothing in a fiction way. In college I had written poetry, of course, and even attained a slender volume of sentimental sonnets which were just a little bit worse than might have been expected. Ten years ago a new magazine appeared on the market. It had one of these snappy alliterative titles, and in a wild moment I invested 15 cents (the then current price), and read the magazine. I sat down that night and wrote a story which I think was called "Problem X" and sent it to the editor of the new periodical. A check for $20 came galloping back, with demands for more.

That was the beginning of my "career."

I am now one of the most-hardened and perhaps desperate 2-cent writers in New York. There is another fellow who lives a block or two away from me who is a little bit worse; he writes 65,000 to 75,000 words a week, whereas I turn out only 50,000 a week. Pretty soon now, however, I expect to get up to 60,000 words every seven days.

From my first stories ten years ago I gradually became known to the editors of other magazines of the type as a "good snappy sex writer." That is to say, my stories deal with the problem of love and romance. One of my friends is a Western-stuff expert, and he can sit down and in a single day bat out a 25,000-word Wild West serial, in three parts, with excitement and thrills enough to make each individual hair of the reader stand upon its individual end. But my friend who does Westerns is not a good business man and he rarely receives more than one cent a word for his serials. It is his own fault; he ought to be more of a fighter. But he is a mild-mannered chap and the editors, bless their little hearts, beat him down. Nearly all the magazines devoted to Wild West adventure stories are edited by young women, you know.

Every story written in the "2-cent" magazines must follow a formula, a set idea. In the "clean love story" group you must do this: Your heroine may make mistakes and be discovered in indiscretions, but that is O.K. so long as she reforms and is repentant in the end and is *punished for her sin*. This is absolutely a "must." The heroine can't sob and say she is sorry and then marry the handsome young hero. Ah, not at all. She must be punished first. She must suffer all the torments of the d—d. (By the way, there is only one of the eleven clean-sex-story magazines that will allow you to say damned, although you may allow a character to say "damn.")

The supervising editor of a company which publishes 5 such magazines each month is frequently on the verge of nervous collapse because he hasn't enough stories on hand from month to month to meet his requirements. This in spite of the 40,000 who are writing for money. He has a list of 9 writers who contribute pretty regularly and when the manuscript box is low he calls them one after another.

"I must have about 4,000 words, a nice sweet little story with a naughty flapper heroine in it," he will say. "Let's see. It's Tuesday. Yes, I'll have to have that by Thursday at 12 o'clock. Don't make it a small-town story 'cause I have three of those for this number already. Yeh, you better have her turn out to be a welfare worker or something like that. No, don't skate on the thin ice too close. We are sort of cleaning up, you know. Yep, 2 cents."

Just like ordering the pork chops for tomorrow's dinner.

In the course of a year I sell about 100 short stories averaging 2,800 words in length each; 4 novelettes averaging 15,000 words each; 4 serials averaging 50,000 words each, and several hundred very short items of from 50 to 250 words each which are technically called "fillers." Like most of the "2-cent" authors, I do not employ a literary agent to dispose of my wares. That is, my 2-cent stuff is sent direct to the magazine for which it is intended and which was probably in my mind when I wrote it. About one out of ten is returned to me. Eventually this rejected manuscript may be sold elsewhere. Two of the magazines in which my short stories regularly appear sometimes send back a manuscript with changes suggested, just as a tailor might receive a coat for alteration because it is too tight in the sleeves or wrinkles around the collar. These changes are made at once and the garment, that is to say, the manuscript, goes back to the customer that day.

The manner of such stories must never change. The truth is, I have only three love-story plots to my name. I have written these almost 700 times in ten years. I have had 619 short stories published since 1916 to which I have signed 21 noms de plume; one of the *noms* attaining sufficient prestige to have been signed to a published book within the past two years. The book sold quite well.

Once in about every six or twelve months my mind slips. It goes back on me. I sit down at my typewriter and, as usual, type down the title: "Oh, Wonderful Girl!" All right. Then I start in to do my stuff. Clean and sexy. Breath-taking at the end of the first 1,800 words, but from then on Mary is proved to be a good girl, after all, only people wouldn't understand her exuberant ways. That's the formula, you see. Well, I get it all done in about an hour and a half—3,000 words, say—and I get up and have a cup of coffee, and wash my hands, and give the story to a female relative to read (Oh, the poor girl, what she's been through you'll never know!), and then it goes away.

But hold! Back it gallops from this magazine and that.

"Gee, this is awful. What's the matter with you today?" This is a comment by one editor who buys 50 stories a year from my gifted typewriter.

"No, very sorry. This will hardly do." Another editor.

"Awful." Another, a rather close friend of mine, who has a magazine that sometimes accepts fairly decent stories.

Then I know that, quite without intention and unconsciously, I have achieved a story that I dare sign with my own name and send to a literary agent who will present it—and quite often even sell it—to a "good" magazine.

Three years ago I wrote a story of my usual "2-cent" length and sent it in sequence to my regular list of magazines. These three magazines rejected it as absolutely impossible, foolish, no good, and out of season. I was very, very annoyed. I deemed it a good story. So I slapped it into an envelope and sent it, without comment, to H. L. Mencken, then editor of the *Smart Set*, which, in those days, did occasionally publish absolutely first-rate fiction. Yes, Mencken and Nathan bought my despised little story and in the "American Short Story Annual" it drew asterisks as a "story of unusual fidelity and distinction," and over in England it brought a review in a standard literary journal.

Which doesn't prove anything except that the "2-cent" magazines know what they want and know how they want it.

There's a girl living down in a small town in Georgia who was a stenographer five years ago. She had the urge to write. She read the "2-centers" carefully for about three months, and then began to bombard the New York editors with stories of from 4,000 to 5,000 words. She could turn out one every day. She sells an average of 15 short stories every month now, receiving $60 each for them.

There's a man living down in Greenwich Village who is a real artist and capable of writing charming little etchings—little word pictures of human character. He's capable of it, but where would he sell such efforts? There is no market. So he writes fiction stories about middle-aged love and so forth—awful stuff—and earns about $600 a month without the least conscious effort.

There's a bright young man over in Baltimore who writes serials about Broadway Johns and chorus girls. He has three or four of them current at one and the same time, and how he manages them without getting the Coras and the Peggies and the Betties all mixed up in each other's affairs I am at a loss to understand. But he earns about $15,000 a year and is always in demand.

"How do you contrive the color you shoot into 'em?" I asked him one day.

He grinned. "Oh, I stay over here in Baltimore and wonder what Broadway is like."

In the Driftway

IN a rash moment the Drifter yielded, a short time ago, to the importunities of a young female companion and allowed himself to be taken berry-picking. His young friend was only six years old, and for a moment he thought that if she could find amusement thus, he might also. They made their way under barbed wire and over stone walls, through bush and briar, across a brook, and a great distance into the woods. On the way they passed tangles of blackberry vines, the fruit quite green. It augured well, the Drifter mistakenly thought, for the red raspberries. And when they came to the bushes they sought, his prophecy seemed at first to be coming true. The branches were hung thick with round, red berries—at least from a distance. When they got closer, the berries seemed to disappear. And when the pail was actually brought under the branch, and the berries felt the touch of the human hand, they vanished entirely. Some of them slid to the ground and hid coyly in the grass; others turned to green before the very eyes of the Drifter; still others appeared bitten and mangy on close inspection. The sun beat hot on his head, the briars scratched his ankles. He had been picking for perhaps half a day, or so it seemed, when he

paused to examine the bottom of his pail, and found it barely covered.

* * * * *

SURREPTITIOUSLY he examined the bucket of his siren companion; by some miracle it was half full, and the young woman, oblivious to sun and scratches, was picking ahead as if she asked nothing more in life. That decided the Drifter. He set his pail on a rock and himself on another, conveniently in the shade. When he had mopped his brow he thoughtfully ate the berries in his pail and, more thoughtfully still, plucked and ate from a bush within arm's reach. The berries were sweet and warm under the sun; they quenched his thirst and soothed his soul. He knew that this was the only way for him to pick berries—as fast as he could eat and no faster. Let persons who were fitted for it imprison them in a tin pail; it was worth incurring the reproaches of the six-year-old to sit in the shade and eat them one by one.

* * * * *

SO it is with apples. To walk in an orchard, freshly mown, with windfalls temptingly underfoot and low branches well within reach, to pick up a likely looking apple, bite into it deeply, regard it with a careful eye, and throw it against a tree, repeating the process ad infinitum: that is the way to proceed with apples. The Drifter has never been inveigled into apple-picking; but he has watched those at work, their feet aching on a ladder rung, hand up baskets, reach them down, pile barrels full, hour after hour in the hot sun. Such industry is not for him. He prefers his apples on the wing, so to speak; the minute the process becomes organized he is seized with a dreadful pain in the back, so that he must lie down in the grass. If persons who can stand that sort of work later make the fruit into pies and apple sauce, he is often able to eat the product. But secretly he prefers the bite and toss method: it avoids the core, it provides an infinite variety of taste, it improves the eye. For him it is the thing that orchards are made for.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Du Ponts and the Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That estimable journeyman essayist and observer-general Mr. Silas Bent reminds me of the Virginia major's son. When somebody asked the major if his son had religion, he replied: "The young whelp is religiously inclined, but hell-bent!"

In his article, Deep Water Runs Still, in the July 8 issue of *The Nation* Mr. Bent informs his readers that

> In Wilmington, whence must come all official statements of profits and losses, financial and human, from the Du Pont properties, there are three daily newspapers. All of them are owned by the Du Ponts. All the men who work for them depend upon the Du Ponts for a living. The opposition, if any exists, has no voice. The "news instinct" is stifled.

The Wilmington *Every Evening*, of which I have the honor to be the editor, is constantly displeasing the publicity department of the Du Pont company by printing all the truth it knows about that company.

It probably is true that there is Du Pont money in the *Every Evening* ownership; but the lease which the publisher, Mr. William F. Metten, has for ten years, beginning in 1921, gives him absolute independence in policy. The result is that we are as independent in our discussions and presentation of news as it is humanly possible to be; and I do not exaggerate when I say that we have been and still are just as independent as *The Nation* is in its editorial discussions.

Newspaper men so often are accused of being "bought" and "muzzled" that I think it is only fair to do justice to those who honestly are striving to be independent. Indeed, it strikes me that this is the sort of thing *The Nation*, through its eventful sixty years, has endeavored to encourage in newspaper men; and I might add that I believe such encouragement has aided in a large degree in making them more independent.

Wilmington, Delaware, July 18 WILLIAM J. ROBERTSON,
Editor, *Every Evening*

Why Omit Smedley Butler?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What the nation really needs at this stage in its history is relief from the Butlers, the several gentlemen to whom may be attributed many of our woes. It was William M. Butler who persuaded the country to keep Coolidge. It was the corporation lawyer, Pierce Butler, who as Supreme Court justice concurred in certain deplorable decisions of that tribunal. Nicholas Murray Butler frequently wearies us with lengthy spoutings in the press intended to convince us that that tory head of Columbia University is a liberal. And now that staunch, rugged fundamentalist of Tennessee, John Washington Butler, comes to the fore as the author of an anti-evolution law that disgraces not only Tennessee but the nation in the eyes of the enlightened world.

Chicago, July 11 THEODORE R. KENISTON

"A Sail"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Max Eastman's translation of M. Y. Lhermontov's poem A Sail in the July 1 issue of *The Nation*, allow me, as a lover of Russian literature, to say that it has neither the meter nor the felicity of the original. What is more, it seems that Mr. Eastman uses the personal pronoun "he" for sail, apparently only for the reason that the Russian word for sail, *páhroos*, happens to be of the masculine gender.

And, to make my criticism constructive, may I offer my own version of the poem, rendered with the meter and rhyme-scheme of the original preserved:

A solitary sail is gleaming
  Upon the ocean's hazy blue;
What has she left in native waters?
  What does she seek in waters new?

The billows play, the wind is whistling,
  The mast, in anguish, bends and creaks;
Alas! from happiness not fleeing
  It is not happiness she seeks.

Below the azure waves are spraying;
  Above, the golden sunshine glows,
But she, rebellious, longs for storms,
  As if in storms there were repose.

New York, June 18 ELBERT AIDLINE-TROMMER

"Young Bob"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to the editorial in *The Nation* of July 8, entitled Young Bob. The editorial is both wise and timely, and I have no doubt will help bring about unity of action on the part of all Progressives in trying to put Bob in the Senate for at least the unexpired term of his father.

New York, July 20 GILBERT E. ROE

Books

Portrait in the Horizontal

By RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

By apple trees let him be measured,
Not by pines.
He has no spiked ambitions
But inclines
To tangled gestures, leisured,
Leaf-broken lines.

By fields and horizontal places,
Not by hills,
Nor Gothic cities judge him;
He fulfils
The destiny of ponds, behind the races
Of old saw mills.

First Glance

SEVEN new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library (Putnam: $2.50 each) include five which may be recorded as continuations of work already begun. A. T. Murray completes his spirited if somewhat troublesomely archaic translation of the "Iliad"; Harold N. Fowler with "The Statesman" and the "Philebus" and W. R. M. Lamb with the "Ion" carry Plato through a fourth volume; while A. M. Harmon contributes his fourth volume of Lucian, W. R. Paton his fourth of Polybius, and David Magie his second of the "Scriptores Historiae Augustae." The two remaining items, whatever may be the intrinsic importance of their contents, serve to emphasize the peculiar character of the service which the Library is performing. Its chief distinction, that is to say, lies in its scope. It explores the fringe as well as the center of its domain. Thereby it assists, of course, the classical student; but it also leads the layman into regions which he may only have suspected of existing. It is a long way, for instance, from the "Aeneid" to Frontinus, who was water commissioner under Trajan and whose humble treatises on "Stratagems" and "The Aqueducts of Rome" are given here in the versions of Charles E. Bennett and Clemens Herschel. The "De Aquis" is the earliest authority on a fascinating subject, and the curious reader will be grateful for its scrupulous, loving detail. E. C. Marchant's translation of the "Scripta Minora" attributed to Xenophon travels a long way, too, from the center. In a previous volume containing the "Oeconomicus" Mr. Marchant tried his hand at Xenophon the pedagogue; here he concludes the tale with seven treatises on politics, finance, war, horsemanship, and hunting. "On the Art of Horsemanship," by sheer virtue of its affection for facts, is a precious document; and one may like to find an immortal writing such utter prose as this: "To sum up: the horse that is sound in his feet, gentle and fairly speedy, has the will and the strength to stand work, and, above all, is obedient, is the horse that will, as a matter of course, give least trouble and the greatest measure of safety to his rider in warfare."

The limitations of space necessarily imposed upon the various authors of the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome (Marshall Jones: $1.50 each) work now for good and now for ill. John A. Scott's "Homer" seems scarcely to have given him room to turn around in. The same author's book on "The Unity of Homer" a few years ago was as smooth and ample as it was excellent. Here, however, Mr. Scott is hobbled. His very lack of opportunity to develop a few subjects fully forces him to start a great many subjects and nervously abandon them. And there are numerous surprising trivialities, such as the suggestion of a Homeric significance in the middle name of Charles Proteus Steinmetz. Even so, Mr. Scott manages to pay a characteristically passionate tribute to the first of poets; his energy, if not his art, is everywhere notable. Louis E. Lord's "Aristophanes" has fewer deficiencies of form, and Rodolfo Lanciani's "Ancient and Modern Rome" was licensed to be miscellaneous—though hardly to meander, as its picturesque pages, the work of a veteran antiquarian, too frequently do. A decidedly satisfactory member of the series is John Leofric Stocks's "Aristotelianism." A good deal of work had to be done in this case, and Mr. Stocks did it. His serviceable differentiation between Plato and Aristotle, his unpretentious outline of Aristotle's whole thought, and his capable summary of the Aristotelian influence seem to make the book a model for those which are to come after it.

MARK VAN DOREN

An American Poet

Collected Poems of H. D. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

SELDOM does a volume of collected poems present so even, so unchanging a texture as this. The consistency of form is remarkable, and it is a form which is neither more nor less convincing in the latest pieces than it was in "Sea Garden," which manifested a swift and perfect control of free verse such as perhaps no other American poet—or English poet, for that matter—has attained. There is no rhythmic fumbling in H. D.'s work. Monotony there is, but it is the necessary and excellent monotony of waves that tell always the same story and yet never the same. In some of the later poems there is rhyme, even regular stanzaic pattern, as in the beautiful Lethe. These incidental concessions to, or echoes of, the tradition neither contradict nor perfect the prevailing line of the verse. The occasional rhymes are but faint fire-fly illuminations of a form which is already sufficiently well defined as movement, of a delicately modulated speed which is always a little brusque yet always flowing. The clipped, eager cadences of such poems out of "Sea Garden" as The Helmsman:

[illegible]

or The Shrine:

You are useless,
O grave, O beautiful,
the [illegible]
you are useless,

are the same, psychologically if not prosodically, as the exquisitely high-whimsical dance of, say, Holy Satyr, which belongs to the latest volume, the "Heliodora" set:

Most holy Satyr,
like a goat,
with horns and hooves
to match thy coat

of russet brown,
I make leaf-circlets
and a crown of honey-flowers
for thy throat.

There it was the full rush and impact of the wave—breaker and spray; here it is the same wave on the recoil, smoothed and foaming.

This poet is individual—it has been said over and over again—and very beautiful. Is it therefore necessary to say that she is strangely un-American or that she is a Greek, out of time? As for her Hellenism, I find it as little in her work as in the very French hexameters of Racine or in the lush beauties of the completely English Keats. H. D.'s world of content is either a highly personalized sea and rock and overlooked flower or it dissolves into the warmer lineaments of Aegean figures. Each world is symbol and nostalgia. But there is this difference, that the exquisite harshness of the earlier world was a more direct and intuitive expression of the poet's spirit; the later is more carefully discovered, more studiously colonized. For this reason I think there can be little doubt that for those who are more interested in the quick way of the spirit, however remotely it may happen to fall out from the known haunts of expression, than in the rediscovery of ancient and beautiful ways made apt once again for the hungering spirit—for such cultural dissenters "Sea Garden" remains H. D.'s most valuable gift. And this—need one expressly say?—is not to make light of the poems in which she has chosen the more easily recognizable, yet, for her, more devious, symbols.

H. D. is not un-American—far from it. Personal and remote as are her images, there breathes through her work a spirit which it would not be easy to come upon in any other quarter of the globe. The impatience of the rhythms and the voluptuous harshness and bleakness of the sea and shore and woodland images manifest it. Such violent restraint, such a passionate pleasure in the beauty of the denuded scene and the cutting thrust, themselves but inverse symbols of caress, could only develop in a culture that hungers for what it despises. H. D. is of those highly characteristic and most subtly moving American temperaments that long for an emotional wealth of expression, whether in terms of culture or of personal experience, that they cannot wholeheartedly desire—and must not, if they are to be true to themselves.

EDWARD SAPIR

The War-Guilt Again

The Roots and Causes of the War. By John S. Ewart. George H. Doran Company. 2 volumes. $12.50.

THIS is a very important contribution to a widening debate. The author is an eminent Canadian barrister who has given several years to a rich study now revealed in two copiously annotated volumes, and he has distinct opinions. None of the European powers, he is clear, fought for sentiment; on the contrary, each waged a war of its own for territorial gain or greater military security. The conflict is, to him, not one war but a number of wars. His subject he divides into permanent discontents, which he calls roots, and immediate provocations, which he terms causes. The two he discusses quite separately, and at the end of each chapter he formally states his conclusions.

In the present acute controversy over war origins, which side gains support from this work? The "revisionists," undoubtedly. Mr. Ewart, by wholly independent methods, arrives at conclusions strikingly similar to those put forth by the present reviewer some time ago and igorously reinforced by Professor Barnes now; the conclusions, namely, that Austria and Serbia were about equally to blame for a local war, that Russia and France were chiefly to blame for making it general, that Germany tried to call back Austria and pacify Russia, that Grey, condemned as a designer of war by Morel and the early "revisionists," was less designing than vacillating and incompetent.

On the roots, which he deems the more important, the author's research has been deepest; and there he has left little soil unturned. He distinctly includes British trade rivalry with Germany as an ingredient, for he does not palliate British imperialism. The Boer War he cites as an example of that. German imperialism was no worse than its rival, he says, and he attributes but moderate influence to the Nietzsches. Among the principal roots he places the Franco-Prussian War, and the reader, considering the late attempt to blame Germany for that war also, will be grateful for one hundred pages. His conclusion is flatly adverse to the French. As to the Ems affair, Louis Napoleon possessed the real facts through his own ambassador, concealed them, and declared the war.

In the matter of immediate provocations his minuteness is not so great. He should have buttressed this part with more references to Russian and Teutonic memoirs and to the Central European commentators. More ample use, too, should have been made of Paléologue's diary. That of Georges Louis was, of course, not available.

That the Allies were about as well prepared as Germany, that Austria-Hungary did not want war with any other power than Serbia, that she was not sure Russia would intervene, and that Russia had no honest purpose in aiding Serbia are among his conclusions. As to *les jours tragiques*, as Victor Margueritte sadly calls them, the author does not dwell excessively on the precise hours of telegrams; however, he emphasizes with sufficient distinctness the chain of movements.

Whether Russia had the right to intervene he will not today decide. Here he might have dwelt longer on Russia's intrigues in Serbia, since she could have no right to intervene in a war designed by herself. He had not before him the recent damaging confession of the Serbian Minister, Ljuba Jovanovich, as to the Serbian Cabinet's knowledge that the assassins had left Serbia for Serajevo. However, "Russia either had no right to intervene, or if she had, it was she who by her mobilization against Germany interrupted the negotiations for peaceful solution." It is not clear whether by this he means to imply that Austria would have accepted direct settlement with Russia, a point still doubtful. Yet it is clear that after July 25, as Dobrorolski says, Russia intended nothing less than war.

Germany's military element he concedes, but he is emphatic as to militarism in her neighbors. "Germany did not want a wider, a European war." Would he be influenced now by the recently published telegram of von Moltke, encouraging Austria at the eleventh hour? Probably not, for he has insisted that the German Government, through its civil heads still in control, the Kaiser and Hollweg, was urgently trying to stop Austria, while Viviani, a civil head of France, was slyly telegraphing Russia to go on with her mobilization in a safely secret way. As to Great Britain, she would not permit either France or Belgium to be occupied by Germany, no matter who began the war; but this not out of love for Belgium. Mr. Asquith's recent book he repeatedly rebukes. Germany having offered to respect Belgian neutrality should Great Britain remain neutral, he says that all Grey had to do to save Belgium was to keep Great Britain out of the war. "Grey was not anxious for a war, but he was quite determined that if it came between France and Germany, Great Britain would participate." He has not failed to note Grey's knowledge that France would follow Russia into a war, and he would doubtless censure Sir Edward's recent astonishing confession: "I felt impatient at the suggestion that it was for me to influence or restrain Russia." Strange words these! Sad words, too, when the repudiating Soviets argue now that the French

loans to the Imperial Government were spent to create armies for ambitious France on Russian soil.

He accepts the opinion of the Russian Ambassador at London before the war that "Of all the powers France would accept war without great regret." Her desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine he justly describes as fluctuating, and, though a ready irritant at the service of politicians, not continuous. However, he deems this her primary inducement to war. In the Morocco affair he discusses Delcassé's concealing from Germany one treaty while he showed her another and a different one, and he follows but does not depend entirely upon the excellent work by Morel.

This book should be in every public library. It is a mine of invaluable data. FREDERICK BAUSMAN

The Reconstruction Negro

The Negro in South Carolina During the Reconstruction. By Alrutheus Ambush Taylor. Washington: The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. $2.15.

THIS is the first of a series of volumes, prepared with the aid of funds granted by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, in which the history of the Negro in the South during the reconstruction period, and of the free Negro before the Civil War, is to be "definitively" recorded. Undoubtedly there is room for such a study, for the history of the Negro in America, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, still offers a rich field for the investigator. The reader of the present volume, however, will not get further than the first page of Mr. Taylor's introduction without discovering that the author has a bone to pick with his predecessors. Hardly anything that has been written of late about the Negro under reconstruction is, according to Mr. Taylor, to be trusted. Certain treatises which he does not name, but which students of the subject may easily identify since they are ascribed to Johns Hopkins and Columbia universities, evoke severe condemnation. "They were written," Mr. Taylor asserts, "to prove that the Negro is not capable of participation in government and to justify the methods of intimidation instituted to overthrow the reconstruction governments of the Southern commonwealths." Many of the writers were partisans interested in "trying to make a case before the world," selecting "such facts as would establish their point of view" and ignoring those to the contrary, and their books are "practically worthless." They further err in magnifying politics at the expense of economics, and in relying upon newspapers and other material "made by the very men who constituted the party of opposition."

These are serious charges. They would constitute, if proved, a deplorable reflection on American historical scholarship and the work of university departments of history. Unfortunately for the reputations of the writers whom he attacks but does not name, Mr. Taylor does not go on to support his allegations by citing, either in text or in footnotes, the offending statements or conclusions; he even omits reference to the meretricious treatises in his bibliography, and proceeds to write a history of the Negro in South Carolina under reconstruction from such sources as he deems worth while, leaving the erring writers who have preceded him to defend themselves as best they may.

The belligerent temper and superior air of the introduction, however, have not prevented Mr. Taylor from writing an extremely important book. He has made industrious use not only of the better-known sources but also of such material as newspapers, church records and histories, school announcements, diaries, letters, travels, and memorials of temporary political bodies which previous writers have somewhat neglected. The narrative, too, has a moderation and an impartiality which contrasts sharply with the tone of the introduction.

Mr. Taylor makes it clear that the Negroes of South Carolina as a whole did not become, at the close of the war, the shiftless, migratory, and quasi-criminal mass that they were widely believed to be. "The exception was the very degraded class of Negroes on the Sea Islands, rivaled only by the 150,000 poor whites of the upper counties in ignorance and excelled by them in crime." The economic situation improved even while the congressional plan of reconstruction, well calculated to embitter the relations between the races, was being carried out, the principal obstacles being the lack of capital, the derangement of prices as well as of agricultural methods, and the transition from the large plantation system to a system of small holdings. "After 1868 there was no serious disturbance of Negro labor until the whites injected politics into the question in 1876." Even the attempt to "revitalize" slavery by resort to vagrancy laws did not check economic recovery and readjustment.

Two chapters on educational and religious work among the Negroes, rich in statistical data not hitherto available in such systematic form, throw light upon the intellectual preparation of the Negro for citizenship and suffrage. Most of the Negro political leaders in the years when Northern adventurers were organizing the Negroes against the whites "were men of fair education," and many "showed adequate knowledge of politics and labored for the progress of the State, as attested by the native whites themselves." The actual frauds perpetrated upon the State by the reconstruction governments, and the part played by the Negroes in connection with them, appear to Mr. Taylor to have been grossly exaggerated. He quotes a contemporary writer in *The Nation* to the effect that "in the distribution of spoils the poor African gets the gilt and plush, the porcelain spittoons, the barbaric upholstery, while the astuter Caucasian clings to the solider and more durable advantages." The power of the ring was broken under Governor Chamberlain, but when the opposition, led by men like Butler and Gary, ceased to be a reform party and became "a racial-superiority-asserting group determined to eliminate the Negro from politics," the way was prepared for the corrupt careers of Wade Hampton and Tillman and the exclusion of Negroes from voting and office-holding.

A reading of the book leaves the impression that Mr. Taylor, in addition to making a painstaking study of the subject, has given the Negro greater credit for spirit and accomplishment than most writers on the reconstruction period have done, that both the political and the economic relations between the races have been set in a more friendly light, and that the conclusions, in the main at least, are justified by the facts. The broad outlines of events remain, of course, the same, but the additional details which Mr. Taylor is able to present, joined to the social relationships which he points out, at least make the story pleasanter and more hopeful read.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Wandering Thoughts

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher. By Hermann Count Keyserling. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 2 volumes. $10.

THERE is a saying that a thinker feels about traveling as a traveler feels about thinking. Each believes that the other is wasting his time. Count Keyserling purports to be an exception. He has traveled around the world for the sake of philosophizing. But the outcome of his journey was fatal. It confirmed exactly that which it meant to disprove. The thoughts of this wandering philosopher are wandering thoughts.

Despite his avidity for travel Count Keyserling is quite unlike the usual traveler; he is obsessed by philosophy. He studies not the things that he sees but the inner reactions aroused in him by all sorts of reminiscences from previous reading. While he contemplates the life of New York he thinks of St. Ambrose and Marcus Aurelius. In the slaughter-houses of Chicago he recalls Prince Wen Hui's cook, who knew a lot

about Taoism. In China the Confucian spirit inspires him to talk about the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic churches. In Ceylon he discovers that the profundity of Leo Tolstoi is due to his limitations. Standing before the tombs of the Indian emperors and generals, he has the hallucination of hearing a Lutheran hymn. His thoughts despise systematic order; they are proud of being sporadic and of being inspired by accidental experiences. "Yesterday I watched some very curious flying fishes which flew up in surprise from the track of our steamer. My soul also produces similar phenomena."

How should one approach such a book in order to do justice to its author? We cannot regard it as a travel account, for the author does not care for facts; he deals merely with their significance, "which exists independently of them." Neither can we regard it as a philosophical thesis, for the author does not care for reasoning; his book is—as he says—a "work of fiction." Can we, then, read it as a novel? It lacks artistic form. The arrangement of the events is not planned; they are told in the same order as they happened. Parts could be added; parts could be omitted.

Count Keyserling is able to justify himself. His novel is formless only because it is intermixed with his thoughts. His thoughts are inconsistent only because they reflect his travels. Count Keyserling is master of that literary technique whereby each form prevents the other from being carried out to perfection. A novel that has no artistic structure, combined with ideas that have no logical coherence, and based on observations that make no claim for accuracy—what shall we call such a book? The reader, "prepared to follow the wanderer through his many moods and transformations," will feel like the melancholy Jaques when he remarked: "The sundry contemplation of my travels wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

"According to his autobiography Count Keyserling used to feel that his thoughts and his writings were ah ad of his own day and that for this reason he would in no way be representative of his age." The editor of the book takes pleasure in stating that in this respect the author was mistaken. And he was, indeed. His writings corresponded to a demand. They favored the irrationalistic tendencies which, a few years ago, bewildered European thought. The mixture which he had brewed was just fit for minds craving intoxication. Moreover, an Oriental vogue came to his aid. People were listening with delight to the songs of Rabindranath Tagore. They soon began to believe that the poet who had succeeded in dissolving their sorrows into a lyrical mood was able to dissolve also the causes of their sorrows. In the farce that was staged for this purpose Count Keyserling played the role of the prophet. He was the chief manager of the episode which, not unbefittingly, has been called the ninety-ninth return of Buddha.

Buddha has now returned to the East. He is sad because his Western audience found his preaching a little too simple. Count Keyserling is also sinking into oblivion. To call him "an outstanding figure of Germany today" is, speaking mildly, a chronological error.

EDGAR WIND

Books in Brief

Legislative Assemblies. By Robert Luce. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

Congressman Luce's second volume on the science of legislation is essentially an exploration of the structure and unofficial habits of legislatures. And it is marked by the same meticulous and minute exploration which made his first volume valuable—though uninforming as to the realities which lie behind the scenes in politics. There is the sam voluminous cumulation of evidence on every point. The work is, indeed, cyclopedic in its arra y of facts; no item in the catalog of legislative problems treated is left without as complete and exhaustive an investigation as is practicable in American and foreign sources. A wide range of problems is considered: the composition of senates, the length and frequency of sessions, qualifications for election, the lobby and various forms of bribery, salaries and expenses, and—most interesting perhaps—"customs, habits, and decorum." The reader will find a vast store of information and, what is more significant, the frank portrayal of the point of view of an extraordinarily able and experienced legislator toward the technique of his task.

Law and Freedom in the School. By George A. Coe. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

Men and women who might else be moved to read books on education are frequently kept away by the technical verbiage or by an air of pedantic unreality, or sometimes by both. No such hindrances will be met in these thought-packed pages. Though the theme of Mr. Coe's essay sounds pedagogical enough—it is an examination of what the new "project-method" can teach about law and freedom—the reader soon finds himself pondering a problem of vital moment to people everywhere: "What is the best service which a healthy school can render to a sick society?" One cannot but wish that so stimulating a book as Mr. Coe's will reach a wide audience both within the schools and without.

A Gallery. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Philip Guedalla seems always to have been seeking the limits of brilliance, and now he has found them. This is a glittering book, as cold as it is shining. Primarily a dealer in personalities in the fields of literature and politics, Mr. Guedalla here turns his pen to Barrie and Kipling; to Bennett, Conrad, Galsworthy, Compton Mackenzie; to "The Seven Sleepers"—Stanley Baldwin, Macdonald, Marquess Curzon, A. Bonar Law, Austen Chamberlain, and the Lords Robert and Hugh Cecil; to "The Seven Lamps of Liberalism"—Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Lord Grey, Lord Haldane, Asquith, D. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill; and to three "Shadows"—the Empress Eugénie, Marcel Proust, and Lady Palmerston. It is a pleasure to denominate the virtues one finds in these portraits, the quick, nervous movement, the vivid pictorial quality, an enchanting malice, and the rare capacity Mr. Guedalla has of handling heavy topics as though they were light ones. But when he writes of Proust's popularity as "this positively Marcel wave," when he yields without conscience and without discrimination to the temptation to turn a phrase in every other sentence, then he seduces not only his prose style but also his reader.

Who Will Remember. By Margaret Irwin. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Souls adrift in time, incarnate now in one generation, now in another; a ghost story engrossingly told despite its shopworn mysticism.

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International Relations Section

Mexico's New Oil Law

MEXICO'S new petroleum law, which will be submitted for the approval of the Congress in September, when that body begins its regular session, was made public on July 20. This was done after President Calles had accepted the law as being, in his estimation, adequately interpretative of the spirit of Article 27 of the Mexican constitution, which provides that "in the nation shall be vested direct ownership of all . . . solid mineral fuels, petroleum, and all hydro-carbons, solid, liquid, or gaseous."

The law gives the President sole and full authority to grant concessions for petroleum exploration and exploitation and to regulate both, it confirms former concessions and leases and titles acquired prior to May 1, 1917, the industry is declared to be a public utility, and in the opening articles reaffirmation is made of the constitutional precept that Mexico exercises direct, permanent ownership of the subsoil. For reasons of space the detailed regulation regarding pipe lines are omitted.

ARTICLE 1. In the nation is vested direct ownership of all natural mixture of hydro-carbons deposited in the subsoil, regardless of their physical condition. The word "petroleum" when used in this law means all natural mixtures of hydrocarbons.

ART. 2. The direct ownership of the nation, referred to in the preceding paragraph, is inalienable and imprescriptible. Operations in the petroleum industry shall be permitted only by the express authorization of the federal executive, conceded within the terms of this law and under the regulations emanating from it.

ART. 3. The petroleum industry is a public utility. For this reason it shall be given precedence over all other exploitations of the surface. The surface shall be occupied or exploited in all cases required by the necessities of the petroleum industry and legal indemnity shall be paid the owner of the surface. By the petroleum industry is meant the discovery, the control, the transportation of pipe lines, and the refining of petroleum.

ART. 4. Mexicans and civil and commercial corporations organized under Mexican laws may obtain petroleum concessions, according to the provisions of this law. In addition to the above requirements, foreigners seeking concessions must previously comply with the requirements of Article 27 of the federal constitution. (With respect to waiving the right to appeal to diplomatic intercession.)

ART. 5. Rights derived from concessions granted in accordance with this law shall not be transferred in whole or part to foreign governments or sovereigns, nor shall they be granted any rights in such concessions, nor become partners or copartners in the same.

ART. 6. All matters connected with the control of the petroleum industry shall be under the exclusive jurisdiction of the federal government.

ART. 7. Concessions for the exploration for petroleum shall confer upon the holder of the concession the right to execute work which has for its object the discovery of petroleum. These concessions shall be issued by the Secretary of Industry, whose duty it shall be to see that the obligations under the concessions are rigidly complied with, upon the following conditions:

1. During the first three months of the life of the concession the holder shall obtain from the owner of the surface permission to occupy the lands which are required by the concessionaire, and shall enter into contract with the owner of the surface in which shall be stipulated the indemnity to be paid him by the concessionaire. In case it is impossible to come to an arrangement with the surface owner within three months, the concessionaire shall apply to the Secretary of Industry in order that he may obtain an extension of time in which to complete the arrangements with the surface owner.

2. In case the surface owner shall object to the work of exploration, the Secretary of Industry shall act as arbitrator, if the surface owner and the concessionaire agree to his acting in that capacity. Should they not so agree, the question shall be decided by the federal executive, who shall rule as to whether or not the property involved shall be occupied or expropriated in accordance with the necessities of the petroleum industry, providing that a guaranty shall be given by the concessionaire to indemnify the person or persons who shall own or control the surface for whatever damages or prejudices he or they may suffer through the work of exploration.

3. The concessionaire shall render to the Secretary of Industry once every three months a report as to his work under his concession and its results.

4. The Secretary of Industry shall every two years convoke a commission for the purpose of determining the limits of the explored zones in the republic. This commission shall be composed of a representative of the Secretary of Industry, one from the Treasury Department, and a third to be chosen by the petroleum companies. Within the two years following the determination of the limits above mentioned, concessions for exploration outside of these limits shall be designated as having been granted within a "new zone."

5. During the life of a concession and for three months afterward only the holder of a concession (for exploration) can obtain a concession for the exploitation of petroleum discovered by him in the zone named by his concession.

6. Within the first year of the date of the granting of a concession the holder must deposit with the federal treasury a guaranty, proportionate to the importance and the extension of the zone in which he purposes to operate. The amount of this deposit shall be fixed by the Secretary of Industry.

7. Concessions shall be granted for from one to five years, according to the judgment of the Secretary of Industry and to the extent and importance of the zone in which the concession is situated.

8. Providing he has complied with all the requirements of the law, the holder of a concession for exploration shall be given the preference for a new concession in the same zone.

ART. 8. Concessions for exploitation shall give the holder the right to control and dispose of petroleum. These concessions shall be granted by the Secretary of Industry, whose duty it shall be to see that obligations under the concession are rigidly complied with, upon the following conditions:

1. The concessionaire shall arrange with the owner of the surface for the payment to him of indemnities, in the same manner as is prescribed in the preceding article, in order that, once the concession for exploitation has been extended by the Secretary of Industry, the work of exploitation may proceed without delay.

2. Within the zone of exploitation the concessionaire shall have the right to establish all the installations which may be required for the extraction, transportation, and storing of petroleum.

3. Outside of the limits of the zone conceded to the concessionaire he shall have the right to obtain concessions for the laying of pipe lines, to construct roads, and to utilize federal waters under the corresponding laws.

4. Concessions for exploitation in "new zones" shall give to the holders for one year a right to a discount in the production tax, which shall be fixed by the commission referred to in

section (4) of the preceding article at the same time at which they fix the limits of the explored zones.

5. The exploitation of a zone conceded under a concession shall not be interrupted for a period longer than six months without justifiable cause, according to the judgment of the Secretary of Commerce.

6. Concessions for exploitation in a zone can only be granted to the holder of a concession for exploration in the same zone.

7. The federal executive shall have the right to regulate the exploitation of wells of petroleum, in order to prevent their being exhausted prematurely.

8. No concession shall be granted for a period in excess of thirty years. At the termination of this period the holder of a concession who has complied with all of his obligations may obtain a new concession for the same zone.

ART. 9. The Secretary of Industry shall grant concessions for [illegible] pipe lines for public and for private use. Public pipe lines shall be used for the transportation of petroleum for [illegible] who may desire to utilize them for that purpose. Private pipe lines shall be used for the transportation of petroleum owned by the holder of the concession for the pipe line. . . .

ART. 10. The Secretary of Industry shall grant concessions for the establishment of refineries and plants for the utilization of natural gas in accordance with the following conditions:

1. These concessions shall be granted to those who are entitled to them, according to the requirements established in Article 4.

2. The concessionaires, in the operation of these concessions, shall be subject to police, health, and safety regulations, in order to safeguard the lives and health of employees, operators, and persons residing in the vicinity.

3. Free importation of materials shall in future be permitted for the construction of all plants for the refining of petroleum or for the utilization of natural gas.

ART. 11. Petroleum concessions on national lands shall be granted in the manner prescribed by this law, and concessionaires shall pay for the use of the surface in accordance with regulations on that point. Concessions shall provide that operations under them shall not interfere with public services.

ART. 12. Concessions delivered by the executive of the nation in accordance with previous laws shall be confirmed without cost, aside from that to which they are subjected by the present law and which shall be the same as those imposed upon concessions granted under this law.

ART. 13. Denunciations (of petroleum lands) made under the decrees of July 31 and August 8 and 12 of 1918 shall comply with the following regulations:

1. When title has not been issued and no opposition to the concession has been offered, the concession shall be granted in accordance with the provisions of this law.

2. If opposition has been offered and the title has not been issued, the controversy shall be decided in accordance with the decrees of July 31 and August 8 and 12 of 1918, and the concession shall be delivered to the person to whom it may be granted in accordance with the provisions of this law.

ART. 14. Petroleum rights granted under previous laws shall be confirmed without cost and by the medium of concessions delivered under this law, as follows:

1. To surface owners and their associates (*causahabientes*) who began petroleum operations before May 1, 1917.

2. To surface owners and their associates who notified the federal government before May 1, 1917, that they were in possession of lands upon which they designed to carry on exploitation of petroleum.

3. To the assignees of the right of exploitation, by means of contracts entered into before May 1, 1917, who have commenced the work of exploitation before the date of this law.

4. To the holders of concessions for exploitation, under contracts entered into before May 1, 1917, who before that date notified the federal government that they were in possession of lands designed for the exploitation of petroleum.

5. To pipe lines and refineries actually in operation by authorization of the Secretary of Industry.

ART. 15. Confirmation of petroleum rights must be solicited within the period of one year from the date of this law. After this period, if no application for confirmation has been made, the rights involved shall be considered as non-existent and the holders of such rights, the confirmation of which has not been solicited, shall have no claim against the government.

ART. 16. The federal executive shall have the right to designate reserve zones in free lands.

ART. 17. Concessions shall be subject to cancelation for the following reasons: (1) failure to work them regularly in the manner prescribed by law; (2) infraction of Article 5; (3) failure to make the deposit as required by sections (2) and (6) of Article 7.

ART. 18. Infractions of this law and of its regulations, which are not punishable by cancelation of concessions, shall render the concessionaire liable to a fine of from 100 to 500 pesos, to be imposed by the federal executive.

ART. 19. All of the activities of the petroleum industry shall be considered as mercantile and consequently subject to the laws of the commercial code and to the dispositions of the civil code of the federal district.

ART. 20. The federal executive is authorized to issue all of the regulations emanating from this law. . . .

When We Acquired Guam

WHEN the United States took over the island of Guam from Spain at the close of the Spanish-American War the following instructions, referred to in the article Thou Shalt Not Whistle—in Guam on page 206 of this number, were issued by the President:

NAVY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

January 12, 1899

Instructions for the Military Commander of the island of Guam, Ladrones, Pacific Ocean

With the signature of the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain by their representative-plenipotentiaries at Paris, on the 10th day of December, 1898, and as a result of the victories of the American arms, the future control, disposition, and government of the island of Guam are ceded to the United States. In fulfilment of the rights of sovereignty thus acquired, the actual occupation and administration of the island of Guam become immediately necessary.

In performing this duty, the Military Commander of the United States is enjoined to make known to the inhabitants of the island of Guam that, in succeeding to the sovereignty of Spain, in severing the former political relations of the inhabitants, and in establishing a new political power, the authority of the United States is to be exerted for the security of the persons and property of the people of the island and the confirmation of all their private rights and relations. It will be the duty of the military commander to announce and proclaim in the most public manner that we come, not as invaders or conquerors but as friends, to protect the natives in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights. All persons who, either by active aid or by honest submission, cooperate with the government of the United States to give effect to these beneficent purposes, will receive due reward and support and protection. All others will be brought within the

lawful rule we have assumed, with firmness, if need be, but without severity as far as it may be possible.

Within the absolute domain of the naval authority, which necessarily is and must remain supreme in the ceded territory, until the legislators of the United States shall otherwise provide, the municipal laws of the territory, in respect to private rights and property and the repression of crime, are to be considered as continuing in force and to be administered by the ordinary tribunals of civil and municipal government so far as practicable. The operations of the civil and municipal government are to be performed by such officers as may accept the supremacy of the United States by taking oath of allegiance, or by officers chosen as far as may be practicable from the inhabitants of the island.

While the control of all public property and the revenue of state passes with the cession, and while the use and management of all public means of transportation are necessary to the authority of the United States, private property, whether belonging to individuals or corporations, is to be respected except for causes duly established. The taxes and duties, heretofore payable by the inhabitants to the late governor, become payable to the authorities of the United States unless it be seen fit to substitute for them other reasonable rates or modes of contribution to the expenses of the government, whether general or local. If private property be taken for military use, it shall be paid for, when possible, in cash at a fair valuation and when payment in cash is not practicable receipts are to be given.

All ports and places in the island of Guam in the actual possession of the naval forces of the United States will be opened to the commerce of all friendly nations. All goods and wares, not prohibited for military reasons by due announcement of the naval authority, will be admitted upon payment of such duties and other charges as shall be in force at the time of their importation.

Finally, it should be the earnest and paramount aim of the naval administration to win the confidence, respect, and affection of the inhabitants of the island of Guam, by securing to them in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the inheritance of all free peoples, and by proving to them that the mission of the United States is one of benevolent assimilation, substituting the mild way of justice and right for arbitrary rule. In the fulfilment of this high mission, supporting the temperate administration of affairs for the greatest good of the governed, there must be sedulously maintained the strong arm of authority, to repress disturbances and to overcome all obstacles to the bestowal of blessings of good and stable government upon the people of the island of Guam under the free flag of the United States.

[Signed] WILLIAM MCKINLEY

[Signed] JOHN D. LONG, Secretary of the Navy

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES W. WOOD began his career as a locomotive fireman. He won a prize in an essay contest and got a position on a Syracuse paper. For years he was a special writer for the New York Sunday *World* and later for *Collier's Weekly*.

ARTHUR WARNER, associate editor of *The Nation*, has given special study to the island victims of American imperialism. He spent some time in Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands in 1923, and wrote a series of articles about those countries for *The Nation*.

R. V. HARDON was, for fifteen years, a newspaper man in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. His present occupation, described in his article, Writing for Money, allows him to spend his summers on Cape Cod and his winters in Europe.

RUTH FITCH BARTLETT is editor of the *Junior League Bulletin*, and a contributor of articles and poems to the *Century Magazine*, *Books*, etc.

EDWARD SAPIR is leaving the staff of the Victoria Memorial Museum in Ottawa to become associate professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago.

FREDERICK BAUSMAN, a former judge, now living in Seattle, Washington, is the author of "Let France Explain."

WILLIAM MACDONALD was an associate editor of *The Nation* from 1918 to 1920. He has written numerous books on American history and politics.

EDGAR WIND is a German student of philosophy living at present in New York.

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"TOO LATE" IS A CRY that dogs the great powers' footsteps in China. On August 5 formal ratifications of the treaties and resolutions adopted by the Washington Conference almost four years ago were finally exchanged. It took the Shanghai strike, and the uprisings and anti-foreign outbreaks all over China, to stir the laggard diplomats into even that petty step. But those documents are mere expressions of good intentions. What will the powers do to put them into effect? Had the conference to discuss permitting China to raise her customs duties been held promptly it might have made an impression in China. It is too late. The Chinese will be satisfied with nothing less than recovery of their lost fiscal autonomy. They do not ask—not yet—to control their own customs administration; they ask merely that the powers abrogate their treaty right to censor any Chinese attempt to revise her obsolete customs schedule. The Peking Government has stated that it will not at this time ask consideration of the other great question raised at Washington: that of extraterritoriality. Peking is willing to postpone that question because it knows that the powers would utilize discussion of it only as a megaphone through which to broadcast stories of chaos in present-day China, and the powers will not insist. Yet any student of history knows that sooner or later China will cast off extraterritoriality as Turkey has cast it off. The only questions are When, and How. Will the powers act voluntarily, or will they wait until China, angered, does it at the cost of blood?

SOME OF THE ALIEN BUSINESS MEN in China want bloodshed. "The evidence grows," Thomas F. Millard says in one of a series of notable dispatches from Shanghai to the New York *Times*, "that foreign Bourbonism here is willing to see chaos ensue provided this provokes military intervention, thereby indefinitely extending the existing foreign privileges." The British press in China, he says, is particularly aggressive. Mr. Millard sees "a conflict between the American China policy and Bourbonism based upon the historic British and European policies in Asia." Doubtless Washington has a more enlightened intention than London or Paris; but China has precious little reason to distinguish between the two. In practice we are doing England's dirty work for her. Our gunboats turn their guns on Shanghai; our marines police the city; and the enlightened good intentions of Mr. Coolidge in Washington have not yet penetrated British obstruction sufficiently to be visible in the Celestial Empire. The Chinese have a right to be cynical. The legations at Peking investigated the Shanghai shootings at once, and reported more than six weeks ago. Why has the report not been published? Is it because it blames a British police official and an American office-holder?

AN ENGLISH WIT remarked, after studying the Allied project of a "security pact," that whereas the last war was a war to end war, this pact made it plain that the next war would have to be a war to end wars to end war. The French see peace only through a haze of war. They refuse to feel safe without guaranties that other nations are ready to make war to prevent war. And so long as the Franco-British parleys tend simply to clarify and define this conviction of the French they do not move Europe very far along the path to peace. Prolonged sessions at London have resulted, the official communiques tell us, in "complete unanimity." For any conception of the content of that unanimity we have to depend upon leakages to the semi-official journalists. The French correspondents assure us that M. Briand's farewell smile was due to Austen Chamberlain's assent to the French definition of "flagrant aggression on the part of Germany" as "either open preparation for invasion or actual invasion." In either case France would have the right to take immediate defensive measures without consulting England or the League of Nations. In that case the "peace pact," instead of adding to the guaranties incorporated in the Covenant of the League, would reduce them. It would give France a freer hand than ever, and the mutual aspects of the pact, so much discussed a few months ago, would have been totally lost.

CONVERSATIONS between France, England, and Germany are now in order. This appears to be a compromise between the French opposition to discussion with the Germans except in terms of ultimatums and the British desire for a tripartite conference. "Conversations," says M. Briand, "are better than conferences. Conferences and notes are too formal." So the ambassadors and foreign

ministers are to converse. That marks a tiny step forward. Notes are irrevocable; once sent, their authors feel obliged to be consistent with them, however time may change their views. In conversations even a statesman, we suppose, may allow himself to be tentative. If these conversations are really joint conversations, in which German suggestions are treated as worthy of the same consideration given to French or British proposals, they may initiate a new era in post-war diplomacy. And the strongest ground for hope that this will be the case is the appearance of the American Ambassador as an apparent participant in the diplomatic conversations. However much one may doubt the usefulness of American participation in formal security parleys, one knows that Mr. Houghton's influence at any gathering will be cast for common sense and mutual confidence and respect.

OUT OF THE RUHR the French troops have marched, but they are still in the Rhineland and they behave there as armies of occupation always do. The following notice, signed by the Gutenberg Society of Mainz and sent to us by a subscriber, is a significant straw:

> The annual ceremony of the Mainz printers at the Gutenberg statue and the illumination of Gutenberg Square on the five hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Gutenberg's birth and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Gutenberg Museum is not authorized by the occupation authorities. The commemoration of the great inventor will, therefore, be included in the special program at the Municipal Theater on Saturday, June 27, at 8 p. m. Similarly the Johannisfest of the printers, which has been celebrated annually in the Stadtpark, cannot take place this year. Furthermore, the illumination of the Rhine bank and of the Mainz bridges, which was to conclude the ceremony on Monday, June 29, 1925, is not permitted. There will be no change in the rest of the program. . . .

EDMUND STINNES, son of Germany's industrial magician, has made a grandstand play which brought him front-page headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. But behind the advertised offer to the workers of stock worth, at par, half a million dollars, is a sordid story of financial intrigue. The elder Stinnes played both ends against the middle through the heartrending years of Germany's collapse. He borrowed money when it was worth something, repaid it when it had dropped to a tenth its former value, bought new enterprises with his borrowed money, paid his workers so late that they lost much of the value of their wages, and forced the employees, on the plea of hard times, to work longer hours. He died a year ago, hailed as an industrial statesman of the first rank. In reality he was primarily a lucky and unscrupulous speculator. Now that the mark has been stabilized the topsy-turvy structure he erected is crashing. A government-sponsored syndicate of banks first lent money to the Stinnes brothers; then, discovering obligations beyond their wildest dreams, refused further advances. The surviving wizard have been endeavoring to persuade the public that they are gullible young men being victimized by unscrupulous banks. But neither they nor their father ever betrayed any hint of a sense of responsibility to public or employees, and the offer to give away a block of stock, title to which was doubtful, was a bit of irresponsible stage-acting. We are glad that the workers had the courage to refuse it. The sudden rise and equally sudden fall of the Stinnes fortunes is an instructive revelation of the unsoundness of modern business "statesmanship."

TAMMANY HALL, having twice foisted the irascible Mr. Hylan on New York City, has tired of its Mayor's incompetence. He has steadfastly fought increases in the subway fares, but taxes have risen, new subways have not been built, and the schools have not kept pace with the hordes of school-children. Mayor Hylan thought that he could defy the bosses in his own party wigwam and demanded renomination, but he reckoned without "Al" Smith. The Governor, having learned by experience the utter incompetence of the city's chief executive, was adamant. Tammany hates a fight within the ranks, but the issue was forced, and the Governor's lieutenant, "Jimmy" Walker, Democratic leader in the State Senate, will run against the Mayor in the Democratic primaries. Walker is as authentic a product of New York City as his chief—a rough-and-tumble, self-educated man with an amazing talent for absorbing complicated figures and a genuine understanding of popular psychology. Besides being the author of that *Volkslied* "Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?" he is an effective catch-as-catch-can debater and a capable executive. The Republicans, meanwhile, are having their usual organization rows. We predict the advent of Mayor Walker, but if we had our way we should swing the election to Norman Thomas, whom the Socialist Party has had the wisdom to nominate.

UPHELD BY FEWER than a thousand votes out of a scant total of 40,000, the victory of the proportional representation system of elections in Cleveland at the referendum August 11 was none the less real. Against "P. R.," and for the old charter method of electing city councilmen by individual wards, were arrayed the organization, resources, and leadership of both major political parties. Newton D. Baker, Democratic ex-Secretary of War, publicly opened the campaign against P. R.; "Gus" Hirstius, Republican chief clerk of the election board, carried it on; and petitions for the referendum were circulated by employees of the Board of Elections. The only supporters of P. R. were the independents, with four members of the council. No assault was made on the city-manager plan this year, but it was generally believed that its turn would come next. The election has proved again that Clevelanders prefer thinking for themselves to blindly following the dictates of professional politicians. Last November [illegible] for La Follette.

ITALY UNDER MUSSOLINI is one of the absolutist spots of Europe, and we have had little of a liberal character to record there since the arrival of Fascism. Yet, in one respect at least, Mussolini and his Black Shirts have a tolerance that we in the United States have not yet learned. They clap more people into jail for their political opinions than we do; but they do occasionally let them out. Fascism has now issued its third amnesty decree, this time in honor of the completion of a quarter century's rule by King Victor Emmanuel. Under the new edict it is estimated that some 10,000 persons will be liberated. Meanwhile, according to the lately organized International Labor Defense, 23 South Lincoln Street, Chicago, there are no fewer than 128 persons in American jails be-

cause of their opinions or their activity in behalf of the workers' cause. They are there through convictions under the so-called criminal-syndicalism laws that still stand on the statute-books of thirty-five States and have generally been validated by the decision of the United States Supreme Court against Benjamin Gitlow. Our indifference to the national shame of this continuing political persecution is one of the severest indictments which Europe can bring against us. Fascist Italy is sometimes more noble-minded.

THE AMY LOWELL POETRY Traveling Scholarship is something new in literature, and something eminently desirable. Miss Lowell's will provides for an annual fund of $2,000 which shall be bestowed by a committee, consisting of one Harvard professor and two American poets of standing, upon a poet of promise who will engage to absent himself for a year from the continent of North America and practice his art. Most of the terms of the foundation are as liberal as Miss Lowell herself was. She merely indicates, for instance, that in the choice of committees and candidates "preference" should be given to persons "of progressive literary tendencies." On the point of expatriation, however, she seems to have been adamant. Her disinclination to the American scene as such was well known; having been everywhere herself, she put great emphasis upon the value of a knowledge of the earth's surface—and by her will she evidently hoped to extend this knowledge among the writers who should follow her. The scholarship is one of many which the republic needs.

OUR LIBRARIES stand with our schools and our press as the great educators of the public, and one of the big jobs of the libraries is to assist the schools in the training of their pupils. Another, as we pointed out lately, is to make more available the great ocean of information appearing in the press. The American Library Association has a committee on library survey at work at the present time, the result of whose findings will doubtless be to suggest new methods for accomplishing both of these purposes. But how are the libraries to undertake new and better work unless they have the means with which to do it? Even the New York Public Library, one of the most important and largely used in the world, lacks sufficient funds to buy new books or keep in order its present volumes which are said to be declining at the rate of 11,000 a year. The library is asking the city for an appropriation of $253,300 for new books and for a uniform increase of $400 a year in the salaries of employees. Both are needed. A library is of little use to the public without a trained and willing staff in charge. When one realizes that 46 per cent of the staff of the New York Public Library [illegible] $19 to $23.50 a week, there can be no surprise that they are leaving at the rate of 21 per cent a year. A great library deserves more generous and business-like treatment.

THE AUTOMOBILE is inevitably the producer of a vast amount of favoritism and snobbery but of hardly any that is more offensive than that in connection with the granting of a special right of way to certain persons. In New York City the number of cars bearing police-department shields [illegible] traffic regulations and giving them the right of way over all other vehicles—has become such a scandal that it is under investigation. So long as favors are extended at all, there is no controlling them. A New York newspaper recently said that the use of a police-department shield by a certain woman had been questioned but upon inquiry was found to be legitimate because her brother was a surgeon in the police department! The other day a Philadelphia couple obtained a special right of way to dash across the State of New Jersey to the bedside of a dying daughter in Atlantic City. One can sympathize with their haste, but the trip was not only an inconvenience but a danger to everyone else on the route and in all probability could have been accomplished as quickly by train. The public interest justifies a right of way over other vehicles to fire apparatus, ambulances, and probably mail trucks; they should have such a right by law, not by executive favor. No right should exist in the Police Department of New York or any other city to repeal the traffic regulations in favor of a mayor or any other citizen, and no self-respecting mayor or other citizen would accept an exemption which must obviously be exercised to the inconvenience and danger of others.

HOW EASY must be the task of the circulation department of our noble contemporary, the *Dearborn Independent!* It has only to open its hands and take the subscriptions of all wise and ambitious Ford employees, discreetly prompted by such a circular letter as this to the staff of the new Ford Hospital in Detroit:

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OF ENGLAND'S many curious organizations for accomplishing remarkable objects none has ever appealed to us more than the Large Black Pig Society. The King himself, we understand, is its president, but that is an inconsequential consideration beside the society's name. We are glad to report to Americans a problem which is agitating the society: to wit, the best way of marking the animals for whose good and welfare it exists. "It is quite simple," says a spokesman for the society, "to tattoo white pigs," but, as the *Manchester Guardian* puts it, "where is the ink, and where are the instruments to apply it, which will show up so unmistakably against a hide which (as visitors to agricultural shows may remember) resembles so closely a well-blacked stove slightly covered with sparse whiskers?" This, we feel, is a problem in solid realities beside which the continuance of the coal industry and the dole to the unemployed become evanescent bubbles. Some of our readers, we hope, will help the Large Black Pig Society with suggestions for the best way of marking "a somber expanse of perambulating pork."

Mr. Mellon's "Tax Relief"

A WELL-INFORMED Washington correspondent outlines the Treasury's plan for tax reduction as follows: (1) Reduce the basic normal tax from 6 per cent to 5 per cent; (2) reduce the surtax to a maximum of 20 per cent; (3) abolish the federal estate tax; (4) reduce the present 12½ per cent corporation income tax if prospective revenue justifies, but not by graduating the tax downward on the basis of total income. The idea of a graduated tax on corporations, this correspondent states, is contrary to the Administration policy of encouraging the transaction of business in large units. If the American position is to be maintained in the vigorous competition for world trade, Mr. Mellon believes, business must not be disturbed by inefficient attempts to encourage small business and competition.

We do not vouch for the correctness of this information; the Treasury may change its ground again before Congress meets. In principle, however, each new position of Mr. Mellon is just the same as his old one, only more so. For more than four years now he has been shaping federal taxation according to a perfectly definite theory; changes have been due only to political exigencies.

Bluntly stated his theory is this: So far as possible the rich should be freed from heavy taxation, so that they may accumulate more capital and thus employ the poor, who will then have work and the ability to pay taxes. More suavely: Free business from taxation so that it may accumulate capital, cause prosperity, and employ labor; then taxes will come from somewhere. It is a pleasant theory held comfortably by the everyday business man. In fact, judging from the tons of incense burned by the newspapers before Mr. Mellon's shrine, and from the verdict in last November's election, we gather that it is held explicitly or implicitly by a large majority of our fellow-citizens. With our usual cantankerousness, we must dissent.

Consider a part of what Mr. Mellon has already accomplished. The excess-profits taxes of unlamented memory have disappeared, *spurlos versenkt*. The surtaxes on big incomes have fallen from 65 per cent to 40 per cent, and Mr. Mellon almost committed hara-kiri a year ago because they were not lowered to the sacred figure of 25 per cent. By a neat provision of the law of 1921 capital gains were taxed only 12½ per cent; but taxpayers were allowed to deduct capital losses in toto from their taxable income. Under this benign provision the 3,066 richest taxpayers (who had each paid on $100,000 or more in 1916) had up to 1923 deducted $610,000,000 from their taxable income for losses. This manifestly enabled them to save a tidy sum out of taxes and thus preserve it to the "productive capital" of this great country. We will not rehearse Mr. Mellon's exploits further. Suffice it to say that wherever this second Alexander Hamilton has seen a chance to take taxation off the business man and the wealthy citizen, he has done so.

But what has this financial wizard done with the tariff, a tax which, so far as it is actually effective, comes out of the pocket of the miserable and ubiquitous ultimate consumer in the form of higher prices for both the imported and the domestic product, be it honest woolen clothing or aluminum saucepans? Has Mr. Mellon wept for him? Not so. Your consumers of saucepans do not furnish that "spirit of business adventure" which according to Mr. Mellon has given our fair land "the foremost position in the world." They do not add to the capital on which our civilization rises. So our tariff has gone up and up, and Br'er Mellon he ain't say nuffin'; while all proposals for reduction, thanks to the marvelous "flexible" provisions that we now enjoy, sleep safely in the files of a "scientific" tariff commission, benevolently watched over by the former secretary of the Home Market Club. Meanwhile capital beneficently accumulates.

What next? Rapid payment of the war debt, while money is still comparatively cheap? Mr. Mellon seems to think it would be well to leave something for the next generation to pay. Instead of paying the war debt now, he wants to reduce taxes again, and accumulate capital. How? Let us repeat his masterly program: First, by reducing the normal income tax from 6 per cent to 5 per cent (which sounds well, but affects nobody with less than $8,000 of taxable income); second, by scaling the surtax from a maximum of 40 per cent to one of 20 per cent (it was to be an absolutely "scientific" 25 per cent, determined by immutable economic laws, during those long months when Horatio Mellon stood at the bridge last year); third, by abolishing the estate tax, which now takes productive capital from the children of perfectly good dead capitalists to squander it in paying off government debts; and finally, by reducing the 12½ per cent corporation tax, so that our corporations may add their profits to capital instead of wasting them in taxes!

We do not complain of Mr. Mellon's principle, nor do we charge that he adopted it simply to feather his own already well-feathered nest. On the contrary, we think he honestly believes this principle to be "for the good of the country," whatever that may mean. We do not repine, either, because our fellow-Americans agree with Mr. Mellon instead of with us. "If they like that sort of thing, that's just the sort of thing they like." We only point out that Mr. Mellon's scheme is based on an archaic political economy that was buried in the same grave with McCulloch and James Mill and Nassau Senior, only to be resurrected by that large body of contemporary business economists who wish to be dispensed from the necessity of thinking. Most governments had to abandon such a basis of taxation long ago. The United States is so egregiously rich that it can still without disaster continue to lug along this dead weight of outworn economic and social ideas, still practice the good old motto: "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." If one searches thoughtfully the teachings of modern economic science, however, he finds them supporting rather a canon of taxation made familiar in England by the Labor Party: "The surplus wealth for the common good." We who oppose Mr. Mellon's business philosophy may be fighting a losing battle for the time being, but at any rate we will not be intimidated by the beating of his big bass drum, the blaring and blahing of the press saxophones, and the shrill tooting of the economic piccolos that assume to pipe for business. We know too well that there are always good reasons why somebody else should pay the taxes.

Debts and Deception

THE terms finally agreed upon between this country and Belgium for the settlement of the latter's debt to our government will constitute one of the most significant steps in post-war finance. The sum involved is only about one-tenth as large as Great Britain's debt to us but the principle will probably be used in settling the French and Italian obligations as well. For Europe the settlement will be more important than that with Great Britain because it will affect a group of nations whose finances are in a condition so precarious that any change in them is reflected throughout the Continent.

The great difference between the British debt settlement and what may be called the Belgian-French-Italian negotiations is that Great Britain was known to be solvent and capable of paying substantially in full, while the other European Allies would, if they were business corporations, long since have been obliged to go into bankruptcy; intelligent students of finance do not expect them ever to pay their debts to the United States in full, nor even to settle their internal obligations without tremendous losses to those who lent to them when their currencies were at or near their gold parity.

Intelligent students of finance know these things, we say, but politicians and newspaper editors in this country have been unwilling to admit them publicly, and the American people have been allowed to form a fixed and general belief that our European government debtors can—and therefore ought to—pay their debts to us in full and with interest. The Administration in Washington—both under Harding and until lately under Coolidge—has been the chief propagandist of this theory, although it is now veering around to a more realistic attitude. The insistence that there can be no cancelation is apparently to be abandoned, although in so discreet a manner that the man in the street will not recognize it. We are going to compromise our claims and accept what we can get, although it will be done behind a mass of technical words and figures intended to conceal the facts from the average citizen.

Even with Great Britain the terms of our agreement do not provide for settlement in full—in spite of the sixty-two years over which payments are spread—although the notion has been conveyed that the British have bound themselves to pay to the last penny. The fact is that for the first ten years Great Britain is paying interest at 3 per cent, and after that will pay 3½ per cent, while we are still paying an average of nearly 4¼ per cent on the war bonds out of which we borrowed money to lend to Europe. In a study of our debt agreements made so far—those with Great Britain, Hungary, Finland, Lithuania, and Poland—the National Industrial Conference Board says:

> The rate of interest on the funded foreign debt, averaged over the entire period, is 3.42 per cent, or approximately three-fourths of 1 per cent under the prevailing rate of interest now paid by the United States Government on its own obligations. It must be remembered, however, that there is included in the funded debt the amount of interest that had accumulated and remained unpaid at the time of funding and that this unpaid interest is now itself bearing interest, the operation thus partaking of the nature of compound interest to a limited degree. . . .
>
> If it is assumed that the United States will not be able to refund its maturing war obligations during the British funding period on the basis of a yield lower than 4¼ per cent, the total cost of the British funding agreement to the American people may be set at $1,581,000,000, or a sacrifice of 34.4 per cent of the new principal involved.

The National Industrial Conference Board adds that the loss will not, in fact, be quite so high, since there is every prospect that we shall be able to renew our loans at somewhat less than 4¼ per cent.

We are not attacking the official change in front whereby our European debtors are to be allowed to pay what they can in place of the previous inflexible American policy which demanded everything and got nothing. On the contrary, *The Nation* proposed soon after the armistice that all our foreign debt be canceled in return for a decent European policy, which would have involved corresponding reductions in the German indemnities. Had this been done the financial collapse of Germany and the near-financial breakdown of France might have been averted.

Only we think Mr. Coolidge should not be allowed to fool our people into believing they are getting a hundred cents on the dollar when in fact they are accepting only *a promise* of such fraction of that sum as our debtors choose to tender.

Biography and Brilliance

WE are becoming so accustomed to the brief and "pertinent" biography, and so familiar with the claim that it has supplanted for all time to come its older and longer brother, that we are likely—if we do not look about us—to consider the art of Boswell, for instance, to be dead. We hear that Mr. Strachey has changed everything; that the future, indeed, belongs to his kind of biographical essay. And it would be difficult to exaggerate the value of a technique which consists in selection and selection only—the assumption being, naturally, that the details are picked by a mind which possesses a point of view. This technique has given us Mr. Strachey in England and Mr. Bradford in America, not to speak of their many engaging followers. For that matter it gave our ancestors Plutarch—one, too, who possessed a point of view, though it was considerably more pious than that which we relish in the somewhat cynical essayists of the twentieth century. Merely so far as technique goes, there is little or no difference between Plutarch and Mr. Strachey. One hunted for facts which should prove that the actions of men—Alcibiades, Fabius—have a moral significance; the other hunts for facts which shall demonstrate all motives—in General Gordon, in Prince Albert—to partake of the madness which is inherent in human energy. Both condescended to their subjects, and both were brilliant men.

But we have only to look about us to be reminded that the long biography still lives and flourishes. Against Mr. Strachey in England must be counted Henry Festing Jones, and along with Mr. Bradford in America there are Horace Traubel, Albert Bigelow Paine, and Archibald Henderson. These—to name no others—amply carry on the tradition of Boswell, of Eckermann, and of Masson. They serve also as reminders that the art of biography need not consist in selection only, or indeed in selection at all. What conceivable thing, for instance, did Mr. Jones leave out of his life of Samuel Butler? What chance remark of the aging

Walt Whitman seemed insignificant to Mr. Traubel? Where did Mr. Paine ever trim Mark Twain? And what that Mr. Henderson could find out about Bernard Shaw did he suppress? They put everything in, whether it was picturesque or not; and the result in each case was something grandly picturesque after all. The point of view was not there, and yet it was there—in us, perhaps, after we had finished with our reading. The only piety in the biographers was the piety which they felt toward their heroes, and their only cynicism was that with which they might wave away criticism of those heroes. There is something, if not much, in the theory that the best biography is the longest; there is reason behind the attitude which refuses to deny greatness to a life of a great man—however shapeless it may be—if only it present endless evidence of that greatness. It is no anomaly that the most famous of biographies in English is also the most utterly without form or visible art.

Boswell's "Johnson" has likewise—at least since Macaulay—enjoyed the reputation of being a great book written accidentally by a small, trivial, and stupid man. It happens to be no longer possible to cherish that delusion wholly, or at all. Yet the paradox involved is an important one. Brilliance is no necessary ingredient in a biographer. Indeed, if he be operating on a large scale, brilliance will get in his way and be a nuisance. His game is big, and he may not stop at every tree in order to try the edge of his weapon—and incidentally to show how neatly he can carve his initials. He must still pursue, and when he has come close it will not matter so much that he is forced to hack many times with an inadequate instrument.

So it was with Boswell, and so it is with Mr. Henderson and Mr. Paine—to confine the matter to two of our contemporaries who have practiced upon subjects in themselves particularly brilliant. To say that Mr. Henderson is less brilliant than Mr. Shaw is to say nothing interesting. It is more interesting to observe that the man who has stayed longest by Shaw, and has published the most facts about him, is singularly unequipped to understand him—let alone match him in malice or wit. There was little in Mr. Henderson's recent volume of dialogues with "G. B. S." to indicate that the pains he had formerly taken to lay bare the sources of the man's thought had not been wasted. He could see that Shaw was witty, but not that he was wise; and he himself, in the act of composing an invaluable sequel to his biography of fourteen years ago, was neither. As for Mr. Paine, who has reared three lasting monuments to Mark Twain in the "Life," the "Letters," and the "Autobiography," there is sufficient evidence of his quality in this passage from the "Autobiography":

> I started to say, a while ago, that when I made that discovery of the difference between "news" and "history" thirty-nine years ago, I conceived the idea of a magazine, to be called the *Back Number* and to contain nothing but ancient news; narratives culled from moldy old newspapers and moldy old books; narratives set down by eye-witnesses at the time that the episodes happened. . . . Mr. Paine, you and I will start that magazine, and try the experiment, if you are willing to select the ancient news from old books and newspapers and do the rest of the editorial work. Are you willing?
>
> Mr. Paine. I should be very willing, when we get time to undertake it.
>
> Very well, then we will, by and by, make that experiment.

Hints for Swimmers

In spite of its growing popularity as a summer sport, swimming the English Channel is not unmitigated fun. The water is cold—colder, Gertrude Ederle says, than the water off the Maine coast. Darkness is sure to begin or end one's swim—darkness that leaves one alone, surrounded by unfriendly reaches of black and choppy waves. It was darkness that defeated Mlle Sion the other day. All her strength and courage left her as the night shut her in, and she gave up two miles from the English shore when she was swimming bravely, an hour ahead of the best time ever made by a man. And the Channel is full of large, uneven billows. Some swimmers are doubtless steadier and more seaworthy than others, but the best of them, though they be "round in the counter and bluff in the bow," as the old chantey says, are likely to pitch and roll in a heavy Channel chop. Also there are jellyfish. Burgess, the second man to swim the Channel, was stung by jellyfish 100 times in the course of his crossing. And most of the swimmers suffer from cramps.

But if one decides to take up this sport there are compensations: Sullivan, who made the swim in 1923, lost twenty pounds in the process. An elaborate technique has been developed for overcoming the difficulties involved. Specially mixed greases cover the body to keep it warm; goggles prevent the salt from stinging the eyes; balanced rations keep the swimmer strong on the way; musical programs warm his spirits. Tirabocchi, the Argentine who swam the Channel in the amazing time of 16 hours and 33 minutes two years ago, favors jazz as a musical diet. He found himself enlivened and encouraged by syncopated music timed to his stroke. Burgess is more conservative: he swims to old French ballads. In fact, when he landed after his final successful trip (he had tried and failed thirteen times) and went temporarily insane on the beach, fifteen minutes of French ballads quite restored his exhausted nerves. But Gertrude Ederle's coach, Mr. Wolfe, has a different musical theory. He is himself a noted Channel swimmer who has developed his technique from years of not quite successful efforts to get across. Mr. Wolfe favors bagpipes. He has used them throughout day-long grueling cross-Channel swims. Working in relays the pipers skirl and shriek courage and strength into weary limbs. The tunes are carefully devised to fit the emergency. To help him battle a buffeting cross-current the bagpipes play "I Love a Lassie," repeating it as long as the struggle lasts. During meal-times, which come around every half hour in the Channel, the pipes play "Leave but a Kiss Within the Cup"—possibly to fortify the swimmer against any impulse to ask for wine. Gertrude Ederle's youthful indifference to the value of this variety of musical stimulation has been one of the causes of the irritation of her veteran coach.

As for food, the experts are at war. Some say that Miss Harrison failed because she was a vegetarian and lived on a diet which could not provide sufficient strength. Gertrude Ederle, the buxom daughter of a successful butcher, should fare better. Her regular habits are carnivorous, although she swims on a light diet of beef tea, grapes, and chocolate. A report that she would nibble pork chops and steaks on the way across must have been issued by some packer's press agent.

British Constitutionalism and the Coal Settlement

J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

London, August 3

I AM writing on a day when the country breathes freely because the dispute in the coal trade has been prevented at the very last minute from reaching a disastrous crisis, and when, at the same time, there is a gripping doubt at our hearts about the price, in cash and psychology, which we shall have to pay. Up to yesterday afternoon the deadlock was complete. The Government, through Mr. Baldwin, had said its last word, and it was that it would give no subsidies; the owners had said theirs, which was the notices posted up for weeks at the pits and coming into operation in less than thirty hours; the men had said theirs, which was that they would not accept the owners' terms and regretted that the Government had no proposals to make except that the miners should accept lower wages and longer hours. Somewhere between eight and nine in the evening the Government was to announce to the House of Commons that negotiations had broken down and that a lockout of the miners was inevitable. Just before that hour fleet-winged whispers went round the House that, as the result of a prolonged meeting of the Cabinet, the Government had yielded to the demands for a subsidy, made by the coal owners primarily, as a condition for the withdrawal of their notices, and had requested both sides to meet the Prime Minister at ten o'clock that evening. Of the result of the meeting there could be no doubt. There would be peace—at any rate for a time. Now it is announced that that time is to be nine months during which the conditions of the trade and its problems are to be the subject of a thorough inquiry by a commission.

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin

As I have said, the country is mingling trembling with its satisfaction, and well it may, for the circumstances attending this dispute and its settlement are ominous. It arose from a condition of things which of itself was a deadlock. The economic and industrial results of a war fought blindly by unscrupulous propaganda and upon purely military consideration fundamentally changed the relations of British coal production to continental coal production, and developments in the use of oil dealt further heavy blows at the staggering industry. Profits fell, and over large areas of the coal-field did not exist. The usual demand for a reduction in the cost of production followed, and this, to the mind of a body of owners, each working his own pits and having no idea of comprehensive organization, is the same thing as a reduction in wages and an extension of hours. But the miners were not disposed without a fight to go back to an eight-hour day, and they were living upon incomes that were already down to bare living level. For at least twelve months this coming clash was apparent, and before leaving office the Labor Government began preparations for dealing with it. The new Government did nothing, but, as a spectator, saw the clouds gather, and remained in this position till the notices were posted and both sides took up their fighting positions.

The first note of battle sounded by the owners was shrill and selfish. Profits had to be secured first and wages afterward. Two things followed. The whole labor forces came together. Never has such unity been known in the trade-union movement. Every union made the miners' position its own because it felt that if this challenge were successful it would be repeated all along the line and thrown at every trade in turn. The other thing was that public sympathy was with the men. Then the Government acted and pitiably mishandled the problem. It had lost the weeks and months when intervention might have been effective. It included no one with a personality strong enough to battle with the leaders on either side, no one trusted or respected by them; it had no well-thought-out plan. In the end, the only thing that could happen did happen. As in the decaying days of the Roman Empire victorious invaders had to be bought off, so peace had now to be purchased by spending taxpayers' money.

Had the lockout taken place the industries of our country would have been paralyzed within a week. The railways would have been involved from the first hour; the other sections of the transport trades would have followed quickly; gas and electrical works were included in the trade-union scheme of united action. When one visualizes all that that means, and takes into account the passions and tempers that would have been stirred up and the reactions that would have followed, it is seen how very near the country would have been brought to revolutionary conditions. The prospect was undoubtedly appalling, and those sections which believe that governments only yield to force and that direct action against society—that is, the revolutionary method—offers great prospects for improvement in working-class conditions naturally feel that they have scored a fine triumph. They are now able to say that a threat of direct action wrung £10,000,000 from the taxpayers. They overlook the fact that as striking as trade-union unity was the unity of public opinion. The House of Commons and the country were not disposed to restore the coal trade by reducing the mining population to a state of sweated labor, and would not have tolerated a defeat of the miners; but the mishandling of the Government obscured this fact and handed over the honors of war to those who may be inclined to toy with revolution.

Thus has a peace, worth almost any price, been purchased at a riskily high one and with coin that if put into common circulation will ruin the state. The poverty and industrial unsettlement that the war and the Versailles peace have brought upon Great Britain have put, and are still to put, the ingrained constitutional and democratic habits of our people to a severe test. Constitutionalism

has to justify itself by its results and not only by its logic or its philosophy, and if even in appearance political methods and action are to march in the wake of demonstrations of force, the most constitutional and rational of all the nations will hesitate as to how the flow of progress is to be continued. Fairy tales about the idyllic conditions of Russia, and the rouged and powdered reports of untrained and credulous investigators, fall like seed upon ground well prepared by distress, falling standards, unemployment, and the reactionary policy of a Tory Government, but when to that is added the nourishing rain of what appears to be a surrender to threats the damage must be assessed as being high. The real danger of reaction in the world at the present moment is that it is blind to gathering storms, that it deals with them only when they are entering upon their last phase, and that then it is either so stiff that it challenges right and ranges itself among the powers that doom themselves to destruction by their own folly, or that when sobered at the last moment it cannot do the right thing without appearing to surrender not to justice but to force. That is the history of all revolutions.

For the British Government to have allowed a conflict in the coal industry at the present moment, and in view of the nature of the owners' demands, would have brought upon it the censure of the nation, but its eleventh-hour recognition of the situation and the way it has mishandled its task has undoubtedly strengthened and encouraged, not only legitimate trade unionism, but those subversive elements in the community which it is the duty of everyone who believes in ordered progress to combat. We have peace in the coal-fields for the time being, but the difficulties of trying to convince an impatient and hard-pressed people of the wisdom of democratic methods have been sadly increased. Truly an interesting chapter in the revolutionary effects of reactionary governments.

The American Background*

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

TO show that artists have lived in America, and that they live here now, disposes of the question in its categorical form. Poe lived in New York when it had a population of about 200,000 people, and when the literary market was about what it is in Omaha today, or worse; because modern communication brings Omaha within fifteen hours of New York, and so puts it not greatly farther from the magazine counters than Fordham was in 1840. Whitman lived in America contemporaneously with Poe, and many years after Poe's death; and he managed to sing his songs in spite of hostile publishers who aggravated the poverty which more or less crippled him, and in spite of the onslaughts of the reigning New England school, chiefly Lowell—James Russell, I mean. Emerson lived in America and fared famously while using rebellion against puritanism and orthodoxy as his material. His nature took to plain living and high thinking, and that is a course well adapted to the generally frugal circumstances of the artist's life. Longfellow lived in America and wrote of America, not deeply but by name and place and token. Hawthorne lived in America and wrote of the part of America where he was born and where he grew to maturity. So the list might be amplified with the names of Cooper, Mark Twain, and many others; and artists are living in America today who have done their work in America and of America, and who will do as good or better things in days to come. We have had musicians like MacDowell, and sculptors like St.-Gaudens, who lived and wrought in this land of corn and beef.

Is it asked, then, whether the names of these men are as great as certain names of England? Granting that these men accomplished their course here, might they not have done so better in England, France, Germany, or Italy? Is it not true that some of those countries, by virtue of their more settled life, their greater respect for the artist and his work, and their greater exemption from noise and strife and materialism, are better places to work? To answer these questions requires the careful consideration of many things. But merely by way of suggestion it may be said that if an artist is American to the core, and sticks to the thing he knows and learned with the milk that nourished him, he will lose himself or his material or both in a foreign environment; and next, which is part of the same matter, he will be deprived there of the native irritants which make him not English or French but American. When I hear American novels and poetry compared to English novels and poetry and disparaged in the comparison, as if there were one standard and we had to conform to it or fall below grade, I am inclined to lose patience. We can be receptive to whatever comes from abroad, and at the same time stand by our own. An audience which keeps its face turned eastward may to some extent influence American writers to look eastward too, and it is perhaps remarkable that the American author has not taken his cue from foreign countries more than he has. I should like to see the game reversed a little. For example, it remains for some American dramatist to put Cromwell in a play and in doing so to twist the history, sentimentalize the material, and capture London. I mention these things because the life of the American artist is conditioned by a multitude of factors like this, which bear upon his creative life fully as much as the general problem of financing himself—of which they are, indeed, a part—and fully as much as the turbulence and materialism of the country.

The handicaps upon creative life in America are the sources of our peculiar note, of our individuality, and of our success. This country is our fate, and we cannot escape it. For myself I think it probable that America will yet produce one of the most powerful and distinctive literatures of the world; I share the enthusiasm of Walt Whitman upon this subject and have done so since I began to think and write. When that great apostle of the American epic shout passed from the world I wrote and published an ode which reflected this very conviction; and I retain it still,

* This is the fifth of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather, Eugene O'Neill, and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Zona Gale have [illegible]

in spite of the fact that I see many ways in which our civilization may succumb to the despotism of lard. If we can better our work only by getting away from what we know and are, I see no possibilities of originality or greatness. Just as soon as the Greeks wandered to Alexandria and Italy, and there planted their Athenian culture and began to write, they passed into pale imitations of Plato and into the lesser strains of poetry. An exodus with us might have a better fate, leading to something unique in the combination of Americanism with more cultured growths; but it would not be American. I repeat: for good or evil we are fixed in this place and in this time, and we must make the best of it.

At the time that the "Spoon River Anthology" was published, and up to the time that I published "Domesday Book," I was maintaining a law office in Chicago, in the district called the Loop, amid sounds and sights and smoky air which to visitors seemed horrible but which to me did not seem so. On the contrary, I was habitually thrilled by the psychical cyclone of that place, constantly teased to record in verse the stories of the men who had built the city, the careers of the colorful and unique characters who furnished material day by day for the newspaper paragraphers. I wrote the "Spoon River Anthology" in my law office on slack Saturday afternoons, between telephone calls and the interruptions of calling clients. And when I came to the composition of "Domesday Book" I rented a small room in a tower overlooking the waterfront and Michigan Avenue from which I could see the boats and the gulls and hear the whir of the thousands passing on the pavement a hundred feet below me; and these surroundings stirred my thinking and imagining. They were my background and my material, and my irritants, and so my creative life. I was often asked by visitors from the East, from England and elsewhere, how I could work in such a city of noise, confusion, hate, strife, quarrels, violence; and I habitually answered that I thrived upon all this. I was falsely quoted and requoted as having said that I hated Chicago; I never said it. I did hate these things at times, when they wearied me—as whom would they not? But at the same time I said that they stirred me into expression. Well, surely not the expression of the Ode to the Skylark, or of the Grecian Urn—but what of it? Here is the point: it is in no sense necessary that we shall write what has been written before, or express new phases of the conditions out of which the work of Shelley and Keats came. It is only important that we shall portray in our own way what is our own, and to do this the American writer can live here and must live here.

There are parts of America in the great cities, as well as in the illiterate belts, that are repressive and dull to the last degree. The Baptists, the anti-evolutionists, the Protestant reformers and revivalists, the prohibitionists, in so far as they are articulate, which is far enough, make America peculiarly ridiculous and intolerable. And I can sympathize with any creative mind which does not want to live among them; but at the same time it is possible for a writer to arise among them and celebrate them in sarcastic song, for the delight of the world and for his own immortality. In thinking of other times and other places it is well to rid oneself of the hallucinations incident to the disease called nextplaceitis, and really to visualize the conditions under which such men, for example, as Burns and Voltaire lived. One reads the life of Burns with uncomprehending mind who does not fully realize the tortures and difficulties with which he was beset in that Presbyterian community—a poet to be sure, but so much the worse for him since he was an unsuccessful farmer and a man too fond of Sowter Johnnie and the wine cup. And the greatness of Voltaire consisted as much in the humor with which he could escape arrest by placing his house between the boundaries of France and Switzerland, so that he could dodge out of the back door into Switzerland or out of the front door into France, as it did in the genius with which he pickled in saltpeter the prohibitionists and the clergymen of his day. Of course, this was not the calm art of Goethe; but Voltaire was working out his own material; and being a man of courage and originality he could do nothing else. Even so with us, whatever be the place or the task.

There are all sorts of ways of remaining an American and drawing upon its material and at the same time avoiding the vitiated and pernicious air of its worst quarters. There are country places and retreats in the great cities like Chicago, New York, and San Francisco; better still, there are the growing centers of this immense land where because of the youth of the people and the freshness of the environment there is that love of liberty which so much conduces to the creative life. I recently returned from a long tour of the country for the purpose, in the main, of getting it into my vision and understanding; and the experience renewed that enthusiasm of my first days with Walt Whitman, and of the ode to which I have referred, for this country's possibilities in every realm of art. In Texas, for example, I seemed in the presence of so much vitality, so much interest in beauty and truth, that I could understand better than ever the present sterility of New England—as if it had expressed itself and then become as out of date as its soil. What may not come out of a State with a background as old as that of New England itself, close to the constantly discovered records and myths of the ancient Aztecs and the Mayas; and on her own soil looking back to Mexico, then to Houston, Crockett, and Bowie, then to the days of the Confederacy, and finally to a present wherein her cities are bursting with life and rioting in prosperity? Who that wants to write would go away from Texas in order to live beautifully and write beautiful things in southern France or in London? And one passes from this State to the desert, the mouse-gray mountains, and the level valleys between; to the desert cities where the old gambling hall has given way to the observatory and the bandit retreat in the mountains to the biological laboratory; where all sorts of dreamers and scientists and scholars live under a crystal sky and feel not that there is nothing to write about.

So with California, with San Francisco chiefly, that city whose houses seem like doves perched on cliffs above the gold and purple of the ocean. Who will join hands with George Sterling to sing that city, which is not Rome, and needs no Horace, but which has beauty not beneath Rome and a story colorful enough for any hand! In 1847 all this land was waste, it was desert; and Webster, who impressed himself so mightily upon his time, and had so much to do with the political creed of Lincoln, saw the whole territory west of Missouri as a worthless desert—did all he could to prevent our acquiring it. When the Mormons were trekking across the West in search of a haven beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, the

war with Mexico came on; and the Mormons were pressed into service in that war, thereby winning for the United States the very land to which the Mormons were marching in order to get away from the government. When they arrived in Utah the American eagle, having preceded them, was perching on the peaks of the Wasatchs. But they stayed and built Salt Lake City, and made the valley of the lake a vast expanse of wheat and grass, of flowers and fruit. Coming out of New England—for there both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were born—how was it that they built a theater at once, laid at once the cornerstone of the present temple, and began to cultivate music and dancing so that today the city is excelled by none in America for intelligence and the love of art. For myself, if I were cribbed and confined in some village of Tennessee I should go to Salt Lake City rather than to Sussex or Normandy.

Manifestly there is more in America to write about than any one has touched upon. Is there opportunity to write it? Is there the native gift to write it? Is there the right critical atmosphere? Whatever undermines a writer's vitality cripples his work. And of crippling things poverty is the worst. The spiritual effect of poverty is disastrous, though to a point it may stimulate. Beyond that it brings discouragement, with a lowered self-confidence and self-esteem. I believe that much good talent is snuffed out by the economic struggle; but I am not sure that it is more so here than in other countries, either now or in times past. It is perhaps true that since the scale of living is not so high in other countries as it is here, and the earnings of writers therefore higher, poverty here does bear harder upon artists than it does elsewhere. In any case I plead for an adjustment of these conditions. I should like to see rich people turn from hospitals and churches, from the sick and from the mendicant, to the well and the strong—the builders of America—and give them a lift. And I should like to see good work become as profitable as sensational work is; for our country is being civilized by those whose devotion and whose labors are not even respectably compensated—at least not until after many years of sacrifice.

In order that artists may do their best work in America I should like to see the critical tone deepened and heightened. It is nothing peculiar to America, nor to this day, that the gentle art of reviewing is complicated with every sort of commercial tangle, every sort of literary politics and propaganda. The strong man will survive against any sort of opposition, almost. But suppose that the constant and stupid dispraise of Dreiser, or before him of Whitman, had broken down that self-esteem and self-confidence which is the capital of any performer, whether he be a prize-fighter or a poet, and at the same time had deprived him of the means of life so that he could not physically bear the battle. Would America not have suffered one of the greatest possible losses? Justice and truth are a nation's divining wands, without which she can neither discover treasures nor keep them.

Poets and creative writers, whether they consciously mean to do so or not, are, in fact, engaged in the work of elevating the scale of feeling and acting, of increasing the sum of things which is called civilization. The satirist exposes absurdity and falsehood and attempts to shame them; the singer transmits the exalted moods which he has extracted from the world of society and nature about him in spite of the materialism with which they are burdened. The novelist portrays passion, ambition, cruelty, and hate as well as devotion, sacrifice, and love, in order that others may see what he has seen. All workers with pen or brush or chisel are logicians of the most delicate and exact methods, if they are really artists; beside them the reasoners in principles of law and statecraft and ethics are athletic logic-choppers.

Working in the midst of this scene called American, writers are bound to reflect what they see and feel, just as they are nourished by it, or irritated into expression on it, or pained by its spectacle. In a word, they are the products of the civilization from which they come; and even where they revolt from it they portray the thing which is rejected. One of the very best illustrations of this is Emerson; for in repudiating puritanism he stated the obverse of that culture in terms of intellectual freedom from its restraints and superstitions.

Now, though I have said that an artist can live in America, I am compelled to record that I do not think highly of the civilization of America, or indeed of civilization anywhere in the world. Confining myself to America, I must say that it is difficult to define its moral standards when I consider its politics and its laws. Shouting the Declaration and the Constitution, we have committed grand larceny right and left in taking the Philippines and Porto Rico, in defining our attitude toward China, and in taxing without representation remote possessions in order to keep unharmed a thieving tariff. Our whole national life is one of falsehood, dishonesty, and hypocrisy. Monopolies control the means of life, and are specially armed by law to do so; and this bears doubly hard upon the thinkers whose minds are preoccupied with thinking for the race instead of getting something for themselves. Business is a form of larceny, and property is robbery. The railroads do practically what they choose; oil and coal and steel and sugar rule the domain—not thought, not beauty, not justice. We as a nation of merchants have made much of the common-law rule that the purchaser must beware what the seller sells—not that the seller must beware what he sells, and for what he sells it.

All this life of lying, swindling, and pretending is coupled with the loudest psalm-singing in the world, with the most bitter theological persecution in the world. The Rockefellers and their kind may fairly be said to be the rulers of the land—together with the beneficiaries of the commercial imperialism which they have created. And they are active in the trivial morality of prohibition and in the enforcement of laws made for them! They would not abolish the tariff or enforce the anti-trust act or enforce the amendments having to do with freedom of speech, the press, religion, and the equal protection of the laws. The churches, which feed upon the provender of the age, profit by the supremacies of the hour, showing by their daily activities that their motive is hate, not love; for they are in bitter quarrels with each other over such idiotic things as the form of baptism, and whether all are saved or only the elect; and whether there is a bodily or only a spiritual resurrection; and whether the Jewish reformer Jesus was born of a virgin or came into life as others have come. In a word the churches today are what they were when Jesus denounced them, and told their elders and preachers that the harlots and publicans would enter the kingdom of heaven before they would. And this is

our culture and our civilization. This is the culture against which the seers and the poets must make their fight, even while they live in its midst, and deny themselves, and find themselves hobbled and destroyed sometimes by its tyrannies. For the game of the church, the fundamentalists, the mercantile regime, is one of boycott; it is to starve out, to drive out, all who assail the existing order.

To test out this culture, this civilization, let us see how the community, the state, or the nation reacts to a given circumstance. Does it prefer to see a dominant figure kept up or brought down? Does it resent in the name of justice an injustice done to an individual, provided the career of that individual is a luscious sacrifice to the local theology? Will it drape its morality with the confiscated robes of a persecuted character? Will its products spurn the cliques and the factions that care nothing for the organic laws? Will it stand up courageously and truthfully for anything important and just? It will by exception, but not generally. And as to poetry, as to the product of the artist, what does it do? I have no complaint in my own case to make whatever, for my books of poems have been handsomely treated; but in spite of all this self-exalted talk by the 113,000,000 people of this land, how many care about poetry or care whether a poet lives or dies? On the average, a book of poems by a poet of established reputation will not sell 20,000 copies or 10,000 copies or 5,000 copies but generally 1,500 copies or less. What is the matter? Where is this idealistic and spiritual nation? What is our civilization? Is it to be appraised in the light of the fact that the autobiography of a prize-fighter or a book of ephemeral short stories outsells a book of poems by a competent poet? Necessarily this must be the case. To lift the land from such a state is the work of the dreamers and the singers; when man is farther up the hill, this age will look in its spiritual life and reactions as the wooden plow and the hand flail look now to us.

India and Opium

By GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS

Calcutta, July 2

TWO thousand three hundred men and women were counted entering one of Calcutta's many government-licensed opium shops in a single day. There are 6,394 opium shops in India selling directly to the consumer, under British government control.

I visited a shop one block from the center of Chowringhee, Calcutta's Fifth Avenue. It was a darkish slit in the wall, just wide enough for a person to squeeze in past a person coming out, but it reached back indefinitely into the darkness. At the edge of the twilight zone crouched a naked sadhu or religious fakir. His long hair, matted with filth and the sacred ashes of cow-dung, hung in ropes about his neck. Streaks of white ash and red paint across his forehead symbolized the god he worships. He wore a rosary of large, brown beads, a small loin cloth tied around his waist with a cord. He was singing hymns in a minor, off-the tune quaver, and he held out a brass begging bowl. He would sit there until enough pice and annas had dropped into his bowl to buy his daily opium. And because of the traditional respect for holy men the Indians would allow him to stay. I have seen a sadhu in every opium shop I have visited, both in the cities and in the villages.

Squatting on a counter, behind a small, iron-barred window, sat a man rolling cubes of sticky, brown opium in a green leaf, and wrapping them, with a deft turn of the wrist, in a bit of newspaper. Beside him sat a man taking in a steady stream of one-anna pieces (two cents) in change for the bits of opium.

The line of men waiting to push into the shop was of all sorts: coolies wearing a dingy loin cloth and a dirty turban wound around their heads; dignified Babus—men of the clerical and upper class in fresh white dhotis and tunics of fine linen.

Two cents buys six and three-quarter grains of opium. A friendly man of about fifty who was leaving the shop told me that when he began using it four years ago two cents' worth lasted three days, two doses each day. Now he takes that amount in one day, a dose in the morning on an empty stomach and another at the end of the day's work when he begins to feel fagged again. He illustrated how he tosses it into his mouth and downs it with a swallow of tea. He was amused by my questioning, and wanted to know if I was going to buy some. He solemnly warned me that four cents' worth would kill a beginner. Old addicts, however, take as much as a rupee's worth (35 cents) at a time. Defenders of the licensing system make a great point of the fact that the shop is only permitted to sell a limited amount to any one customer. On inquiry at the shop, however, I found that the limit is one tola, 188 grains, and the customer may buy this amount every day. Also, there is nothing to prevent him making the rounds of the shops, or returning to the same shop five minutes later.

The League of Nations Health Committee, after careful calculation, has instituted an index figure for normal medical consumption of opium: 12 pounds per 10,000 of the population for all purposes. The villages of India average about this figure, but in the cities consumption jumps shockingly. Calcutta uses 288 pounds per 10,000, which is exactly twenty-four times the index rate. The provinces of Burma and Assam also show an alarming situation. In Rangoon the consumption is 216; in Mergui 286; for the whole of Burma, rural districts and all, the average is 56. The Assam consumption is 104 for the entire province.

India is the greatest opium-producing country in the world. The gross revenue from opium alone in 1921-1922 was $4,500,000. Opium used in India is sold by the government at cost to the provincial governments, which reap the profit individually. The government profit on opium as a whole is about 90 per cent.

The British Government policy regarding opium is frankly based on the findings of the Royal Commission of 1893. This commission reported that they found "no evidence of extensive moral and physical degradation from the use of opium." This much the defenders of government policy quote, but they neglect to finish the paragraph, which reads: "The whole effect of opium as medically

considered must be worked out later in detail, upon a careful collation of a large mass of evidence before the commission." This medical investigation was never made.

A minority report by Henry Wilson, M.P., criticized, among other things, the interpretation of the evidence presented. He pointed out that the Indian witnesses who were in favor of the use of opium were the wealthy landlords; those who opposed were journalists, lawyers, teachers, and Indian doctors. This suggests that even in 1893 there was an audible body of Indian opinion opposed to the imperial opium policy.

Dr. S. K. Datta, of the Calcutta Y. M. C. A., in a speech against opium in the National Legislative Assembly in Delhi last March, analyzed the Royal Commission of thirty years ago, and pointed out that the investigation was concerned almost exclusively with the effects of a change of policy on the revenues. It was a financial commission. Only incidentally, and as a fifth heading, did it give an opinion on the absence of "extensive moral and physical degradation" with the qualifications already quoted. Yet on the day following Dr. Datta's speech Sir Basil Blackett, financial member of the Viceroy's Council, rising to present the Government's reply, said: "Now the policy of the Government of India in regard to opium consumption in India is still based on the findings of the Royal Commission of 1893. That commission went very thoroughly into the question of opium consumption in India." And he proceeded to quote the usual sentence about physical and moral degradation, omitting, as usual, the qualifying clause.

Analysis of the vote is even more significant. The original motion had been to eliminate any allowance for the Opium Department from this year's budget, the government demand being $6,000,000. Such a step was recognized as too drastic, and during the debate it was agreed to withdraw this motion in favor of a reduction of $33 on the budget. Reduction of $33 in a grant of six millions is the merest oratorical gesture. It was only intended to symbolize a frown of displeasure on the legislative brow. Yet every Englishman in the Chamber voted against this mild and empty motion, as did the four Indian members who have been knighted, and seven wearing titles of Khan Bahadur and Rai Bahadur. On the other side every man who voted for the motion was an Indian, and most of them were Swarajists and plain Misters, or Babus, as they call them over here. It is incidents such as this which make "the white man's burden" an ironic joke.

In a country where 93 per cent of the people are illiterate, including more than 98 per cent of the women, one may not expect to find bodies like our Woman's Christian Temperance Union making organized campaigns against the drug traffic. But half a hundred Indian social-reform organizations have, for years, been adopting resolutions in favor of the prohibition of liquor and drugs. Four years ago Mr. Gandhi carried on such a successful campaign against opium in Assam that in the following year consumption dropped 42 per cent in some localities, and 60 per cent in one district. The Swaraj Party has consistently opposed the government opium policy, but its efforts have usually been obstructed. During the Congress campaign against opium in Assam the licensed shops were picketed by Congress volunteers. The government retaliated by sending over 1,000 of these pickets to jail, on the charge that they were non-cooperators, and the sentences ran as high as one year.

Indians resent the implications of the British argument that they know how to use opium. Practically all modern states have some form of Dangerous Drugs Act. The British Parliament has recently increased the penalty for possessing opium and the smoking implements from six months' imprisonment to ten years' penal servitude. In India the British legislator waxes eloquent against depriving the poor cultivator of his rights. Mr. W. A. Cosgrave, I. C. S., lives in and represents Assam, where Indian tea coolies use as high as 474 pounds per 10,000 (normal rate 12 pounds). In the Delhi debate already quoted he asked:

> Why should the poor cultivator, living in a malarious tract, be deprived of his dose of opium at the end of his day's work? He can get only two tolas of opium at a time, and he frequently has to go twenty miles to get that two tolas. Why should he not have his dose of opium as much as a rich member of the Legislative Assembly enjoys his glass of wine, or perhaps even two at Maidens Hotel, or the Raisina? [A tola contains 188 grains. A dose of twelve grains means suicide for the average person, so a supply of 376 grains seems adequate for one day.]

One of the most serious phases of India's opium problem is the drugging of babies. The women who work in the mills of Bombay and Calcutta give their babies opium in the morning so that they will sleep all day and not interrupt their mothers at work by crying to be nursed. The women in the villages who work in the fields dope their babies before they go so that they will not waken and cry in their absence. There are estimated to be over 50,000,000 in India who never are able to satisfy their hunger. Poor women of this class who have not enough milk to nurse their babies give them opium to stop their crying from hunger.

Dr. Mistri, a woman doctor holding a government appointment on the Bombay side, estimates that 90 per cent of Hindu children and 75 per cent of Mohammedan are kept continuously drugged from birth until they are two years old. A physician in the Central Provinces estimates that 90 per cent of the babies in his district are doped. In a recent speech Lady Wilson, wife of the Governor of Bombay, quoted doctors and social workers who, "knowing the facts," had told her that 98 per cent of the mothers working in the cotton mills of Bombay dope their babies regularly before they go to work, and as a result the infant mortality of Bombay had run to the appalling figure of 666 per thousand.

Indians also resent what they consider to be the Government's generally evasive attitude in regard to opium. They resent the fact that in Assam, where the opium evil is the most acute of any province in India, the Government has shown itself not only indifferent to the situation but obstructive. As far back as 1921 the Assam legislature passed a resolution providing for progressive limitation of the use of opium by registration of all present users and refusal to sell to new users. Such a system was successfully introduced in Burma thirty years ago, when the situation became acute. The resolution was passed by a majority of 26 to 13, and all the votes in favor of the resolution were, as usual, Indian—with the exception of one European doctor. Three years later, in 1924, Sir W. Read announced in Legislative Council, "I want to correct one misunderstanding. We never definitely undertook to reduce by 10 per cent each year . . ." and nothing has been done.

Against this background it is interesting to read quotations in the press from Earl Winterton's speech before the House of Commons last winter. Earl Winterton, who is Under Secretary of State for India, stated that the view of the Government of India, "based on the findings of the Royal Commission of 1893," is "that centuries of experience had taught the people of India discretion in the use of prepared opium, which was, for the most part, without injurious consequences."

A Turkish Divorce

By LOUISE BRYANT

THE Pasha has divorced his wife. Kemal has sent Latife Hanoum back to her father's home in Smyrna, from which he plucked her abruptly four years ago when his victorious army drove the last of the Greeks into the sea. Thus ends a romance which promised once to alter the history of the Near East, killed presumably by the slow poison which has been fatal to so many romances—childlessness.

When Kemal married Latife, Turkey was at his feet. He had accomplished the impossible. In a defeated, exhausted, starving, devastated country, by the strength of his own will he had created an army which annihilated the Greek invaders and shamed their British supporters. There was a Sultan-Caliph in Constantinople, but he was the symbol of defeat and disgrace, and Kemal was the symbol of rebirth and victory. He was the hero of Islam.

The Sultan, moreover, had not merely opposed the Kemalist revolt with all the moral force at his command as Caliph of Islam but had sent his troops against the Kemalists and set a price on Kemal's head. It was, therefore, a foregone conclusion that the Sultan would be deposed. But Kemal was not content with the mere deposition of the Sultan. He abolished the Sultanate, established a republic, divorced church and state, and permitted the heir to the throne to assume only the title of Caliph. It was commonly believed in Turkey at the time that this was but the first of a series of acts which would end in Kemal assuming the Sultanate, as Louis Napoleon's early political moves had ended in his assumption of the title of Emperor. And when Kemal married Latife, the beginning of a new dynasty seemed imminent. She was the daughter of the richest man in Turkey, a Smyrna merchant, and he was expected to supply the one thing Kemal needed: money.

Kemal's subsequent acts strengthened the impression that he intended some day to assume the Sultanate. He established a government which possessed certain outward forms of a democratic republic but was in reality a dictatorship. He was President of the Republic, with vast civil powers. He was commander-in-chief of the army. He was, in addition, president of the single chamber of the Grand National Assembly, and president of the only political party which existed in that Assembly. His will was law, and he began to behave in a manner consistent with the best traditions of the most autocratic of the sultans. He endured no opposition or advice from even his closest friends and supporters. One by one the able, courageous patriots who had helped him to drive out the Greeks were pushed out of the Government. Raouf Bey, Ali Fuad Pasha, Kaizim Karabekir Pasha, Refet Pasha, all the men of independent character and ability who had surrounded him, were replaced by men utterly subject to his will. Of distinguished figures Ismet Pasha and Fethi Bey alone remained. Kemal alternated them in the post of prime minister and they carried out his orders. Thereupon he began to take the expected steps against the House of Osman. He hedged the Caliph with restrictions until the spiritual head of Islam was practically a prisoner in the palace of Dolma Bagtche. Then he dismissed the Caliph altogether, exiled him, and at the same time exiled all other members of the House of Osman. Men, women, and children, all were bundled over the Turkish border. The stage seemed set for a Kemalist dynasty. But there was no dynasty in sight. Latife was childless.

In the Western world rivers of ink have been spilled describing the beauty, talents, courage, intelligence, progressivism, and charm of Latife. Few such rivers have run in Turkey. For Latife is not the bravest, most beautiful, most intelligent, and most charming of Turkish women. She is the richest. She is a woman of strong will, independent character, little beauty or charm, ambitious, dictatorial, jealous. She at once caused the disappearance from Angora of Halide Edib Hanoum, who had fought through the war at Kemal's side. And she showed a distinct aversion to the utilization, politically or educationally, of the hundreds of extremely able and self-sacrificing women who compose the Turkish upper class. She was, in fact, distinctly hostile to them. And naturally hostile, for she is a middle-class merchant's daughter. There is a snobbery in Turkey, a rather magnificent snobbery, a snobbery which permits the beys to be intimate friends of their boatmen or gardeners, to sip coffee or smoke a cigarette with a soldier, but does not permit social intercourse with those who live by trade and barter, whether millionaires or pawnbrokers. For centuries traffic with goods and money has been the business of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. The upper class and the lower class in Turkey respect and honor each other; they join in despising the business man. Latife therefore knew quite well that though she might occupy the Sultana's apartments in the palace of Dolma Bagtche she could never enter a Bosphorus drawing-room.

Kemal knew the same thing. Kemal perhaps did not care, much. He had lived roughly all his life, taking his pleasures after the manner of a soldier or a sailor on leave. He was fond of a rather wild evening now and then. After the advent of Latife there were no more wild evenings. The two lived in the closest domesticity in Angora. A six-room house was their home—a small space in which to confine two temperaments so wilful. Too small a space, evidently.

The dismissal of Latife means nothing to the women of Turkey. She was never a leader of the women's movement of her country. Such a movement exists. It asked her direct cooperation. She refused. Nezieh Hanoum of Constantinople is perhaps the outstanding leader of the movement, and Halide Edib Hanoum is its brightest star. But in the old houses of Stambul and in the Yalis on the banks of the Bosphorus there are hundreds of magnificent women, like Madame Ferouk Bey, who are as completely women of the world as any to be found in London or Paris or New York—brilliant women, superbly educated, tolerant and progressive. They hope to achieve woman suffrage before many years have passed, but the greater part of their time and all their money are at present being utilized in caring for the hundreds of thousands of orphans and refugees who are starving in Turkey today. They have

had a lonely fight to save the lives of the sufferers. The Near East Relief rushed to rescue the Greeks who had left Turkey under the exchange of populations, but no one helped the Turks. The Near East unhappily collects its funds by propaganda urging Christians to save fellow-Christians from the horrible Turks, and its expenditures for the aid of Turks have been negligible. Therefore the Turkish women, who need the aid of a Hoover, battle alone to save their children. The infant mortality in Turkey at present is over 60 per cent. Forty per cent of the returned refugees died during the first year, mostly from starvation. Such conditions do not leave women much time to think about suffrage.

Speculations as to Kemal's future actions are idle. He is still President of the Turkish Republic, but an opposition party, led by Raouf Bey, now confronts him in the Assembly. He has done his best, but he is not a constructive statesman, and his natural and inevitable mistakes have deprived him of his aura of greatness. He will always remain the savior of Turkey in her darkest hour, but he is no longer the half-god which he was three years ago. The possibility that he might now assume the Sultanate seems infinitely remote. His star has passed its zenith. To found a dynasty one must have a family, and he suspects, perhaps [illegible] not altogether Latife's fault.

In the Driftway

ALTHOUGH there are times when the Drifter, like every other person, finds himself thoroughly dissatisfied with his job, for the most part he regards the occupations of others with a distinctly superior air. He has caught himself wishing he could go out and tap maple trees in the February woods and busy himself with the making of sugar; but this is usually in July, when the thought of rising on a cold, snowy morning is pleasant and vague; in February, on the other hand, the thought of hay-making in July is comforting. These periods of envy are rare and have more to do with the weather than with any real dislike of his ordinary life. Most of the time he is content; occasionally he is raised to a pitch of horror by the contemplation of a job that is not his.

* * * *

HE read the other day, for example, of an official taster, whose task it was to taste, without swallowing, samples of the culinary art. For more than seven hours this unhappy man was kept at his work; he took two rest periods when he sucked lemons to restore his palate; otherwise he swallowed nothing, but merely rolled the morsels of food around on his tongue. Corned beef and cabbage, fricassee of chicken, hash, fillet of sole, each repeated ad nauseam, came before the taster and were judged. At the end of his ordeal he complained that although he was unable to eat a bite of any kind of food, he was much hungrier than when he started. The Drifter would like to nominate this man for a Carnegie medal for heroism. How different his job was from the earlier position of taster to a great lord; then a generous portion of the dish was served up to the sampler, enough to kill him if by any chance a careless cook had dropped poison in the plate. But the present [illegible] compared with the sound and healthful ones. Many a time the taster must have been able to smack his lips and rub his stomach before passing the dish on to his master; if at last he frothed at the mouth and rolled under the table it was only after a great row of noble dishes, stretching over a number of days, had contributed to his happiness. And even in dying, he had the consolation of having saved his master's life.

* * * *

IN Atlantic City an occupation has been unearthed which appeals to the Drifter's imagination more than does tasting, in any of its forms. Circulars captured by the unsympathetic police set forth the goods and powers of a Voodoo doctor in restoring the happiness of his patients. Black Cat's Ankle Dust could be had for $500; Black Cat's Wishbone for $1,000; King Solomon's Marrow, being scarce, also brought $1,000; Easy Life Powder, strangely enough, sold for the modest price of $100; Tying Down Goods, guaranteed to keep the affections of a husband or wife, cost only $50; Chasing Away Goods, also $50, was efficacious in eliminating undesirable suitors; and for $15 could be obtained what the Drifter has often longed for—Boss Fix Powders, not designed, as the name might indicate, to do away with an employer permanently, but to make him happy and content with the work of his employee. Here is an occupation so far superior to the unpleasant one of tasting that the Drifter has considered exchanging his own for it. There is only one disadvantage: it seems to conflict with the law, and in all his years of drifting he has never yet been put in jail as a result of his manner of earning a livelihood.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Birthday Greetings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a Negro, born August 9, 1858—an ex-slave. Your late grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, advocated absolute freedom of the Negro slaves in the United States. Freedom came to the Negro slaves in the United States, and you in company with others have advocated absolute justice for the emancipated slave and his descendants.

I am taking this medium to thank you for the good things you have said through your columns of *The Nation* during the past sixty years. I beg you to continue to advocate justice for the Negro, and all other races of men.

Raleigh, North Carolina, July 12 T. L. McCOY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I [illegible] a loyal supporter of *The Nation* for a number of years. Though I do not always agree with its opinions I invariably respect its courage and (to me this is quite as important) admire its *manner*. Nothing, I feel, is more needed in America than an energetic and fearless minority organ, for an intelligent minority is the salt of a democracy. So here is a [illegible]

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, July 11 HELEN GLASGOW

[illegible] Three papers which I want as well as [illegible], and these are the Saturday Review, Punch, and The Nation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sixtieth anniversary *Nation* has just been delivered, and I have had time to read some and nibble at all the "stories," but I cannot resist the urge to send at once my [illegible]

What a record, and what an issue! Worthy inheritor of great forebears. And I was touched by the modesty of your gallant dear mother. *She's* a light-bearer! And I am proud to know that she is, always has been, and ever will be, gracious and charming in all her purposeful days and gracious allegiance. It costs a good deal to have character, but it's worth it—whether the price is paid by people or papers.

Westport, Connecticut, June 27 LILLIAN D. WALD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me congratulate you on the sixtieth anniversary number, full of history, wisdom, and fun. As I turn from reading it an old story rises from the depth of forgetfulness, with its mighty lines: "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

Pittsburgh, June 30 BAYARD H. CHRISTY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is amazing and gratifying to meet a sixty-year old possessing such freshness of youth, energy, and intrepidity. In this sad time when the country of free thought and opinion is to be induced to return to mental middle age, it is a real comfort to know that freedom of the word has such a fearless and efficacious champion.

The Nation is the bearer of valuable suggestions and information every week; for the newspaper I manage [*Der Abend*] it is the source of most important information about the political, social, and mental life in the United States.

Vienna, July 16 CARL COLBERT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: [By cable] CONGRATULATIONS SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY *NATION* WORLD'S BEST WEEKLY.

Paris, July 4 WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you go on, as in these last years, we shall all feel that European radicalism can look to America for a help which will not fail.

London, July 13 H. J. LASKI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It warmed my heart to see in the sixtieth anniversary issue of *The Nation* your tender tribute to the memory of the editors and collaborators who builded well and made *The Nation* what it is today.

But my heart sank when I missed the name of one who introduced me to *The Nation* in 1883, one year after I came to the United States. He was so modest and humble that notwithstanding his weekly contributions to the pages of *The Nation*, which began with the first issue in 1865 and continued uninterruptedly until the very week he died in 1888, his name never appeared under his writings—not once. I refer to Michael Heilprin.

Denver, Colorado, July 1 C. D. SPIWAK

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I heartily congratulate you on the sixtieth anniversary of *The Nation*.

It is a great service to the people. More power to your right arm!

New York, July 16 ABRAM I. ELKUS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On this, the sixtieth anniversary of *The Nation*, the members of the Johnson C. Smith University Club of New York City, an organization of over one hundred Negro college men, in deep respect and profound gratitude, tender to you as editor our sincerest thanks for your years of useful service in the cause of all humanity.

New York, July 11 J. EGERT ALLEN,
President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is for my own pleasure and satisfaction that I send you a few lines of congratulation on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of your glorious paper. "Long may it wave!"

Your page on the immortal La Follette is a grand testimonial to one who belonged to the noble company of those "who spoke the truth to their own hurt."

Georgetown, Delaware, July 4 SARAH S. RICHARDSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

Truth is a sword
Forged in the forge of Justice.

May these words of a great leader of democracy, Johann Jacoby, be your humble subscriber's greeting on your sixtieth anniversary.

Justice, figuratively speaking, is blind, but the judge administering it must be open-eyed, broad-minded, unprejudiced. Your publication has always endeavored to promote these principles.

Palo Alto, California, July 1 E. SCHWARZSCHILD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation's* ecstatic birthday jubilee reminds one of that celebrated metaphorical description of the Bride of Christ: one foot planted firmly on the Rock of Ages, the other pointed heavenward. Gee! You do hate yourself! May not your readers hope that by the time you are seventy you will take all these hoary aeons more as a matter of course?

This self-congratulatory effusiveness puts a crimp into the enthusiasm of your admirers. How can we add, even in our thoughts, to what you have already said about yourself? You shame our wildest praise. Thank God, the regular contributions were not crowded off your pages.

May you have many happy returns, but not *so darn* happy.

St. Louis, July 1 G. H. BISHOP

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are publishing a very inspiring magazine; may you enjoy prosperity during the next sixty years. I hope to read the hundred and twentieth anniversary number and all between now and then.

Paxton, Indiana, July 2 HUDSON S. DAILEY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, as a niece who was exceedingly fond of her uncle, tell you how much touched Mr. Pollak's family were to find him included among those to whom the sixtieth anniversary number of *The Nation* is dedicated? There is nothing, I am sure, that could have proved a greater source of pride to him than to have his memory linked with that of the men whom he so greatly honored, and whose achievements as editors of *The Nation* he held to have been of such long service to his country.

New York, July 13 ADA LOVEMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulations on the sixtieth birthday issue! I am the pleased recipient of a Christmas present of *The Nation* for this year. Long life!

Manchester, Vermont, July 2 S. N. BEHRMAN

P. S.—Say a word for the animals, won't you? This earth doesn't belong to us alone!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't need to tell you how great an esteem I feel for the courage and the energy you have displayed for so many years. We Germans especially have every reason to be thankful to you for the strenuous fight you have fought in our behalf since the war, and I certainly do agree with every word Count Kessler says in his message for the anniversary issue.

Washington, June 29 MAX JORDAN,
Washington correspondent, *Berliner Tageblatt*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Magazines like *The Nation*, especially sixtieth anniversary numbers, are indeed an intellectual delight and moral treat. It gives me great pleasure to increase its circulation and aid in killing the shams of war and so-called patriotism, among the biggest dehumanizing forces in the world.

St. Charles, Missouri, July 5 W. C. Fuhr,
Editor, *Banner-News*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is surprising to notice how many congratulations on *The Nation's* sixtieth birthday have come from Southern newspapers. The *State* of Columbia, South Carolina, paints a terrific portrait of a pacifist paper:

> The New York *Nation* . . . celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of as notable a fighting career as has ever fallen to the lot of any man or journal of America. It clambered over the gunwales of existence with knife in teeth, a pistol in each hand, and muttering dark curses on tyrannies and oppressions and lies through its matted beard. It was sired by Mars and damned by Roosevelt. . . . It was the first skirmish line of pioneers, or the shock troops that smashed the center of the foe and opened gateways and long trails to freedom. . . . Whether one joined in these ululant and berserker frays, or held aloof and watched the swayings of the fight, one shared in the savage joy of the clanging battle. *The Nation* "carried the fight" into the very heart of things, and considered immeasurable or innumerable odds merely as conferring a greater opportunity for glory and spoil. It had the instincts of a Bedouin or a Bayard for choosing the underdog in the fight, and the zeal of a Coligny or a "Stonewall" Jackson for dying for lost causes that are immortal.

Atlanta, July 22 M. T.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Republican* of this city observes that you do not accept the slogan of Decatur. On the contrary: "*The Nation* says: 'My Country, she is so apt to be wrong that I had better take a whirl at her every now and then, and leave to some nit wit the task of defending her.'"

Fresno, California, July 1 W. A.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I first knew *The Nation* in Mr. Godkin's regime, and met him personally a few times when I was a post-graduate student at Cambridge many years ago.

I have not subscribed for *The Nation* because I see it at two clubs where I find it most convenient to do my periodical reading. When I retire to my tusculum I shall be on your list.

Boston, June 29 Victor S. Clark,
Editor, *The Living Age*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Please accept my warmest congratulations on the excellent sixtieth anniversary number of *The Nation*. I may be somewhat prejudiced by the kind word which you printed in regard to the *Independent*, but after making due allowance for that prejudice, both Mr. Danielson and I feel that this particular issue is extraordinarily good.

Boston, July 1 Christian A. Herter

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Big Stick*, a Jewish humorous weekly of this city, salutes you with a poem the last verse of which follows:

אלע אין יעבעג יעהר די „ניישאן",
נאר פריש איז זי[illegible]ן ווינג נאך:
עס שרעקט מאדאם רעפובליק זיך
פאר „ניישאן'ס" שארפען צינג נאך

New York, July 1 T. H.

Morality and Clothes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Anent Clothes, in the July 15 *Nation*, might not a definition of morality be: "Morality consists in preventing others from doing what we ourselves will do if we can?"

Seattle, July 15 C. E. Payne

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is curious that Mr. Byington's lengthy discussion on Clothes and the lack of them carefully refrains from pointing out that it is not what one wears but how one wears it that makes clothes appear moral or immoral. The objection against lack of clothes is based on the apparent fact that a large number of women reduce their coverings to a minimum not for health or comfort but for show—exactly as the display of nakedness on the stage, which Mr. Carroll defended as art, may be art but is not born of any desire to serve art but entirely on the desire to coin nakedness into cash. Perhaps a continuation of present modes of the street and the theater would result in the acceptance of new standards, but the chances are the new modes will not last long enough. Civilization thrives in climates which require coverings most of the year, and this fact alone will prevent any reversion to the modes of the jungle. This is not a question of morals but of good sense, a quality in which a good many modern writers appear to be lacking, because it happens to be the fashion also to show as little reverence for the experience of mankind as for the most obvious necessities of good taste.

El Paso, Texas, July 15 Edward D. Tittmann

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Steven Byington may be interested to learn, in connection with Clothes, that recently a two-year-old baby was arrested by the "scientific police" of Berkeley, our university town, because said baby had escaped from his front garden while taking a sun bath in nature's own, and strolled down the street clad only in his shoes. A tremendous agitation, with newspaper scareheads, ensued, and the scandalized neighbors tried (in vain) to force the baby's mother not to allow sun baths in the future. A stronger lock on the garden gate was the only result, but three Sacramento mothers felt it necessary to secure police permission before they followed the same procedure with their babies.

San Francisco, July 21 Miriam Allen de Ford

Falstaff and His "Green Fields"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 29 there is a letter signed M. T. L. Gannett which ascribes to George Riddle the suggestion that when Falstaff, on his deathbed, spoke of "green fields" he was really repeating the twenty-third Psalm. My impression is that it was not Mr. Riddle but another Shakespearean reader, Mr. Locke Richardson, who first made this suggestion. At all events, I heard him say so. It has occurred to me that the suggestion is strengthened if we take the Folio reading: "a table of green fields," which is always called nonsense, and which Theobald emended, to be also a confused rendering from the hostess of "Thou preparest a table."

[illegible] City, Michigan, July 27 Wm. Lyon Phelps

Speaking of Shanghai

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In re Shanghai, this sentence from Macaulay's "Lord Clive" bombs the mind: "With all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race."

Seattle, July 24 Arthur Rarig

Books

The Box

By MARGUERITE ARNOLD

A dozen times she washed her hands
And moved, frail-pink, across the hall,
And sat combing her pale-gold hair,
And sat staring against the wall.

Outside the sea would roar its blue
Against the plumeless white of her.
Along the sill a tawny cat
Would lie, and daintily stretch and purr.

Her eyes were green as icebergs are.
Carved she was of a marble shaft;
Pearly she was, with the luster gone.
She combed her hair, and she was daft.

And when her sister's child came home,
Crying out beyond the stair,
A look came on of a wild-cat thing
Brought to bay in a jungle lair.

A jade-green box, milky with light,
She loved to hold. A day she sits,
The child laughs out, she gets her up
And hurls it, and laughs at the sorry bits.

The child not hers; the box a well
Of the empty loves and the clapperless bell;
And of what sad reckoning she was born
Only a father and mother can tell.

The Problem of Donne

John Donne. A Study in Discord. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne. By Evelyn M. Simpson. Oxford University Press. $5.

THESE two studies, very different in their approach and in their scope, contribute to the satisfaction of a rapidly growing interest. Mrs. Simpson's investigation is cast in the traditional academic mold and possesses in a high degree the virtues of its kind. It contains a careful bibliographical description as well as a summary of the contents of Donne's various prose writings, which in view of their scarcity is a very useful thing to have. But it does more than that. It supplies a careful biographical sketch which corrects in certain important details statements made by Gosse and offers a critical analysis of Donne as man of letters, as theologian, and as thinker. A feature of additional importance is the printing of thirty-two letters and one sermon not hitherto published, so that the book becomes in every way indispensable to a student of Donne.

Mr. Fausset's book is an interpretation of the personality of Donne and provides much livelier reading than Mrs. Simpson's. The writer is one of those critics who care a great deal more about the meaning of facts than about the facts themselves. It might not be unfair to say that the facts matter scarcely at all to his vision of the truth. At any rate he does not seem to have taken excessive pains to make sure that his information was correct. He read Gosse's Life and let it go at that. Gosse, for instance, was much troubled by the discovery of evidence that Donne, in his anxiety to gain favor with the Earl of Somerset, had played a conspicuous and unworthy part in the divorce proceedings of the notorious Lady Essex, the poisoner of Sir Thomas Overbury. Now it turns out that the Donne who figures so prominently in the scandalous annulment proceedings was not the future Dean of St. Paul's but a Dr. Daniel Donne, Dean of Arches; a fact which could have been ascertained by consulting an authority no more recondite than the Dictionary of National Biography. Mr. Fausset, however, declares simply and roundly that the divorce was obtained largely through Donne's subtle advocacy. In another instance Gosse attempts, by an arbitrary arrangement of the Elegies, to trace the story of Donne's passion for a married woman. It is a fair enough procedure, as he permits us to follow the line of his reasoning and to lend or withhold belief according to our judgment. But the reader of Mr. Fausset's book does not receive the least inkling of there being anything hypothetical in the narrative. The stages in the affair are recounted as if all its circumstances were based on the most solidly authenticated proofs, and Donne's violent poetic language is made the basis of a severe censure of his conduct. In smaller matters, too, there appears this fondness for dramatic simplification. Whereas Gosse mentions but properly brands as foolish a legend concerning the death of Elizabeth Drury, the young girl in whose memory Donne composed the Anatomy of the World, Mr. Fausset repeats it in such a way as to suggest that it has some color of truth—doubtless because it sounds more interesting. So much for the soundness of Mr. Fausset's scholarship. Now for his critical insight.

It is clear that the writer of this book belongs to that modern school of biographers whose object it is to find the simple solution of all human enigmas, to tear asunder the intricate folds of a man's heart and expose its palpitating mystery to naked view. The attraction of Donne for such an anatomist must have been irresistible. No life has been more puzzling to the mere student of literature. It is a story of energies at first freely and recklessly indulged, then subjugated by the severe moral discipline of a hostile fate, and at last finding complete satisfaction in working fruitfully upon masses of men. Such a statement, it is true, tends to excessive simplification. In his new sphere Donne was not that incarnation of flawless sanctity whom Izaak Walton has lovingly portrayed. Aside from native faults of temper there was doubtless a certain decay of character, resulting from nearly twenty years of poverty and dependence, which accounts for actions that do not seem fitting in a self-forgetful servant of God. Besides, the Dean of St. Paul's was likely by his own utterances to give an exaggerated notion of the vitality of his old worldly passions. The ordinary critic would be ready to recognize the imperfections in Donne and read in them the evidence of the incompleteness to which man is doomed in his efforts to override the flesh; but such a reading would seem quaintly old-fashioned to Mr. Fausset.

What Mr. Fausset himself very simply sees in Donne's activity as a preacher is evidence of the persistence of all the sensual cravings of his youth, of a mind crippled and distorted by the frustration of desire, of a life whose consummation was bitterness and defeat. He tells us that Donne's confessions of sin leave no doubt that he still had "an intense craving for physical indulgence which he could not harmonize by any doctrine of 'grace' or exorcize by religious formulas," that he loved God "with the same baffled sensuality, though he called it a 'holy amorousness,' with which he had loved his mistresses," that "his fear of hell was the exact complement of his disgusted satiety"; in short, that "he was as sensual in his later asceticism as in his earlier indulgence." He finds the strongest arguments for his thesis in the dramatic circumstances attending the delivery of Donne's last sermon, in his

preparations for death, and the planning of his own monument. Looking at the countenance chiseled in that monument, he reads the history of "a mind and a body forever at warfare, of senses tormented by greed and weariness, and a soul strangled with self-disgust, of one forever defeated and forever unconquerable."

We are grateful to Mr. Fausset for his good taste in studiously avoiding the jargon of psychoanalysis. His book is easy to read, and if regarded as a work of creative imagination it is an admirable piece of writing. It makes the rough places in Donne's character extremely plain and the high places rather low. There are intellectual puzzles in Donne even more baffling than the moral, and these Mr. Fausset hardly touches on. That Donne, who was steeped in medieval theology and preached the literal truth of every detail in the Old Testament, should have thrilled responsively to the discoveries of Galileo is in itself strange enough, and is rendered still stranger when we recall that the most conspicuous scientific mind in England, that of Bacon, completely ignored these discoveries. The age of the Renaissance teems with such contradictions. Some critics make allowance for the subtlety and complexity of certain human beings or painfully seek explanations in a study of the multiple and diverse phenomena which occur in a period of intellectual fermentation. But to Mr. Fausset all this no doubt would appear irrelevant. He is clearly convinced that the science of Dr. Freud supplies the pass-key wherewith every mystery of human nature may be unlocked.

JACOB ZEITLIN

The Atom Explained

Atoms and Rays. By Sir Oliver Lodge. George H. Doran Company. $3.

Chemistry and Atomic Structure. By J. D. Main Smith. D. Van Nostrand Company. $3.75.

The A B C of Atoms. By Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Atoms and Electrons. By J. W. N. Sullivan. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

Recent Developments in Atomic Theory. By Leo Graetz. Translated by Guy Barr. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

IT was only eight years ago that the word subatomic was first generally applied to the numerous phenomena which involve material units smaller than the atom. These include radioactivity, gaseous ionization, electronics, X-rays, spectroscopy, positive rays, isotopes and atomic structure, and probably also photochemistry and even crystal structure. It was then, as now, the forefront of research. But a part was physics and part was chemistry. The knowledge was divided among two groups of men who saw the subject from two different points of view—the chemists looking at matter and the physicists looking at energy. This list of books is representative of the dozen or more published within the year which are not so much accounts of really new work as they are correlations of the discoveries in various fields related to the fundamental problem of the structure of matter and of energy. There is here no real distinction between chemistry and physics or between matter and energy. Basically they merge and neither is comprehensible without the other. The science of hylonomy—if I may suggest a new name—the study of matter in its essence, energy-matter, underlies all other sciences. Each of these books is an introduction to it.

None of the authors has himself contributed research to this science, with the possible exception of Sir Oliver Lodge. His prepossession with the ether has produced invaluable knowledge, but Einstein and the quantum theory have necessitated a complete revision of this fundamental concept and that is yet to come. As atomic structure has displaced relativity in popular discussion, so, no doubt, the ether is next in line. But for the purposes of the present book it is a handicap to interpolate an ether a billion times more dense than water and endowed with contradictory properties that will soon be restated in terms of more modern knowledge. Sir Oliver, properly, speaks for the ether and ingeniously tries to give it a place in the newer scheme of things. But it belongs with metapsychics in the realm of the unknown, and the average reader would fare better were it omitted. Further than this one cannot criticize the distinguished author. His wide vision and paternal speech make reading easy. It is a book, however, for the technical man who uses algebra and is not afraid to study.

Bertrand Russell's book is happy reading for everyone who thinks. He omits all mathematics and most details but gives a lucid picture of the trend of thought in this subject. He attempts no proofs but does give an excellent picture of the type of experiment and the nature of the reasoning employed.

Mr. Sullivan addresses the same audience but in textbook style. His book is a good one to keep on the desk for use in an argument. It is crowded with facts and with the conclusions of today. It also omits all mathematics and experiments, but it is informative rather than educating or interesting. Undigested facts do not satisfy. If science has anything to contribute to civilization it is a manner of thought, an insistence on understanding. But if that be obtained elsewhere this book gives an excellent record of our knowledge.

The six lectures by Professor Graetz are well-constructed summaries of as many topics. He goes to the bottom of each in scholarly fashion and has produced a book which will serve for either the chemist or the physicist who is interested in the subject but does not know the contributory evidence from the other science. Its pace is slightly too swift for the layman.

Dr. Main Smith has just missed a conspicuous achievement. He has rewritten theoretical chemistry from the point of view of today's atomic structure, and has examined the old theories critically in this light. His first ten chapters, three-fourths of the book, however, are merely a skilful restatement of the old material, including all the awkward gropings after the concept of atoms and molecules and the apologetic conclusion that matter "acts as if" it were atomic in structure. In several excellent chapters on modern physics we then discover that atoms really do exist, and the chemical generalizations are reexamined. These last chapters are excellent. But this historical presentation seems unfortunate. It is pity enough that chemists for a century could not grasp the atom as a fact. That time is now gone and the study of chemistry no longer begins with the law of multiple proportions and formula weights. Logically it begins with cathode rays and electrons and radioactivity—with atomic physics, in short. With physics to prove that the atom is a fact and to map roughly its constitution, chemistry can discard half of the round-about nineteenth-century logic and can start bravely with the atom. Dr. Smith's book would have charmed a wide public if he had had more courage, and it would have brought much nearer the day when chemistry can be presented to beginners as a deduction from a few fundamental concepts. The chapters on Alfred Werner's stereochemical work are particularly good and would alone justify the study of the book by chemists.

And who reads these books? Not those who have specialized in the subject or advanced students in college, for they require the exhaustive treatment of original articles in scientific journals. Not the college undergraduate, for there are few professors who can recast their ancient teaching into the new forms; the reviewer knows of no college in which electricity is taught to beginners as a matter of electrons—everywhere it is still Ben Franklin's positive and negative two-fluid flow. And, of course, not the man in the street. There remain those who "had a course" in chemistry or in physics years ago. Scientific writers are attempting to bring such persons up to date, and any of these books will do the trick. A shower of books on the atom, coming so soon after a similar interest in

Einstein and relativity, is a symptom that is keenly encouraging to those who hope that civilization can use science for more than a provider of fool-proof material contraptions.

GERALD L. WENDT

Fiction of the Revolution

The Ninth of November. By Bernhard Kellermann. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

We. By Eugene Zamiatin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Stella Defiant. By Clare Sheridan. Greenberg, Publisher. $2.

THE first of these novels pictures the Germany of 1918 breaking up under the strain of war and misery. The second imagines a society, a thousand years in the future, cracking dangerously under the strain of peace and standardized happiness. The third presents a young woman with copper hair in silhouette against revolutionary post-war backgrounds. This Stella cannot be taken seriously. She is seeking truth and freedom. What she finds is less abstract: an Irishman and an Englishman, her husbands in succession; a prime minister in pajamas; a syphilitic Russian refugee artist in Berlin, a sadist, who loves her and beats her ("I'm syphilitic," he says. "What's that?" she asked); a White Russian and a Red one; a thinly disguised Mussolini, savagely amorous; and a chaste and philosophical Turk who has a fez and a prayer-rug, and a home on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, with Byzantine columns against which Stella poses like a Lord Leighton virgin in Greek draperies. The Turk provides her with a philosophy and a baby. This demi-Turkish baby, with its blue almond-shaped eyes, she believes to be a reincarnation of her English-Irish infant, killed in the Irish revolution. Stella feels that her true home is in Russia, and tries hard to secure a visa. But in the end she decides to remain in Stambul, and tattoos her almond-eyed baby on his black birth-mark with the red hammer and sickle of the Soviets, dedicating him to the search for truth and justice.

The only point of contact between "Stella" and "The Ninth of November" is the red flag, symbol of an ill-defined hope of freedom. Young Ackermann, the idealist, who dreams of brotherhood and peace and love, sees the red flag floating from the Russian embassy in Berlin, and hails this light from the East, this dawn of a new day. The granite-faced General von Hecht-Babenberg sees it, too, and is stricken with fear. And we read about it now and think of the recent election of Hindenburg. In the effort to give a comprehensive picture of the miserable Germany at the close of the war, Kellermann has focused on the general, his household and connections, and on a host of minor figures who never become deeply interesting or fully convincing. And yet it is a powerful book in its way. Berlin itself takes on a kind of life that compensates for the lack of interest in the individuals. The reviewer recalls an [illegible] Berlin at the height of its wretchedness. There was a [illegible]less uprising, a ferment, in a working-class quarter. From the top of a long, unlighted, narrow street an armored police truck, playing a search-light, bore down on the massed crowds in the square below. The light picked out of the darkness here a group huddled in a doorway, there heads at a window, here dodging, running figures. [illegible] police. It is this search-light effect Kellermann achieves. One felt no hope as one watched these Berlin rioters; they were so purposeless and so miserable. And with that experience in mind, it is difficult to close the book with any enthusiasm for the vague promise of revolution embodied in soldiers and the mob who stream through the streets of Berlin on the Ninth of November. Above the roar of the city, the spirit of the revolutionary idealist proclaims: "Arise! set out on thy path. Already a red light is dawning in the Eastern heavens. From thence comes the light."

The young Russian author of "We," whose book, the translator assures us, would be so unpopular in the East of the red light that it has had to be published first in a translation in a foreign country, would be very skeptical about the dawn of freedom. In his satirical vision of the future, all the revolutions are over and all the wars; the United State controls the earth. And the State is building a cosmic airship to go forth into space and bring a mathematically faultless happiness to the beings on other planets, who are perhaps still in the primitive state of freedom. The builder of this ship gives us his broken records, in a vivid, syncopated style. He is a devout admirer of the United State and all its institutions: its unanimous elections; its houses of glass—with the redeeming feature of curtains for the rigidly controlled hours of intercourse—"perhaps the strange opaque dwellings of the ancients were responsible for their pitiful cellish psychology"; its street membranes to record every whisper for the benefit of the Guardians; its Maternal Norms, for propagation; and its Table of the Hours that prescribed each movement throughout the day. Under the influence of a rebellious spirit, a woman, this engineer develops the disease of a soul, and is almost drawn into a revolt against the Well-doer and the Guardians. He becomes obsessed with the problem of the square root of minus one—this, a symbol of the independent creative personality that refuses to be standardized. He begins to live in two worlds. One is that where, in the morning, at long glass tables, globe-like heads are busy chewing slowly, silently, in unison, to the beat of the metronome; or where later the uniformed citizens pace up and down the street, four abreast, to the music of the March of the United State. The other world is an increasingly fantastic one of dreams and strange disturbing passions of jealousy and love and freedom. And instead of a correct and strictly mathematical poem in honor of the United State, he finds he is writing a fantastic novel. The engineer and others are saved for the United State when the Guardians discover the seat of fancy in a little nervous knot in the brain, and operate on the citizens—so that at last the road to 100 per cent happiness lies [illegible].

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Paul Bunyan

Paul Bunyan. By Esther Shephard. Seattle: The McNeil Press. $2.50.

Tall Timber. By James Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

QUITE contrary to my desire I can maintain no abiding enthusiasm for the exploits of Paul Bunyan as they are [illegible] by these two "historians." Paul Bunyan is the apotheosis of American tall tale-telling, but sheer exaggeration, even if it is "real American," becomes at length tiresome. [illegible] were kept constantly employed hauling away the prunestones [illegible] childishness becomes wearisome.

In himself Paul Bunyan is an American creation destined perhaps in America to outlive literature. [illegible] of this country he has but one peer—Uncle Remus. But Uncle Remus came from an older and simpler race, and he has had but one recorder, who was also a creator. Paul Bunyan is the creation of industrial dominancy—America itself; his contributors have logged from Maine to the Pacific. His potency has passed into various other mythical Americans of superhuman strength: Tony Beaver in West Virginia, Pecos Bill of the trans-Pecos West, Strap Buckner in South Texas,

perhaps Mr. Percy MacKaye's "Mountain Munchausen" of Kentucky, and now Kemp Morgan of the oil fields, whither, according to some "roughnecks," Paul has also gone—for all authorities agree that the degenerate logging camps of the present know him only by hearsay. These satellites, however, but aggrandize their original.

In treating the great hero the methods of Mrs. Shephard and Mr. Stevens differ radically, and there are surprisingly few duplications of event. Mrs. Shephard has recorded the yarns "substantially as the men in the camps tell them." Her only "liberties," to quote her own words, "have been to arrange the stories in the form of a continuous narrative." They are all put in the mouth of one old logger, a grave mourner of the past, who knew Paul himself and scores of the cooks, lumberjacks, and traders he dealt with. The naturalness of his vernacular is a remarkable achievement.

Content with having the loggers talk naturally, Mrs. Shephard makes no comment, essays no philosophy. Mr. Stevens, on the other hand, assumes the liberties of a judicial novelist, frequently putting his own dull ideas into the mouths of his characters, even of the great Paul himself. In his concluding chapters he introduces a long-drawn-out satire which is utterly foreign to the bunkhouse yarn and is destructive to the spirit of the book. In gusto, in amplitude, and in recognition of the large and benevolent nature of Paul Bunyan Mr. Stevens is, nevertheless, superior to Mrs. Shephard. He develops the characters of Paul's men with skilful realism. His account of The Black Duck Dinner is unique in American literature. The Sourdough Drive is excellent fun; the description of The Old Home Camp, with its peace and plenty, and the exposition of bunkhouse balladry and tale-telling in Shanty Boy are large and full of the freedom that always characterizes prosperous camps of well-fed men where no women or ideas come. In the end, according to Mr. Stevens, it is ideas and women, together with population and Ford machinery, that destroy the power of Paul Bunyan and the wholesomeness of logging.

J. Frank Dobie

William Burnham

The Normal Mind. An Introduction to Mental Hygiene and the Hygiene of School Instruction. By William H. Burnham. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

AMONG those whom G. Stanley Hall gathered about him none was greater than W. H. Burnham, now the last of the giants at Clark University. Those who sat in his classes earlier will picture him, perhaps, as a young man; but to me he will always be an old and, what is rarer, a very wise man. Old, of course, in body only, for in mind he was young, fortified as he was by the ideal of his "great teacher, chief, and friend, G. Stanley Hall, for whose sympathy, stimulus, and inspiration it would be futile to attempt an adequate expression of indebtedness." What he had from Dr. Hall he made a part of himself and passed on to his students. It is impossible to forget the slight, quick-moving figure, white haired and bearded, whose flickering smile and high-pitched voice were so deliciously his own. And it is impossible to forget what that voice said to you as you sat in the classroom. The references to those who became teachers "with the help of God and an A. B. degree," and the inimitable story of George Washington Brown and Thomas Jefferson Brown, students of his in a country school long years before, one of whom was a low-grade moron and the other a high-grade imbecile—these things (they appear in the book!) he gave to his students along with a bewildering flood of information ranging from the teaching methods of Buddha to the latest experiments of American, English, French, German, Austrian, and Russian psychologists and physiologists (see his bibliographies here). For he never allowed his learning to fall into a hard pattern, to become sterile by repetition year after year; he was too deeply a participant in Dr. Hall's ideal of diligent, disinterested inquiry, fortified by gusto for learning and living and made possible by resiliency of mind.

If his personality must forever be the possession of his students and colleagues, he has poured his mind into this book, and given it to all who care to read. The early chapters are devoted to an examination, explanation, and evaluation of the conditioned reflex concept, and are followed by discussions of the school task, mental attitudes, suggestion and education, inhibition, association, and discipline. The essential characteristic of the normal mind he finds to be integration, and he conceives of education not so much as a scheme for filling the mind as a process for the cultivation of attitudes. One striking thing about the book is the fact that while it is the product of Dr. Burnham's long years of labor he constantly warns the reader against accepting the conclusions as dogmas. Much of his data is tentative. His utilization of psychoanalysis, for example, is admirably cautious and discriminating.

The essentials of mental hygiene Dr. Burnham states to be a task, a plan, and freedom, and these he expands into a résumé of the subject under the following heads: (1) Attention to the present situation, (2) orderly association, (3) mental work, (4) alternation of work and rest, (5) normal reaction to feeling, (6) an active attitude, (7) control, (8) confidence, (9) normal social relations, (10) adjustment, (11) a normal sense of dependence, (12) the scientific attitude. These captions, baldly stated, but faintly reflect the wealth of meaning the discussions pack into them. A thoroughgoing, widespread comprehension of his attitude in all its implications would make it impossible for him to say in the future that "a conventional failure is more desirable in our schools than a troublesome success."

To summarize the book is an impossibility. All one can do is to hope that it falls quickly into the hands of all intelligent and conscientious teachers. I hope it falls into the hands of all overconscientious teachers as well. "Possibly," as Dr. Burnham remarks slyly, "some morons are in the teaching profession." They, of course, will not appreciate the book. But those who can appreciate it will find that it is without doubt one of the major contributions to mental hygiene and pedagogy in recent years. And that mythical creature, the general reader, will find it vastly profitable as well.

C. Hartley Grattan

Back to Rousseau

Instinct. A Study in Social Psychology. By L. L. Bernard. Henry Holt and Company. $3.60.

THE profoundest problem in political, educational, and social philosophy is to determine the relative importance of hereditary and environmental factors in individual and social behavior. The pendulum of respectable opinion swings from one extreme to the other. In the views of the eighteenth-century rationalists human nature was not only inherently good but infinitely pliable. In Rousseau's view it was corrupted by the vile and tyrannizing institutions which cunning and evil-minded men had set over it. Helvétius built upon the doctrines of the innate equality of all men and the unlimited potency of the social milieu a beautiful faith in the infinite perfectibility of man. A considerable reaction against this utopianism was begun by Malthus and enormously furthered by Darwin. Since then the conflict between the intellectualists and the instinctivists has sharpened and deepened. Latterly the intellectualist view has lost steadily.

But another vigorous reaction is under way, this time to a viewpoint reminiscent of Rousseau and Helvétius. Human nature is again pictured as indefinitely and readily modifiable, and the reasons for the social ills of persons and classes are

found in bad laws and corrupt institutions rather than in inherent human weaknesses. Mr. Bernard's book is by all odds the best and most complete statement of the new view.

Instinct, Mr. Bernard seems to say, must logically be defined as the unlearned but definite response of an inherited structure to a particular stimulus. But if one eliminate those simple neuro-muscular reactions best called reflexes, there are no real instincts. What one observes is the indefiniteness and plasticity of responses. Under the influence of the psycho-social environment every type of reaction becomes overlaid with habit to such an extent that it is the latter and not any reaction determined by hereditary structure which is important in psychological and sociological theorizing. Through the plasticity of his habit-forming capacities man can acquire modes of behavior which adjust his activities to a wide range of varied situations. Fixed structure with a reaction determined by hereditary factors would narrowly circumscribe the range of adaptive adjustments. If some of man's more vegetative and purely organic physiological reactions are thus restricted, not so his higher mental processes. Indeed, brain anatomy reveals "the existence of unconnected synapses in large numbers in the human cerebral cortex." Under the stimulus of the psycho-social environment which man has created this plastic structure is gradually built up into an elaborate network of neural connections performing the actions, thinking the thoughts, and feeling the emotions adapted to the social-psychological medium which has shaped it. In consequence, the autonomic apparatus —vegetative and reproductive—which clearly dominates the behavior of animals comes, in the case of man, under the domination of the higher control centers, the latter being fashioned in their behavior patterns by the psycho-social medium.

All of which and much more is interestingly elaborated with acute intelligence by Mr. Bernard. His survey and criticism of the current usage of the term instinct is a genuinely valuable contribution. His exposure of the superficiality and the extravagances of those instinctivists who find a definite inherited instinct behind nearly everything that man does is a wholesome corrective for a lot of loose thinking. But when one has finished with his exposition one is far from sure just where one has arrived. One ought to feel that instincts have now been finished off for good and all; yet Mr. Bernard continues to talk about them as realities to the end. He criticizes many classifications of them, but he seems unable to give a fresh classification or even to clarify our understanding of the fundamental drives in the human mechanism. He consistently adheres throughout to the contention that, if the instincts are to be phylogenetically derived, they must include a definite structure inherited according to Mendelian rules and specifically responsive to specific stimuli. This would effectively eliminate all such complex and coordinated activities as play, food, and sex, leaving only elemental reflexes that lack the necessary coordination until the fore-brain has got its cue from the psycho-social environment. The universalities of human behavior, regardless of time and place, are thus declared to be due to the universalities of social environment.

Mr. Bernard, in brief, reduces human nature to a few unimportant reflexes plus a mass of nebulous and unshaped nerve tissues out of which society makes whatever personality it pleases. It is an absurd conclusion. It is eighteenth-century utopianism all over again. It is a rejection of the whole contribution of biological evolution in order to join hands with the discredited rationalists of a pre-scientific age. No doubt science can do much for better habit formation, but so definite are the limits set by inherent tendencies that when we have done our best by a completed science of educational psychology human nature will be found to be much the same. If we do not call the inherited tendencies by the terms instinct and capacity we must find some other names for them; but they will not be changed by giving them new names. Meanwhile, it is folly to deny them altogether.

F. H. HANKINS

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Catholicism in France

The Catholic Reaction in France. By Denis Gwynn. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

MR. GWYNN makes no extravagant claims. He admits that the "reaction" in favor of Catholicism now visible in France is largely political in tendency, though a mark of piety. Of thirty-four million nominal Catholics in the country—Paris and Alsace-Lorraine are not included in these figures—only about ten million practice their religion; sixteen or seventeen million conform more or less, while seven or eight million are definitely hostile. Nevertheless, if we consider the vicissitudes through which France has passed during the last twenty years this is not a bad showing. It proves that loyalty to their traditional faith is less easy to eradicate among the French people than foreigners have supposed. Catholics are always forgetting that France produced Pascal and Fénelon as well as Voltaire and the Encyclopedists; they remember Lamennais, but forget Lacordaire.

This tendency to return to the faith and practice of the fathers was, of course, greatly strengthened by the war, though Mr. Gwynn insists that it showed itself before the beginning of the century. But naturally the heroism and democracy which the French clergy displayed on the battlefield did much to remove anti-clerical prejudice, and the fact that so many officers of high rank—Foch, Pau, Castelnau, Maud'huy, Mangin, Gouraud, Lyautey, not to mention the idolized Guynemer—openly practiced their religion had an immense effect upon public opinion. The result was that at the end of the war the seminaries began to be filled with candidates for the priesthood, although the stipend of the ordinary parish priest amounts to less than five dollars a month, a sum small enough, as Mr. Gwynn remarks, "to deter all but the most saintly." There were also evidences of change in the official mind. It was Briand who brought in the bill restoring relations with the Vatican in 1921—Briand, who had drafted the Law of Separation sixteen years earlier. Jonnart, who had voted for it, became the new representative at the Curia. Clemenceau himself bore witness more than once to the admirable conduct of the priesthood in the field. The government began, in 1921, to take part in the celebration of the festival of Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, though up to the year 1912 to celebrate her feast was a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. It is of course true that French Catholics have sometimes kept rather disreputable political company. Rightly or wrongly, as Mr. Gwynn confesses, the church is associated in the minds of many Frenchmen with the royalist cause, or at any rate is credited with a very lukewarm affection for the republic; and the religious propaganda of M. Charles Maurras and *l'Action Française* has done much to confirm that association. The fact that M. Maurras, though himself a skeptic, regards the church as his natural ally in his crusade against democracy is even now an effective weapon in the hands of the church's enemies and may become, Mr. Gwynn admits, more effective in the future.

Mr. Gwynn devotes a good many pages to an interesting account, well fortified with statistics, of the efforts the church is making to strengthen her position: important committees whose function it is to supply Catholic news to the press; Catholic trade unions formed to keep labor, as far as possible, within the fold; newspapers of immense circulation, admirably organized and edited, that virtually monopolize certain areas in the interest of Catholicism. But the Catholic schools are naturally the chief instrument of religious teaching. Though Catholics are taxed for the upkeep of the state schools, they send their children very largely to their own. One-fifth of all the children now attending the primary schools are in these privately maintained institutions. As to secondary education, there are as many pupils in the Catholic schools as in all the government schools put together. "Such," says Mr. Gwynn, "is the actual state of affairs ten years after the teaching orders were banished from France."

The church is probably the only force strong enough to resist the drift at present toward depopulation. Her position on this subject is well known, and it is illustrated by the fact that those parts of the country in which religion has lost ground are precisely those threatened with loss of population. This relation is so marked that the government has itself undertaken to transfer colonies of devout Breton peasants to depopulated agricultural regions. So the "Iceland Fisherman" is becoming a missionary of the domestic virtues, and the wilderness and the solitary place are expected to be glad for him.

Francis Hackett

Books in Brief

The Story of Women. By W. L. George. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Mr. George's understanding of women, his specialty in novels, magazines, and newspapers, has become a commercialized vice. If only he makes no money out of this, perhaps the feminists will be rid of a crude exploiter. There is something oily about his patronage, something hack in this jungle of generalizations, that is sure to annoy an honest modern woman. Better a gentleman tory any day, with whatever sincere antagonisms to power in females.

With Pencilbrush and Chisel: The Life of an Artist. By Emil Fuchs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

Emil Fuchs is an Austrian portrait painter and sculptor, now residing in America, who has spent most of his life serving royalty and fashionable society with conventional and facile talents. His book is a chronicle of his relationships with famous patrons and fellow-artists. In his narrative Mr. Fuchs fails to make his personages very vital, although he gossips glibly about them through 147 pages of a very large, heavy, and elaborately illustrated volume. As a record of a highly successful achievement in "making a go" of art it will meet the approval of every chamber of commerce and rotary club in the country.

A History of Sculpture. By George Henry Chase and Chandler R. Post. Harper and Brothers. $4.75.

This very comprehensive and highly condensed handbook is the latest addition to Harper's Fine Art Series, which now has in preparation a "History of Painting." The "History of Sculpture" is a lucid and exceedingly well-planned survey, largely concerned with the art of the Occident, although Oriental sculpture in various countries is briefly treated. Each section of the volume is provided with a rich bibliography. The authors perform a valuable service in that they never fail to show how the art of a particular period or country is the expression of the history and traditions of the epoch. The student using the work as a text will find the chapter and section summaries particularly helpful. The cuts are numerous, but unfortunately many of them are too small to be of real service in furthering appreciation or understanding. The book, however, is unquestionably authoritative and the best handbook of its kind to date.

Our Governmental Machine. By Schuyler C. Wallace. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Rarely does there come from the press so readable an introduction to the problem of the organization of government, or one so full of information and sound discussion. A vivid and popular account of our government, informed by contact with the realities as well as the shibboleths of politics, and touched with the humor inhering in the political scene, it is an altogether admirable and successful attempt to make the mechanics of government intelligible.

The Oxford Book of Russian Verse. Chosen by the Hon. Maurice Baring. Oxford University Press. $2.85.

The selections contained in this anthology are given in the original Russian. The volume, which includes excerpts from long dramatic and narrative compositions as well as short lyrics, opens with a portion of Derzhavin's ode, God, the only piece representative of the age of the great Catherine, and concludes with the magnificent if retrograde poem Holy Russia, by Voloshin, the sole strictly contemporary figure who finds a place here. The Hon. Maurice Baring is as stand-pat in his aesthetics as he appears to be in his politics. His taste runs to the facile, the pretty, the sentimental. He assigns more space to the forgotten confectioner of sweetmeats, Nadson, than to Tyutchev, who belongs with the few truly great poets of the language; and he gives three pieces by a poetaster like Sluchevsky to one by so sound and vivid a writer as Bunin. The treatment accorded the symbolist school, which blossomed out richly toward the close of the century, is particularly unsatisfactory. For one thing you must look in vain for a glimpse of Vyacheslav Ivanov and Sologub. This sin of omission would be approximated if an English anthology of nineteenth-century poetry were to lack Swinburne and Yeats, or if a French collection for the same period were to ignore Baudelaire and Verlaine. The notes, which are from the pen of Prince D. S. Mirsky, offer interesting odds and ends of biography, chronology, bibliography, and critical comment.

Moon Harvest. By Giuseppe Cautela. The Dial Press. $2.

Poetic simplicity—sometimes exalted and occasionally exaggerated—is the dominant note in this love story of an Italian immigrant. The author appears to have drawn reflectively from memories of himself in that role; his novel has, in consequence, an engaging quality of immediacy. It is an excursion in sentiment, but not the canned sentiment of the popular magazine.

Wild Asses. By James G. Dunton. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

Here is another attempt to translate higher education into lower terms—the newest addition to the campus carouse school of fiction. With a college in the background and a bottle of synthetic gin in the foreground, almost anyone can turn out these so-called studies of the post-war generation. How much longer will budding novelists cling to their hip-pocket hysteria?

Professor. By Stanley Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Satirical in an academic sort of way, and yet tentatively sympathetic, Mr. Johnson in his novel fails to strike either note with authority. Touches of exaggeration creep into his serious moments; when he tries to be light he grows heavier. Possibly the feeble emotional character of the central figure has communicated itself to the narrative; it has about as much sparkle as the surface of a rain-barrel.

Day of Atonement. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A fine, flexible prose and a story of swift, somber intensity are here fused in a novel of notable richness. The narrative is steeped in the traditions of the Jewish race; it reflects a grasp and a responsive sympathy which are far from superficial in values.

The Little Dark Man. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Mr. Poole picked up much good ore in Russia, and continues to turn it to good advantage. These sketches—some light and some somber—supplement the collections entitled "The Village," and "The Dark People." They invite the reader to an understanding of the Russian peasant through the wide-open door of folk-lore.

The Political Parties of Today. By Arthur N. Holcombe. Harper and Brothers. $3.

With the death of La Follette there will be many attempts to evaluate historically the movement that he led. None of these are likely to be more successful than is Mr. Holcombe's, although his account closes shortly before the election of 1924. His book is truly noteworthy as a brilliant first attempt to base political history upon inductive statistical analyses of the social forces underlying political history. He concludes that far from being "empty bottles," as it is customary to assume, parties in the past have focused conflicts of interest between sections—interests that in the main are economic. The book will shatter some cherished illusions of political liberals. On the other hand it will support a belief in the continued existence of ground for the alignment between "progressive" and capitalistic groups within the existing parties—an alignment that La Follette did so much to clarify.

The Evolution of American Political Parties. By Edgar E. Robinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

The political party is regarded by Mr. Robinson as primarily an organization rather than a segment of the electorate. Parties in this sense have "dominated American politics since 1830, no matter who won the election." His book will have much value as a systematic historical résumé of changes in party organization and control from the colonial period onward.

Lady Anne Barnard at the Cape of Good Hope. By Dorothea Fairbridge. Oxford University Press. $10.

A series of spirited and readable letters from a gifted Englishwoman, written from South Africa at the close of the eighteenth century, filled out by the editor with many unnecessary and tiresome details of intricate relationships and deservedly forgotten intrigues. Lady Anne herself gives an interesting picture of life at the Cape and of the petty maneuvering of small politicians there. The text is illuminated by many of her own drawings, which show her a competent and witty artist as well as letter writer.

Stories and Essays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. With prefaces by different hands and notes by Havelock Ellis. Berkeley Heights, New Jersey: Published privately by the Free Spirit Press. 2 volumes. $3.20.

Literary remains of a gifted and interesting woman. The stories and essays gathered here are secondary in importance to the volumes published by Mrs. Ellis during her lifetime, but they are welcome as being her last word on love and the free life. The essays deal briefly with Edward Carpenter, Havelock Ellis, James Hinton, Oscar Wilde, Ellen Key, Olive Schreiner, and Frederik Van Eeden. There are several photographs of the author and her husband.

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International Relations Section

An Indian on Opium

THE following address was delivered in the Council of State of India on March 5 by Sir D. Sarvadhikary, who, as a member of the Liberal Party, is opposed to the policies of the Swarajists and favors collaboration with the Government. His remarks form an interesting commentary on statements of Gertrude Marvin Williams in her article, India and Opium, on page 229 of this issue, regarding the attitude toward the opium question of various sections of Indian opinion.

I have no wish today in this resolution which I have the honor to bring forward to challenge the whole of the opium policy of the Government of India. Indeed, in certain respects it is unchallengeable and beneficial. Rather I wish to deal with our special question, namely, the restriction of the actual consumption of Indian opium to the medical needs of the population. The representative of the Indian Government, Mr. Campbell, at the world conference at Geneva last November, made a reservation on behalf of this Government. He objected that the Government of India could not consent to restrict the cultivation of opium to medical and scientific requirements because in India the drug could not thus be medically restricted without great hardship to the people. It is that statement alone that I now challenge.

The argument which Mr. Campbell used was concisely given in Lord Hardinge's government dispatch of 1911, which has since become the *locus classicus* of the Government of India on this subject. The passage is so important that I shall venture to quote from it at some length. It reads as follows:

> The prohibition of opium-eating in India we regard as impossible, and any attempt at it as fraught with the most serious consequences to the people and Government. We take our stand unhesitatingly on the conclusion of the Royal Commission, which reported in 1895 that the opium habit as a vice scarcely exists in India; that opium is used in India extensively for non-medical and quasi-medical purposes; that the non-medical uses are so interwoven with the medical uses that it could not be possible to draw a line of distinction between them; that it is unnecessary that the growth of the poppy and the sale of opium in British India should be prohibited except for medical purposes. Whatever may be the case in other countries, centuries of inherited experience has taught the people of India discretion in the use of the drug and its misuse is a negligible feature in Indian life.

The long argument which I have quoted has recently been made the groundwork of the defense of the Government of India policy in a pamphlet issued from the India Office in 1921 called "The Truth About Opium."

Let me try to explain why I believe the Royal Commission of 1893 and the Government of India dispatch of 1911 and the India Office pamphlet of 1921 to be all out of date and to need an overhauling and a drastic revision, if progress in opium reform is to be effective.

First of all, India itself is passing through an industrial revolution over large areas, and the commission report of 1895 hardly deals at all with the new drug evils that have arisen through the increased consumption of opium in industrial centers.

Secondly, the evidence given before the Royal Commission in 1894-1895 appears to have been incomplete concerning certain parts of India about which we have now much more up-to-date information. We find, for instance, no serious attempt made after it to deal with the evils of opium smoking as well as of excessive opium eating in Assam.

Thirdly, a very great deal of scientific evidence has been collected since the Royal Commission sat. A much more serious medical view is generally taken today about the harm of opium eating. The old contrast between opium smoking and opium eating could hardly be maintained today.

Fourthly, the whole opium question has become in recent years an international question of the very first importance. Lord Robert Cecil is sent out to Geneva. Three cabinet meetings, we are told, have met at Whitehall to deal with it. All this is quite new since 1895. The Indian Government cannot afford to stand aside and treat the subject any longer as only a domestic concern. It is hardly too much to say that America's entry into the League of Nations and the peace of the world have indirectly depended on its solution.

For all these reasons, I would ask whether the time has not come for a revision of the whole subject in the light of new information and new events. The question to be asked is whether the Government of India's policy cannot come one step nearer to the point which we all have in view, viz., the restriction of the sale of opium in India to medical requirements of the population. We may not be able to reach that point by means of a Dangerous Drugs Act as yet, in the same way as it has already been reached in Japan and the West. But it may be possible to attain such a close approximation that the actual average consumption of opium per head in India is not greatly in excess of the medical index figure laid down by the League of Nations, viz., 6 seers per 10,000 people.*

Let me come to actual facts. There are certain black spots today on the opium map of India. If these were cleared away the general consumption would not be much in excess of the medical index figure of 6 seers per 10,000 people that I have mentioned.

The most important of these black spots is that area of Assam, in the Assam Valley, peopled by the Assamese race, Sibsaga, Nowgong, Lakhimpur, and Durrang. The excess is here so great that it comes up to nearly an average of 150 seers per 10,000 instead of 6 seers. A very large proportion of this opium is smoked and not eaten. Assam has the extremely bad record of one district with a consumption of 237 seers per 10,000.

We next come to another black spot in a modern industrial area, namely, the city of Calcutta. Here the opium consumption has reached the alarming figure of 143.6 seers per 10,000 instead of 6 seers. The opium shops are all in the slums, and it is the slum population that is still further demoralized.

A third abuse is in Burma, where the rate of consumption is still very high. I believe that the strange anomaly still exists that while opium smoking is forbidden to the Burmese race it is permitted to the immigrant Chinese. The figure in Rangoon is 110 and Mergui 147.

Figures like these will not stand comparison with the League of Nations index figure of 6 seers per 10,000. The effect of such black spots in the opium map is all the more deplorable because the map is white or nearly white over very large areas indeed—the consumption falling even below the League of Nations' figure.

Two things appear to me to result from what I have said: (1) It is not impossible to bring the internal consumption of opium in India much lower down with great benefit to the people: indeed it may be possible to bring it within respectable distance of the League of Nations index figure; (2) If this is to be done effectively, a working committee must be appointed, which must not think of politics or parties or revenue or official red tape and routine but must only consider the good of the people of India and the welfare of mankind.

---

*The League of Nations figure of 600 milligrams equals 6 seers per 10,000 population. 1 seer equals 2 pounds.

To such a committee also, when it has done its work in India itself faithfully and well, I would also intrust the revision of the export traffic in opium from India, in which we are all thankful to see a marked decline in the past two years. For it has to be acknowledged to our shame that almost every ounce of Indian opium exported is immediately prepared by the importing Government for smoking purposes. We cannot forget that more than twelve years ago we were one of the contracting powers at the Hague Convention which solemnly signed article 7 [agreeing] that we would prohibit the export of prepared opium and that if we could not do so immediately we would do so as soon as possible. I trust that no one here will bring forward the quibble that the Indian opium exported to the Far East is prepared for smoking out there and not in India. Such a quibble in a humanitarian issue would be utterly unworthy of a great nation such as ours. . . .

When the working committee which I propose has got steadily to work to reduce the consumption of India, which stands at about 12 seers per 10,000, to something near to the League of Nations figure, when we have reduced the 237 seers in Assam district to normal and the 143.6 seers of Calcutta city to normal, then we shall have the right and the duty to cry halt to the export of Indian opium to the Straits Settlements, where the consumption of opium for smoking purposes is over 1,000 seers per 10,000 of the population and where between one-third and one-half of the revenue of the colony is paid for out of the receipts from Indian opium smoked in opium dens under a Straits Settlements government monopoly. Indeed it may even be possible in course of time to reduce the export of Indian opium as well as our internal consumption to within some reasonable distance of the League of Nations index and thus at last stand before the whole world with absolutely clean hands.

Gandhi on Birth Control

SANITY on the subject of birth control seems to be gaining ground in the West—especially in England. The Bishop of Birmingham openly declares himself in favor of birth control. A more hesitating admission was made by the British National Council of Public Morals; its report, The Ethics of Birth Control, states that the use of contraceptives is probably "the lesser of two evils." Although the Labor Party has been reticent on the subject, the Birmingham Labor Conference carried a resolution recently declaring that qualified doctors should be authorized to give information about birth control. In India, on the other hand, Gandhi has declared himself in opposition. The following statement is reprinted from the *Hindustan Times* of March 17:

It is not without the greatest hesitation and reluctance that I approach this subject. The question of using artificial methods for birth control has been referred to me by correspondents ever since my return to India. Though I have answered them personally, I have never hitherto dealt with the subject publicly. My attention was drawn to the subject, now thirty-five years ago, when I was a student in England. There was then a hot controversy raging between a priest who would not countenance anything but natural means and a doctor who advocated artificial means. It was at that early time in my life that I became, after leanings for a brief period toward artificial means, a convinced opponent of them. I now observe that in some Hindi papers the methods are described in a revoltingly open manner which shocks one's sense of decency. I observe, too, that one writer does not hesitate to cite my name as among the supporters of artificial methods of birth control. I cannot recall a single occasion when I spoke or wrote in favor of such methods. I have seen also two illustrious names having been used in support. I hesitate to publish them without reference to their owners.

There can be no two opinions about the necessity of birth control. But the only method handed down from ages past is self-control or *Brahmacharya*. It is an infallible sovereign remedy doing good to those who practice it. And medical men will earn the gratitude of mankind, if instead of devising artificial means of birth control they will find out the means of self-control. The union is meant not for pleasure but for bringing forth progeny. And union is a crime when the desire for progeny is absent.

Artificial methods are like putting a premium upon vice. They make man and woman reckless. And respectability that is being given to the methods must hasten the dissolution of the restraints that public opinion puts upon one. Adoption of artificial methods must result in imbecility and nervous prostration. The remedy will be found to be worse than the disease. It is wrong and immoral to seek to escape the consequences of one's acts. It is good for a person who overeats to have an ache and a fast. It is bad for him to indulge his appetite and then escape the consequence by taking tonics or other medicine. It is still worse for a person to indulge in his animal passions and escape the consequences of his acts. Nature is relentless and will have full revenge for any such violation of her laws. Moral results can only be produced by moral restraints. All other restraints defeat the very purpose for which they are intended. The reasoning underlying the use of artificial methods is that indulgence is a necessity of life. Nothing can be more fallacious. Let those who are eager to see the births regulated explore the lawful means devised by the ancients and try to find out how they can be revived. An enormous amount of spade-work lies in front of them. Early marriages are a fruitful source of adding to the population. The present mode of life has also a great deal to do with the evil of unchecked procreation. If these causes are investigated and dealt with society will be morally elevated. If they are ignored by impatient zealots and if artificial methods become the order of the day, nothing but moral degradation can be the result. A society that has already become enervated through a variety of causes will become still further enervated by the adoption of artificial methods. Those men, therefore, who are lightheartedly advocating artificial methods cannot do better than study the subject afresh, stay their injurious activity, and popularize *Bramacharya* both for the married and the unmarried. That is the only noble and straight method of birth control.

Our Marines in Nicaragua

THE NATION of August 12, in discussing editorially the withdrawal of our marines from Nicaragua (page 180), quoted in brief a comment by the Nicaraguan correspondent of the *Diario Latino* of San Salvador to the effect that the newly organized constabulary would be a perpetuation of control by the United States in an even more objectionable form. The article is reproduced below at greater length:

For more than thirteen years Nicaraguan territory has been violated by the presence of a detachment of United States marines, thanks to the political ambitions of the Conservative governments that have succeeded to power since 1912. Unscrupulous in their methods of keeping the family in power, and well aware that there hung over them not only the weight of their political crimes but the watchfulness of a people thirsting for justice, the Chamorros, using the most futile pretexts, brought in these Yankee troops that are an insult to national honor and dignity.

The United States, powerful and great, amuses itself by developing in the South American countries a crude policy of extortion and piracy, force and violence. And it has fallen

upon unhappy Nicaragua like a sea monster in the darkness of a cave, spreading its thousands of tentacles over her fertile body. And she, poor thing, defenseless and alone, has met with disaster in spite of all the canons of international law, in violation of all codes of justice, and in an age of much ranting about democracy. But this United States is not the same nation that brought to life the two great leaders that stand out bright stars in a vast black sky—Washington and Lincoln. No; the United States of today embodies the filibustering spirit of Walker, hungry for gold and glory and easy conquests. More artful are the men of today, who lurk in hiding and delight in living prey. Wilson dons an apostolic halo to call the attention of the world to his new doctrines, his image grows at the proper moment like a symbol, and the weak nations grow confident and hope; but Wilson was Walker all over again, insidious, deceptive, and cruel, with smooth ways, while his conquering claws were tearing open new wounds and bringing darkness and destruction.

Since the treaty was signed there has been no one to authorize the presence of United States troops in Nicaragua. This, then, is an aggressive and arbitrary act without legal justification or political sanction. Nevertheless, since the Chamorros needed it, and since these soldiers guaranteed their remaining in power, which would otherwise have been impossible owing to their unpopularity and immorality, these forces have not moved from the Campo de Marte, thereby branding the country with the ugly mark of its shame.

More than two-thirds of the Nicaraguan population, without distinction of political affiliations, condemn this abuse of sovereignty by the Chamorros. Because, as is natural and logical, the people, awake to the situation and ready to defend their rights, hate the Yankees, who come like conquerors to flay our country, which, despite its territorial limitations, has great wealth, culture, and intellectual development.

Tragic in the history of Nicaragua are the pages of mourning which these pitiless birds of prey have left in their wake. And it is necessary, in spite of everything, to study these pages in order that Latin America may know the disaster which the United States, in a period of Wilsonian law, brought on this tiny section of the great Spanish-speaking continent. We must uncover our wounds, we must point out these seats of infection in our autonomous life, and we must shout out our grief so that all may hear us, so that no one will fail to listen to us. Then there will come a day, in the dim future, shining with glorious liberty, justice, and strength, when the weak nations now groaning under the iron heel of the Yankee will be free, great, and powerful again. And it is toward this day, shrouded in the mysteries of the future, that this cry of ours goes out, and may it be echoed in all Latin hearts like a blazing watchword before the advance of the Northern conquerors upon the young America. . . .

It may be that the marines will leave the Campo de Marte, but [illegible] has in various ways trampled upon the dignity and autonomy of the Filipinos [illegible] to reach the country, according to a statement made to President Solorzano by the United States chargé d'affaires.

The new form of Yankee intervention in Nicaragua, as we have so often repeated, is the constabulary, only now it is to be more offensive, in that it will be more direct, less disguised, and highly insulting. From now on the government will have no control of the army, nothing to do with firearms, nothing to say about any of these matters. The only man who can make and unmake the military forces of Nicaragua at will is to be Mr. Carter, officer in the active service of the United States army, and consequently subject only to the superior officers in his country. This is the principal accomplishment of President Dr. Carlos Solorzano in his first five months of office, and one which will place his name on the pages of history under the just wrath of his people.

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A CONFERENCE to discuss Chinese questions has been called to meet at Johns Hopkins University September 17-20. It was high time. People in this country are not awake to the significance of the struggle in China. The committee sponsoring this conference is a catholic one; it includes representatives of the banks composing the Chinese consortium, of the British-American Tobacco Company, of the missionaries, of the universities, of the press. We know that the individuals responsible for its organization see the flaming line that divides right from wrong in this Chinese matter. But will the conference express their spirit, or will the international Ph.D.'s with their technicalities and hesitations and meticulous pedantries capture it and deaden it, as they seem to have captured the Institute of Pacific Relations (described by Mr. Hutchinson on page 253) and the Williamstown Institute?

ONE OF THE GREATEST STRIKES IN HISTORY is fighting its inchoate way to victory in China. A London dispatch to the New York *Times* estimates the loss to British firms in Hongkong at *billions* of pounds sterling; the Associated Press puts the *daily* losses at "several hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling." At Shanghai the Japanese employers of 50,000 Chinese workmen have virtually surrendered, granting recognition of the union, financial aid to needy strikers, disarming of the foremen, and $5,000 reparation to injured strikers and their families. This Japanese strike lies at the root of the trouble with the British, but while the Japanese have yielded the British remain rock-faced. The students whom the British police slaughtered on May 30 were protesting against the shooting of a single workman in the Japanese strike, and the nation-wide demand for abrogation of the special privileges enjoyed by foreigners in China had its immediate origin in that conflict. The Chinese are right in blaming the British today; no other nation has been so stiffly arrogant. It was the British Foreign Office which forbade publication of the results of the diplomatic investigation inculpating British officials for the Shanghai murders; it is British diplomacy which has hamstrung every effort of the Washington Government to take effective steps for the relief of China since this trouble broke into flames. No wonder the Chinese boycott British goods; no wonder the dockmen refuse to unload British vessels and that the Canton Government refuses to accept goods transshipped in British Hongkong.

BRITISH MERCHANTS IN CHINA are reported to be urging their Government to intervene effectively—they mean with military force—to stop this wicked injury to British business. It is, they say, a violation of their treaty-guaranteed equal position. The Chinese, these merchants say, understand only force; any concession will be regarded as a weakness. That is the old, old story which has led the colonial powers into so many disasters. The French in China seem to know better, as a story from Shanghai illustrates. Shanghai is, administratively, three cities: the International Concession, ruled mainly by the British; the French Concession; and the native city. When July 4 came this year—Empire Day for the British and Independence Day for the Americans—the Anglo-Saxons, fearing the native agitation, omitted their usual celebrations. Bastille Day followed on July 14. The Anglo-Saxons were alarmed when they heard that the French intended no such precautions. They packed their half of the Avenue Edouard VII, which is the boundary between the two concessions, with armed and uniformed police and volunteers. When a torchlight Chinese parade filed up the French half of the street, not a French policeman was in sight. But there was no outbreak of any kind. Naturally the French are more popular in Shanghai than the British, and more so than the Americans, whose gunboats still command the river-front.

NEW YORK CITY, on a recent Sunday, saw, unheralded, one of those nationalist meetings which make it so fascinating a microcosm of the peoples of the earth and their interests. This time it was a Chinese meeting in the Chinese Theatre, formerly the Teatro Caruso—a big and very bad picture of Caruso frescoed on the wall of the lobby mingling oddly with Chinese signs and gay banners. The meeting was called under the auspices of the National Party —followers of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen—to listen to the report of a committee appointed to raise and distribute funds for the Chinese strikers. The little Chinese community, it appeared, had raised $62,000 in American money. The student reporting for the committee explained in detail how it was raised and how it was spent. Other students distributed a forty-eight-page magazine. They had run off 5,000

copies on a mimeograph, having first cut the Chinese characters on a stencil by hand. The audience listened courteously to a speech in English by Provost Edmunds of Johns Hopkins University, formerly president of Canton Christian College. Dr. Edmunds spoke as a friend of China, personally known to many of the students in the audience. He was frank in criticizing the foreign powers, but earnestly advised China to go slow in abolishing extraterritoriality. His audience listened courteously but unsympathetically. No section of Chinese opinion can now be satisfied by such a program of gradual reform. The massacre at Shanghai has made it too late. As Thomas F. Millard, a veteran student of China, put it in the New York *Times:* "If I read the international and Chinese political signs aright, rendition of every kind of foreign territorial political position and special privilege cannot be postponed more than a few years."

THE BELGIAN DEBT AGREEMENT, as we said last week in an editorial written before the terms of the settlement were announced, constitutes a new policy with regard to our European government debtors. It is an abandonment of our precious contention that the debts must be paid in full, with interest, in favor of a willingness to settle these obligations according to "capacity to pay." Interest on the pre-armistice debt of $171,780,000 has been renounced, and the principal is to be paid in instalments extending over sixty-two years. The post-armistice debt of $246,000,000 is also to be liquidated in sixty-two years. Interest is called for on this, but it will be nominal for the first ten years and after that 3½ per cent, amounting in all to $310,050,500. Assuming that the agreement will be carried out in its entirety as now written, and considering the industrial and financial conditions of Belgium, the United States has put the screws on hard. On the other hand, the actual payments that Belgium will be called upon to make for the first few years are small. For the first year, for instance, only $3,840,000 is called for, which is a little less than 1 per cent on the total principal of $417,780,000— an amount upon which we ourselves are paying nearly 4¼ per cent.

THE WORST ASPECT of the agreement is that it is contrived—and purposely—with a view to deceiving the public in both Belgium and the United States. Our Debt Commission has avoided making a clear analysis of the arrangement for home consumption, having deluged the public instead with a mass of statistics intended to convey the impression that Belgium is paying virtually in full. This is done because our public has been misled in regard to the finances of European countries; it is demanding its pound of flesh from nations that cannot afford to pay it. What is more, as Pierrepont B. Noyes, formerly American Commissioner in the Rhineland, recently said, we cannot afford to make them try to pay it. The Republican Administration, having been largely responsible for the wrong attitude of the public in regard to European debts, now thinks it necessary—in order that Washington may save its face—to delude the people further in regard to the settlement. In Belgium the situation is apparently as bad. There the people are opposed to laying any considerable burden upon themselves in order to repay a debt for which they think they should not be held responsible. The demand for a settlement comes from bankers and business men who accept the virtual fiat of the American Government that no private loans are to be granted by our financial institutions in countries which have not arranged to pay their public debt to the United States. Thus in Belgium the Government is trying to persuade the people that they are getting off almost scot-free, while in America the Administration is endeavoring to make the public think that it is collecting virtually in full. Neither is true. Such deception is harmful all around.

ONE REMARKABLE FEATURE of the case is the calm acceptance by the public on both sides of the water of this avowed and intimate alliance between Wall Street and Uncle Sam. It works both ways: The bankers refuse to lend money at all until a bargain is closed with the Washington Administration, and Washington agrees to accept low interest in order to make it possible for the bankers to lend at high rates. In any case the bankers gain and the taxpayers lose. The procedure reminds one of the scandalous treatment of the Russian debts in the closing days of the Wilson Administration. The Treasury, upon the insistence of the State Department, authorized payment, out of funds under its control, of interest on the loan made to the Czar's Government by a Wall Street syndicate, while making no effort whatever to collect interest on the debt owing to our Government.

DETROIT'S MUNICIPALLY OWNED street railways have been the subject lately of some widely circulated newspaper articles indicating that the city enterprise is losing money, that it has a deficit of more than $3,000,000, and that the bond issue of $5,000,000, which was voted in 1923, has been largely exhausted. Believing these statements to be the propaganda of private interests desirous of holding their monopoly in the utilities field, the Public Ownership League of America wrote to Edward W. Bemis, Professor Henry E. Riggs, of the University of Michigan, and others for data. After receiving this information the league announces that the auditor for the street-railway lines now admits that there is no deficit and that the system is making money; the net earnings for May, the last month for which the finances have been analyzed, were $61,285.71. Instead of selling $3,500,000 worth of the authorized bonds, the railway invested surplus earnings in extensions and improvements. If the remainder of the authorized bond issue were sold, it would be enough to pay off the $2,571,286.28 in short-term loans, while still leaving nearly $1,000,000 for claims that may be successfully prosecuted against the railway.

MORRIS SIGMAN, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, says that the opposition forces in the organization are Communists taking orders from Moscow, bent upon destroying the union. The opposition say that they are for the most part not Communists but are members of the rank and file bent upon democratizing and saving the union. The other day, in open defiance of their international officers, some 12,000 protestants walked out of their shops in New York City on a two-hour recess and gathered in mass meetings to denounce the "Sigman machine." When Mr. Sigman minimizes such mass protests or ascribes them to the influence of a few agitators he falls into the same error as do those persons who attribute the Chinese strikes to the machina-

tions of Moscow. At most agitators take advantage of a state of discontent which any wise leader should himself recognize and deal with. Morris Sigman is a decent, honest labor leader flanked on one side by a ruthless machine and a rigid, undemocratic system of government, and on the other by a large, ably led rebellion. If he is as eager as he says he is to overthrow the abuses in the union, he should long ago have attempted to use this opposition in his fight against the machine; many a statesman has allowed himself to be pushed where he could not have dared to move alone. But Sigman chose the weaker course. He talked of reform; and ousted from office men who were fighting for it. Their tactics may have been disruptive and some of their aims unwise; but nothing could have been lost by using them as a club against reactionary office-holders.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE NAME of Huebsch from the list of American publishers is cause for regret among those who during the past ten years have enjoyed the spectacle presented by half a dozen young houses which more or less made over the book business in New York. Mr. Huebsch is by no means out of the game, since he has merged with the Viking Press and presumably will carry on under a new roof. But in the world of publishing names have more than a perfunctory importance, and the name of Huebsch was in every way a good one. Not many books issued from the firm during its comparatively brief existence, but they were usually distinguished; and the impression was current—and justified—that Mr. Huebsch himself, a man of taste and literary intelligence, had personally approved them. If the firm had done nothing more than publish the *Freeman*, create Sherwood Anderson, and translate Hauptmann it would have done enough. It did more in that it came to stand for methods and ideals which were anything but commercial, to perpetuate a type of publishing all too rare in any age. There is every reason why the Viking Press should be congratulated upon its new partner.

VICTOR F. LAWSON, who has just died in Chicago in his seventy-fifth year, was a genuine newspaperman—and in the widest sense of the word. He was not a politician who owned a newspaper to further his public career or a business man who ran one merely to make money. Neither was he limited either to the editorial or the business side of journalism. He had his first lessons on a newspaper which his father owned, and in 1876 became with Melville E. Stone (later head of the Associated Press) joint owner of the Chicago *Daily News*, the first successful one-cent paper in the Middle West. One difficulty in selling such a paper at the time was a lack of pennies, a handicap which Mr. Lawson overcame by importing a carload of them. Eventually Mr. Lawson bought out Mr. Stone, and by hard work and high ideals made of the *Daily News* one of the great newspapers of the country, almost the greatest in the evening field today. In addition to close attention to local and national affairs, the *Daily News* has developed a foreign service hardly surpassed in this country. A morning edition was started a good many years ago, known as the Chicago *Record*. It was an excellent journal, but Mr. Lawson decided that a man could not direct both a morning and an evening newspaper without favoring one or the other. So he sold the *Record* in order to concentrate on the *Daily News*. Munseys and Hearsts buy and sell newspapers for profit or politics. Mr. Lawson was a newspaperman.

Can Brides Cook?

CAN brides cook? The United Restaurant Owners' Association of New York puts the question gravely, then proceeds to answer it—as if it were announcing an important discovery—in the negative. The association has been conducting a competition to obtain the best home recipes for various American dishes; no contestant born later than 1900, and no bride of a year or less standing, reached even the semi-finals.

Can brides cook? Of course they can't. No one in the least familiar with cookery—or brides—needs any demonstration on that point. Fifty per cent of our American humor is based on this simple and indisputable fact. We can recall scarcely a woman under forty who is a tip-top, all-around cook, although many show budding genius and occasional bursts of genuine achievement before then. In fact, few women fairly get into their stride as cooks before they are fifty, and they don't reach their ultimate excellence until sixty years or more of accumulated experience has taught their palates and trained their hands and ripened their knowledge—until, in short, they reach the grandmother class.

How could it be otherwise? Art is long. Supreme genius sometimes flowers early, but generally fulness of skill and saturation of knowledge come only after laborious years. And if that be true of art in general, how much more must it be true of cooking—the art preeminent, the art beyond art, the art which reveals (not conceals) art, the art which makes women goddesses and men gluttons. Cooks, like wine, acquire mellowness, character, and quality by the processes of the years. Besides, cooking is a labor of love. When people tell you how hard it is to hire a good cook, they speak truer than they know. It isn't simply hard; it's impossible. Good cooks don't work for wages. If anyone is so blessed as to acquire—and retain—a good cook, it's because that cook loves cooking and hasn't any better outlet. Good cooking requires a human objective. There must be somebody to cook *for*. The United Restaurant Owners' Association says that 35 per cent of its competitors confessed that they learned to cook after they were married. That means that 65 per cent of them either can't cook—despite their assumptions—or can't tell the truth. The dutiful daughter may prepare a tempting salad for father; the affectionate sister may bake a sumptuous cake for brother; but it is not until she has cooked for a tired husband, for sick children, for ravenous boys, for expectant guests that she becomes a master of the art—what the French call a *cordon bleu*.

And that's why brides can't cook. It isn't the fault of the much-abused younger generation. No younger generation has ever known how to cook. Grandmother's fond illusion that at twenty she was an excellent cook, so much better than granddaughter Peggy or Dorothy or Katherine, is mostly a—well, a fond illusion. Leave it to her; she has few enough others.

But brides, although not yet cooks, are on their way, and, praise be to heaven, many arrive. If not, they are likely to become widows, grass or otherwise. Worse still, they may have to submit their digestions to the far from tender mercies of the United Restaurant Owners.

Can brides cook? Ask Dad; he knows—though maybe he doesn't dare tell.

Facing Our World

RAMSAY MACDONALD voiced in the last issue of *The Nation* the fears aroused in moderate British Labor leaders by Mr. Baldwin's capitulation in the face of a threatened general strike. "The mishandling of the Government," he says, "handed over the honors of war to those who may be inclined to toy with revolution. . . . We have peace in the coal-fields for the time being, but the difficulties of trying to convince an impatient and hard-pressed people of the wisdom of democratic methods have been sadly increased."

We honor the former Labor Prime Minister for his scruples; but we think he overdoes his doubts. A wistful odor of eighteenth-century political philosophy seems to pervade his fear for constitutionalism. It is not simply that this is a pragmatic age, paying scant attention to moral principles which do not obviously work to moral ends; it is also an age which, while still worshiping traditionally in the church of political democracy, has transformed its gospel. Men who are shocked at expressed doubts of the efficacy of democracy nevertheless express in action their complete if unconscious lack of faith. The long struggle for political enfranchisement has been won; but its fruits seem meager. Economic and financial forces somehow manage to determine the course of history despite the best efforts of the people at the polls.

What is the "will of the people" in a world of newspapers owned by millionaire capitalists? What is the people's will in a country where a few bankers and a few employers can spread the alarm that if X is elected business will be bad, factories will close, and the workers go without jobs? Again and again economic forces intrude their powerful fingers and defeat or direct this "popular will" upon which we once so trustingly relied. Usually the intrusion passes unnoticed; sometimes—particularly when Labor happens to be the economic force—it is observed and resented. That was the case when the railroad unions forced the passage of the Adamson law in our own country; that was the case the other day when the trade unions of England, by their threat of a general strike, forced a Conservative Government to take radical action.

More and more the geographic basis of our political system has proved itself inadequate to express the deepest-felt interests of the people. They have resorted to such means as are available. As economic interests are more important to them than geographic they have grouped themselves—without the slightest thought of its effect upon constitutionalism—in economic organizations: chambers of commerce, associations of sugar refiners, railroads, dye manufacturers, publishers, water-power interests, coal producers, shoe manufacturers. These, sometimes illegitimately, as often legitimately, have maintained their agents—their lobbyists—in Washington and London, in the national and State capitals. The producing classes—the laborers and farmers—have been last to do this and have often worked clumsily. But they are increasingly using their one weapon—organized economic power—to fill in the gaps left by political democracy. And in so doing they are vaguely aware that they are following a path well marked by the feet of capital.

It may be that constitutional historians will look back upon the growing importance of economic and professional organizations and the parallel decline of parliamentarism as the most significant development of our era. Here and there it is already reflected in the political structure. The Soviet system, of course, is frankly based upon occupational representation; and the *Reichswirtschaftsrat*, or industrial parliament, which has a somewhat ambiguous place in Germany's post-revolutionary structure, is an attempt to find a place for economic representation without upsetting the traditional political organization. Conservative business men in France urge an upper house of parliament in which the industries would have direct representation. In the United States William S. U'Ren has urged such a scheme.

We are, in fact, discovering that under the reign of capital political democracy, unless it can provide direct expression of the economic groupings which the age has forced upon us, is futile. Power eludes the people under our present system, and we are still groping to find the most effective method of expressing the new age. Some anxiously scan the sky, fearful of signs of revolution; others begin to realize that while the old forms subsist intact a revolutionary shift of power has taken place without our knowing it—and the avowed revolutionaries have had nothing to do with it. Men have mastered coal and iron, diverted the waterfalls, harnessed the unseen currents of the air, but the industries they have created have mastered them. The kings who control finance, and through it industry, are more powerful than any king, premier, or president of a mere political state, and in their realm democracy is still a revolutionary word.

In this country the ruling school of politicians admits defeat and crassly proclaims an era of free play for the industrial barons. When labor cares to defy these powers, as in the British coal crisis, the political state must needs totter, so weak is it compared with these new forces. A vast task, calling for economic even more than political statesmanship, lies ahead of us, and the world needs for it statesmen of new proportions, combining the cool audacity of Stanley Baldwin in facing an immediate fact with the long vision for which Ramsay MacDonald has been noted.

Literary Delusions

THE world at large entertains as many false notions concerning the poet or the novelist as it does concerning the business man, the lawyer, or the soldier. To the world at large there is such a thing, for instance, as a business man—a man who is peculiarly that and nothing else. He sits at a certain kind of desk, his head is filled exclusively with certain kinds of ideas, and there are certain kinds of error which it is automatically impossible for him to commit. Now any intelligent and honest man who happens to concern himself with business knows that it is only part of him which does so, that he is by no means infallible as a forecaster of economic events, that he is not in any case John Doe. Likewise a lawyer who is not a victim of the perennial romance about his profession recognizes that he exists somewhere outside of the picture—that there are times when he, like any mortal man, is helpless before a problem. The soldier is not invariably brave, or cowardly, or fickle, or homesick, or ignorant, or erect. And a poet or a novelist is not always inspired.

Indeed, a first-rate man of letters is likely to deny that he was ever, so far as he can remember, definitely inspired. He wishes that he might have been, and he may wish that he were now; but the whole process of writing is for him somehow confused. There are the ideas, the images, the themes which come to him suddenly out of nowhere—by inspiration, if one likes. But there are also the hours spent in laborious search for similar treasures—hours, perhaps, rewarded in the end by something richer than anything which ever arrived by chance. He probably ceased long ago to wait for inspiration; having learned that the stuff of an artist is in him, he is willing to dig for it, and he is never fearful lest the effort be destructive of frail, hidden things. The stuff of art is not frail, even though it be hidden so deep that it is found only by the greatest luck and persistence. So the writer marches to his desk every morning at a congenial hour, whether he feels fit or not.

He both controls his sources, then, and does not control them. The lay notion that they control him is as far from the simple truth as the contrary notion—often cherished in the same mind—that he advances in the precise path that his will and his character have chosen. He may be proud enough of the virtue involved in his pertinacity, in his capacity for punishment; he is not so sure that an artistic triumph is a triumph of moral character. The layman will suppose, for instance, that an author always means what he says in his books. Sincerity, by this token, is an attribute of genius—and the unwary reviewer will burden any writer whom he likes with the one virtue which that writer has never clearly experienced. For sincerity is a deadly virtue, as Oscar Wilde implied when he remarked that all bad poetry springs from genuine emotion. The singer or the story-teller will insist that his problem has been not to mean what he says but to say what he means. He begins, of course, with something which he thinks he wants to say; only fools begin with nothing at all. But almost invariably, if he is a hunter trained to follow the fox wherever it may speed, he finds himself turning suddenly in the middle of the woods and darting after an entirely fresh scent. It is as undesirable as it is impossible to be doggedly faithful to a program conceived in cold blood. And though the product—the poem or the tale—may appear to be something that was planned as an expression of its maker's inmost soul (indeed, too, it may be that), it was as likely as not a revelation to the person who smiled and put his name to it. He has not said what he meant; he has said something better.

So far as he is aware he may not believe it at all. Psychology is saying just now that his lack of awareness is immaterial, that his deepest self does believe it. And such is doubtless the situation. But there is an equal amount of at least poetic truth in the old dictum that poets are liars. The particular glow of satisfaction which comes over an artist who has happily completed a piece arises in his own conscious mind, it would seem, from a conviction that he has delivered a good lie. If to readers it be truth, so much the better—or worse—for them. To him, if he is a poet, the effect achieved will be worlds away from what he had intended; the rhymes will sing a weirdly unexpected song. If he is a novelist, he will reflect—only too vainly perhaps—upon the manner in which the original of his hero grew into this wayward stranger as he went. How will it be in the next book? He guesses; he does not know.

Sir Adam Beck and His Job

SIR ADAM BECK is dead. Canada, to quote the Toronto *Globe*, has lost "the greatest constructive mind in the public life of the country." The world has lost a most versatile and successful advocate, builder, and administrator of a publicly owned superpower system in any nation.

Sir Adam Beck's life story was, in part, the life story of dozens of successful self-made men. But with this difference. He used his extraordinary executive ability not primarily to build up his personal fortune or to obtain paternalistic control over his fellows but to create effective machinery for the public ownership and operation of an immense utility. The head of the commission which built the greatest hydro-electric power plant in the world and organized a system of distribution in which 386 local governments were partners with the Province of Ontario was not an engineer but a manufacturer, originally in a small way, of wood-veneer and cigar boxes. The brilliant and slashing advocate of public ownership, the target of incessant attacks by private power interests, was not a labor man or a socialist but for years sat in the provincial parliament as a Conservative. The master of a complex administrative enterprise was to the end of his days an enthusiastic sportsman, famous on two continents for the horses which he exhibited.

The great interest which made Sir Adam Beck's life of significance to the whole world began in 1903. As a manufacturer in London, Ontario, he became convinced that the industrial development of his province was jeopardized by its dependence upon coal from the United States, where production was often tied up by great strikes. Hydro-electric power was the obvious substitute, and observation and experience soon persuaded him that it could not be left with safety to the control of private capitalists—British, Canadian, and American. In two decades he succeeded in harnessing Niagara for the service of the Province, and brought power not merely to manufacturing plants and city dwellers but to farmers and housewives in rural districts.

Necessity made Sir Adam not merely a brilliant executive but an extraordinarily able controversialist. One of his last acts was a crushing reply to the attack on the Ontario system sponsored by our Smithsonian Institution. The American press, which had given much space to the attack, was almost wholly silent concerning the reply.

One of the best tributes to the success of Sir Adam Beck's work was unconsciously given by Arthur Williams, vice-president of the New York Edison Company. In a recent discussion he sought, not very successfully, to prove the superiority of private ownership of superpower to the Canadian plan. He gave away his own case, however, when he admitted: "Sir Adam Beck and his associates—I entertain great respect for them all—have done a fine piece of work in Canada. *Apparently the government had to do it because no one would persuade the owners of private money up there to take the same risk.*" [Italics ours.] Well, the government took the risk and won out. We do not believe that Sir Adam Beck's death will change victory into defeat. The tradition of public service which he helped to establish is too firmly founded in the political consciousness of his fellow-citizens. The finest tribute Ontario can pay to Sir Adam Beck will be to carry on.

Behind This Prohibition

By LEONARD CLINE

WE were a group of some fifteen, one noon five years ago in one of the great cities of the Middle West, at an exclusive suburban club for luncheon. One of us was a woman, Miss Simpson, an angular spinster of much local political importance; and one of us, our host, was the Mayor —a most genial, lovable big fellow with a frank smile and a handshake that gave you his whole city. We stood together, fourteen men and a woman, just outside the dining-room, and thither a waiter brought us a tray containing fifteen glasses, filled.

I am not a prohibitionist. To me a highball on occasion is a delectable thing; and these glasses were irresistible. I glanced at the countenances of my companions and I perceived that they, too, were melting with smiles; and my spirit went out to those good fellows. The Mayor raised his glass. So did we all—except the woman.

"But . . . Mister Mayor," she faltered, "I trust that there . . . there isn't anything in this?"

Never in my life have I seen a public official so magnificently rise to the occasion. With a glance he absolved Miss Simpson. His bow broke her heart, his thoughtful shake of the head laid her most clinging doubt, his gesture was pontifical. "My dear Miss Simpson," he said, "I am the Mayor of Blank. Do you think that I would permit any such violation of the law in my presence?"

A moment's hush, and then the Mayor once more raised his glass. So did we all, and so at last did Miss Simpson. And we drank that highball down right there, three good fingers of excellent bourbon with enough ginger ale to temper the tang; and we went contentedly in to lunch, where we were served grapefruit sweetened with sherry, and where from time to time we would find newly filled glasses at our elbows. It was a delightful collation. Only one thing tended to disturb us. Miss Simpson's apologies to the Mayor became a little obstreperous by the time we reached the camembert.

In the course of a decade as a newspaper man I have associated on convivial occasions with one or two governors, a half dozen United States senators, with mayors, congressmen, police chiefs and sheriffs, army and navy officers; not an extraordinary list, but one rather outside the experience of the ordinary private citizen. And so when an official comes out in the press with a declaration regarding the drought in his own bailiwick I think of a hundred occasions when the very custodians of the public weal themselves have teetered bibulously to a coma even as I watched them.

The most recent declaration of the sort is ascribed to Police Commissioner Enright in a dispatch from Halifax, Nova Scotia. "Open selling of liquor in restaurants and hotels is a thing of the past," Commissioner Enright told the good Nova Scotians. "Only one saloon is in operation now where a thousand used to flourish. . . . There are fewer open violations in New York than in other cities of the United States."

This, we may assume, was accepted by Mr. Enright's auditors at Halifax as an official statement from a man who knew more about illicit liquor traffic in New York than any mere person of the streets. The prohibitionists in Canada will take comfort from Mr. Enright's words and redouble their efforts to bring about in their own province the utopian condition of affairs he describes. And yet if one were to start from Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street at six o'clock any evening, one could go north or south or east or west and sniff a highball in fifteen minutes.

It is not my intention to ascribe to Mr. Enright any deliberate misstatement of things. I have absolutely no evidence upon which any such charge could be made. But when he proclaims New York as dry as that he shows an ignorance of things quite amazing in one whose business it is to know. There are, in fact, numerous hotels where a nod to a waiter will profit a man, and I have yet to stay at any hotel, in New York or elsewhere, where the bell-boys are as ignorant as is Mr. Enright. Nine taxi-drivers out of ten can, if properly solicited, take one around an adjacent corner to rum. And it is easier now, in almost any city, to get a drink between midnight and dawn than it used to be before the Volstead Act.

Most police chiefs whom I have met are more in touch with the actual situation than is Mr. Enright; indeed, in a strange town one often has recourse to policemen or sheriff to lead one to a good bar. I have seen, in an open saloon in Detroit, seven policemen at once drinking together. There were five of them, in full uniform, one evening in a St. Louis saloon; and I have seen in open saloons in New York any number of policemen whose familiarity with the situation seems to be far in advance of their chief's.

And sheriffs! Across my memory staggers a round dozen of them, winking and furtive, and I follow them into the jail and there am offered anything from bourbon to Virginia corn whiskey. There is, for instance, Sheriff Weems, who probably still holds office—and a very effective sheriff he is, to be sure—in a populous county of an Atlantic coast State. Into Weems's shrievalty I went one time to investigate for my newspaper the condition in respect to rum. I arrived at the county seat at ten o'clock, dropped my bag at the hotel, and hurried to the jail. Mrs. Weems invited me to step into the parlor.

A minute later Weems entered. He was all cordiality. He pumped my hand for a brief minute and dragged me away with him, without giving me a chance to say who I was and what I wanted. A company of four or five cronies, including the star pitcher of the local ball team, was seated around the dining-room table, hot in a discussion of their town's chance for the pennant. Eager not to miss this absorbing dispute the Sheriff pulled a chair to the table for me and silenced me with a tall glass such as the others were cherishing—a concoction of corn whiskey, soda, sugar, and lemon juice. Presently the conversation lagged for a moment and the Sheriff turned to me.

"Well, now, young feller," he said, "what can I do for you? Who did you say you was?"

"Why," I replied, "I'm from the *Sun*, and I'm down here to investigate the liquor situation."

Poor Weems! He looked like Belgium invaded. Dismay rocked the cathedrals of the Weemsian soul. I hastened to assure him. I was merely seeking information. Doubtless he could help me no little. He did. He gave me an exhaustive survey of the situation. At two o'clock in the morning, pocketing my notes, I accompanied Sheriff Weems to the basement of the jail, where, barrel on barrel, reposed his private stock.

"There!" he declared, with an eloquent gesture. "Try anythin' y'wanna. Pro'bishun? Sure, I'll tell ya all y'wanna know about pro'bishun. Yer a good fella. Try anythin' y'wanna."

In recounting these memoirs of American officialdom under prohibition I am taking pains to disguise names and places. I have even lied. I have glossed over much, for we Americans are pained by unvarnished reality. The actual episodes here recorded were certainly more ribald than my accounts of them. Indeed, it would be quite impossible for me to tell all that led up to that dinner at which Judge Lipke of the Superior Court, a man whose augustness on the bench had long since given him an exalted position in the local uplift movement, was our merriest spirit. It was proposed, however, when all flasks had been emptied, that we drive to a roadhouse to replenish them. We started in two cars, one of them Judge Lipke's, with himself at the wheel. Beside him sat a well-known criminal lawyer. In the rear were myself and a tradesman.

Who drove the other car I cannot now recall, but he paid little attention to us following him, and, when we stopped one time for cigarettes, disappeared up the avenue. Judge Lipke was feeling extraordinarily released that night. Light-heartedly he vowed he would overtake the other car or die in the attempt. He stepped on her.

"Aw, Judge!" gasped the tradesman at my side. His cry was lost in the roar of the motor. I likewise raised my voice in dismal foreboding. Judge Lipke turned to gaze derisively upon us, while the car swerved giddily from side to side of the road. "Whatsa matter with you guys?" said Judge Lipke. "Listen, I never had an accident in my life. Jest watch me!" He turned to the lawyer. "Let's play we're on the Indianapolis Speedway," he suggested. "You be mechanician."

Terror relaxed its clutch on my heart. It was all over and I knew it. I indulged my last moments in the delightful spectacle of Judge Lipke of the Superior Court playing Indianapolis Speedway on an unfrequented mud road, unlighted and with no warning signals for the tourist, across a section of Middle Western prairie. At last it happened. The speedway came to an abrupt end in another road cutting it at right angles. There was no hope of making the turn. Judge Lipke didn't try. He braced his legs against the brakes, gripped the wheel tight, shut his eyes, and plunged straight ahead. We took a six-foot ditch on the fly, plowed ten yards through underbrush, and came to a stop—what there was left of Judge Lipke's car—in another trench.

Judge Lipke leaned forward and put his face through the windshield, suffering some rather severe cuts. His friend the attorney sprang out of his seat and filliped sprawling through the night like a minor Orion, landing in a clump of bushes. The tradesman and myself found ourselves in the front seat. It was the tradesman who woke me. "Aw, Judge!" he was moaning. "Aw, Judge!"

If my memory does not betray me there were two judges of the higher courts present on another rollicking night in the office of Mayor Kahn, in one of our great cities. Mayor Kahn used to keep his official supply of liquor in a vault along with many of the city records, and thither he would repair with visiting dignitaries for furtive refreshment. A little group of statesmen would huddle together in the gloom of that vault, lit by one electric bulb hanging from a lofty ceiling, to swig their rye stealthily from paper cups. It was an illuminating commentary on democratic government under prohibition.

On the evening in question Governor Boggs was a distinguished guest, a number of other eminent Republicans assembled, and Mayor Kahn became reckless. He brought the bottles into the mayoral suite and the night grew Roman. Never shall I forget Governor Boggs and a callow newspaper man dancing round and round in each other's arms, until the latter stumbled over a cuspidor and both went to the floor. There were two judges of the higher courts among the most enthusiastic spectators of Governor Boggs's frolic that night.

No, these are not exceptional incidents. They are selected, of course, because they seemed to have certain amusing qualities that lend themselves to brief recital; but they are selected from a long sequence of memories. As a newspaperman I have had drinks thrust on me in official buildings at Washington; federal, State, county, and municipal functionaries have brandished their bottles at me; I have even been offered Scotch in the studies of clergymen. And as often as I read some statement regarding the effectiveness of prohibition enforcement in the United States I think of this procession of potvaliant officials and leaders of moral opinion which reels hilariously across my memory. I think of Mayor Blank contributing to the delinquency of the sexagenarian spinster Miss Simpson, or of haughty Judge Lipke playing Indianapolis Speedway on an unlighted mud road, or of august Governor Boggs dancing with the drunken reporter. One might be sad over such a spectacle, if it were not such a monstrous burlesque.

Masquerade

By HELENE MULLINS

Because her hair, like somber curtains, swung
Against her smooth pale cheeks; because her eyes,
Like tired flowers, drooped beneath the wise
And melancholy phrases of his tongue;
Because she stood before him like a proud
And insolent young tree no storm might bend,
He loved her, and he called himself her friend,
And where he went, his praise of her was loud.

She was a mystery, with her swinging hair,
Her tired eyes, and her soft insolence;
He did not realize the diffidence
With which she wore the mask that made her fair,
And how she dreaded the approaching hour
When masks must be removed, and he would see
The squalor of her spirit's poverty,
And pass her by like any faded flower.

Krim Faces Europe

By M. M. KNIGHT

Fez, August 1

BACK of the indescribable fury of the present contest in northern Morocco are two main sets of rationalizations. Each is perfectly logical in itself. Reasoned out separately, each cause is perfectly "just." Yet in the actual situation there are innumerable facts which cannot be harmonized with either.

To the French press in Morocco Abd-el-Krim is a rebel against the ineffable majesty of the Sultan. "Peace?" exclaims one front-page insert in *La Presse Marocaine*. "It can be brought about only by the submission of Abd-el-Krim to the Sultan of Morocco!" In a recent issue of *Le Nord Marocain*, Deputy Leon Barety explains at length how completely within their rights the French were in occupying the Ouergha Valley. The treaties of 1904 and 1912 left the boundary between the respective zones of France and Spain rather vague, but France reserved the right to "pacify" the tribes between the bend of the river and the Ouezzan country. Considering the richness of the region, sometimes called "the granary of Fez," it seems strange to Deputy Barety that it was not occupied sooner. This omission was corrected in three weeks during the spring of 1924. To be sure, it was foreseen that the Riffians might object. "It is said," admits the Deputy, "that a natural law pushes the Riffians toward this region, their mountains being richer in minerals than in cereals." Yet the responsibility for the war which followed the occupation does not rest with France, he asserts in a final emphatic statement. France was "called by the tribes" into this valley, "as fertile as it is beautiful."

The logic of all this is clear to a patriotic member of the French economic vanguard in Morocco. France has acted within her treaty rights and supported the "sovereignty" of His Majesty the Sultan; her armed forces have "delivered the weak from a long oppression and brought nothing but blessings." There can be no doubt about the blessings in the mind of Deputy Barety's average reader. Is it not the privilege of any Arab with thirty francs to ride from Rabat to Fez in a limousine bus? Any thinking person can see that buses are quicker, and therefore better, than camels and donkeys. Since there were no such modern conveniences before the French came, it is plain without further argument that there would not have been any had the French stayed away. Given French parentage and a supple mind I might be unable to separate the fact of my sitting here in safety (as far as I know) under an electric light, with a fountain splashing among the potted palms in the tiled courtyard just beyond my window, from the complete machinery of the Protectorate as it actually exists.

Abd-el-Krim is not entirely skeptical about these material blessings. Certainly he is not blind to the penetrating force of our economic order. For instance, he uses French-made cannon, captured from the Spaniards, to knock down blockhouses which might otherwise stand indefinitely. Some features of our system he knows to be inevitable, and he is too shrewd a man, too well educated in the European sense, to oppose them. Being a Moslem and a Moroccan, however, he dislikes to take his French civilization straight. The idea of a Sultan who is only a glove on a foreign and infidel hand infuriates him.

Be it remembered that the mountain tribes of the Riff and the Atlas have never known "sovereignty" of the sort they now feel creeping upon them. They were never really Romanized. The Vandals only skirted the edges of their country, on their way to richer and riper prizes further east. So it was with the Arabs, moving in the opposite direction. The Sultans of Morocco, even in the great days of the empire, governed these tribes only in a nominal way. The Portuguese and Spanish were too busy making their fortunes overseas to do more than hold a few ports along the Moroccan coast. England had to give up Tangier in 1684, having held it less than a quarter of a century. The mole there today is greatly inferior to the one the English destroyed at great pains. What is this "sovereignty" against which Krim and his tribesmen are "rebels"? To them it is a European invention, existing only as a hope in the minds of the French and Spanish. Under the guise of "reestablishing" something which never existed, these rank outsiders mean to bring Morocco to their feet and her wealth into their pockets.

From *Ulk* (Berlin)

"Permit me to acquaint you with the blessings of civilization."

"Thanks; and permit me to pay you back."

Abd-el-Krim's reasoning is clear enough. A sultan who owes his throne to the infidels, and acts as a mere lieutenant under their orders, is no sultan at all in the historic sense. It is bad enough for him to claim the privileges of a sultan, though perhaps not a matter to fight over; but when he

goes further, claiming things for himself, and for the infidels and foreigners who exercise power through him, to which even a true sultan would not be entitled, it is not to be tolerated. Krim scoffs at any "treaty rights" of France and Spain to toss boundary stones to and fro in a Moorish country. On what do such rights rest but force? Why, then, were not the French immediately ejected when they invaded the Ouergha Valley in 1924? Why did Krim temporize, and even make tentative moves toward negotiation? Because, he says, he was not quite through with the Spaniards, and did not want a bloody war if it could be avoided. The moment his hands were free, he first warned the French that their advance was an act of war if persisted in, and then attacked them.

Is there any middle ground of "truth" and "justice" between these two logical but apparently irreconcilable views of the case; or are both correct, and force the only arbiter? The French say Krim could have avoided war by not opposing their occupation of the disputed territory. Krim retorts that France could have avoided war even more easily by refraining from advancing her lines. To this, the French answer that Krim, puffed up by his victories over the Spanish and his capture of Raisuli, was getting ready to attack them anyway—that their only protection was an offensive-defensive. There are cynical people who say frankly that the real reason why first the Spanish and then the French avoided negotiation is that they mistook the other route for a shorter and easier one. No one who has seen this bitter warfare, or has any idea of its cost in every way, can doubt that somebody blundered. For one thing, Islam is awake as it has not been for fifty years, and the time has gone by when a handful of Europeans can hold a Mohammedan country. For another, Krim is not a Raisuli, and nobody has had any luck at buying him.

After all that has happened to French prestige, the average Frenchman resident in Morocco sees only one palatable solution: to crush the Riffians at whatever cost. Perhaps he overestimates the moral damage which must somehow be salvaged and repaired. As a rule, he admits the difficulty of getting French regiments sent here. Those men have parents and relatives with political influence. Then there is the enormous cost of a war to the bitter end in a wild country. Moreover, such a conquest would profit the Spaniards far more than it would the French, as most of the Riffian lands are in the Spanish zone.

Here is the real rub, after all: the relations between France and Spain. Save Tangier, which is international, Spain has all the good port sites in the North. Moreover, the Spanish Rio de Oro, between Morocco and Senegal, blocks France's way to a real consolidation of her empire in West Africa. One French paper here in Morocco has been harping on the theme that France defended her African empire on the Rhine, and must now protect her Rhine frontier by means of her African empire. That view brings up the enormous question of French man-power for war, to solve which a long and stony road is yet to be traveled, with Spanish toll gates at every mile.

Is Spain, then, the villain in the piece? On the contrary, though it has received poor and insufficient publicity outside, she has a perfectly logical case. Being a weak country, served by poor diplomats, she got rather cheated in the scramble for Morocco, considering the age and strength of her claims. When England and France made their agreement in 1904—which turned out later to have secret stipulations—it was understood that France must pay off Spain. This she proceeded to do very cheaply, on the basis of an old secret agreement of 1902. The Spaniards were wild with grief and rage when they discovered that they could have had much more by asking for it. Their later disasters were due both to their industrial backwardness and to the difficulty of organizing, or even pacifying, such a country. Moreover, it is very likely that the French authorities were easy-going and careless about the arms traffic. Whether or not it was originally the fault of the French that Krim got so good a start, the fact remains that France is now suffering terribly because of material which the Riffians were able to capture from the Spanish.

There are few places in the world where the "civilized" methods of making war give so little advantage. Artillery shells are of small use against a scattered and hidden enemy. Expensive airplane bombs are comparatively useless for similar reasons, and it is particularly difficult to fly in a dry mountain country, with few landing places and the air full of "bumps." Of course, there remains poison gas. The one question which I have been asked oftener than any other concerns America's attitude toward the use of asphyxiants on the Riffian tribesmen.

The International Ph.D.'s

By PAUL HUTCHINSON

THERE were three dramatic moments during the initial session of the Institute of Pacific Relations held last month in Honolulu. The first came after L. T. Chen, of the Chinese group, had told the story of the recent Shanghai riots at a general forum. Chen is a national Y. M. C. A. secretary in China. Urbane, rotund, accustomed to getting along with foreigners as well as his own countrymen, he is anything but the type from whom to expect explosive talk. Yet he exploded.

It happened this way. He had reported the riots in much the terms now familiar to the readers of this paper. And he came out where all Chinese inevitably do come out these days—at the treaties. There is the foreign tariff control, and there is extraterritoriality. These monstrous invasions of China's sovereignty have been seized by the foreigners at the point of the gun. Now China is determined to get rid of them, at the price of international disorder, if necessary.

No sooner had Chen finished than the international Ph.D.'s were on their feet. The Institute of Pacific Relations was full of international Ph.D.'s. They sympathized with China. In fact, they sympathized with everybody. They hoped that there would soon be an end to extraterritoriality and foreign tariff control and all similar abominations. They indorsed the entire list of Chinese demands—in principle. But—did not China understand that the Washington Conference had disposed of all these matters? And that the other nations had been waiting palpitant for four years, listening for China to say that she would be willing to have them do away with these injustices? And that really the other nations could do nothing until China herself had cleared the way?

Then Chen stood up again. Quiet Chen; rotund Chen; urbane Chen. And this is what he said:

> I quite understand that you do not intend to give up your unjust privileges in China if you can help it. After you have insisted that we treat you as demi-gods for almost a century, you do not like to be asked to step down on the plane of ordinary mortals. But let me tell you this: those unequal treaties have got to go! Turkey got rid of her capitulations. China has seen how she did it. China knows now how to obtain attention from the other nations. The Shanghai riots were only the first whisper of what is to come. The day of the foreign demi-god in my country is over.

Thus Chen, and he a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

Our second dramatic moment at Honolulu came when Chester Rowell had finished trying to explain to the Oriental why America must close her doors in order to save her soul. He is a liberal of the Bull Moose variety. He is rumored to have received a million dollars for his Fresno *Republican* a few years ago, but he remains a liberal. Rowell can explain anything on earth—the Abrams diagnosing machine; relativity; Hiram Johnson. At the moment he was explaining to the institute the high moral principle that really underlies the present American immigration act. The white and yellow races cannot mix physically while popular psychology remains what it is, ran the explanation. When nations which cannot mix are brought together one is bound to impose its will on the other. That leads to caste. The only possible outcome if Orientals keep coming into the United States will be a caste system. That would mean an end of all normal social contacts—such as the Institute of Pacific Relations. It would become as impossible for a white man to sit in ordinary intercourse with a yellow man as it now is to do so with a black man. Hence, to keep on terms of decency with the yellow man, the white man must shut him out.

The man who stood up this time was Mr. Yusuke Tsurumi. Mr. Tsurumi, like Mr. Chen, is urbane. He has a baron for a father-in-law. He has been *persona grata* on the carefully sterilized program at Williamstown. He even figures occasionally in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has been presenting the Japanese case in the United States for more than a year. Not, you will again notice, the kind of man from whom fireworks might be expected.

"Mr. Rowell," asked Mr. Tsurumi, "is this American psychology which you have described permanent or temporary?"

"It will last for at least this generation and the next," said Mr. Rowell.

"Is this aversion to other races true of all the whites, or is it a peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxons?" the Japanese persisted.

"I can only speak with certainty of the Anglo-Saxons," Mr. Rowell answered, "but I suspect it is true of all. It grows out of the fear of intermarriage."

Then this demand: "Can I quote you?"

"Anywhere," said Mr. Rowell.

One more moment to remember from the first session of the institute. A different kind of Japanese produced this touch of drama. His name is Zumoto. He stands about five feet two inches high; his English diction is faultless, although it comes a bit slowly; his face consists of two parts, a pair of brown eyes full of hidden lights and a white beard which has grown just a bit longer than Horace Greeley's ever did, both combining to make a character who might have stepped out of a Japanese edition of Dickens. The chairman, President Wilbur of Stanford, had introduced him to this general audience on this particular evening as "the wise old man of the institute." The audience had applauded as though it believed the title deserved.

Here again was no firebrand. Mr. Zumoto is a Japanese liberal. For years he edited the *Herald of Asia*, that conspicuous liberal weekly in Tokio which was one of the most regrettable of the casualties of the earthquake. He has worked hard to reduce Japan's army and to tone down her navalism. He did more than his bit to get the Japanese troops out of Siberia. He believes in peace with America, and works for it unceasingly. He is no longer young; the smooth way is the natural way for him. But this is what he said:

> The more I study the international situation in the Pacific the clearer becomes my vision that America is *par excellence* THE problem before the peoples of this great ocean. On any of the problems in which these Pacific nations are vitally interested—whether economic or financial, political or spiritual—the discussions at our round tables have shown that sooner or later we strike the ground rock of American viewpoints and American policies. Our further progress in our efforts for satisfactory solutions of these problems, therefore, depends altogether upon America.

That was the mood in which not only Japan but all the Orient went away from Honolulu. Peace in the Pacific? It's up to the United States.

This Institute of Pacific Relations came into being in a queer way. Nobody yet has been able to trace the development so as to explain why certain changes took place. It seems to have started with the conviction of a few men in Hawaii that there are other ways to approach the problems of peace in the Pacific than by the building of Singapore bases or the holding of Hawaiian grand maneuvers. Then the Y. M. C. A. took it up and began to build the structure of an international convention at Honolulu, the Pacific crossroads. Then the idea grew too big for the Y. M. C. A., with the result that various informal groups were formed in the countries about the Pacific to raise delegations in any manner they pleased to attend this first session. More than a hundred active members found their way to Honolulu for the first two weeks in July.

The queer ways in which the institute developed left their marks on the various national groups. The best men in the Chinese group, for example, bore the Y. M. C. A. stamp, although they also stood as representatives of the reform elements in the social and political life of their country. Japan, on the other hand, showed almost no marks of such an origin, but abounded in professors from imperial universities. New Zealand split, with a part of its delegation such as might have been sent to a Y. M. C. A. convention, a part ready for a gathering of international lawyers, a part from the political life of the Dominion. A curiously differentiated total group thus developed, but one not ill adapted to giving the informal cross-section of thought which the institute was seeking.

The American group was perhaps the most oddly assorted of all. It could not function as a group, because it was made up of individuals whose avenues of approach dif-

fered totally. Informally, the Americans came to divide themselves into the "hard-boiled" and the "soft-boiled." There were a few of the four-minute variety in between, but it was not hard to see in which of the main classifications most of the Americans belonged.

The hardest of the hard-boiled were those who had, or thought they had, intimations of the thoughts, desires, and intents of the State Department at Washington. Chester Rowell told the institute that American policy in the Pacific has been under a specialized bureaucratic control, and that, with the public now awakening to the importance of that area, the day of a democratic Pacific policy has come. At Honolulu the hard-boiled were the members who were trying to convince the rest that everything done during the bureaucratic era has been good, and that the only wise policy for the new democratic era is to continue the policies of the past. For the kind of people whose minds work that way, "Don't embarrass the State Department!" is the vital slogan.

This first session of the institute did not accomplish much beyond dragging into the daylight the issues that really threaten the peace of the Pacific, showing on how meager a basis of actual knowledge most of the Pacific policies of all the nations are based, and placing its benediction on the proposal for future gatherings which may, perhaps, be devoted to finding the ways whereby public opinion in the countries bordering the Pacific may be rectified toward mutual respect and understanding. It is to be hoped for the future of the institute that there may be no more attempts at holding general sessions without the presence of members from Russia. The session this year was badly handicapped in this respect. There can be no good reason why the formulas of state departments should inflict such an unnecessary unreality on this informal gathering. If it seems wise to conduct official affairs as though no such country as Russia existed, so be it. But civilians, acting purely as individuals, might as well not try to discover the basic facts in the Pacific situation if they must leave Russia out of account.

In the Driftway

CERTAIN persons, of whom the Drifter is not one, seem to be vastly concerned about present-day morals. They gasp when they walk the streets and observe their fellowmen and women; they shudder at the goings on among the young; they roll their eyes at what they see added to a woman's face and subtracted from the rest of her person; they declare that the world is rapidly sliding down a greased path to eternal and horrifying damnation. To them the Drifter can recommend a book he has been reading; they might use it as their bible and quote it on every occasion, for it fits the situation remarkably well. Take, for example, the following as a description of the modern woman:

> They are well-dressed, fond of taking it easy, and commonly leave the care of household matters and drudgery to their servants. . . . In all banquets and feasts they are shown the greatest honor; they are placed at the upper end of the table, where they are first served. . . . All the rest of their time they employ in walking and riding, in playing at cards or otherwise, conversing with their equals . . . and their neighbors and making merry with them . . . and all this with the permission and knowledge of their husbands. . . .

THIS was not intended, however, as a picture of the twentieth-century female irresponsible. It was written by a worthy Dutchman of Englishwomen in the sixteenth century. At the same time Erasmus was urging a friend to make a journey to England where he would find

> . . . girls with Angels' faces, and so kind and obliging. . . . Besides there is a custom here never to be sufficiently commended. Whenever you come, you are received with a kiss by all; when you take your leave, you are dismissed with kisses; when you return, kisses are repeated. . . . Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance; in fine, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses.

If a philosopher and a man of letters could write so ardently of what in these modern days is more vaguely termed "petting"—but then possibly Erasmus had not had a careful mother. If he approved of Englishwomen and their ways there were those who did not. A certain Puritan gentleman named Stubbes was much more disturbed. Why, he asked the ladies, did they want "to chaunge their natural face for a painted face, which thou hast made thyself? If thou beest faire, why paintest thou thyself? . . . and if thou be not faire, why doost thou hypocrittically desire to seeme faire?" He, with Thomas Nash, bemoaned the "aged mothers" with "their cheeks sugar-candied and cherry blusht so sweetly," and with "nosegays of yeolow haire on their furious foreheads." These remarks have, somehow, a familiar ring.

* * * * *

IT was evident that these ladies had minds of their own, for it is not on record that the Stubbeses or the Nashes made them mend their ways. And the Drifter is glad, for the honor of the male sex, to record that at least one gentleman gave them credit for intellect as well as beauty. Sir Anthony Cooke, who was not only a famous scholar but tutor to Edward VI, brought up his daughters to believe that "sexes as well as souls are equal in capacity." What he taught the royal pupil he taught his daughters also, and the lessons included Greek and Latin and other things which females are supposed to find difficult. Whether it was because of this early training that later he found himself grandfather of Sir Robert Cecil and Francis Bacon the Drifter would not attempt to say for certain. He offers these quotations and the book they were taken from* for what they are worth and invites his readers to make their own deductions according to their prejudices.

THE DRIFTER

* "Society Women of Shakespeare's Time." By Violet A. Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Loony

A Modern Movie

by Robert L. Wolf

in next week's issue of *The Nation*

Correspondence

Class Justice in Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 3 Mr. Louis Fischer says that "Hitler spent six months in a palace prison and was then released."

I was in prison at Sandberg a.S. thirteen months in all. A special decree on April 1, 1924, deprived me of all previous privileges. All privileges theretofore granted the prisoner were either abridged or wiped out. Count Arco was still benefited by these alleviations.

Uffing, June 28 ADOLF HITLER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the face of appalling difficulties the sound core of the German people has been working for years to restore honest government, to revive generally those virtues which we Americans at home regard as the *sine qua non* for every orderly, self-respecting commonwealth. Encouraging progress has been made despite bitter opposition, on the one hand, from war-profiteers and certain groups of financial and industrial interests whose idea of liberty is the liberty to make money in any way they please; on the other hand, against the opposition of those interesting persons who, ignorant of political history and psychology, believe it possible to establish a government which shall not be, in their jargon, a "class government."

Such progress has been made also in the face of a continuing aspersion by most of the American press of the deeds and motives of those that achieved it. In this campaign Germany has been measured with false measures and with double standards.

A striking instance of all this is Louis Fischer's article from Berlin in *The Nation* of June 3. Once more E. J. Gumbel and his "painfully exact and detailed book" about "Four Years of Political Murder" are wheeled up into position to discredit the present efficient and honest government of Germany. Four weeks after Mr. Fischer wrote, the philosophical faculty of the University of Heidelberg, to which Gumbel belongs, attested of him, with but a single dissenting vote, that his personality gives the impression of "a pronounced demagogic nature," and that "in his political activities not the slightest trace of scientific qualities is to be found. On the contrary, along with a very low intellectual niveau objectively and stylistically, a complete lack of objectivity is his most prominent characteristic." I note in passing that despite this bitter condemnation it was decided that the principle of academic liberty required that Gumbel retain his post—an example that ought to shame most American university authorities.

Mr. Fischer complains that the leaders of the Munich soviet regime were more severely punished than the leaders of the Kapp Putsch. Does he know nothing about the brutal butcheries carried out by and at the orders of these men in cold blood, and that the only victims of the Kapp Putsch fell under circumstances which, even if they had been committed by a private individual, would, under Germany's humane penal code, make of them merely manslaughter in low degree, punishable with very light sentences? I would rather go through a dozen Putsche from the Right than one from the Left.

"The German republic has never proclaimed a general amnesty," complains Mr. Fischer, and while he wrote the draft of an amnesty bill was under consideration. And when did the American republic proclaim a general amnesty? "In republican Germany political prisoners receive no privileged treatment." What sort of treatment do they receive in republican America?

I have never belonged, except for a very brief period in 1918, to the great and ungoodly company of anti-bolshevist liars. The Russian experiment interests me, although I regard it as preposterous, and I would like to see it worked out, but I object to basing attacks on Germany on bolshevist sources and on caricatures from the *Pravda*. Let us have fair play.

Berlin, June 23 S. MILES BOUTON

[*The Nation* has received several letters protesting against Mr. Fischer's Class Justice in Germany. Most of them, we believe, derive from a too intense loyalty. Germany has been maligned; *ergo*, all criticism is unjustified. A similar psychology reigns among some of the friends of Soviet Russia. We believe that Mr. Fischer's allegations—excepting one or two minor errors—withstand criticism. In particular we should like to pay our tribute to E. J. Gumbel, to whom both Messrs. Bouton and Fischer refer. We are familiar with his work and with the contemptible action of his colleagues on the Heidelberg faculty. They did not attempt to disprove his charges; and they felt forced to admit that "he believes in his cause, pacifism, and in his mission. Passionately and full of hate he opposes whatever appears to him as force, nationalism, or promotion of a future war. Where this idealism is concerned, he has courage—not only the courage to say what he thinks but the courage to risk his life." Yet for political reasons these professors—as irrationally as the famous ninety-three of 1914—called Gumbel an unscientific demagogue. In so doing they were a disgrace to Germany and to scholarship.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Do the People Realize?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The two main purposes of Wall Street are to put securities up to unreasonably high prices and unload them on the public and then to regain these securities at the lowest possible prices. At the present time the public are the holders of more of Wall Street's wares than ever before. This is always the case when stocks are selling at high prices. The heavy speculation of the past few months has been in public utility and railroad stocks. Great super-power systems are in the making, to the end that eventually there will be few but enormous corporations supplying electric power to the public.

The moving factor in this linking into a few super-power systems all of the present public utilities is the Electric Bond and Share Company, the stock of which was recently distributed share for share to the stockholders of the General Electric Company. This means that the ownership of Electric Bond and Share is still with the stockholders of the General Electric, which is the dominating influence in this whole super-power undertaking. This is the reason why General Electric stock is selling, including the Electric Bond and Share gift, at around $325 per share—at a time when the company is showing earnings of only about $20 and paying dividends of only $13 per share.

Two recent incidents may be cited as showing the inflated prices which are being paid for existing public-utility companies. It is these inflated values which should be of vital interest to the people, for it will be on overcapitalization of these inflated values that the various State public-utility commissions will be asked to base rates for current that the people will have to pay, and the rates asked for will have to be high enough to show large earnings on the capital supposed to be invested.

The report was published a few days ago that Stone and Webster had purchased the Gould controlling interest in the Virginia Railway and Power Company, presumably acting, as far as the power property is concerned, for the Electric Bond and Share Company. The price paid was not stated, but it is generally understood to have been not far from $140 per share. This for a stock which before the rumors of this consolidation

were started had never sold above $75 per share and whose average selling price had been around $40. By the time this stock's equivalent is passed on to the public the price will be at least $200 per share. It is on just such inflated values that rates will be applied for, thus making the cost of electric current higher than it ought to be.

The other incident is the acquisition by the Electric Power and Light Company (a corporation under the supervision of the Electric Bond and Share Company) of the Utah Securities Corporation, which owned the Utah Power and Light Company. The payment for each share of the Utah Securities Company stock was $10 in cash and four shares of the common stock of the Electric Power and Light Company. At the time of the announcement of this offer Utah Securities was selling around $70 per share. The highest previous price that this stock ever sold at was $46 in 1924, and in 1923 this stock sold as low as $14 per share. The common stock of Electric Power and Light was on this announcement selling around $17 per share. Subsequently Utah Securities sold at $157 per share and Electric Power and Light at $37.

Wall Street knows that nothing inflames the public and makes them buy stocks as does merger talk, and the above is a typical example of unloading on the public securities at high prices. Thus the public utilities are starting on the same career the railroads have followed for thirty years, and are playing into the hands of the Wall Street bankers.

The St. Paul receivership is the direct result of the Wall Street bankers' pyramiding methods of financing. Whenever a railroad had to bring out a refunding bond through some Wall Street banking house there was an 8 to 12 per cent loss. Take a refunding operation. A new bond is offered to take up the maturing bond. These new bonds are offered to the public at prices ranging from $92 to $96 per $100 of bond. Out of these prices the bankers collect their commission of $3 to $5. Thus the railroad company receives a net amount of $88 to $92, and assumes therefor an obligation to pay $100.

This refunding process is repeated until the railroad is staggering under a capital structure that it is impossible to pay interest on. If this vicious method is continued sooner or later every railroad of the country will have to go through receivership just as they have been doing for the past thirty years, and this is mainly due to the financing methods of the Wall Street bankers. It is on a receivership and consequent reorganization of a railroad that these Wall Street bankers clean up millions from a railroad they have already milked dry on refunding operations.

Take such comparatively recent examples as the Wabash and Missouri Pacific. When these railroads broke under the load of pyramided refunding operations their respective stocks were selling for a few dollars per share. These two roads were reorganized, their capital structure scaled down, and the stockholders assessed. Now these stocks, counting the assessment, are selling at double and treble the receivership prices and the public are again buying them.

When the St. Paul stocks were recently selling at their lowest price of $3.50 per share for the common and $7 for the preferred, it was stated that the big Wall Street banks were the buyers. Of course they were. Who else would buy them? These bankers know what they are going to do with the St. Paul. It will be just the same as they have been doing with railroad receiverships for the past generation.

The result of all these Wall Street methods of financing is terrific overcapitalization, and it is on such inflated capital that rates are applied for which the public will have to pay.

These Wall Street bankers are a clever lot. At present they are passing on to the public these securities—these already inflated securities—at high prices, in this way hoping the public, being the temporary owners of these corporations who will be seeking rates from the public utility commissions, will be favorable to high rates and the contemplated mergers and consolidations.

When all the mergers have been completed, and all the noise and excitement about them have passed, these Wall Street bankers will take back unto themselves these same securities at prices $30 to $100 per share less.

Springfield, Massachusetts, July 10 E. L. THOMPSON

Stephen Jumel and Betsy Bowen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your criticism of "Lives and Times," by Meade Minnigerode, in the August 12 issue of *The Nation*, I feel a guilty sense of personal responsibility for an injustice to the "bedizened adventuress Betsy Bowen" in the matter of the disposition by Stephen Jumel of his wealth, which is a reflection of my uncharitable attitude toward the lady in my book, "Jumel Mansion," Houghton Mifflin, 1916, from which Mr. Minnigerode drew for his facts.

The transfer of the titles on Washington Heights, under a power of attorney given by Stephen Jumel for another purpose, was not to dispossess him of his property but to forestall the French heirs, in case of his death—with or without a will—from stepping in to inherit. Her attorney in the transfers was Alexander Hamilton, 2d, who was one of the parties named in the deeds, and was not consciously a party to any legal wrongdoing. In 1834, when the transfers were completed, his client had married again and the name of "Alexander Hamilton" appears on the deed with that of "Eliza B. Burr, wife of Aaron Burr."

In January, 1834, Aaron Burr was a social and not a legal adviser of the lady, or perhaps by that time he was no adviser at all. Like many a husband before and since he got on more smoothly with his fiancée than with his wife.

New York, August 8 WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON,
Curator, Jumel Mansion

The Science League's Purpose

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his excellent and timely article in *The Nation* of July 22, Mr. Rollin Lynde Harte says: "We have a Science League in America to fight its 'monkey bills.' But we have as yet failed to combat its underlying policy by founding a League to Maintain the Separation of Church and State."

This statement is somewhat in error, since the Science League of America itself has for one of its objects (Constitution, Sec. 2, Art. 3) "to combat any attempt, under whatever guise, to reunite church and state." Since the founding of the Science League last September we have mailed circulars to more than 40,000 educators, publicists, scientists, editors, and other molders of public opinion, calling attention to the attempt of the fundamentalists to override the letter and spirit of national and State constitutions relative to complete separation of church and state.

San Francisco, July 25 MAYNARD SHIPLEY,
President, Science League of America

Your Winter Problems

If you want to rent a house or an apartment or if you have one to rent—or sell, advertise in the classified section of *The Nation*, read by desirable landlords and tenants. Rates on application. Special three-time rate. Dept. Y. W. P., *The Nation*.

Books

Mr. Pope

By ALLEN TATE

When Alexander Pope strolled in the city,
Strict was the glint of pearl and gold sedans;
Ladies leaned out—more out of fear than pity,
And Pope's tight back was rather a goat's than man's.

Often one thinks the urn should have more bones
Than skeletons provide for speedy dust;
The urn gets hollow, cobwebs brittle as stones
Weave to the funeral shell a frivolous rust.

And he who dribbled couplets like a snake
Coiled to a lithe precision in the sun
Is missing. The jar is empty; you may break
It only to find that Mr. Pope is gone.

What requisitions of a verity
Prompted the rage and wit between his teeth
One cannot say. Around a crooked tree
A moral climbs whose name should be a wreath.

First Glance

THERE seems to be significance in the fact that seventeen of the fifty-six tales which Mr. Galsworthy has collected into "Caravan" (Scribner: $2.50) close with a death. In each case, of course, the death is perfectly handled; and had Swithin Forsyte, for instance, been the only person in the book to die the suspicion might have arisen in no reader's mind that Mr. Galsworthy is particularly fond of last breaths. But it now appears that he is, and the cause, furthermore, appears to have a connection with the spirit in which he approaches his art. He devotes a sentence to that art in his preface: "As the untaught spider spins his delicate rose-window and assures it against wind and rain by sheer adjustment—not a thread too many or too few—so let us writers of short tales try to spin out of our own instinct and vision the round and threaded marvel." This sentence, which is almost too well written, helps to explain how one can be cloyed by seven hundred and fifty pages of flawless story-telling, how one can begin to feel not so much that something is being told as that something is being spun. Instead of lives and times one gets round and threaded marvels. Hence, perhaps, Mr. Galsworthy's predilection for death-beds. Wishing to spin well, he chooses for his final thread the darkest thread of all. It makes an admirable border—one into which all previous patches of gold or azure shade—and leaves no doubt that an end of some kind has been altogether achieved.

Any reader of "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" will remember the bit of thistledown which palpitated more and more feebly upon Jolyon's mustache until it lay motionless at last. A great touch, one doubtless said. Yet a number of such touches in "Caravan," coming so closely together, awake the fear that in drawing the death of his most likable character Mr. Galsworthy added one small drop too much of the tincture of artifice. It is a wine-glass which tells, or seems to tell, that Swithin Forsyte is dead: "Slowly in the glass a last bubble rose and burst." The last thought of Sir Arthur Hirries, in "Timber," "drifted out like his cigar smoke into the sleet." And over the grave of Pasiance Pearse, in "A Man of Devon," there is the scent of fallen leaves.

All of this is not to say that Mr. Galsworthy's fiction is without the substance of life. Life in some terms is always with him, for he is as honest as he is clever. It is only to point out that in an author's repetitions lie the clues to his limitations. Mr. Galsworthy's vision—to come to more important matters—is limited to three phenomena, which with a velvet monotony he has repeated throughout his novels and his tales. There is the fact for him of the man who, faced more or less suddenly with the insufficiency of the world, must stand rooted in his own despair, must be henceforth a dumb if sensitive observer of discrepancies, anomalies, and injustices which he at least is never to resolve. He is everywhere in Mr. Galsworthy. There is the second fact of the woman—June Forsyte is an instance, but there are many others, and they are remarkably alike—who solves the riddle by ignoring it and being only beautiful, soft, and darkly, inexplicably passionate. There is the third fact of the fleshly old gentleman—Sylvanus Heythorp, Old Jolyon Forsyte—who asks no questions and offers no answers, but eats or drinks or loves his life to a positive, if sometimes brutal, conclusion. Beyond these Mr. Galsworthy has not gone, nor perhaps has needed to go. Since they are the things he can say best, he has said them often. Has he said them too often? "Caravan" is unique among his books in suggesting that he has.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Long Story of Oxford

A History of the University of Oxford. By Charles Edward Mallet. Vol. I. *The Mediaeval University and the Colleges Founded in the Middle Ages.* Vol. II. *The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* Longmans, Green and Company. $15.

THIS is the first instalment of what promises to be, at least for a long time to come, the definitive history of Oxford University and its colleges. The two volumes now published bring the story down to about the time of the accession of William III, in 1689; a third and final volume will cover the remaining interval until the World War. The treatment of the subject presents a peculiar difficulty, as Mr. Mallet points out. in the fact that while the history of the university, as distinct from that of the colleges, is both a separate and a continuous topic, it is not one in whose treatment the colleges can be ignored; at the same time that the history of any one of the colleges, if traced separately over any considerable period, is likely to run ahead of the corresponding history of the university. Mr. Mallet has risked the latter disadvantage as the lesser of the two evils, and it must be said that he has succeeded in giving a marked impression of unity to events which in themselves offer much that is diverse. To say that the work is a monument of learning is to use a hackneyed phrase, but the exhaustive research and massive documentation which Mr. Mallet's pages display go far beyond the modest claims of the preface, and give to his volumes a high place among recent products of British historical scholarship.

Mr. Mallet suggests, as one reason for undertaking the work, that the history of the university has been, until comparatively recent years, somewhat neglected. Something of

the neglect is doubtless due to the elaborate difficulty of the subject, but it is nevertheless remarkable because the history of Oxford and its colleges is, after all, a cross-section of the history of England and its people. Without being, in the American use of the term, a state institution, this most famous of the world's seats of learning has not failed to be affected, deeply more often than superficially, it would seem, by every great political, religious, or intellectual experience that has hindered, distracted, or set forward the English nation. What Mr. Mallett has written, accordingly—and written, it should be said, with much charm of style as well as with veritable prodigality of detail—has both particular and general interest. From the twilight years of origins, when the medieval idea of a university was developing, corporate character emerging, and the content and method of intellectual life irregularly taking shape, on through the coming of the friars and the dominance of the Schoolmen; then the founding of the earliest colleges, University, Balliol, and Merton; the curious evolution of academic organization, teaching methods, and student life; the later Schoolmen of the fourteenth century and the newer colleges of Exeter, Oriel, Lincoln, and All Souls': all this was little more than the ordered intellectual side of a national history which witnessed at the same time the consolidation of the monarchy, the constitutional development of Parliament, the expansion of trade and wealth, and the military and diplomatic struggles for a place of European leadership.

So it was, too, after the Middle Ages had been left behind. The period of the Tudors and the Protestant revolt both found and made Oxford a storm-center in politics and theology, those two great British intellectual interests not yet wholly separated; but it also saw the addition of Corpus Christi, Brasenose, Trinity, and other colleges to the educational group and a broadening of the Oxford intellectual influence. Before the Civil War submerged the university the Bodleian Library and various lesser colleges and halls had been established, to share with the older foundations in the checkered experiences of recovery and enlargement under the later Stuarts. Tell the story as one may, it is the story of England, all of which Oxford saw and an integral part of which it may throughout claim to have been.

There is no space to linger over the long list of scholars who were identified with Oxford during the five centuries and more of which these volumes treat. Roger Bacon easily tops the period of the friars, as does Wycliffe that of the Schoolmen. The reign of Henry VII brought the awakening of Greek studies under Grocyn, Linacre, and Colet, and the wider humanism of which Thomas More and Erasmus were the most distinguished Oxford exponents. Wolsey, Pole, Cranmer, and Laud combined statecraft with learning, while to Wolsey is to be credited a large work of building and reorganization. To the life and times of Anthony Wood, whose labors in the preservation of Oxford history have made him immortal notwithstanding the ill-will that clouded his end, Mr. Mallet devotes an entire chapter.

No more then than now, however, was Oxford a place where everybody was absorbed in learning or practiced seriousness as a habit, and the reader who cares less for the story of political or theological controversy or the evolution of schemes of studies than for the history of manners and customs will find special interest in the chapters in which Mr. Mallet describes the academic life of the university and the ways of teachers and students. One gathers that Oxford and its colleges had often quite as much concern with the world, the flesh, and the devil as with things of the mind or the state. Lawlessness, hard drinking, fights of town and gown, and easy morals were evils which elaborate regulations struggled meticulously to check; tutors, professors, and fellows needed prodding to keep them at their work, and attempts to enforce conversation in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew met with only qualified success. There is much to remind one of present-day educational procedure in the repeated tinkering of the courses of study and the efforts to engraft upon the time-honored foundation of classics, mathematics, and philosophy subjects which even then seemed modern "sides." Here, again, Oxford was England in little. It was not and could not be a place apart. Its fortunes were tied to the fortunes of the state, and as men lived outside the gates, so students lived within them or about them. It is to Mr. Mallet's credit that, with all his painstaking elucidation of details, he has shown us Oxford in its setting at this point as at others.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Concerning Crime

Vultures of the Dark. By Richard E. Enright. Brentano's. $2.
Murder and Its Motives. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.
Keys to Crookdom. By George C. Henderson. D. Appleton and Company. $3.
Reformatory Reform. By Isaac G. Briggs. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THESE books make a dish gruesome enough for any appetite. From the sprightly incidents of Mr. Enright's detective story (Mr. Enright is the Commissioner of Police of New York City) one steps down into the caverns of murder and an analysis of its motives. From this one branches out into the passages leading to all crookdom, and finally ends up in a reformatory to which criminals are sent after they have been caught by the police. We thus range over a wide field. The journey would be more entertaining if the books were better.

It is Commissioner Enright's daily job to throw a scare into the criminals of New York City. He also herds pedestrians on street corners until traffic lights change color. As an adventuring author he takes rank at once with the most distinguished prose writers of Mayor Hylan's cabinet. In that select company, whose leader gave to the world the phrase "art artists," he sits proudly. Who cannot feel the "needle-pointed downpour of sheeted rain" both pricking his own timid cheeks and, at the same time, comfortably swathing him in its folds? Fifth Avenue is graphically pictured as "stretching its lancelike length in mirrored sheen." But the heavy-browed guardian of New York City's safety outdoes himself when he describes a patrolman making his nightly rounds "lest some bird of prey find crevice or cranny into which to insert the thin, fine edge of an incipient felony." To such English there is no resistance. Mr. Enright has a surprising fertility in inventing scenes, and the story is not a flagrant eulogy of the New York Police Department. But it could have been written by a smart reporter for the Hearst newspapers, and it does not add to the fame of a capturer of criminals in a great city.

"Murder and Its Motives" is a wholly different kind of book. It is an attempt to delve into the secret processes of the murderer's mind. Miss Jesse classifies the motives that impel the murderer. She finds that there are six categories: murder for gain, murder for revenge, murder for elimination, murder from jealousy, murder from lust of killing, and murder from conviction. These exhaust the list, she says, though two or more may overlap in the same act of killing. Having established these classifications, she proceeds to give gory examples of each. The only trouble is that her book purports to be a profound explanation of the psychology of murder. She really seems to think that her classifications are psychological explanations, revelations of the ways in which murderers are brought to the point of murder. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To say that a man committed murder from jealousy, or that he did so for gain, is no adequate explanation of his act. All of us have pangs of jealousy

and all of us desire gain. But not all of us kill other people on these accounts; we express our impulses in other ways. Murder, like all crime, is the result of a more or less complex personality reacting to a particular set of circumstances. Take William Palmer. He killed several children and a few men and women in his time. Miss Jesse says he did this in order to gain money or to avoid losing it. But what was there about William Palmer that made him take human life in order to do what other men do by other means? Miss Jesse does not face this question. Upon the origins of Palmer's desire for gain, upon his miserliness of nature, fondness for gambling, and general slovenliness her account sheds no light. She has no materials for delving into his childhood and so she cannot explain the processes by which he became what he was; without these, an attempt to explain his adult conduct is not very successful. Miss Jesse has much to learn from the students of mental behavior. She has attempted to set down a series of psychological clinical notes, and what she has succeeded in doing is to furnish material for several rattling detective stories.

"Keys to Crookdom" is a hodge-podge of meaningless anecdotes about burglars, forgers, swindlers, safe-crackers, murderers, arsonists, automobile thieves, and all other kinds of criminals. Classifications of offenders on the basis of specific anti-social acts which they commit have little meaning. It is not uninteresting to learn that in criminals' argot a "moll-buzzer" is an offender who gets caught by talking to a woman. But what is to be thought of a book which contains this statement: "In the United States are 1,748,000 definite mental defectives"? The author would seem to be the combination of clairvoyant and alienist that the world has been waiting for.

"Reformatory Reform" is cut from different cloth. This is the best book of the four; and it is written by an ex-prisoner! Mr. Briggs was sent to a reformatory at the tender age of fifteen. He describes the daily routine of his prison existence, the companions he met there, the reformatory keepers, and the methods employed to make the boys into better men. The adverse criticism, in Mr. Briggs's book as in other descriptions of reformatory methods, is not so much of the harshness of the procedure used as of its stupidity. It does no good. It pays no attention to the cause of wrongdoing, so that when the prisoners come out of jail they come out, many of them, ready to resume their old lives.

WINTHROP D. LANE

The Earliest Feminists

Colonial Women of Affairs. By Elizabeth Anthony Dexter. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THERE must be few to whom the picture here given of the colonial woman in her public activities will not come with a shock of surprise. We have, of course, long been aware of the importance of the domestic role that in a pioneering age devolved upon this woman; she not only shared her husband's toil of clearing the land and running the farm but also "carried on," as the author expresses it, "an appalling list of household industries, making clothes for the family out of wool or flax which she had raised, spun, dyed, and woven, brewing, baking, cooking, dipping, rearing, and . . . educating a baker's dozen of children." What we were not prepared for was the fact that the contingencies as well as the tone and temper of pioneer life lured or thrust these efficient women into a wide range of commercial and social enterprises which they pursued with equal success and in many cases with marked distinction.

The feminist of today will find her prototype among these early forebears of ours in practically every business and profession then open to men. To be sure, excessive devotion to things of the mind was deplored. This is instanced in the case of the wife of the governor of Connecticut; Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts wrote of her that "she had fallen into a sad infirmity—the loss of her understanding and reason by occasion of giving herself wholly to writing and reading; whereas if she had not gone out of her way to meddle with such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits." Women not only were tavern-keepers, shopkeepers, school dames, artificers of every sort, nurses, and midwives (the last quite to the exclusion of the male practitioner for a long period); they were successful as organizers of new colonizing movements and proprietors of vast estates. Not infrequently a woman fell heir to her husband's business and carried it on admirably after his death. Some became distinguished printers and newspaper proprietors. Among these last, in 1735, was Widow Anne Franklin, Benjamin Franklin's sister-in-law, who with her two capable daughters continued her husband's business of "printer to the Colony of Rhode Island."

It is interesting to note instances in which women were the first to engage in important outside activities: Mistress Cornelia De Peyster's widowed granddaughter, a young business woman, ordered the first sidewalk in New York laid in front of her offices—the novelty attracting visitors from far and near. The first packet line between Europe and America was established by the widow De Vries of Staten Island; this so prospered that she became one of the richest women of Manhattan. A young Southern girl, Eliza Lucas, left for long periods by her military father in charge of his large plantation, perfected after patient experimentation the process of raising indigo. After her marriage this same energetic young woman developed a mid-eighteenth-century Montessori method of instructing her young son which, though later he called it "sad stuff," was extraordinarily prophetic of modern methods.

These few instances, selected from the many recorded here, confirm Dr. Dexter's conclusion that colonial women carried on their work—such work as it fell to their lot to do—"in a legal and social atmosphere of almost entire freedom." Perhaps we need not hesitate to grant her contention that the freedom which women enjoy today may be largely due to "the respect by society and the self-respect which the working women of an earlier day quietly and unconsciously won for themselves."

DORA W. KIRCHWEY

Woman's Work

Once in a Blue Moon. By Marion Strobel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Mirrors. By Margaret Tod Ritter. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

OF these two versifiers Miss Strobel is the less feeble. Even she, however, has little to show save a phrase here, a metaphor there, a helpless intention nearly everywhere. In either case one finds woman's work, in the invidious sense of the words. A limited horizon, a wistful moodiness, posing self-pity, unimaginative melodrama mark both volumes. Where thought is absent one looks for technical excellence, but neither Miss Strobel's free cadences nor Miss Ritter's endless sonnets are composed with notable skill.

The best of Miss Strobel's work is in such a pretty phrase as ". . . and the sun Falls in little sprays, to be picked by anyone." One or two of her lyrics to her baby suggest faintly the humorous charm of Mrs. Kilmer's poems about children. But even here she is capable of such pink ineptitudes as:

> How can I sing you a song?
> O my dear! O my sweet!
>
> How sing—with your hand upon
> My breast? O my dearest!

Words which a mother might conceivably mutter to her infant,

but which should be reserved for that limited audience. The most finished of these pieces is Eight Months Old:

> Eight months ago, when you were born,
> You were a tiny thing and light.
> I was afraid to touch you much,
> Or hold you very tight.
>
> And then quite suddenly you grew
> Fast as a little willow sprig,
> And I was reassured—within
> My arms you felt so big.
>
> But oh, today you laughed at me,
> And stood alone and did not fall!
> And oh, I am afraid again—
> You are so small—so small.

Miss Ritter, though occasionally making a whimsical pirouette, prefers the grand manner, life with a capital L, beauty with a capital B, and the simulacra of anguish which are not infrequently fashioned by girls inexperienced in pain. Her opening sonnet is the least hysterical, as it is also the most evocative and quotable thing in the book:

> Deep-bosomed, stalwart-limbed, superbly made,
> Unconscious of her power and her grace,
> Accustomed to the blowzy wind's embrace,
> Magnificent, unlettered, unafraid,
> She guides her course past interlacing streams
> Striding the fields behind her ancient plow,
> Or halts beneath some blossoming, frail bough
> To rest her beast and give herself to dreams.
> Her eyes survey the road, the moor, the peat,
> With wide, untroubled gaze; she plays no part,
> No joys rise up to suffocate her heart
> Because a smile falls lightly at her feet.
> To one who comes for her at dusk, perchance,
> She lifts a brief, intoxicated glance.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Books in Brief

The Little Karoo. By Pauline Smith, with an introduction by Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Pauline Smith's simple but highly developed physical awareness gives these stories of the Little Karoo their remarkable faithfulness to external reality. She sees with such simplicity that her people, drawn entirely from the outside, seem to be inside out. She never intrudes, never even enters a room where a character lies sleeping, but stands apart too aloof to pause to enjoy personally the rose on a china cup or a little hand mirror rimmed with tiny shells. Her characters are the religious Dutch peasants of South Africa and she has given them such life that, to the reader, they have absolute permanence.

Young Mrs. Cruse. By Viola Meynell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

These stories, most of them of love, are subtly felt and formed, delicate and ironical. The characterization of both complex and simple women is presented by a method of implication which suggests the rich fulness of novels rather than stories. The result is satisfying—artistically and emotionally—with the exception of one short tale whose mechanics are not concealed with the skill of the others.

The Turn of a Day. By C. A. Dawson Scott. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

The story of Pamela Kerthewy, a Cornish peasant, and the two men who love her is a tragedy which takes place in twenty-four hours. The experiences related might easily have covered a period of twenty-four years. The brilliance and skill of handling which subjects the characters too obviously to the author's desire make the complete acceptance of the book impossible. One wonders why a novel which is so excellent in many ways is not better. But the beautiful Cornish dialect compensates for much and gives a rich, raw pigment to the book which blends with the countryside, with the fertile hills, the sound of a harsh brush on the hearth, and animals breathing in the darkness.

The Counterplot. By Hope Mirrlees. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Miss Mirrlees, who is as urbane as Sir Thomas Browne or Huysmans, writes as beautifully as Pater; and the rarefied world that she weaves like a canopy over the discordant, unrelated, irrelevant lives below has the imperishable fragrance of Pater's prose.

Der Gute Weg. Roman. Von Otto Flake. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

The Wilhelm Meister brand of novel. Almost solid dialogue, and this dialogue little but puzzled philosophizing. The Lehr- and Wanderjahre of Flake's restless Dutch hero lead through half a dozen love affairs and end with an intriguing disappearance. The Good Way, we learn, is the way of the heart, but we learn also that conscience only warns, never offers positive counsel; and since man cannot live by Thou Shalt Not's alone, he seems condemned to grope in darkness. But the strange book has flashes of illuminating epigram, vivid glimpses of post-war Germany, and a general tone of dejected earnestness which is appealing. It constitutes a really remarkable study of German mentality. . . . "Georg fand selbst, dass die Bücher, die sie in Deutschland schrieben, ihm nicht wohl taten; sie redeten darin unaufhörlich vom Geist, and dieser Geist war das Gegenteil von Tat oder er schrie nach ihr wie eine brünstige Stute nach dem Hengst."

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International Relations Section

Horthy or Bethlen?

By EMERY DÉRI

ONE freezing February evening in 1920 the editor of the Social Democratic newspaper *Népszava*, Mr. Béla Somogyi, and one of his associates, Mr. Béla Bacsó, were kidnapped in the heart of the Hungarian capital. In a military automobile they were rushed to a country place about fifteen miles from Budapest, where they were murdered and their bodies thrown into the Danube River. In the long series of political murders during the last few years there has been none more dreadful than this. The murderers stabbed their victims to death, tore out their eyes, and mutilated the bodies before throwing them into the river. The crime startled the entire civilized world; organized labor ordered a boycott against Hungary, and even the Hungarian newspapers, though working under the pressure of a terrorist censorship, demanded the punishment of the persons involved. But the official investigation of the case stopped suddenly and the murderers have never been placed on trial.

The details of this case were not revealed until last May when a member of the Hungarian Parliament, Edmund Beniczky, who had been Minister of the Interior and supreme chief of police at the time the murder was committed, insisted on telling his story to a military court in Budapest. While these shattering exposures were being made Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, was in Geneva describing to the Council of the League of Nations the wonderful progress Hungary had made toward social and financial recovery. Beniczky testified that the murder of Béla Somogyi was committed on the direct command of Admiral Horthy; never before had the head of a European country been accused publicly and under oath of being the instigator of murder. Although the deep antagonism between the Hapsburgist Beniczky and Admiral Horthy is evident, there could be no doubt as to the truth of his accusations. He told all the details of the murder, published all the evidence, named prominent witnesses, who did not deny any of his charges. He not only named the five murderers, but related how his efforts to bring them to arrest were balked by Admiral Horthy himself. He testified that the Admiral on various occasions had given orders to his officers not to execute the political prisoners on the spot they were arrested but to bring them to his headquarters and "finish them there, giving him an opportunity to indulge his lust." He testified that the Chief of the Budapest Police reported to him that Horthy's headquarters managed the escape of the murderers. He testified that one of Horthy's Pretorians visited him in his office and advised him to keep his hands off the Somogyi case. There was a secret society, he was told, so powerful that they would murder even the Minister if he should try to bring the murderers to trial.

When Beniczky's bomb was thrown into the summer calm of political life in Hungary, when the head of the State had publicly been accused of being an accomplice of murderers, everyone expected the immediate return of the Prime Minister to Budapest. The chief of his Cabinet wired desperately to Geneva asking Count Bethlen to return and meanwhile to give instructions what to do. But the Hungarian Premier was not disturbed; nor did he leave Geneva to face the singular political situation created by Beniczky's exposures. When he left Budapest he knew that Beniczky would testify, he even knew the details of Beniczky's story. Weeks before, when the clash between the supporters of the Hapsburgs and friends of Horthy had become violent and the opposition made a new issue of the old Somogyi case, Mr. Beniczky proposed in the Parliament to reveal all he knew concerning this murder if he were released from his oath of office. Count Bethlen remained silent to this proposal. The parliamentary opposition tried in vain to force him into granting Beniczky's request: finally the release from his oath and the permission to testify came—on the day Count Bethlen took his leave for Geneva. Count Bethlen had read the documents marked "most confidential" concerning the Somogyi case, in the Ministry of Interior, so he knew almost word for word the story Beniczky would tell before the military court; and he knew, too, that Beniczky was not as anxious to have the murderers arrested as he was to make Horthy's position impossible and to force his resignation. So it was almost certain that Beniczky would give his story to the papers. Count Bethlen knew all about it in advance, and when Beniczky's story was published in the Legitimist daily, when everything was in an uproar and everybody was convinced that the last hour of Horthy's Regency had struck—the Hungarian Premier sat quietly in his suite at the Hotel Beaurivage in Geneva. He smilingly sipped his coffee when his secretaries brought him the latest telegrams from Budapest urging his return—and he remained. A deadly fight was going on between Horthy and the opposition, a fight with possibilities of revolutionary outbreaks from Right and Left; and Count Bethlen did not lift a finger to intervene in the situation.

In the absence of the Prime Minister all parties and factions decided to fight out their last battle. All the hidden political forces were lined up in new formations. The issue was no longer the murder of Béla Somogyi. There were new issues, more exciting, more important: Horthy or Hapsburg, Horthy or a new Regent in the Royal Palace. The opposition demanded the investigation of Beniczky's charges by a special committee composed of members of Parliament; this would have meant the political death of Admiral Horthy. The Legitimists of the Governmental Party, who are numerous, sympathized with Beniczky, but in the absence of Bethlen they could not decide on anything. The Liberals and Socialists led attacks of unprecedented violence against the Government; Parliament was in an uproar. Horthy raged and demanded satisfaction. In the Royal Palace, now occupied by the Admiral, long conferences were held. For a day it seemed that Horthy's position was impossible and a few saw a new Regent—perhaps Count Bethlen—in the Royal Palace.

But in the twenty-four hours that followed things took a new turn—unexpected, dramatic, improbable, impossible in any country pretending to preserve even the appearance of being ruled by a constitutional government. The first step the Government took was the confiscation of the newspaper which printed Beniczky's story. A few hours later the Government suspended further publication of the same paper. As a result of the secret conferences the plan of sending out a parliamentary commission to investigate Beniczky's charges was dropped. The murderers named by Beniczky were not arrested; but the police, on order of the

Government, arrested the chief witness in the case, Beniczky himself, who has been indicted for "high treason and maligning Regent Horthy"—despite the law which explicitly prohibits the arrest of any member of Parliament without special legislative permission. Admiral Horthy triumphed; it was his way of solving political problems. It was certainly the easiest way—to arrest the man who testified under oath before a duly constituted tribunal that he knew the perpetrators of a murder, and to suppress a newspaper which had been bold enough to print that testimony.

So the storm was over. Admiral Horthy saved Hungary again by preventing it from getting rid of him. Though the situation was still tense, the fight was ended. And now, having closed his negotiations in Geneva, having testified before the League of Nations that law and the constitution rule a peaceful Hungary, Count Bethlen again appeared on the political scene. Refraining from any comment on the case, he came back from Geneva. He said that he had had to conclude those negotiations of international importance which he had started. He might, perhaps, have returned earlier and left unsolved the international problems of Europe had there been a chance for pushing Admiral Horthy aside. But as it was, he came back after the storm, smiling, reserved. The Count immediately held conferences with the leaders of the parties. First he saw those who wished the monarchy to be restored but with no Hapsburg on the throne, the so-called "free electors." Bethlen gave them to understand that Beniczky's testimony was an attack on *them*, led by the followers of the Hapsburgs. He gave them to understand also that they should shield Horthy, for while he was Regent the question of the restoration of the monarchy could not be taken up. It would not be opportune to bring Horthy to a fall until they knew who was to be his successor. The "free electors" went off satisfied and Bethlen started negotiations with the "Camelots du Roi," the Hapsburg-Legitimists. Bethlen rebuked them for "spoiling everything." Why, the "swimming master," the "sailor"—as they call the Admiral-Regent among themselves—would have resigned in short time, without this provocation by Beniczky. What do you want? he asked them. Do you want the swimming master to mobilize his Pretorian troops? Why not wait until he is replaced by a man who is a Legitimist himself and wants merely to hold the place for young Otto? Count Bethlen told them about certain secret conferences at Geneva in regard to the possibility of Otto's coming back. All he demanded was that they keep quiet. Not to make trouble for a short time. And, of course, to drop Beniczky—that troublemaker who could not keep his mouth shut. The Legitimists understood everything and went off equally satisfied.

So nothing happened in Hungary. Count Bethlen dismissed the Parliament for a vacation, which it well deserved. He was magnanimous: he permitted the publication of the suspended paper, under a new name, of course. The investigation in the Somogyi case was closed. None of the murderers was molested; if you go to Budapest you may meet any of them taking a nice, healthy afternoon walk on the "Corso." Peace and order in Hungary are restored by the statesmanship of Count Bethlen. The Council of the League of Nations is satisfied. Mr. Jeremiah Smith, Financial High Commissioner, is satisfied. Horthy is satisfied. Everybody is satisfied, with the exception of that man Beniczky, who is still in prison, dropped by his party, deserted by those who applauded him most. He is probably not quite satisfied. But he will get out—not only out of prison but out of the country, out of Europe, far away to America, where he has already sent his wife. And when he is here and has forgotten about Horthy and Bethlen, he, too, will be satisfied.

But there remain some people who are not satisfied with Count Bethlen's clever manipulations—the people of Hungary—the masses. About seven and a half million of them within the borders of the country and three million outside of it. They are dissatisfied. The toiling millions, paying unheard-of heavy taxes to satisfy Mr. Smith; the silent millions without a right to vote; the millions with an amazing total of suicides. They feel dissatisfied. But they are not asked for their opinion; and they have to keep their mouths shut even on sunny Sunday afternoons when they happen to be in the cemetery of Budapest and are permitted to see the grave of poor Béla Somogyi, tangled with green.

Contributors to This Issue

LEONARD CLINE contributed the article on Michigan to *The Nation's* series These United States. His first novel, "God Head," will be published this fall.

M. M. KNIGHT, now in Morocco as observer and correspondent at the front, has been assistant professor of history at Columbia University, specializing in French colonial government.

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EMERY DÉRI is a Hungarian newspaperman who is now editor of a Hungarian weekly in New York.

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WHEN JUDGES FALL OUT, who shall decide? There are advantages as well as handicaps in the scattered authority of our courts. In New York City Justice Thomas W. Churchill of the State Supreme Court recently granted an outrageous injunction forbidding members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers from picketing within ten blocks of the building of the International Tailoring Company, a firm at Twelfth Street and Fourth Avenue. As most of the clothing industry of the city is within that area, the injunction virtually outlawed all activity by the union, however peaceable and no matter against whom directed. When, therefore, a strike was declared against the J. L. Taylor Company, in the same building as the injunction-protected firm, the union disregarded the sweeping order of the court and placed pickets on duty. They were promptly arrested on complaint of the International Tailoring Company and brought before Justice Aaron J. Levy, another judge of the State Supreme Court, for punishment. Justice Levy did not attack his fellow-judge's injunction as such—that would not have been etiquette—but in effect he expressed his vigorous disapproval of it. He held that the pickets had a right to demonstrate against their former employer and were not interfering with the International Tailoring Company. He added that the attempt to send the men to jail was a "high-handed proceeding." It was all of that. And Justice Churchill's action in granting, without hearings, his sweeping injunction made the State court an ally of the high-handed employer.

THE CHIEF RESULT of the Anglo-French debt agreement—and doubtless the chief intention—is to put the Administration in Washington in a corner from which it can hardly extricate itself. The arrangement is to liquidate France's debt to England of £623,000,000 by sixty-two annual payments of £12,500,000 (about $60,000,000). In fact this means that France will not repay the principal at all but will give Great Britain 2 per cent on it for sixty-two years and then call it off. Behind this there is a joker (or a joke on us) to the effect that the settlement is conditional on France's obtaining similar terms in adjusting her debt to the United States, which with interest amounts to more than $4,000,000,000. If France agrees to repay America on a more liberal basis, then Great Britain insists that the payments to her must be revised upward accordingly. Thus Uncle Sam is left to fall in line or pose before all the world as a Shylock. In consequence there is a burst of ill-concealed spleen in Swampscott and Washington and brave talk that the Administration will make its own terms with France. It will do nothing of the kind. For after all France holds the purse strings, not the United States. We have no way of collecting a single sou that France does not deliver voluntarily, and few Frenchmen regard the debt to us as morally valid. Mr. Coolidge can threaten reprisals through refusing private loans, but in the end he will take what he can get, although he will endeavor—perhaps successfully—to make our people think he is getting what he wants.

COLUMN-LONG COMMUNIQUÉS from the Moroccan front are suddenly blossoming in the American newspapers. The New York *Times* heads a front-page column "French Overcome Fierce Resistance of Riffian Rebels." Careful study of the dispatch reveals that the French army, 150,000 strong, has succeeded in advancing three miles on a fifteen-mile front against Abd-el-Krim's forces. But the French are advancing, and sometimes the dispatches tell how. Their army is preceded by aeroplanes, which count it victory when they bomb a Riff warrior's wife and children; when they take a village they demand the surrender of all its flocks and herds, failing which ten of the local chiefs are put to death. When a hostile tribe submits, a friendly tribe is turned loose to pillage as it will. It is rotten business, this warfare of the civilized French against the Africans. Thus far the French have been able to use their subject peoples—Algerians, subjugated Moroccans, Senegalese—to do the bulk of their fighting for them; but Abd-el-Krim is forcing them to use their own white-skinned boys on the front. And when casualty lists begin to dribble homeward there may, as Mr. Dell suggests elsewhere in this issue, be a new revulsion in France.

"AUTONOMY" SUCH AS PAINLEVÉ OFFERED the Riffians is an empty phrase in this age of empire. The Riffians knew that, and so did the canny Mannesmann brothers. That German firm lost its valuable mining concessions in French Morocco—by confiscation—after the war, but it retained valuable properties in what the statesmen

called the Spanish zone. In that zone, where Abd-el-Krim now has his headquarters, the Spanish never ruled except on paper; but the Mannesmanns evidently feared that the French might go further. They have sold their concessions to an Anglo-American banking group, frankly avowing that they were selling for fear that if the Riff territory were conquered by the French their property might be confiscated. And thus the booty which was one of the driving forces in French hostility to Abd-el-Krim has eluded the Gallic concession-hunters. The sale of the Mannesmann concessions, however, is not likely to affect French policy. Prestige is at stake, and governments have before this sacrificed as many men as are in the entire French Moroccan army for little but prestige.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS have a new Governor, Captain Martin E. Trench, United States Navy. He is the sixth governor that the islands have had in the eight years since we bought them of Denmark. Captain Philip Williams, whom Captain Trench succeeds, was probably neither better nor worse than his predecessors. One of his last official acts was to get in a squabble with the Colonial Council of St. Croix over his appointments to that body, in consequence of which he dissolved it, thus taking away from the people of St. Croix such slender rights of representative government as the council possessed. We know nothing of Captain Trench, the new executive, but we have no hope that he will be able to end the political dissatisfaction and industrial depression which have developed since America took hold. What the Virgin Islands need is not a new governor—of whom they have already had too many—but a new government. It is impossible for any man to succeed so long as he comes as a representative of a war-making branch of our government and applies naval discipline to a people previously accustomed to a representative civil administration. How much longer are American citizens going to see all our traditions of democracy violated in our overseas possessions before they demand that Congress shall supersede naval autocracy in the Virgin Islands, Guam, and Samoa with civilian governments and a fair measure of popular rights?

BANKERS ARE SO FOND of posing as public benefactors, of assuring their clients of disinterested advice in regard to investments, that they owe it to their business reputations not to be caught in swindles as barefaced as selling gold bricks or the practices of a transatlantic card sharper. Besides, such practices are relatively dangerous and not sufficiently lucrative to assist materially in piling up the exorbitant profits to which bankers are accustomed. Hence it is with a jolt that we learn of a transaction by officers of the Gotham National Bank, a supposedly reputable institution of New York City with an imposing building on Columbus Circle overlooking Central Park. (Since the transaction in question the bank has been acquired by and now constitutes a branch of a prominent trust company.) In 1923 Miles R. Martin came to New York City from the Southwest with between $15,000 to $25,000 which he desired to invest. A friend gave him a letter of introduction to Charles H. Banning, assistant vice-president of the Gotham National Bank. The latter and Henry E. Lockwood, a "special representative" of the bank, advised Martin to lend $15,000 to a construction company which they said had been investigated by the bank and had ample resources as security. Martin took the plunge. But the company failed to live up to its promises, and he demanded the return of his money. He received about a third of it, and then sued the bank, Banning, Lockwood, the construction company, and the latter's owner for the remainder. Martin charged that previous to his visit to the bank the latter had lent money to the company, that the note had been protested for non-payment, and that later the bank was repaid out of his (Martin's) $15,000.

SUCH CHARGES AGAINST A BANK, an institution which poses as a disinterested benefactor of the public and its clients, are not nice. Unfortunately they appear to be true. At least Justice Faber of the New York Supreme Court has just rendered a decision holding the bank liable along with the other defendants for the return to Martin of the two-thirds of his loan which he failed to get back from the construction company. The records of the notes of the latter, filed in the bank, showed its financial weakness, says the judge, yet the loan was recommended. The decision is rendered in the restrained language usual to the bench, but it bares to the core a disreputable swindle by a supposedly reputable financial institution. Justice Faber says:

> The note of $2,450 owing to the bank and past due was uncollectable, and the bank stood in a position to lose that amount. It would have lost it had not the plaintiff advanced $15,000 on the fraudulent representations of Banning and Lockwood. . . .
>
> It is incredible that the plaintiff would loan $15,000 without some assurance from Banning and Lockwood that such a loan would be amply secured.
>
> Having reached the conclusion that the defendants, Banning and Lockwood, did knowingly make the false statements complained of, there is presented the question as to the bank's liability for the acts of Banning and Lockwood.
>
> We have here the defendant bank profiting by the fraud of its agents. It failed to repudiate them and refused to make restitution when the fraud was brought to its attention.

All the defendants, concludes the Court, "participated in the fraud and are equally liable."

A SENSELESS, CASUAL ACCIDENT swept out of existence two important representatives of the new Russia when Isaiah J. Hoorgin and Efraim M. Skliansky were drowned the other day at Long Lake, in the Adirondacks. Mr. Skliansky was head of the Moscow Textile Corporation and had just arrived from Russia to purchase machinery for several government factories in the Moscow district. He was only 32 years old but was already a widely experienced administrator and, as Assistant War Minister, had acted for several years as Trotzky's chief lieutenant in the organization and direction of the Red Army. Mr. Hoorgin was chairman of the board of directors of the Amtorg Corporation, which acts as purchasing agent of the Soviet Government. He was the highest Soviet official in the United States and the nearest approach to an ambassador permitted by our present relations with Russia. A mathematician and a professor of astronomy by choice and training, he knew how to adapt himself to any job, from that of housing commissioner in Kiev to that of commercial representative in the United States, where he had already built up Russian-American trade to better than the pre-war level. Personally he was a vivid, keen, and ironic

individual, with a most amazing zest for life. Very few of the American business men with whom he came in contact could match his business and executive ability, and his outside absorptions ranged from the Einstein theory to poetry and the latest popular song. He had more than an amateur's interest in the new experiments in the stage and motion picture, and at the time of his death was himself engaged in a project for converting two well-known literary classics into motion-picture material.

THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME is marked by the very spirit of violence that it aims to check. It would "stamp out" crime—make laws stricter, sentences more severe, detection and punishment more swift and certain. And crime would continue unchecked. Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, in a recent issue of the Boston *Herald*, discussed the present "crime wave" with a skepticism designed to check the enthusiasm of alarmed and noisy reformers. We do not even know the extent of crime in America, says Dean Pound. Our statistics are largely unclassified and incomplete and certainly impossible of comparison with the crime figures of European cities. We tackle the question of crime without considering the social situations which breed lawlessness. We are laboring under a system of criminal justice devised for a "rural, pioneer, agricultural America" which takes little account of the social convulsions involved in a change to an urban industrial civilization. Dean Pound advocates an endowment for scientific research into the whole question of crime and its causes; and he questions the value of all "hysterical crusades." Lawlessness and the attempt to check lawlessness by strong-arm methods are parts of the same social disease.

RICHARD KANE has offered $5,000 a year, to the first university which shall claim it, to endow a chair of motion-picture technique. Whether his press agent or his disinterested zeal for the welfare of the movies prompted the offer there is no doubt that far-reaching advances in the films are at hand. The intensification of business activity in the producing field is a reflection of this condition, just as the rise of the newer publishing houses went step by step with the contemporary awakening in American letters. The movie is one field of art where what is good may also be what is popular. Its technique precludes subtleties and its subject matter is necessarily simple—humor, pathos, melodrama, burlesque. Its chief difficulty is that of the pre-Elizabethan stage—the performers have developed faster than the authors, and in consequence there has been nothing to perform but second-rate material developed for the movie, or second-hand material adapted from other media. Exceptions like "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Last Laugh," have been, in the language of the trade, financial "flops" in the United States, and have discouraged producers from proceeding further in that direction. But "Caligari" and "The Last Laugh" failed not because of their merits but their defects—"The Last Laugh" was poetic but thin, and "Caligari" embodied technical experiments which did not satisfy even its originators. Writing for the movies, in any genuine creative sense, is a new art. In France Romain Rolland has written a "Revolt of the Machines," in Germany Ivan Goll a "Chapliniade." Robert Wolf's scenario, printed in this issue, is a pioneer American effort in the same field.

Transatlantic Criticism

THE mental habit most firmly fixed in the average London literary hack is the habit—so the complaint is frequently heard in New York—of slurring a new American book because it is American. The run of British reviewers undoubtedly delight in digging us. Their clichés for the purpose are as numerous as they are old, as contemptuous as they are convenient. The doctoral dissertation, of course, is easy prey; but poems are greeted with incredulity, novels with tolerance, and books which develop ideas with the reservation that, after all, the ideas come out of America. An eyebrow is lifted on most occasions at the language of the misguided author; "some curious feats of style" are noted, or some vernacular is set down as jargon. All in all, it might be guessed that an American book is the simplest of all books for an anonymous Fleet Street reviewer to dispose of. For he is heir to a whole century of condescension. It is roughly a hundred years since Sydney Smith asked his famous question: "Who reads an American book?" And hundreds of journalists since his day have testified that they cannot do so with pleasure.

Such an attitude is probably inevitable in a mother of many colonies—or, more generally yet, in any country that is old. If London condescends to New York, New York condescends—when she dares—to Chicago; and doubtless Chicago condescends to Omaha. It is a matter of age. It is also a matter of East and West. West is synonymous around the world with Youth. India, China, and Japan know how to be incredulous toward all Europe, and London cannot be taken too seriously in Bagdad or Benares. So is the contrary attitude of New York toward London inevitable, probably, in a literary capital which is conscious of its youth—particularly when there is an older capital which writes the same language. For New York has its attitude also. Americans are sensitive, as they have been for a century. They are quite too eager to make grandiose comparisons, to match achievement with promise, to nurse a national vanity already too great in other fields. There is the American hack, too, who sniffs at an English novel and intimates that had it not been thrust out of England it would never have come this far. There is the native commonplace that we must look at home for our literature. There is the pathetic talk about the Great American Novel. Eventually, it may be, the American reviewer will find it altogether easy to dismiss any British book with the effortless observation that it is British.

And what does the great world of readers do about all this? Nothing. Dickens continues to be devoured by thousands of Americans who never stop to think that he was an Englishman, or perhaps do not know it. Shakespeare is never identified by innocent persons with John Bull. Hardy is received without a qualm. Mark Twain, Whitman, Hawthorne, Poe, Jack London, and Upton Sinclair cross the ocean and are not protested against by Britons who are still ignorant of the fact that certain men and women read books for pay. The squabble seems to be confined among the lesser critics after all. The great critics disregard it; the great creative writers are generous to one another—witness Baudelaire and Poe, Scott and Irving, Symonds and Whitman, Tolstoi and Thoreau, Carlyle and Emerson. The public quite rightly leaves the hacks to play as they like with their rubber stamps.

A Letter to the Miners' Chief

CHRIST J. GOLDEN,

President, District 9, United Mine Workers of America; Chairman, Anthracite Miners' Scale Committee, Shamokin, Pa.

DEAR MR. GOLDEN:

You are one of the high officials of the United Mine Workers of America. You joined your colleagues in calling a strike in the anthracite districts on September 1. You are also, as we happen to know, a man of warm heart, good sense, sound judgment.

Now what, precisely, are you planning for the coal industry? You have enormous power, actual and potential, covering the most important single resource in contemporary civilization. Without coal, industry becomes meaningless; and without anthracite, New England tends to slide into the Arctic Circle. And not to lighten your burden, you have the day-by-day welfare of 155,000 anthracite miners, and, indirectly, of half a million bituminous workers, in your keeping. But the broad outline of your policy and that of your colleagues is difficult to discover.

What is happening today in anthracite happened in 1917, 1920, 1922, and 1923. With the beginning of the war in 1917 bituminous as well as anthracite coal rushed up to panic prices. The public howled. (By and large, howling marks the limit of consumer intelligence, Mr. Golden.) The Fuel Administration was established, and for two years ran coal as it ought to be run. The miners had a proud share in that. The Fuel Administration determined requirements, and adapted production to them. It met requirements from the nearest mine, and thus saved untold competitive crosshauling. The consumer's howls died in his throat, and to the best of our knowledge the miners were more steadily at work and better satisfied than at any period before or since. Which shows that, technically and humanly, the efficient control of the coal industry does not transcend the boundaries of human intelligence. It took war psychology to prove that it could be done, but obviously it can be done.

In 1920 came normalcy. (Again we stand uncovered before the solemnity and beauty of that word.) Normalcy! The war control of fuel was lifted; the price of bituminous soared skyward, reaching an altitude hitherto unknown in human affairs; operators, jobbers, retailers joined in an orgy of profiteering. The public again roared and howled. Then along came the panic of 1921 and prices dropped into the cellar. The public lapsed into silence. In 1922 prices climbed again. A coal commission was appointed. It issued reports—good reports. And while the reports were tumbling from the presses, the operators and jobbers were trebling their margins. And now in 1925 stove coal, with a fifty-cent boost, leads the way upward again.

The United Mine Workers are not to blame for all this; there have been many other forces at work. But your responsibility becomes increasingly grave. As we said before, your policy is a little difficult to locate. So far as we can discover it at all it seems to be "he-man stuff." That may be good in the movies, but it has cost you a drop from 60 per cent union production in the soft-coal fields to 40 per cent in a few months' time, with utter disorganization in the Northern fields. Meanwhile substitutes for hard coal are on the verge of disorganizing the anthracite fields. The recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in respect to freight rates on those same substitutes will not help you. The use of bituminous as a substitute will further the overdevelopment of an industry already 50 per cent overdeveloped.

We realize that the anthracite strike will group the thirty-six idle days that the industry now requires in each year, and thus make the vacation more agreeable; and that the strike may operate to bankrupt a number of marginal mines, thus forcing down some fantastic royalty rates. But, after all, these are small benefits as measured against the premium on substitutes, overdevelopment, public ill-will, and the return to the old program of sweeping round in circles. There is nothing in this strike to keep a mad dance from growing even madder.

And so, Mr. Golden, what do you propose to do to help out coal? We know very well that it is easy enough for editors to tell you what you ought to do when, if they had in a year the concrete problems which you have to meet and decide in a day, they would go stark mad. We cannot tell you just what your policy should be. But we have one or two general suggestions which may not be out of place.

To begin with, do you know what the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America have done in the past few years? Once organized, they dropped the "he-man stuff"; they have moved a long way toward actually operating their industry. They know the exact financial condition every month of every employer, and with these facts in hand their strategy is not to club every head they see, but to go easy with those firms which are weak and only curb those which are strong. In exchange for helping to set up and maintain production standards in the shops, they have taken out in wages and in unemployment benefits about all the industry can stand and keep healthy. Theirs is not a policy of Stand and deliver; they ask: How much can we get and keep the ship seaworthy? They have made themselves, to a large degree, responsible for a more efficient conduct of their industry, and in return they have steadier work, better pay, and happier relations with their employers. Perhaps there is something in it, even for coal.

Again, there is the proved tangible performance of the Fuel Administration. We cannot get those two years out of our heads. Production was geared to requirements on a balanced-load basis. Is there any other way in heaven or earth whereby, technically, coal can at once keep its miners busy and serve its public at a reasonable cost? This means a budget and some sort of centralized regulation—governmental or otherwise. If nobody else steps forward the operators may do it themselves. They launched a billion-dollar soft-coal consolidation the other day. Somehow we would not particularly care to be a miner if and when the operators do all the coordinating themselves.

Finally, it seems to us that the Coal Commission made a worth-while suggestion as to anthracite wages. An earnings pool, a reasonable return on capital, and a division of the surplus. The British arrangement gives 83 per cent

of such surplus to the miners and 17 per cent to the operators. There may be an idea there. If ever there were a natural monopoly which belongs in public rather than in private hands it seems to us that it is the unmined reserve of anthracite in that tiny square in Pennsylvania.

Philosophers or Fools?

BY a cruel coincidence the faith in certain quarters that the future of civilization depends upon an educated public opinion comes at the same time with the conviction in other quarters that public opinion will be the last of all things to rely on when the race between culture and catastrophe grows really desperate. Optimists, remembering how little voice the people had, for instance, in determining the terms of the late peace, persist in the belief that once the diplomats and arch-capitalists are out of the way the sailing will be easy. Their belief is founded on the assumption that the will of the human race by and large is to see justice and intelligence prevail, and of course they assume also that the race will recognize justice and intelligence. Leave the public to itself, they say, and it will work for the supreme good of humanity.

"Little enough the herd cares for that," cries a man as wise as Havelock Ellis. And in his use of that fourth word lies all the difference between two points of view. Doubtless it is an issue as old as the world, this issue as to whether we shall say "public" or "herd." But the debate has been particularly pointed during the past century or more, when, parallel with the great stream of liberal thought which has flowed unceasingly from the springs of political faith, there has run an equally powerful stream of cynical speculation upon the mob. The disagreement between John Stuart Mill, who according to Carlyle proceeded to write books on the theory that England was populated by philosophers, and Carlyle, who according to Mill wrote even more books to prove that it was populated by fools, is classic. But the disagreement has persisted, and it is perhaps particularly alive today.

That the cynics are growing in number may or may not be a result of the war; at any rate they are asserting with fresh and engaging eloquence that the popular mind, left to itself, does not advance enlightenment. And they would seem to be justified by the war stampede, the Ku Klux Klan, the fundamentalists, and the anti-evolutionists. Yet it is well to remember that in these four instances (among many others) the popular mind has not been left to itself. It is, in fact, never left to itself. There was a patriotic press to befuddle it eight years ago; the Klan has leaders today; the original fundamentalists were officials of a church; and there was Mr. Bryan.

It is well to remember also that there is Mr. Darrow; and it is permissible to hope for more of his kind who will be courageous enough to face the crowd and plead the cause of reason. That cause, of course, must win its ultimate victory in the individual mind. The public may be educated to hate war; it is for each soul in its own loneliness to discover what shall be loved. A philosopher is one who loves wisdom, and a fool is doubtless one who loves demagogues. There seems to be no good reason for supposing that the people—in the absence of demagogues—will forever despise wisdom, or ever wholly cherish it.

Standing in the Need of Prayer

It's me, it's me, O Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer;
It's me, it's me, O Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer.

THUS sang the old-time Negro. But today, according to the light of the union coal miners of Oklahoma, it is strike-breakers who most especially are standing in the need of prayer. And the union men to the number of about a thousand who recently walked out of five mines rather than accept the 1917 wage scale with open-shop conditions, contrived that those who tried to break the strike should have prayer in abundance. The old-fashioned religion is having its innings in Okmulgee.

Every day when the strike-breakers quit work they found the road leading from their mine lined with union men with their wives and children. The first gesture of the pickets, armed with American flags, was to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Followed a hymn or so. Then, all baring their heads, one of the union men lifted his voice:

> Lord, let no harm come to these men. Hold up the mountain-sides that no rocks may fall upon them. But, Lord, let Thy light shine upon them and show them the blessings of unionism and the sin of depriving union men and their wives and families of their daily bread.

After the prayer came individual appeal.

"God save your soul, Jim Pocatelli."

"God bless you, Tom Murphy."

As usual, tactics of non-resistance proved more efficacious than violence. Strike-breakers were weaned away from their jobs at such a rate that the mine owners had to appeal to the strong arm of the law to help them. The compliant sheriff of Okmulgee County issued a proclamation against prayer meetings and "religious procedure" by the picketing miners. Two unionists disregarded the sheriff's fiat and were obliged to conclude their prayer meeting in the county jail. A judge as compliant as the sheriff decided that the twain had been guilty of unlawful assemblage and held them for trial in October.

As a further means of suppressing non-resistance and counteracting the subtle power of prayer the Governor of Oklahoma sent State troops to the mines. The soldiers were met with equally gentle but disturbing tactics. In their presence the picketing miners were seized with a frenzy of patriotism having its outlet in a continual singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," which compelled privates to jump to attention and officers to stand stiffly at salute.

Governor Trapp (who recently failed by only a few votes of impeachment because of his activity in helping Seminole County to dispose of bonds through his own bonding agency) has upheld the suppression of "religious procedure" by the union miners, declaring it to be intimidation under the guise of worship. But according to the Oklahoma *Leader* he has had a hard time keeping the people of the State, who are fundamentalist, from seeing the strike from the strikers' viewpoint as a result of the union miners' tactics. It is all right, the people believe, to jail pickets, but to imprison evangelists is another matter altogether.

Loony*

A Modern Movie

By ROBERT L. WOLF

Drawings by Louis Lozowick

Part I

Sub-Title: THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

SCENE 1. The ground floor of an immense factory. The ceiling is supported by large round iron columns, the nearest in the right center, and thence stretching back in an indefinite row. Around each of the columns, about two feet higher than a man's head, is pasted a large rectangular white poster, reading in three lines:

LOONY GAS

THE GAS

WHAT IS

To the left of the columns is a long row of large machines, one behind each interval between the columns. The machines look something like immense Mergenthaler linotype machines—they evidently go down through the concrete floor, and are each equipped with two large arms, one reaching forward, the other back, that clank up and down, not together, but successively, in a perfectly regular rhythm. With each clank down of the forward arm, a large-sized drum of gasoline rolls from the machine, rolls forward with great rapidity over the floor, out an open door on the extreme right (one for each machine), and down a plank runway. The whole right side of the factory is practically open, except for the stanchions between the doors, but not too much light comes in. To the left and rear, the factory apparently extends back indefinitely. At each machine is a man in a soiled white cotton undershirt (shoulder sleeves) and soiled loose blue-jean pants. All the men have high cheekbones and thin cheeks—each works in a practically identical rhythm, bending forward and down (to the right rear of the set), with a mop of waste in one hand, to oil a part of the machine and pull a lever for each drum that comes up and out. The drums come at the rate of thirty to the minute, which means that each man bends and straightens thirty times to the minute, and each arm of each machine rises and falls thirty times. The rhythms are almost identical but not quite. On the nearer head of each drum is printed in large square white capitals, LOONY GAS—this goes round and round as the drum goes forward, and of course can not be read. The general impression is of the maximum noise and dizziness.

SCENE 2. Close-up of the head of a barrel, the camera stationary with reference to the barrel. We see the barrel swung out and down by the large forward arm. Instantly machine, floor, and workers start going round and round the head of the barrel, and disappearing left, the barrel also moving very slowly across the picture from left to right. The large white capitals LOONY GAS on the head of the barrel are the only thing in the picture not rotating. Gradually the camera becomes independent of the barrel; the barrel commences to rotate, the walls and floor slow up—and this section of the scene ends with the building in normal position, while the barrel shoots with inconceivable rapidity to the right out of the doorway.

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The camera shifts back to command a full view of the factory. In a station like a steel cage in the center of the ceiling (not particularly visible in Scene 1) sits a foreman, leaning out over the edge in all directions to shout his orders. The camera slowly moving takes in one of the barrel-machines almost under the foreman's cage. The workman in charge stops for a minute to scratch his head. The machine continues working. Instantly the foreman leans out over the side of his cage—

SCENE 3. Close-up of the foreman's megaphone. The camera shifts back with maximum rapidity to the workman, who jerks his hand from his head and gets to work at feverish speed. To the right, through one of the open doorways, comes a line of ten or fifteen workmen in wide trousers and short blacksmiths' aprons. A barrel shoots over them and rolls them all out flat.

SCENE 4. Close-up of the rolled-out workmen. They have no thickness; they lie flat like pancakes.

SCENE 5. Close-up of the foreman's megaphone.

Caption: "ARE YOU DOWNHEARTED?"

SCENE 6. Close-up of the pancaked workmen. They leap to their feet and shout up to the foreman:

Caption: "NO!"

SCENE 7. Approximately the same as Scene 1. The camera slowly turns to take in a full sweep of the factory, then it slowly rises. The tops of the machines appear, the foreman, the tops of the pillars, a slice of the floor above comes into view, as the factory floor goes down out of sight. The floor above is a wilderness of bookkeepers, each seated on a tall four-legged stool, each at a slanting table, at work on a huge ledger.

SCENE 8. Close-up of a page of a ledger, with a bookkeeper's hand writing on it. Headed: THE LOONY CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY. SALES. The camera shifts around to take in his face. Still writing, his mouth opens in a slow and capacious yawn. The camera comes closer, so that the yawn occupies the entire picture.

SCENE 9. Same as Scene 7. The bookkeepers' floor. The camera slowly rises through this floor, takes in a wilderness of green-shaded lamps hanging on cords from the ceiling, a section of the floor above, the floor above, stops. The floor above is filled in all directions with stenographers, each with a typewriter at a little typewriter table, each with a pencil and shorthand notebook beside her, each chewing gum, each with bobbed hair. The camera stops for a moment or two. There is no individual action to the typists, except that every once in a while one or another of them leans over to puzzle out a word, and scratches with the point of her pencil in her hair. The camera moves slowly up through this floor to the floor above. Here are mechanical draftsmen, at flat pine drawing tables, with large T-squares and sheets of paper. The camera moves up. On the floor above are P. B. X. telephone operators, each with a little ear-phone on her head. Above this are men and women clerks at office-desks. Above this office partitions with Private on the doors and office boys in the corridors. The camera's flight upwards becomes a dizzy rush. Floor after floor passes, each occupied, but finally so fast they can not be seen. The camera halts at the directors' room.

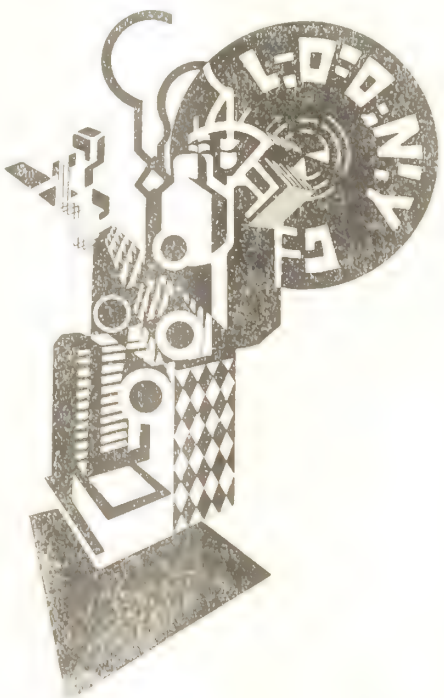
The directors' room is the only one of these rooms that does not extend indefinitely in all directions. An enormous oval mahogany table fills the center. A large picture of Calvin Coolidge adorns the rear wall. There is a mahogany ticker in the corner, and a tall basket for ticker-tape. Fifteen directors, all uniformly plump, portly, well-shaved, and rubicund, are standing or sitting around in various postures. One is reading the ticker-tape. One is standing with his hands behind his back admiring the portrait of President Coolidge. Most of them are sitting with their feet on the table, reading business letters, reports, or the financial page of the paper.

The camera slowly rises. This is the top of the building. There is a conical roof. On top is a flagstaff, and a whistle. This is very high up—nothing can be seen but gulls, and the tops of other buildings.

SCENE 10. Close-up. The whistle blows, with a jet of white steam. Instantly the camera sinks down. The directors take their feet off the table with a bang. On the floor below office managers put off their black silk coats and put on their street coats. On the floor below clerks close their desks. The camera sinks with a rush. The office boys, the telephone operators, the clerks are all going home. The camera stops at Scene 8. The yawn is still going. The bookkeeper closes his mouth with a snap—all the bookkeepers get up and close their ledgers.

SCENE 11. The factory on the floor below. The machines go more and more slowly, and gradually stop. The workmen wipe their hands with waste. They get down their coats, and file out of the factory.

SCENE 12. The outside of the building. An imposing white stone skyscraper, which goes indefinitely up. In the left foreground are the factory doors, out of which come the workmen. In the center, rear, is the office entrance. Above the entrance is LOONY CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY in raised stone letters. The directors file sleekly out of the office entrance. The workmen, bunched in the left foreground, snatch off hats and caps and stand in attitudes of deepest respect. Fifteen landaulets, each with the back open, each with a highly dressed director's wife in the rear seat, pull up at the curb one after another with absurd rapidity, and take away the directors.



SCENE 13. We follow a file of workmen through the streets. Empty factory buildings slide by, each square, made of stone, unlighted. The workmen come to a tenement house. This is made of concrete, in perfectly plain rectangular lines. It is merely a nest of square cells. The workmen file in through a square doorway.

SCENE 14. The model tenement house, with the front removed. Nightfall. An indefinite number of small square rooms, up, down, in all directions, each whitewashed, with one light lit, each containing a man, a woman, and two children. On the right-hand wall of each room is a large white enameled wash-tub, instead of a sink, with a cold water tap over it. To the left-center, rear, is an unpainted kitchen table. There are four chairs, and a long framed motto toward the center of each rear wall. Each room is seen from a semi-diagonal position, extending back toward the left rear. At least twenty or thirty can be seen in the picture. As the scene opens, each woman (but not in rhythm) is setting the table. She fills four glasses with water from the tap, and cuts four slices of bread from a loaf on the table. During the scene all the men come in, the ones on the lower floors and toward the center first.

SCENE 15. Close-up of a room. The framed motto is seen to be WE LOVE OUR DIRECTORS. A man, a thin woman, and two thin children sit down at the table, and start drinking their water and eating their bread.

Sub-Title: BUT IN THE MEANTIME—

SCENE 16. Dusk but not dark. A tall, somewhat thin, plain front office-building in another part of the city. Two large moving vans drive rapidly up. Out of each moving van jump pairs of energetic men, seize plain oak office-desks, and carry them upside down into the building. Each man is well-shaven, about forty, with high cheek-bones and spare cheeks, dressed neatly but very plainly in a pepper-and-salt gray suit. Most of them wear close-cropped mustaches. Four desks go into the building, two men to each desk.

SCENE 17. Same as Scene 15. The room in the model tenement, but from a different angle. The table can still be seen, but not the wash-tub. Against the left-hand wall is a narrow bed with the two children asleep. Against the rear wall is another bed, the man and woman on their knees before it, saying their prayers. They are each in long white nightgowns. That of the woman covers her entirely—the man's feet stick out of his toward the audience. A fly lights on one foot, and without moving otherwise he twitches one great toe. IRIS-OUT on the fly.

SCENE 18. Same as Scene 16. Other three desks go up. The fifteenth man carries a large plain-framed picture under his arm.

SCENE 19. Close-up of the picture. It is seen to be a photograph of these fifteen men, with a brass label: CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BOL(sh—!)EVIK PARTY.

SCENE 20. Close-up of the label. The camera slowly spells it out. At (sh—!) is a double exposure—a pair of lips and a finger over them, seen faint.

SCENE 21. Same as Scene 18. The second van pulls up to the curb. Office boys pile out, each in blue serge trousers, vests, and shirt-sleeves, each carrying a very large wooden box full of paper, typewriters, writing materials, etc., which can be seen sticking up from the open top. The office boys disappear into the building.

SCENE 22. The tenement house, same view as Scene 14, but without the front wall removed. In each direction stretch the lighted windows of the tenements. It is dark, and men and women in night-clothes can be seen moving through the windows. One after another the lights wink out and the building darkens. The camera moves very rapidly through the dark streets, unlighted buildings rushing by, and halts in front of a row of imposing residences. These are ablaze with lights, which go out one after another as the scene continues. An automobile drives rapidly up to one of them, and deposits a director and his wife in evening clothes. The last lights gradually go out and leave the row in darkness. The camera rushes rapidly through unlighted streets, and halts before the office-building of Scene 16. The camera moves up past unlighted windows, and stops opposite a floor high up on the building. Lights flash on, a window is thrown up, and a man leans out and busily commences to nail up a huge lighted electric sign reading:

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE
COMMITTEE OF THE
BOLSHEVIK PARTY

Part II

Sub-Title: THE GREAT GAS STRIKE

SCENE 23. Same as Scene 1. The factory in full blast. Workmen working, barrels rolling. Through the open door in the right foreground comes flying a folded newspaper. It lands at the feet of the nearest workman. The camera moves closer. The workman pays no attention, but continues stooping and rising in rhythm with his machine. After a space of time so long that he seems not to have noticed it, the workman gradually twists his head around so that he can keep one eye on the foreman, and without looking at the newspaper, opens it in successive dabs as he continues tending his machine.

SCENE 24. Close-up. The paper unfolding, and the workman's hand coming in and out of the picture as he dabs at it. The paper gets completely unfolded, and the hand no longer appears. It lies open on the floor, front page showing, name of the journal, *THE BOLSHEVIK*, and across the top a big headline: WHY DO YOU DO IT? After a few moments the workman's head appears, bending toward the paper with each stoop as he tends the machine. His face registers amazement and avid interest, and each successive stoop brings him nearer and nearer the headline until he almost touches it with his nose. The camera slowly backs away, and as it does so the workman slowly twists his head to get a view of the foreman instead of the paper.

An oiler carrying a small oil can with a very long nose comes up to this machine and starts oiling it. The oiler stands with his back to the first workman, but only a foot or so away. The first workman cups his mouth with his left hand and shouts into the oiler's ear each time he straightens up, but there is too much noise for the oiler to notice.

SCENE 25. Close-up. The oiler's face—left side—stolid, intent on his business. The first workman's head comes and goes, still fruitlessly trying to attract the oiler's attention. Finally on one downward stoop he butts the oiler between the shoulders. The oiler's face instantly turns around, much startled; he sees the first workman's pointing finger, and notices the paper on the floor. The camera follows his head down. Twisting like a contortionist, he continues oiling while he brings his face to within a few inches of the floor. The paper and its headlines again comes into view, this time with the oiler looking at it, registering the same avid interest. The camera shifts upward to take in the rest of the factory. Similar papers come flying in through other open doors. The workmen, without stopping work, try to open them in every conceivable way—with their hands, their feet. The rain of folded papers becomes a deluge. They fill the air. The foreman stands up in his platform, shouting, gesticulating. The men are out of hand—they keep the machines running, but openly devour the papers. The papers without piling up on the floor fill the air so thickly that the scene is blotted out in whiteness.

SCENE 26. Bolshevik headquarters. A square room high up in an office-building, large enough to hold some fifteen desks. The desks are placed irregularly about, but all either parallel or at right angles. Each is a plain, flat-top, oak office-desk, with three drawers down each side and short legs beneath. The walls of the room are lined solid with stacks of newspapers; no windows can be seen, and only one door. At each desk sits a member of the Central Executive Committee, actively pounding a typewriter. Office boys are continually passing and repassing in the space between the desks; each boy carries on his arms a two-foot stack of folded newspapers. They enter by the door on the right and walk out through the left front of the picture, boys with their arms loaded continually passing both ways in every space between the desks.

SCENE 27. Outside the headquarters—same building as Scene 16. Moving van after moving van backs up to the curb, is filled with newspapers, and drives off at incredible speed.

SCENE 28. The factory, same as Scene 25. Order has been restored. Boys with long-handled brushes, like street-cleaners' brushes, are everywhere brushing up the floor. They have brushed the papers into a long line toward the right. Occasionally a single paper flies in, but it is instantly swept up with the rest. Through a door, as in Scene 3, but not the same door, comes a line of workmen, almost but not precisely as in Scene 3. A barrel rolls over them and rolls them out flat.

SCENE 29. Close-up of the foreman's megaphone. He leans and shouts, as in Scene 5:

Caption: "ARE YOU DOWNHEARTED?"

SCENE 30. Close-up of the rolled-out workmen. They get up and consult.

Caption: "WELL . . .

SCENE 31. Same as Scene 30. The workmen still consulting. They turn and shout to the foreman:

Caption: "NOT JUST YET!"

SCENE 32. Inside the foreman's cage, built like a train dispatcher's box. It is made chiefly of steel slats, like a fire-escape, but is solid enough to hold a chair, and in front of the foreman (to the right rear of the set) a telephone and a shelf. At his left, right, and in back, the sides of the cage go up only waist-high. He leans out an ugly mug first in one direction, then in another, shaking his head and scowling. On the shelf in front of him is a cuckoo clock, old fashioned, the only thing in the whole room not modern and machine-made, with a silver plate TO JOHN, FROM THE BOYS. The camera shifts so as to concentrate on the clock. In the immediate background is a large sign, LOONY GAS. The cuckoo comes out of the clock. The camera shifts slowly so as to include the foreman as well as the clock. The cuckoo comes out again. The foreman nods slightly, counting. The cuckoo comes out twelve times—it is twelve o'clock. The foreman pulls a rope in the left rear.

SCENE 33. Close-up of the hand pulling the rope. The camera follows the rope up—the successive floors rush by so fast they can scarcely be seen, to the top of the building. The rope is attached to the whistle. The whistle opens—a jet of white steam comes out.

SCENE 34. Bird's-eye view of the top of the city. Millions of similar roofs and whistles and flagstaffs like this one, with the whistles all blowing.

SCENE 35. Same as Scene 33. The camera follows the rope down—the floors rush by in an indistinguishable blur, but slow up as the lower ones are reached. The stenographers have all closed their notebooks. Each one takes out a little square pasteboard lunchbox. The bookkeepers get up from their stools and stretch. On the factory floor the machines slow down and stop, the barrels also stopping, some of them halfway across the floor; the workmen get out tin lunch pails. They eat standing or sitting irregularly about—newsboys come into the building. Several of the workmen buy papers.

SCENE 36. Close-up of three workmen standing reading a paper over each other's shoulders. As they face toward the audience, the picture shows the back of the paper. On the

back is a half-page ad: LOONY GAS IS *GOOD* GAS. While they are reading, a smaller newspaper, doubled, slowly, very slowly, slides out from between the pages of the larger sheet. The workmen pay no attention—they apparently have not noticed. As more and more of the smaller sheet appears, it is seen to be a copy of the *BOLSHEVIK*. It slides out folded edge down. When it has almost slid free, the workman on the left of the picture, still without giving it any apparent attention, slowly lifts his right foot, hooks it into the fold of the paper, brings the paper up and around and secures it behind his back.

After a moment the camera follows the paper around. View of the men's backs, of the larger paper over their shoulders. The man holding the *BOLSHEVIK* slowly slips it into his other hand, brings it forward, and suddenly inserts it over the other paper.

SCENE 37. Close-up of the three faces, half-front, reading the capitalist paper. Two of them registering extreme apathy, the third extreme concentration. As the *BOLSHEVIK* is inserted, the two apathetic faces jerk with surprise, mouths shut—they snap into registering avid interest. The camera shifts slightly so as to take in the headlines of the *BOLSHEVIK*. Headline:

STRIKE!

WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

SCENE 38. A long line of similar groups of threes stretching indefinitely back to the left rear, each standing in front of their machines, each similarly absorbed in a small paper held inside a big one. Suddenly one of the workmen breaks ranks, he starts waving his arms about, he turns to face the line, he is evidently making a speech. The camera comes closer. The line coagulates to form a mob. They urge him up on one of the barrels. He climbs on one of the barrels, not up-ending it, still leaving it on its side.

SCENE 39. Close-up of the workman talking and gesticulating.

SCENE 40. Same as Scene 32. Inside of the foreman's cage. The foreman comes back into it from lunch. He shakes his fist toward the mob.

SCENE 41. View of the mob from the foreman's cage. Wild excitement. The mob is massed on one side of the speaker only, between him and the machines.

SCENE 42. Same as Scene 40. The foreman pulls the rope for the whistle.

SCENE 43. Same as Scene 33. The camera follows the rope in a blur of speed to the top of the building. The steam comes out of the whistle. It blows.

SCENE 44. The factory floor. The machines commence to move. The barrels that had stopped for lunch halfway across the floor commence to roll.

SCENE 45. The speaker speaking to the mob. The barrel on which he stands commences to roll along with the other barrels. He keeps his balance on it, treading it. The barrel rolls faster. The speaker gesticulates faster. The mob follows him up, keeping step. The speaker slips off, and they all rush toward the door.

Suddenly they all stop.

SCENE 46. Close-up. A policeman's STOP—GO traffic sign, the round disk swinging to STOP.

SCENE 47. The traffic sign, full view. Beside it, just in front of the doorway, stands a young man giving an illustrated magic-lantern lecture, a black slouch hat under his elbow, a gavel in his hand. He wears a clerical collar. With his left hand he indicates the magic-lantern screen, a great white screen above him on the wall of the factory. As he indicates it, flashes on—

SCENE 48. Still. A garland of branches, like a sugary picture post card. In the midst two doves with ribbons around their necks, the one CAPITAL, the other LABOR, and beneath a legend:

BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE

SCENE 49. The mob. They stand gaping open-mouthed.

SCENE 50. Same as Scene 48. The birds in their little nest agreeing. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 51. Same as Scene 47. The young man speaking as before. He concludes, makes a sweeping bow, takes up the traffic sign, tucks it under his arm, and exits out the door.

SCENE 52. The mob. They turn their individual and collective backs and troop back to work.

SCENE 53. Same as Scene 1. The factory in perfect order. The machines all going, the workmen working. This routine continues for some minutes. Presently along the floor in the foreground, from the direction of a door, comes a peculiar worm-like caterpillar, dragging its thread behind it. It approaches the leg of the nearest workman.

Sub-Title: THE TURNING WORM

SCENE 54. Close-up of the caterpillar, a perfectly real caterpillar. As it moves it lifts and waves its forepart, and occasionally it twists clean over, so that its body rotates as it goes forward like a screw. It comes to the workman's foot. It reaches up and jerks at the bottom of his trousers. No result. It jerks again.

SCENE 55. View of the workman working. He has not noticed the worm.

SCENE 56. Same as Scene 54. The worm jerks again.

SCENE 57. The workman notices, looks down, sees the worm. The camera follows his head down. The worm gives him some information. The workman listens—nods his head. He reaches for the cocoon thread the worm has been dragging, and commences to haul it in.

SCENE 58. The workman hauling it in. The thread is gathered in a great pile at his feet. He still hauls it in. Presently, sliding along the floor attached to the end of the thread comes a copy of the *BOLSHEVIK*. The workman picks it up.

SCENE 59. Close-up of the *BOLSHEVIK*. Headline:

THE WORM HAS TURNED!

SCENE 60. Instantly the entire line of workmen is seen, each with a similar tangle of piled thread beside him, each waving a similar paper in his hand, but the headline is STRIKE! Pandemonium. Some of the workmen rush from the factory.

SCENE 61. A workman rushing from the factory. The camera follows him out. He is yelling and waving the *BOLSHEVIK*. He goes through one of the doors. A captain of the army stands facing him. The captain makes a gesture with his hand, half like a magician's gesture, half like a military command. The paper is wafted out of the workman's hand, and disappears out of the picture to the upper right. The workman stands frozen in his final position. The captain makes another gesture and command. The workman comes to attention. The captain makes another gesture. The workman salutes and is dressed in olive drab. The captain makes a fourth gesture. The workman executes an about face. He has a gun with fixed bayonet. He stands on guard facing the door.

SCENE 62. An indefinite row of captains, each with a similar soldier in front of him, stretching to the left rear.

SCENE 63. Same as Scene 61. The next workman comes flying out the door. The soldier mechanically bayonets him, and deposits his body face downward on the floor. Another workman comes flying out. The soldier bayonets him, and deposits him on top of the first. The workmen come flying out faster and faster, the wall of bodies reaches to the soldier's head. He starts a new similarly neat wall in front of him. The wall rises on two sides of him, and shuts him out of sight. The workmen keep coming. The wall of already bayoneted bodies commences to roll stiffly in, and the soldier is overwhelmed.

SCENE 64. A space in front of the factory. Nothing can

be seen but a limitless mob of tearing men, indefinitely rushing to the right out of the picture.

SCENE 65. A street scene, at the crossing of several streets. A solid churning crowd of men and women, filling the street in all directions, from the edge of one building to the next. Placards tossing about over the heads of the crowd, each a small square placard held up on a small pole, with the single word STRIKE.

SCENE 66. Another view of the same crowd. The crowd is turbulent, but with a kind of mechanical good humor. Almost every face wears the same kind of grin. Newsboys come pushing their way through the crowd. People buy newspapers.

SCENE 67. Close-up of three men standing reading a paper. The picture shows the back of the paper, with a large full-page ad: LOONY GAS IS *KIND* GAS.

SCENE 68. The front of the same paper. *THE DAILY BULL.* Headline: THE FACTORIES ARE WORKING FULL TIME.

SCENE 69. Close-up of a machine in the factory. A very large black spider very deliberately commences to spin a web connecting the arm of the machine with the floor.

SCENE 70. Another view of the street. A moving van backs up to the curb, and is unloaded of pile after pile of newspapers. They are flung out over the heads of the crowd.

SCENE 71. View of the crowd grabbing the papers.

SCENE 72. Close-up of one of the papers in a man's hand. *THE BOLSHEVIK.* TENTH EDITION. Headline: STRIKE!

SCENE 73. Another. *THE BOLSHEVIK.* TWELFTH EDITION. Headline: NO COMPROMISE!

SCENE 74. Another. *THE BOLSHEVIK.* FIFTEENTH EDITION. Headline: CHEERS!

SCENE 75. Bolshevik headquarters. Same as Scene 26, but indescribably busy.

SCENE 76. The street again. The crowd scatters in all directions. A small tank is charging down the street, guns bristling out on all sides of it, charging the crowd, but not firing. The tank comes head-on through the picture.

SCENE 77. Another street scene with another tank.

SCENE 78. A third street scene with another.

SCENE 79. Bolshevik headquarters. Men frenziedly pounding the typewriters.

SCENE 80. Head-on view of the first tank. It is an ordinary rapidly moving caterpillar tank, but on each side, at the top-front, it has a huge round glass eye, like the compound eyes of an insect, or one of H. G. Wells's creations. The crowd is still in act of dividing in front of it, rushing to the right and left, each with one arm upraised, but individual workmen, each with the other arm upraised, and a copy of the *BOLSHEVIK* in it, are detaching themselves from the crowd and rushing in front of the tank.

SCENE 81. Close-up of one of the glass eyes. It looks something like an automobile lamp.

SCENE 82. Close-up of the *BOLSHEVIK* seen through the glass eye. It is a round view, through thick glass. Headline: STRIKE!

SCENE 83. Continued from Scene 80. The tank, and a workman thrusting the copy of the *BOLSHEVIK* in front of it. Instantly, and mechanically, like a broken jack-in-the-box, six soldiers, with their arms at their sides, pop up through as many doors in the top of the tank, three on each side, slanting outwards, and remain sticking three-quarters of the way up out of the tank. The tank stops. The soldiers are motionless. They fold their arms.

SCENES 84 to 89. Flashes of six street scenes one after another, each with tanks similarly on strike.

SCENE 90. Same as Scene 83. The soldiers still popped up rigid out of the first tank. The people on the street are joining hands, men and women, in an immense ring-around-the-rosy around the tank. They dance clockwise around the tank. Each man holds in his right hand the right hand of the woman in front of him, the men are all facing forward and out, the women forward and in. In the midst of the dance one of the soldiers unfolds his arms and taps the hip of the soldier in front of him. He gets no response. He taps again. No response. Gradually he extracts a large plug of chewing tobacco out of this soldier's back pants' pocket.

SCENE 91. Close-up of an enormous cheek, being distended, well satisfied, with an enormous plug. FADE-OUT.

Part III

Sub-Title: A STITCH IN TIME

SCENE 92. Same as Scene 9. The directors' room. The directors all registering deep dejection, some of them slumped in their chairs, the others pacing up and down with their hands behind their backs. Above the picture of President Coolidge is a small draped American flag.

SCENE 93. The camera drops down through the floor. The floor below, except for its scattered pieces of office furniture, is absolutely empty. The camera drops down to the floor below. This is also empty. The camera goes down through empty floor after floor with not a single sign of life, except that after six or eight floors there is one old scrub-woman very slowly mopping up. The camera goes slowly through eight or ten more floors and comes to the factory floor. An ample spider-web covers the whole of the nearest machine.

SCENE 94. Close-up of the web. Same as Scene 69. The same large black spider can be seen industriously spinning. The camera shifts a little. A female spider appears, slightly less large, surrounded by a whole host of baby spiders. The camera starts up again. It goes through empty floor after floor and comes to the old scrub-woman. Her mop is idle in her pail, her back is turned, her arms are folded, and on her back is pinned a large crudely printed sheet of paper:

ON STriKE

The camera starts up another floor and fades out.

SCENE 95. The directors' room, same as Scene 92.

SCENE 96. Close-up of the inside of the door of the directors' room. It is a large plain mahogany door, with a polished brass knob.

SCENE 97. Close-up of the upper part of the door, a fly settled on it. The door vibrates slightly, the fly being thrown off. It settles back. The door vibrates again. The fly settles back. The door vibrates a third time.

SCENE 98. The directors' room, same as Scene 95. The directors from where they stand or sit each turn toward the door, and their lips can be read saying "Come in." Enter a young man, the lecturer of Scene 47.

SCENE 99. Close-up of the young man. He walks to the table, shakes hands with the directors, raps for order with his gavel, and gesticulating suavely, commences to make a speech. FADE OUT AND INTO

SCENE 100. His speech. A rolling cloud of mist, in a

IRA NOYES HALL

frame like a Doré illustration. In the lower right-hand corner are the Bolsheviks, being driven down and out by a devil with a trident, horns, cloven hoof, and forked tail. The young man soars in on large white wings, his gavel in one hand and a glass of water in the other, ascends a rostrum and dispenses even-handed justice.

SCENE 101. Close-up. The young man, still in his wings, dispensing even-handed justice. Below at his left (the right of the picture) fades in one of the Bolsheviks—at his right fades in one of the directors—each with open imploring arms. The young man holds an enormous Kewpie doll. Judicially he considers, extending it toward each in turn. He places the doll on his stand, cuts it vertically in halves with a bread knife, weighs the halves on a small balance, and hands down one to each. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 102. The directors' room. Same as before. In an apparently continuous motion with the action at end of previous scene, also of Scene 99, the young man pours himself a glass of water and goes on with his speech. The directors applaud. The young man acknowledges with a graceful wave of the hand. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 103. Same as Scene 101. Continuation of the speech. Upside down on his reading-stand the young man lays his hat. He displays it—there is no fraud. Out of the hat he extracts an enormous hour-glass. He presses down on the top of the hour-glass. It collapses as though made of rubber—it becomes short and squat. He hands it down to the Bolshevik on his left.

SCENE 104. Close-up of the hour-glass. It is labeled SHORTER HOURS.

SCENE 105. Flash of the directors. Gravely they nod.

SCENE 106. Same as Scene 103. Continuation of the speech. Out of his hat the young man takes a silver dollar. He places the dollar on his stand. He covers it with his hand, raises his hand, and a column of dollars rises, mounting upward under his palm. The young man takes the column of dollars by the middle (it sticks together as though glued) and hands it down to the Bolshevik on his left.

SCENE 107. Close-up of the column of dollars. It is labeled HIGHER WAGES.

SCENE 108. Flash of the directors. They consult and nod again.

SCENE 109. Same as Scene 106. Continuation of the speech. Out of his hat the young man takes a money-bag—a typical round canvas money-bag, with a dollar-sign on the front. He places it on the stand. On each side of the bag he lays a hand. The bag commences to burgeon—it trebles its former size. The young man hands it down to the director on his right.

SCENE 110. Close-up of the money-bag. It is labeled BIGGER PROFITS.

SCENE 111. Flash of the directors. They are in wild applause.

SCENE 112. Out of his hat the young man takes a wreath.

SCENE 113. Close-up of the wreath. It has a valve like a bicycle tire. It is labeled BROTHERLY LOVE.

SCENE 114. The young man puts his mouth to the valve of the wreath, and blows. The wreath becomes enormous—in extent, but not in thickness. The young man beckons. The director and the Bolshevik float closer. The young man casts the wreath around their necks.

SCENE 115. Same as Scene 111. The table, with the directors in prolonged and vigorous applause. FADE OUT AND BACK TO

SCENE 116. Same as Scene 114. Conclusion of the speech. The young man claps the hat on his head. It becomes a blinding halo. The stand, the Bolshevik, and the halo fade out, the directors fade in, and the scene becomes a continuation of Scene 102, with the young man talking to the directors. He concludes his speech (the directors applaud), he hands out printed slips.

SCENE 117. Close-up of one of the slips, with a director's hand signing his name. The slip reads:

I WILL BE GOOD

the name signed—

J. P. MORGANFELLER

SCENE 118. Same as Scene 116. The directors' table, with each of the directors signing. The young man collects the pledges, shakes hands all around, and exits out the door. As soon as he has gone, one director leans over, puts his finger on his lips, and whispers to the others. Each director turns, reaches over to his right, and picks up a telephone.

SCENE 119. A fan of fifteen telephone wires stretching out from a large glass insulator on top of the skyscraper. The camera slides along the wires, which are twisted cord, and as it does so printed words jump in and out, but nothing intelligible: YOU and SEE THAT and ALL RIGHT and WITHOUT FAIL.

SCENE 120. A long narrow police station. Fifteen desk sergeants, at fifteen desks, nod and hang up their phones.

SCENE 121. Outside the police station, a building of gray stone. Through the open arched door head-on into the picture bursts a police-patrol auto, full of armed policemen, with policemen clinging solidly to the outside. The instant it has emerged, comes another precisely similar, and another, and another.

SCENE 122. The directors' room, same as Scene 118. Close-up to the window, with a director with opera-glasses looking out.

SCENE 123. View through the opera-glasses. Two round circles, through which appears:—the young man addressing the mob of strikers from the tail-end of a truck. A white cloth banner runs along the top of the truck:

COMMITTEE FOR PEACE AND GOOD-WILL

SCENE 124. Close-up of the young man. He is seen to be handing out all-day suckers to the mob.

SCENE 125. Close-up of his feet. He stands on a soap-box. It is labeled:

SOFT
SOAP

SCENE 126. Close-up of one of his hands. It holds forth a director's pledge-slip.

SCENE 127. Close-up of the pledge-slip:

I WILL BE GOOD

J. P. MORGANFELLER

SCENE 128. View of several members of the mob. They turn toward each other and consult.

SCENE 129. Close-up of two members of the mob consulting. One of them is deaf and dumb. The second shouts at him—the first man can not hear. The second shouts again—the first man can not hear. In desperation the second tries the deaf and dumb sign-alphabet. The first man rapidly nods. They both point and gesticulate toward the front.

SCENE 130. Same as Scene 127. Close-up of the pledge-slip:

I WILL BE GOOD

J. P. MORGANFELLER

SCENE 131. Same as Scene 129. Close-up of the two men. They are still nodding and gesticulating.

SCENE 132. Same as Scene 128. Several members of the mob. They are all nodding and approving.

SCENE 133. General view of the mob. They line up—count off—squads right, and march off after the truck.

SCENE 134. Bird's-eye view of the mob. It is in column of eights. It marches after the truck.

SCENE 135. Close-up of an all-day sucker. IRIS DOWN AND OUT.

Sub-Title: THE COLD GRAY DAWN OF THE MORNING AFTER

SCENE 136. The street, same as Scene 134, only empty. Empty pop bottles and STRIKE banners are littered around.

SCENE 137. Same as Scene 121. Outside of the police station. Patrol autos still coming out.

SCENE 138. Roofs in the factory district just before sunrise. A forest of flag-poles with flags. Each flag is of solid color (red). Suddenly up each pole goes a policeman shinning. They all go up together. They reach the tops. They take down the red flags.

Insert: CAME DAWNING

Sunlight appears behind the roofs—the sun rises very rapidly about fifteen degrees, and stops.

SCENE 139. A street corner. Up from the left at an immense rate of speed comes a patrol-wagon, turns, and sweeps off to the right. The instant it has passed comes another, and another, and another.

SCENE 140. Bolshevik headquarters, same as Scene 79.

SCENE 141. Same as Scene 16. Street in front of Bolshevik headquarters. The patrol-wagons drive head-on through the picture, and stop. The policemen leap out.

SCENE 142. Same as Scene 140. Bolshevik headquarters. Through a door at the right front come the patrolmen. They pour into the room. They fill it full. Policemen with drawn revolvers stand solidly against all the walls. Four grab each Bolshevik. One cop holds each hand, one each leg, and they carry the men face downward through the door and down the stairs.

SCENE 143. The stairs. A concrete office-building stairs, going indefinitely up and down; a yellow oak railing and uprights of square green bronze. The stairs is in somewhat dim light, lit on the stairs (not at the landing) by one small square window for each floor. Winding down the stairs come the prisoners, each stretched like a frog between four policemen. The scene holds until the last office boy has been carried down.

SCENE 144. Outside on the pavement. An endless rank of patrol-wagons backed against the curb. The Bolsheviks are brought out, stood on their feet, and placed back to back in rectangular formation, two wide and eight deep. Two cops commence baling them up like a bale of cotton—winding a stout hemp rope around all of them as a unit: neck, chest, arms, thighs, and feet. They are loaded as a solid block into one of the patrol-wagons, which immediately drives off. The office boys are similarly brought down, baled, and loaded. One office boy gets one arm out, which he holds straight up and waves around.

SCENE 145. The patrol-wagons going back through the streets. Eight or ten wagons of armed patrolmen—the patrolmen leaning out and pointing revolvers out like a hedge in all directions. Then two patrol-wagons with the two bales of prisoners, policemen with drawn revolvers glaring desperately around hanging on the outside. Then more wagons of policemen glaring desperately around.

SCENE 146. The directors' room. Same as Scene 98. Into the room from the right comes a uniformed office boy, in tight-buttoned blue A. D. T. blouse with large brass buttons. He carries a stack of newspapers on his arms.

SCENE 147. Close-up of the office boy walking forward with his papers. The camera mounts up over the papers and looks down on them from above. Headline:

STRIKE CLOUDS WANE

SCENE 148. Same as Scene 134. Bird's-eye view of the marching column. The Loony Consolidated Gas Company has been reached. The truck containing the young man drives through the door. In endless files the workers follow it in.

SCENE 149. Same as Scene 146. The directors' room, the directors reading their papers. The door opens. Enter the young man.

SCENE 150. Close-up of the young man walking forward toward the table. A hand appears in the picture. It takes the young man by the ear, and turns him around the other way. A foot appears in the picture. It hits the young man in the seat of the pants and hoists him into the air.

SCENE 151. An open window. Top floor of the Loony Consolidated Gas building, seen from the outside. The young man, feet and arms out, comes flying through the window, and through the picture. Instantly window, stonework, the whole side of the building whizz up. A panorama of the side of the building unrolls up. Heads are stuck out of windows and disappear—birds shoot upward, looking curiously down.

SCENE 152. The same. Background as above, but farther out. The young man is seen, falling through the air, wriggling like a spider. He cups his mouth with his hands, and shouts at a head in a window.

SCENE 153. Close-up of the head in the window, cupping ears, listening.

Caption: "ALL RIGHT SO FAR!"

SCENE 154. Same as Scene 151. Panorama of the building.

SCENE 155. The directors' room, same as Scene 149. The directors still reading their papers.

SCENE 156. Close-up of the back of a paper. Full-page ad:

LOONY GAS IS *SUCCESSFUL* GAS

SCENE 157. Panorama of the passing building.

SCENE 158. The column of marching men. Bird's-eye view from quite high. It is still marching into the building. Its end has not appeared.

SCENE 159. Panorama of the passing building.

SCENE 160. Same as Scene 148. The street. Entrance to the Loony Consolidated Gas Company building. The column still marching in. Its tail appears, and the last ranks march steadily into the building. The last worker disappears.

SCENE 161. Closer up to the entrance. An aged white-wing, with brush and round barrel cart, is picking up the cigarette butts. Down through the center of the picture in an indistinguishable rush shoots the young man. He hits the pavement and flattens out into a large blot. The pavement tips up for a moment to display the blot. It is a super-size, conventionalized ink blot. The aged white-wing, going about his business, finally gets to the blot, dusts it up, and puts it in his cart.

SCENE 162. Close-up of the barrel cart. IRIS DOWN AND OUT.

Part IV

Sub-Title: THE HAPPY ENDING

SCENE 163. Same as Scene 1. The factory in full blast, only if possible more noisy and frenzied. To the right, through one of the open doorways, comes a line of ten or fifteen men in wide trousers and short blacksmiths' aprons. A barrel shoots over them and rolls them all out flat.

Through the door comes flying a folded paper.

France's Dangerous Adventure

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, August 8

THERE has been a change for the worse in the Moroccan policy of the French Government since the rising of Parliament. In the first place they have yielded to Nationalist clamor and begun legal proceedings against some Communists, including a Deputy, M. Doriot, for inciting soldiers to disobedience in An Appeal to Sailors and Soldiers issued by them. There is little doubt that the persons prosecuted have committed a legal offense, for the appeal called on soldiers to revolt, throw down their arms, and fraternize with the followers of Abd-el-Krim, but it does not follow that the Government is wise in taking such action, especially since the appeal has had no effect and is most unlikely to have any.

Drawing by Frans Masereel in *Clarté*

To Morocco—

The appeal was chosen as the ground of the prosecution because no other is available. Since France is not technically and legally at war with Abd-el-Krim, there can be no "intelligence with the enemy" or offense of that kind. The prosecution is a silly business, and its effect is likely to be the opposite of that presumably desired by the Government. Opposition to the war is still allowed free expression. Meetings of protest continue to be held, and *l'Humanité* continues with impunity daily to demand peace with Abd-el-Krim and the evacuation of Morocco.

This is a much less serious matter than the only too evident capitulation of the Government to the generals, who are having it all their own way. The generals declare that French "prestige" requires that Abd-el-Krim should be crushed before peace is made, and there is too much reason to believe that the Government has now accepted that view. The terms of peace offered by France and Spain to Abd-el-Krim are very different from what they were semi-officially represented as being. Indeed the press and the public have been deceived in this matter. We were told that autonomy was to be granted to the Riff, but it now appears that the "autonomy" is accompanied by the conditions that the civil officials are to be Spaniards and the local police force is to be staffed by French officers! There are other humiliating conditions, such as the entry of French and Spanish troops into the Riffian capital as a sign of Abd-el-Krim's submission. It is not surprising that the French and Spanish governments have refused to make their terms public. Had they been known before Parliament rose, the attitude of the Socialists and a great part of the Radicals would have been very different. It was on the strength of M. Painlevé's declaration that the Riff was to be granted autonomy that the Socialists abstained from voting against the Moroccan credits. Now the Socialists—a little late—have, in conjunction with the Spanish Socialists and the British Labor Party, come out for complete independence for the Riff.

It is impossible that the French and Spanish governments could have supposed for a moment that Abd-el-Krim would accept the terms offered him, and it is, therefore, difficult to avoid the conclusion that they do not sincerely want peace. I am inclined to think that the policy of the Government has changed. M. Painlevé undoubtedly at first desired to end this business as soon as possible, but I fear that he has been got hold of by the generals, who have much more to do with the disastrous policy now being adopted than bankers or capitalists. Military ascendancy is always the danger in France. It is most unfortunate that the Prime Minister is also Minister of War. Moreover, the Quai d'Orsay, with its usual insistence on juridical technicalities, has declared that it is impossible to negotiate with a "rebel," with whom France is not legally at war. Terms must be imposed on him. Unfortunately neither Spain, which has been beaten by Abd-el-Krim, nor France, which has not yet beaten him, is in a position to impose terms, so this simply means that the war must go on. French lives are to be sacrificed to a technicality. For the sake of "prestige" France is embarked on what may prove a disastrous adventure. M. Painlevé has declared, no doubt on military advice, that it will take two months at most to crush Abd-el-Krim. I cannot forget that on August 1, 1914, the French military authorities said that it would take three months to defeat Germany, even if England remained neutral.

In my opinion the French Government has now put itself entirely in the wrong. If Spain refused to grant independence to the Riff, it was madness to agree not to make peace without Spanish consent. France will now be obliged to go on fighting to maintain the Spanish protectorate. For France will do all the fighting. This is a heavy price to pay for the permission to pursue Abd-el-Krim into the Riff, for which M. Painlevé, by the way, declared in the Chamber of Deputies that the French Government had no intention of asking. There is, however, some reason to believe that Spain is now more ready to negotiate with Abd-el-Krim than is France, for Abd-el-Krim is willing to agree to the annexation by Spain of the Ceuta and Melilla zones, somewhat enlarged, in return for the complete independence of the rest of the Riff territory. Such an arrangement would require the consent of the other signatory powers of the Treaty of Algeciras, but the only one likely to object is England, and English objections might be overcome. The British Government would put itself in a very invidious position if it prevented peace being arrived at.

By an amusing mistake the correspondent of the *Matin* at Tetuan in a dispatch published in that paper on August 5,

have what purported to be the Franco-Spanish peace terms, included in them this proposal about the Ceuta and Melilla zones. Naturally, France and Spain have never thought of such a proposal and the terms published in the *Matin* were in fact a mixture of some of those proposed by Abd-el-Krim and some of those offered by France and Spain. It is a very clever move on Abd-el-Krim's part to offer this compensation to Spain for the loss of the Spanish protectorate over the Riff and the offer has greatly disconcerted the Quai d'Orsay. Abd-el-Krim has also shown his cleverness and his desire for peace by refusing to receive the Franco-Spanish peace terms officially. He has learned what they are unofficially through two emissaries whom he sent to Tetuan, where they saw General Primo de Rivera, and, since he would be obliged to refuse them, he has avoided an official communication to avert a rupture and leave the door open for negotiations. It is now clear that, if Abd-el-Krim ever had the intention attributed to him by the Communists of trying to drive the French out of Morocco, he has it no longer. He has said categorically that the only condition on which he insists is the independence of the Riff and, if the war continues, it will not be his fault.

For the moment public opinion seems, strangely enough, to be calmer than it was a few weeks ago, when the situation was much less critical. The Radicals seem to have accepted war in Morocco. At any rate the *Quotidien*, which a few weeks ago was daily demanding peace with Abd-el-Krim, is now silent. The Socialist leaders have contented themselves with a resolution demanding the independence of the Riff and are making no attempt actively to oppose the war. Meanwhile, it is noteworthy that M. Briand seems anxious to evade as far as possible responsibility for the Moroccan policy of the Government. He never speaks about the subject and has left M. Painlevé almost the sole control even of the negotiations with Spain. M. Briand always knows which way the wind is blowing.

The present calm is deceptive. If the great offensive against Abd-el-Krim does not succeed or involves heavy losses, the calm may be suddenly broken. It is a characteristic of the French that they will put up with a lot until a given moment, when they suddenly burst out and smash everything. Even the *Echo de Paris*, ardently as it advocates war to the bitter end, is constrained to admit that the peasants are quite indifferent to the fate of Morocco and that the country generally is not in a mood to make sacrifices for such a cause. The appeal of the Government for volunteers has met with almost no response, except from a group of American aviators. It is a pity that, when America does intervene in European affairs, it is usually to help us to make war, but, of course, the present intervention is quite unofficial. M. Painlevé is, in effect, gambling on the chance that everything will be over by the beginning of October; but what if he is disappointed? Unless the offensive is decisive, I do not see how the Government can avoid mobilizing some of the reserves—the military authorities, it is understood, already consider it to be necessary—and then there is likely to be an upheaval.

Meanwhile, another little war has broken out in Syria. As usual, all the news that we get in France, except vague official communiqués, comes from the English press, and it suggests that the situation in Syria is much graver than is officially admitted. The matter is complicated by the political controversy about General Sarrail. The *Echo de Paris* asserts that he and a certain Captain Carbillet, whom General Sarrail appointed governor of the Djebel Druse, have caused the revolt by their harsh treatment of the Druses. But the *Echo de Paris* has consistently attacked General Sarrail merely because he is a Republican and a Freemason, so it is not an impartial witness. Nevertheless, the facts or alleged facts that it gives require an answer. Instead of refuting them, the press of the Left merely says that General Sarrail must be in the right because he is a Republican and a Freemason. General Sarrail saved Verdun during the battle of the Marne and was very badly treated by Marshal Joffre, but that does not prove that he is a good governor of a colony.

The Government declares that the forces in Syria are amply sufficient to deal with the situation, but it made the same declaration about Morocco until it became impossible to make it any longer. Should reinforcements become necessary in Syria, as is at least possible, it is hard to see where the Government will find them without calling up reserves, unless the Rhineland be evacuated. The inhabitants of Syria objected from the first to being put under French control, and nothing is more likely than that they might seize the opportunity of revolting against it when France is occupied in Morocco, especially as the majority of them are Mohammedans.

The French people, lulled by a complaisant press, have no idea of the dangerous possibilities that may lurk in the adventure into which they are being dragged. It is to be feared that they may have a rude awakening.

Paris, August 12

Since I wrote four days ago, Abd-el-Krim has taken the important step of sending to Tetuan an envoy, who has officially informed General Primo de Rivera that Abd-el-Krim is ready to negotiate on the sole condition that the independence of the Riff is guaranteed in advance.

The situation is therefore now quite clear. Peace can be made if independence be granted to the Riff and, if France and Spain now continue the war, it will be only for the purpose of preventing the Riff from becoming independent. I doubt whether the French people, to whom the independence of the Riff is a matter of complete indifference, will consent to continue the war for such an object. Plainly, it is now the duty of the French and Spanish governments to negotiate with Abd-el-Krim on the basis mentioned, and, if they refuse, they will be solely responsible for the consequences of their refusal, including the sacrifice of French lives and treasure in a bad cause.

Alcaeus to the Tenth Muse

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

Pour mixed juices of lime and pomegranate,
Frost the goblet until white wraiths of vapor
Cloud the edges like veils, elusive, fragrant,
Blown from a woman . . .

Harken, Sappho, who leaped to the Aegean,
Mad with passion for one not called Alcaeus:
Fiery nectar in token of your kisses . . .
Bitter libation!

Crude Sugar; Refined Politics

By FRITZ KUNZ

[*This article was sent in manuscript form to Governor Farrington on June 8 with a letter asking for his comment; no answer has been received.*—Editor *The Nation.*]

IN Hawaii our politics are white and refined, though our sugar is crude and brown. Some of the smooth, white, refined politics have lately been on view.

In September, 1922, Governor Wallace R. Farrington appointed a new Attorney General, an appointment confirmed at the next session of the local Senate in 1923, the Governor having thus acted "with the advice and consent of the Senate," as the organic act constituting the Territory provides. The Governor (perhaps from laboring in the Royal Palace and imbibing imperialism from its walls) believed that he was establishing in office his personal assistant in the chief law officer, John A. Mathewman; Mr. Mathewman, singularly enough, regarded himself as one of several executives constituting the government, with definite powers laid down by the law, a tribune of all the people. In his innocence he proceeded with his work of rendering opinions upon cases which came before him, looking forward to the four years of office which the statute provides, if he interpreted the law truly and well for all people, little brown laborers of the sugar plantations and the big crude sugar magnates alike. (Crude is an adjective modifying sugar, if you please; big applies to the magnates.)

Mr. Farrington, alas for him, did not know what human dynamite he was seating at the Attorney General's desk; that in that short, solid, sun-burned figure, with its big, legal head, quizzical and humorous eyes, and precise, deliberate speech from an exactly set jaw, resided no complaisant boon companion of the Daugherty-Fall sort, ready at a moment's notice to render convenient opinions, but a rather out-of-fashion and exceedingly rare public servant whom nothing would deter from duty.

Mr. Farrington delights in talk about law observance, especially as regards the Eighteenth Amendment. When Mr. Mathewman hinted at certain possible lapses in observance on the part of the Governor relations became strained. Mr. Farrington was a considerable shareholder in the *Star-Bulletin*, besides being influential with the *Advertiser*, another newspaper of Honolulu. He sold his interest in the *Star-Bulletin* when he became Governor, but the stock is said to be held for him to buy back when he is ready to take it. Mr. Mathewman pointed out that the *Star-Bulletin* publishers got a non-competitive contract for printing amounting to $11,000, although the law provides that all contracts for more than $1,000 should be given on competition. Again, in anticipation of the consent of the legislature and contrary to local statutes, according to Mr. Mathewman, Governor Farrington appointed the Audit Company of Hawaii to the lucrative job of investigating accounts in the Tax Office.

Nor was it only the Governor himself who found the law officer difficult. Mr. Mathewman established the fact that large areas of public domain were held at absurdly low rentals, and illegally, by big financial interests. The latter did not like his saying so. Our sugar may be crude in Hawaii, but let us be pleasant fellow-members of the same clubs and avoid unpleasant topics. And then again the political powers are in the habit of raising millions of dollars from Wall Street interests at 5 per cent and better, for public improvements, well ahead of the time of beginning the bridges and roads and all that. The Hawaiian banks receive this money and hold it at 2 per cent interest for the Territory, lending it at 7 and 8 per cent. The difference is what the banks make. How simple is finance!

Other interesting episodes arose out of the question of constitutional guaranties and civil rights for Filipinos. On the one side the big interests, crude as to sugar, smooth and white as to politics and race. With them one Cayetano Ligot, commissioner of Philippine labor, representing in Hawaii the benign and portly figure of General Leonard Wood. On the other side of the stage observe Pablo Manlapit, magnetic leader of labor causes among the Filipinos of Hawaii, an agitator of red tint and spiritually a child of Lenin and Trotzky. Put in a few labor operatives and investigators following Señor Manlapit. We see Filipino laborers recruited from their homes by the beneficent sugar companies who have such a hard time making their percentages, even with the help of cheap public lands. The laborers are ideally housed, well paid, and in heaven. But the ignorant fellows are always wanting something more, thanks to the pestilential agitator Manlapit.

Late in 1923 Francis Wright, part Hawaiian, was murdered in a crap-shooting brawl. A number of Filipinos were tried. Various sentences, among them several long terms and two of capital punishment. The cases came before the Attorney General for opinion, as to whether the Governor could and should pardon. In the state of the law Mr. Mathewman recommended full pardon for two of the long-term convicts because he thought the evidence insufficient; in the state of the law he thought Juan Timbal and Maximo Felias should hang as the court had decreed, for this was a case of the most brutal form of murder. Now it happened that just then the Filipino strike was brewing; coincidently the Governor felt pity for the condemned men; and at the same time Señor Ligot, in *loco parentis* for Leonard Wood to local Filipinos, among others petitioned for clemency; sentences of death were commuted in the two cases and pardons were issued to others. Thus Señor Ligot was starred as the friend of the Filipino.

But the ungrateful laborers went on to demand an eight-hour day and all that sort of thing. The strike started on Oahu in April, 1924. It had incidents which called for the interposition of the Attorney General, who persisted in his usual fashion in observing the law, taking the lead from the Governor's own words. A Mr. de la Cruz was held for fifty-two days because of incendiarism in a cane-field fire at Waipahu, but no charge was preferred against him. Mr. Mathewman's interposition liberated him, and thus strengthened the constitutional guaranty that no man shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law.

The strike went on, and the strikers were denied the right of assembly. This irked the Attorney General. Mr. Mathewman considered how he might justly bring forward

the rights of assembly which even Filipinos are supposed to have. So he wrote an opinion for the benefit of his subordinate, the County Attorney on Kauai, where the strike had now spread, setting forth the constitutional guaranties, showing the right of peaceable assembly, and also defining the lawful limits of such assembly. Presently, in the midst of the strike on Kauai, there was armed violence. As usual, the story is confused; it has some singular incidents, and reporters independent of both parties are reluctant to commit themselves to a straight account. But this much is sure: four of the police were killed and in their turn (or before) they killed sixteen strikers.

Crude sugar had endured enough. Mr. Mathewman must go. What is the use of an Attorney General who thinks Filipinos have the right of peaceable assembly? The Governor had also had enough. As heir to the traditions of Kamehameha the Great, how could he suffer the presence of a law officer whose views of publicity are so definite as to compel him to leave the Governor's Cabinet (August, 1924, while remaining Attorney General) in protest against a hush-hush policy. Mr. Mathewman declined to resign, but once more the example of Kamehameha driving his enemies over Nuuanu Pali stood the Governor in good stead. A complaisant legislature put Mr. Mathewman out of office unheard in his own defense. Curiously enough, when this gift of a head on a charger was made to the Governor, certain venerable Senators got appointments for their friends upon the Board of the Department of Public Instruction. An expensive coincidence for Hawaii.

And so all seemed quiet on Waikiki Beach. President Coolidge took the unusual step of reappointing Mr. Farrington six months before the Governor's term expired; and the Senate, taking what seems to have been the right of its successor, confirmed him in office. So he "sits pretty." But the question arises whether more has not been done for civil rights in Hawaii by Mr. Mathewman's removal than for the noble and uplifting cause of crude sugar. We will leave it there for the favored ones to consider. Just a month after they had had their way, the Senate was a scene of uproar and recrimination. And the end is not yet. When the favored ones fall out, the civil rights of crude brown men are likely to have an inning at the expense of even the more precious crude brown sugar.

A Night in Mexico

By WITTER BYNNER

From somewhere over the houses, through the late night,
Come windy ripples of music;
Somewhere there's a lover in the street,
Somewhere, behind a dark window, a girl
Smiling into her pillow. . . .
Is it yonder, over the cobblestones?
A shuttered corner comes nearer, nearer;
Till now, by the very curb,
The unseen night stands breathing
A blackness of bass-viol and cello
And a faint moonlight of violins . . .
And in the last ray
The shadow of a bird leaves its perch for a smaller twig,
And a candle is lighted and put out again.

In the Driftway

AT the regular convention in October the Bishops of the Episcopal Church will discuss a weighty question: Shall they or shall they not officially insist that the word "obey" be included in the marriage service? The Drifter cannot prophesy what the godly gentlemen will decide; it may be that no wife, henceforth, need publicly promise to obey her husband; it may be that the young women who desire to omit the fatal word from their marriage vows will have to be joined in matrimony by a mere Methodist. The Drifter does not think that the marriages of the future will suffer either way. The brides who object to the whole idea of obedience can, if they look in a standard concordance of the Bible, find sixty-nine instances of the use of the word "obey"; men and women are enjoined to obey the voice of their God, the dominions obey him, even the winds and the sea, the winds and the waters; children must obey their parents, servants their masters, unclean spirits even are obedient to the voice of Jehovah. The idea of obeying is an old one.

* * * * *

WITH such a series of precedents it may be that some reluctant young ladies will be won over to the idea that obedience, after all, is a very common social observance. But others will still object; precedents mean nothing to them. And for their benefit the Drifter has taken the trouble to investigate the etymology of the word. What, after all, is this obey? Does it mean to bow in the dust, to cringe at the frown, to fly at the word of command? It does not. It comes from a simple Latin prefix meaning before or near; and the verb *audire* which any first-year Latin student can tell you means nothing more dangerous than to hear. To hear near, to hear before, to listen to; this, the Drifter believes, is a definition that might be generally accepted in order to put an end to an old controversy. What young wife would dare assert that she did not wish to listen to her husband? Wives always listen; they hear, if they do not heed; words penetrate their ears if they do not touch their hearts. They listen in the morning before breakfast, while the unwilling brush lathers the obstinate chin; they listen in the evening, over the soup, before the fish, all around the dessert; they listen as the night grows darker, as the hours lengthen, as the clock is wound, and the cat put down cellar. And frequently they listen when they would rather sleep.

THIS being the case—and what wife will deny it?—there is obviously no reason why the word "obey" should be a stumbling-block to any union. The Drifter has little use for those gentlemen who cynically argue that it is the women who exact the obedience, who in their subtle, underhand way impose their will without seeming to do so, without, indeed, disturbing the complaisance of the gentleman they wish to coerce. The matter is softer than that: it is merely a question of listening. Let us redefine obey and allow the clergymen to do their worst. Feminine honor may be maintained without the sacrifice of a single cherished precedent. Or is the Drifter, in his meddling way, only making matters more painful? Listening can be powerful tedious. The Drifter can call to mind persons whose commands he would bow to a thousand times before he would listen to them for an hour.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

We Couldn't Fool Him

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You doubtless thought you could bewilder or fool your Gentile readers by that stanza reprinted in the original Yiddish from the Jewish humorous weekly the *Big Stick*. But I, for one, could translate it and translate it into verse (and, too, without the assistance of my tailor from Odessa or my green grocer from Warsaw). Here it is in your idiom and mine:

> Sixty years has now Miss Nation,
> But fresh she is and young yet;
> And Dame Reaction trembles
> Before her caustic tongue yet.

I hope you'll print it, if only for the benefit of my many Jewish friends, the Jacksons and Bennetts and Sydneys, who have so pitiably forgotten the quaint homely speech of their cradle songs.

Madison, Wis., August 24 William Ellery Leonard

Gettysburg

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The review in *The Nation*, June 17, of General Maurice's "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier" contains by implication a military justification of the Confederate assault participated in by Pickett's division and other troops of Lee's army on the third day of the Battle of Gettysburg. Furthermore, the review cites Colonel Haskell's narrative as evidence of fault in the preparations to receive the attack and of thinness of "the blue line that held the heights upon which depended the fate of the Union."

I have been familiar with Colonel Haskell's classic of civil-war literature for many years and know of no statement of his warranting the conclusion that only a thin blue line was prepared to receive the Confederate assault. His reference to the matter is expressly limited to the troops of the Second Corps, to which he belonged. On the staff of a general who during the battle commanded a division or temporarily a corps, Colonel Haskell would not be familiar with troop movements made by the army commander except as he saw them or their results, or learned of them from others. Several times he wrote of the limitation of his vision, admirable as his narrative is in many respects.

Lee's preparations for this assault were plainly seen on the Union line as early as ten o'clock in the morning. The cannonade did not begin until one o'clock, and the assault not until three o'clock. In preparation for it Meade's chief of artillery placed on Cemetery Ridge as many batteries as the ground would hold. From Round Top General Meade for a while watched the massing of Lee's troops. On the evening before he had said to Colonel Haskell's chief, General Gibbon, that the next assault would be upon the center, the Second Corps. General Meade ordered Slocum on the extreme right to send all the troops he could spare for reinforcement of the threatened point. In addition, one division of the First Corps, two brigades of the Sixth Corps, five brigades of the Third Corps, besides other troops, were hurried to the reinforcement of the point where it was obvious that the attack would strike.

The Union cavalryman Brigadier General Taylor told me that General Meade personally ordered him to post a cavalry regiment in rear of all the troops at the center and to shoot any skulkers refusing to return to the front. General Meade knew that the configuration of his line enabled him to bring reserve troops from all parts of his army, as he actually did, before the Confederate advance, across a wide valley and in the face of a devastating fire, could reach his front. To have massed his reserves behind the threatened center at an earlier hour would have subjected them to Lee's artillery fire, which it is well known was so high as to go over the front line in considerable measure. Haskell suggests that Lee thought the Union troops were so massed and thus accounts for the elevation of the Confederate fire.

The assault of Pickett, Pettigrew, Perry, and Wilcox on that July afternoon never had the slightest chance of success, because of the preparations made to meet it. The farther these troops went the worse off they would be. Had they more than dented Meade's line at the place of Haskell's activity and observation, behind the Second Corps line were the blue reserve masses to take them in front, on both flanks and in the rear, a disaster even greater than that which occurred.

General Meade thought that Lee's best operation would be a movement around the Union left. That, it was subsequently learned, was Longstreet's advice to Lee. Meade declared that it was sound military sense. Had Lee accepted the suggestion there would have been no third-day battle at Gettysburg; Meade would have fallen into his chosen Pipe Creek line, where his engineers had chosen positions for all of the army corps, and Lee would then have had the choice of fighting with no advantage in his favor or of returning to Virginia. By the end of the second day at Gettysburg he had learned that he was not opposed by a Hooker, a Burnside, or a Pope. His excitement, which Longstreet observed, would probably have subsided, and he could have repeated his retirement made from Antietam in the previous year with no great loss of prestige and with less loss to his army than was caused by the militarily foolish third assault at Gettysburg.

It is probable that it was to the anticipation by Meade of a movement around his left that Colonel Haskell referred in attributing to the army commander the thought that Lee's attack would be on the left, for Meade's remark to Gibbon that if Lee assaulted again it would be on Gibbon's front in the center is established by the statement of General Gibbon himself.

General Maurice's chapter heading The Second Invasion of Maryland, meaning the Gettysburg campaign, is indicative of a state of mind characteristic of most English military critics who have written about the Civil War, Atkinson and Hadway being notable exceptions.

Ardmore, Pennsylvania, July 4 Isaac R. Pennypacker

Are Profits the Cause of War?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial Seven Years After, dealing with Bernard M. Baruch's fund for investigating war profiteering, skims too lightly, it seems to me, over the magnificent hope held out that thus we may end all war. It is so announced; and you do say that the certainty of conscripting capital along with human life "would have a profoundly depressive effect on the whole phenomenon of jingoism and militarism." Perhaps. But would it remove the cause or even a main cause of war?

The economic sources of war lie in rivalry for profits before the drums begin to beat. Out of tariffs, special privileges, the exploitation of weak "backward" countries arise those frictions which generate the spark in the powder magazine. It is the competition, not for war profits, but for peace-time markets, raw materials, trade routes, backed by the armies and navies of those countries whose nationals are competitors, which oftenest provokes modern wars, even though they be ostensibly to make the world safe for democracy.

It is true that our packers and coal operators and textile manufacturers and steel men profited hugely from the World War. But who of them knew that seventeen of our forty-

five woolen and worsted mills would earn more than 100 per cent on their capital stock? If they knew, what was the form their jingoism took? Did they set Germany and France at each other's throats? Did they cause the war? Or, once Europe was embroiled, did they shove us into the cockpit?

The attractive and sentimental notion that prospective war profiteers cause wars has been exploded. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Baruch subscribes to it. Possibly the announcement was so worded without his approval, as a bit of ill-advised ballyhoo for publicity. To mobilize our industry on a profitless basis in case war comes would be admirable. But it would not prevent war from coming.

Sound Beach, Connecticut, July 24 SILAS BENT

Why They Stop Their Subscriptions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish you would stop sending *The Nation* to me. I have enjoyed reading it for quite a number of years, but I am afraid that I am getting too liberal in my thinking.

Sauk Center, Minnesota, April 25 B. F. DUBOIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reason I have discontinued my subscription to *The Nation* originates from the biased, slanderous campaign conducted by *The Nation* against the actual government at Italy, the best government Italy ever had since its unification in 1870.

New York, May 15 P. TOMASELLI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a matter of regret that I am unable to continue my subscription to your valuable paper. Hope to renew next year. You have done some fine work and your exposition of the modern problems which confront us is most admirable. But I must remind you of the affront to decency which your sex articles occasioned. We welcome free discussion, but such special pleas as you featured in your paper are surely subversive of the best standards of married life. Some of the articles were excellent, but others were merely pleas for indecency.

Kelso, Washington, April 25 W. W. SWITZER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our limited funds do not permit of our subscribing to all the magazines we would like to have. Though we appreciate the value of *The Nation*, we are obliged to subscribe only to those magazines pertaining to public health. We were especially interested in the series of articles New Morals for Old, and entered our subscription to cover that series.

New York, May 3 MARY CASAMAJOR,
Librarian, National Health Library

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find *The Nation* consistently unfair in its treatment of matters pertaining to Soviet Russia.

Rolling Bay, Washington, May 8 R. L. JOHNSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Kindly erase our name from your list. Russians should be your only subscribers.

Chicago, May 25 (MRS.) H. C. SWEETEN

Poe and His Contemporaries

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In spite of the research of three-quarters of a century the life of Poe is still a mystery, and we know with certainty neither the date of his birth nor the cause of his death. Since *The Nation* has for years been a medium for such Poe scholars as Whitty and Campbell, may I not be permitted to say a few words on the editorial Wayward Genius, appearing in the issue of July 8?

Although I have long been a worshiper at the shrine of Edgar Allan Poe, I am willing to concede the general justice of the editorial opinion; it may, however, not be hair-splitting pedantry to take exception to the ambiguous phrase, "hated and neglected by his contemporaries," which implies that Poe's contemporaries were unanimous in this hate and neglect.

It is true that Rufus W. Griswold and Thomas Dunn English were Poe's bitter enemies, and Poe undoubtedly made many other enemies among the literary nonentities of his day; but, hate him never so greatly, his contemporaries could neither neglect nor ignore him, and he had many friends.

The Saturday after Poe's death, and within a week of Griswold's ill-timed attack, N. P. Willis came to the defense with an article in the *Home Journal*, during the course of which he referred to "a friendship of five or six years" with Poe. George Graham, another fellow-editor of Poe's, pronounced "unfair and untrue" the Griswold portrait of "the character of our lost friend." It is obvious that Poe was not completely without friends, and that the "whitewashing" of his character began immediately after the Griswold attack.

Mrs. Whitman, to whom Poe was engaged shortly before his death, devoted her life to the defense of his memory, and rendered great service to early biographers of the "whitewash school." Her important essay, Edgar Poe and His Critics, was reprinted by Haldeman-Julius under the misleading title Was Poe Immoral? (Little Blue Book No. 144.)

It is not generally realized that Poe was one of the earliest vers-librists, but careful study of such poems in cadenced prose as Shadow: A Parable reveals him as a precursor of Whitman. Much more generally recognized is the fact that Baudelaire's translations of Poe's verse into French prose had an important formative influence on the nascent vers-libre of the Imagists.

It is not Poe's contemporaries and immediate successors in America who have ignored him, but rather the intelligentsia of the early twentieth century. Let us by all means reconsider our estimates of Poe, not only as a man but as a forerunner of more important things than the work of Conan Doyle and A. K. Greene.

Mount Vernon, Iowa, July 20 DAVID FULLER ASH

Barnet Braverman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issues of July 31 and August 6, 1924, you published a notice stating that I was representing myself as a correspondent of *The Nation* in Austria. When in Paris recently mention was made to me of this notice, and now that I am back in the United States I want to prevent further annoyance by a statement of the facts:

1. At the time your informant wrote (June, 1924) he misunderstood the situation.

2. Neither you nor your informant can name any individual connected in an official or business way with Austrian affairs to whom I ever represented myself as a correspondent of *The Nation*.

3. Austrians (especially in Vienna and in Salzburg), as well as Americans whom I met there, among them a few of your readers, as well as a number of English and American newspapermen, deny your informant's report.

4. Correspondents receive theater privileges in Vienna. Yet the directors and managers of Vienna's theaters, in a statement signed by each of them, also deny the truth of your announcement.

New York, June 4 BARNET BRAVERMAN

[After discussing the matter with Mr. Braverman since his return to the United States we are convinced that he was not guilty of any intentional misrepresentation.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Books

Decoration for a Girl's Room

By HORACE GREGORY

A still bird in a wild tree,
a small, black bird with a golden throat
makes noises to a far, gray sea
and never sings a note.

And clouds move in a dark sky,
broken, red clouds that curdle and fall
through the wild tree and the bird's cry
that never sings at all.

Mr. Massingham

"H. W. M.": A Selection from His Writings. With essays by H. N. Brailsford, J. L. Hammond, Vaughan Nash, H. W. Nevinson, H. M. Tomlinson, and George Bernard Shaw. Edited by Harold J. Massingham. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

NO selection from his writings, no introductory essays even from such intimates as J. L. Hammond, H. N. Brailsford, H. W. Nevinson, and Bernard Shaw, can explain the unique position held by H. W. Massingham among the English journalists of our time. For though he put more of his individuality into his written word than any other servant of the press, the subtle qualities of his intelligence and feeling could only be communicated in close personal intercourse. Moreover, the greater part of his active life was spent in the effervescence and evanescence of daily journalism, writing vivid parliamentary sketches and political leaders on the *Daily Chronicle* and *Daily News*. Only since 1907, when he became editor and maker of the London *Nation*, did the educated public begin to reap the maturer fruits of his mind. Only those who worked with him could realize his greatness as an editor, his almost miraculous eye for the significant, not only in what is called "public life" but in the world of art, literature, science, and religion. Bred in a nest of East Anglican Methodism, and escaping early in the eighties into the freer journalistic atmosphere of London, he bore through life the strangely durable traces of an inner austerity of spirit which contrasted amusingly with the surface levity, almost license, of his speech, manners, and opinions upon many matters of serious import. This apparent inconsistency was enhanced by the dramatic vividness imparted to all his expressions in speech or pen, and by the quick changes in perspective which distinguished his peculiarly responsive nature. But such statements do injustice to the powerful principles and steady deep enthusiasms that made him a courageous and effective leader in so many causes of freedom and justice. His resignation of the editorial chair of the *Chronicle*, when the proprietors sought to silence his criticisms of the infamous Boer War, was but one of several sacrifices to the cause of truth which marked his high sense of the responsibility of the press.

Some of the most brilliant articles retrieved for this volume deal with public men whom he had known, or whose careers he had closely followed, and it is not too much to say that American readers will get a better understanding of what is distinctive in the tortuous British policy of the last two generations from these portraits and passing *aperçus* than from the more formal histories of our time. For Massingham had the literary genius to put into some single phrase the special significance of a critical event or a political character, thus giving a true signal post along the road of history. Not a profound scholar, he had large and various reading; not a philosopher, he had clear guiding thoughts and strong sensitive intuitions. His attitude to life's passing show was that of the keenly interested artist rather than that of the scientific thinker. But his art of life was not what is called merely, or mainly, temperamental. It was guided and inspired by steady lights and immovable standards. The events of the past decades went largely to feed a disillusionment into politics, which appeared to him more and more as an art of promise, not of fulfilment. The charge of variability, sometimes brought against him, is attributable to the fact that he "found out" so many of the men and lands of promise. He did much to aggrandize such liberal leaders as Rosebery and Lloyd George in their as yet undimmed roles of social reformers. They left him; he did not leave them. So it was, not alone with individual but with party. Liberal to his very quick and marrow in training, traditions, natural sympathy, and intellectual convictions, he required from liberalism the tests of personal liberty and equality applied to a society riddled with economic despotism. The war proved that liberalism was false even to its own accepted creed, throwing overboard one after another as war emergencies its cherished liberties, while amid the wreckage of the post-war era it wrung impotent and unconstructive hands. Massingham thus came to quit a liberalism no longer liberal, and became an attached though hardly an optimistic supporter of Labor.

Though politics naturally plays a large part in this collection, much incisive and illuminating writing is directed to other themes—literary, dramatic, religious. In all of this, while the writer often seems absorbed with qualities of style, technique, and method, it is the flashes of moral sensibility that are most impressive, pointing as they do to the serious and solid substratum of his nature. It was with visionaries and mystics, Tolstoi, "Mark Rutherford," Olive Schreiner, that his spirit was in deepest sympathy, and in his profounder moments, either as writer or as talker, he was continuously reverting to their thoughts.

His son, in editing, has done well to include fragments of verse and prose from private letters and other informal sources, but not so well in appending to some of the most brilliantly intelligible passages notes either of interpretation or of appreciation.

J. A. HOBSON

Lincolniana

Life of Abraham Lincoln. By William E. Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Two volumes. $10.

Lincoln the Litigant. By William H. Townsend. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Abraham Lincoln. By Dr. Graf Albrecht Montgelas. Vienna: Verlag Karl Konig.

IN his two volumes Mr. Barton assembles the conclusions of nearly fifty years of personal investigation. In "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," published four years ago, he contributed a fresh consideration of Lincoln's early environment in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois as the basis of a well-documented study of Lincoln's attitude toward religion. Shortly afterward he published "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," in which, after disposing of a number of lingering traditions purporting to identify Lincoln's father with another than Thomas Lincoln —Patrick Henry and John C. Calhoun figured as rivals of five other gentlemen—he showed that Herndon, in later life, had abandoned his earlier assumption of irregular paternity. In a recent edition he made known his final conclusions establishing the long-rumored illegitimacy of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Both books bulk largely in the "Life," but the new work is

amply warranted. Mr. Barton is able to correct a number of details in the work of his predecessors, to confirm others that were in doubt, and to give some facts and documents which had escaped the notice of previous biographers.

Mr. Barton makes public for the first time the information that in 1859 Lincoln purchased the insolvent *Illinois Staats-Anzeiger*, a German-American newspaper of Springfield, and used it for eighteen months in behalf of his nomination for the Presidency, afterward reselling it to its former editor. Of even greater interest are some excerpts from the "Diary" of O. H. Browning, United States Senator from Illinois during the Civil War days, a man who was as intimate with Lincoln at the time as any one. From this diary, soon to be published by the Illinois Historical Survey at Urbana, Mr. Barton is able to amplify our knowledge of Lincoln's slough of despond in 1862, when his defeated armies and the unfavorable fall elections deeply depressed him and furnished an occasion to the ambitious Chase to stir up a revolt of the radical Senators against the President. Headed by Wade and Trumbull, the Senate committee, convinced by Chase's intimations of dissension in the Cabinet, insisted that the President reconstruct his official family. Lincoln was momentarily disconcerted. He instructed the committee to return and state their case before the Cabinet. The Senators went away in disgust upon hearing the Cabinet members, including Chase, solemnly aver that they were all harmonious. Feeling that the President could now make what he thought were desirable changes in the Cabinet, Browning went to the White House to urge this course, but received the emphatic response from Lincoln that he was master.

Biographers have made much of Lincoln's domestic infelicities. Mr. Barton gives a very human and sane treatment to this subject, concluding from his reconsideration of the little evidence to be had that, although Mrs. Lincoln's high spirit frequently taxed her husband's patient forbearance, Lincoln loved his wife and owed much in his career to her ambition and counsel. Similarly he reconsiders the slender evidence bearing upon the composition of the Gettysburg Address, agreeing that it took shape partly in Washington and partly after the President's arrival in Gettysburg. He regards the Cooper Union Address as the peak of Lincoln's utterances, contrary to the prevailing view. It was, indeed, the maturation of the arguments growing out of the debates with Douglas, and it answers once for all any misgivings as to Lincoln's capacity for effective research and constructive interpretation in constitutional law. But for artistic condensation of both outward and inward experience the speech falls distinctly below the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

"Lincoln the Litigant," to which Mr. Barton supplies an appreciative foreword, is Mr. Townsend's second contribution to Lincolniana. His "Lincoln the Defendant" of two years ago presented facsimiles of previously unpublished letters and legal documents in a suit brought against Lincoln in 1853 by a cotton manufacturer of Lexington, Kentucky, to recover $472.54 which the company alleged that Lincoln, as its attorney, had collected from Illinois customers and left unaccounted for. Lincoln's father-in-law, Robert S. Todd, had been a member of this company, and after his death his son, Levi, alienated from his sisters during the distribution of the paternal estate, inspired the suit against Lincoln. Lincoln furnished his Lexington attorney in the case with such an array of counter-proof that the suit was withdrawn. Mr. Townsend's second book summarizes the facts of this suit and gives interesting accounts of several other suits in which Lincoln appeared, not as counsel but either as plaintiff or as defendant. The reader will be surprised at the number of such suits in which Lincoln figured. The author has added considerably to our knowledge of this new phase of Lincoln's legal history.

Lincoln students will be much interested in the new brief life of Lincoln by Count Montgelas. The author is active as a Democrat in German politics, and copies of his book were circulated among the German electorate to influence votes in the presidential campaign against Von Hindenburg. The volume furnishes an enthusiastic statement of the orthodox facts concerning Lincoln's rise from the common folk to the leadership, not of "stupid sheep" but of an intelligent and self-governing people.

LUTHER E. ROBINSON

Donald Ogden Stewart

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad. By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company. $2.

The Crazy Fool. By Donald Ogden Stewart. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

SOME do and some can't. There are men sufficiently acute to recognize the aesthetic principles which demand that you laugh at Mr. Stewart's latest ventures in humor because "the Haddocks' souls are filled with the tag-ends of modern life and stuffed with the mythology of the daily papers," or even because "Stewart's story . . . is really an excursion into the subconscious of the average 'solid citizen' and his wife"; there are those, come to think of it, who can find aesthetic values when The Spirit of Street Cleaning and The Spirit of Garbage Collecting march in spotted veils down The Avenue of Progress.

As for me, I am a simple soul who has painfully learned to guffaw when the movie comedian chucks a custard pie at the face of the tyrannical pie custodian—because good thereby overcomes evil. But there I stop. I will not, nay, I cannot rise to the realm of aesthetics. I may be pricked but never tickled by a philosophic feather of this nature: "Eccentric to the recurrent rotation of the wheels of that enormous machine whose ravages William Vaughn Moody vividly described in his poem, The Beast, the speculation of [these writers] has wandered into the realm of phantasmagoria presided over by the subconscious."

I am not proud of my limitations. Why should Mr. Stewart's blows strike me as blow-outs? Impressionism, explains the neoteric. When Mr. Perkins of the New York White-wings discourses on the tour to Europe, the Ritz cuisine, and the Princesse de Lorme, that is impressionism; when Mr. Haddock seeks the place where he kicked a fair cross-word puzzler's leg and she counters by saying: "And last Thursday those headaches came back," that is impressionism; when the captain interrupts his Sunday services to quell a revolt of the second-class passengers, that is impressionism. But why does not all of this impressionism impress me? And who in the world besides the enthusiastic aesthetes was impressed by it?

These reflections are perhaps more pertinent to "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad" than to "The Crazy Fool." Neither contains the heady stuff of Mr. Stewart's earlier books; each lacks the sparkle of "Perfect Behavior" and the sizzle of "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind"; but at least "The Crazy Fool" is impressionism sufficiently modified to be recognizable both in its achievement and its intent. Whereas in the Haddock volume there is but one genuinely humorous passage, the first chapter, in "The Crazy Fool" the comic episodes and moods follow close upon one another, all the way from the introduction of our hero: "When he inherited the asylum, Charlie was 23 years old and in love, which made his total age 14 including depreciation and money for carfare and marbles"; through the philosophical reflection of Edison that "sex is a funny thing but yet, like the cat in the adage, you've got to have it"; to the meeting with drunken Romeo and the catastrophe that ends the book.

As for the intention, we soon recognize that the author aims at a vast burlesque of contemporary American civilization. With the most Rabelaisian carnality possible in a God-fearing, Bryan-cheering country Mr. Stewart ridicules the incidents that

constitute our life; and though little of the criticism is original with him, the manner of its presentation is wholly his own. His travesty Mr. Stewart achieves through the constant conglomeration of platitudes, bromides, and catch-words which, in their absurd juxtaposition, must impress us with the vapidity of conventional thought and speech, piling his jocosities one upon the other to a glorious climax in the scenario which the girl from the Publicity Department writes to advertise Socko. This is called "The Passion Flower of Broadway," for, as the young lady explains, it sounds much "better than just 'The Life of Calvin Coolidge' or something like that."

"The Crazy Fool," then, ranks between Mr. Stewart's earliest work and "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad." It may lack something of the magnetic attraction of "Perfect Behavior" and of the compelling irritation of "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind," but it has an abundance of both wit and satire. Though nothing Mr. Stewart may ever publish will make me forget the superb autobiography he wrote a year or so ago, the Haddock book has done much to temper my enthusiasm for his future. If, as has been reported, he is truly concerned with immortality, he will do well to return to the style of that biography. Time is armed with a crude weapon, and Mr. Stewart's best method in the duel is a downright, vigorous attack with the broadsword of humor, not a fancy feinting with the rapier of ingenuity.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

The New Ownership

Industrial Ownership. By Robert S. Brookings. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

WHEN a successful business man speaks on economic questions, he is likely to be heard with more respect than is accorded the mere economist, though the latter may know ten times as much. Mr. Brookings, however, speaks modestly. His little book, embodying the results of long and careful reflection on an important body of facts, deserves the attention that it is likely to receive.

Forty years ago the business unit was small, industry was actively managed by its owners, and nobody questioned their right to run it as they pleased within the law. Today, partly as an almost unnoticed result of the trust movement, the ownership of our important industrial corporations has become widely diffused, and that diffusion is proceeding faster than ever before. In consequence, ownership has become almost wholly separated from management. Industrial management is actually in the hands of a small, self-selected group (just as in every other social activity), and "the owner's reliance is primarily on the good faith and ability of the management as witnessed by past performance." Two important results follow. "In the first place, it has made it possible to distinguish the return to ownership from the return to management, and therefore to set up standards of a fair return to each. . . . In the second place, the separation of management from investment is bringing about a change in the ideas of managers about their own responsibility. As management ceases to represent merely itself, it comes to feel a responsibility not merely to the stockholders but also to labor and the public."

According to Mr. Brookings, in the old days when management and capital collectively constituted ownership, industry was administered in the interests of such ownership, profits were high, and profiteering was not specially disreputable. Public dissatisfaction with this state of affairs manifested itself in the rise of militant trade unionism, the growth of anti-trust legislation, and the appearance of new standards of business ethics. While the politicians and the unions have been exercising increasing pressure on management, the influence of stockholders has been decreasing, thus giving management a new sense of responsibility both to labor and to the public.

As a result of all this, Mr. Brookings believes that he has put at least a little salt on the tail of that shy bird, the industrial problem. A comparison of the earnings of national banks, employing little labor and operating under strict government regulation, with the somewhat smaller returns of industrial corporations suggests that ownership is not exploiting labor but is getting simply the "market wage" necessary to secure the services of its capital (the economist's "pure" or "natural" rate of interest). Management, moreover, receives only reasonable returns, profiteering being the exception. Therefore the benefits of increased production tend, on the whole, to go where they are most needed, to "the public" in lower prices and to labor in higher wages (an idea interestingly reminiscent of General Walker's residual theory of wages). Hence our hope of betterment lies in increased production, which we may aid by a relaxation of anti-trust laws so far as they prevent cooperation in the public interest and by inducing unions and individual workers to eliminate restrictive practices. To attain these results we must have uniformity and publicity of corporation accounts, and it may be a considerable degree of public regulation, together with unemployment insurance, a reasonable control of industrial fluctuation, and other measures that will give labor a real and direct interest in increased production. All this accomplished, "we may hope that cooperation between the industries and labor will take the place of the present wasteful system of bargaining." It is a cheerful faith, and one based on wide experience and sober thought. Moreover, it certainly reflects the operation of important forces at work in present-day American industrial life.

But a question and an observation are suggested. First, in proving his case, why has not Mr. Brookings proved at least half the case for his socialist critics? If ownership as an active force has fallen into the background, and if management, to put the case extremely, now works for labor and the public rather than for owners, why should not the state take over industry, thus getting rid of the troublesome questions arising out of private ownership?

But vastly more important, to state the basic matter flatly, all ideas of economic salvation based on the increase of production are vain, and if we persist in following that path we proud exponents of Western civilization shall all go to hell together. As Vernon Lee says, "To reform our notions of what is valuable and distinguished would bring about an economic reformation." I believe that Mr. Brookings is everlastingly wrong in his basic assumption; but that assumption is shared by nine hundred ninety-nine out of every thousand persons in the Western world, whether they call themselves radical or conservative. All such, whether they agree or disagree, will find in Mr. Brookings's book much food for thought.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

The Ethics of Politics

The Ethical Basis of the State. By Norman Wilde. Princeton University Press. $2.

THERE is some question as to whether there is an ethical basis for politics, even in the Aristotelian sense of the word. The attack upon the state as the highest unit of moral community is not limited to the pluralists and syndicalists who are boring from within. It is supported by the combined forces of the cosmopolitans and internationalists, just as unwilling on their part to stop short with the state as the pluralists are to arrive at any such inclusive limit. "Citizens of the world, unite" is the device of this internationalism, just as the class or group *critique* of the state is apt to issue in an exhortation to the workers of the world.

Mr. Wilde has undertaken the task of weighing out even-

handed justice both to these critics and to the ideal state which they are defaming. At the outset one must accept his self-imposed limitations. He is not hopeful of pointing out a way to social or political salvation. He does, however, hope to clear up the ground which is being fought over, and the air as well, by "an untechnical exposition of the principles more or less clearly recognized since the time of Plato and Aristotle." The problem, he sees, is to find what it is about the relation of the state to other groups that is peculiar; and then to examine the claims this status gives the state to an especial moral sanction for its use of force.

It is a joy to find an American scholar combining the perspective of humanism with a lucid style and a wide acquaintance with the essential facts. Mr. Wilde sees that ethics cannot escape considering economics, history, and psychology, or the combination of these that is politics, by any merely general formulae. Historically, the basis of a new pluralism of loyalties is to be found in the modern growth of economic associations which reintroduce the struggle maintained by the church in the Middle Ages. But can these economic organizations supply a new basis of social organization which will reduce the state gradually to a relatively unimportant role, as the church hoped to reduce it earlier? There seems to be a substantial agreement that the state is not that all-inclusive organic context of social relations and institutions which Bosanquet has hypostatized into a General Will. Rather, pluralism has it, the state is only the government—not the entire sum of social activities. And government is one of the least of these.

Mr. Wilde is interested in rescuing the state from these contenders. The state is society, but only in the aspect of "an all-inclusive, non-voluntary, territorial association" exercising unconditional control over its members. It is not the whole context of society. But neither is it merely the rulers—the government, as the realism of Duguit, Laski, and Cole would hold. The state represents a definite community in society, a community of purpose in things political, legally organized on a territorial basis.

What is to prevent this political community from extending its sphere in all directions—from becoming omnicompetent? Essentially it is the fact that political purpose is limited to safeguarding the conditions of the good life. That means a qualified individualism, not simply social atomism or negative protection. So that the state, while it must never attempt to impose *Kultur*, or to stifle the freest development of personality, still can play an active role in providing a justice which will "hinder the hindrances" to the good life—to use T. H. Green's phrase. Upon this claim rests the essential right of the state to be judge in its own case, i.e., to be sovereign. The *ethos* of internationalism seems, for some reason, to concern Mr. Wilde hardly at all.

Is there an ethical basis for obedience to the state? Yes, according to Mr. Wilde—one which springs from a shared community of purpose and is dependent on the general recognition of certain political rights and duties in a given society. Obligation is not absolute but relative to the values involved—with the presumption in favor of the state where obedience alone is called into question. His main point, however, is that the very existence of a state implies a sufficient community of moral purpose to permit the settlement of disputes by political and legal means—not by direct action or by what Mr. Laski calls negotiation. But is this basic community one of moral values and are they absolute? Is there not a pragmatic as well as a formal problem? The pragmatic problem demands that we examine a city not laid up in Heaven but actually made with hands. Our real ethical concern must be with fitting the materials at hand into our ideal specifications or in altering the latter to a workable program.

"Out of wealth-seeking individuals we cannot build a free community," says Mr. Wilde. But your political contractor must make bricks with this straw: bankers' and manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce, farm bureaus, labor unions. An ethical basis for the state demands a real moral community, a theory of representative government that permits such differing members of the body politic as these to work for a solution in the light of a common purpose, not by lobbies and blocs. Perhaps the subordinate and advisory economic body known as the German Parliament of Industry may offer the concrete beginning of a solution dependent upon neither a formally categorical imperative nor a pious wish—though Mr. Wilde passes it by to deal with a highly hypothetical guild socialism.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Wilde to suggest, however, that he does not recognize the need of superstructure for his foundation. Community of moral purpose, he says, is a matter of degree and of fact. To give real grounds for political obligation we must create a sufficient degree of moral community in our state to make loyalty to it a fact. That is, on the whole, as wise and honest a statement of the matter as one could wish.

W. Y. Elliott

Ambition in Love's Clothing

La Vie amoureuse de Madame de Pompadour. Par Marcelle Tinayre. Collection "Leurs amours." Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

IT is hard to forgive a publisher who sets Charles Maurras to write of Dante's Beatrice and Marcelle Tinayre to prattle of Louis XV's ugly amours in the same series. We have heard often enough, it would seem, of Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson's long intrigue with the Sun-King's unworthy successor. It does still remain for some one to study in detail the influential if generally unfortunate part the Marquise de Pompadour played in the political affairs of Europe, and her much more wholesome activities in the encouragement of art and industry within the borders of France; but there was no new gossip to retail about her ostensibly sentimental relations with the Well-Beloved (we cannot refrain from parenthesizing that though Louis seems for a time to have merited this title, it was not because of any real affection which this sly mistress of his ever cherished for his insignificant person); and Marcelle Tinayre has no scandal to purvey which has not already reached the reader of Michelet, the Goncourts, Pierre de Nolhac, Noel Williams, and the smaller fry who had already told her story.

The book is well done, of course. Everything of Marcelle Tinayre's has been well done. She has a gentle, unpretentious, serious, and incredibly nimble way about her which again justifies somebody's remark to the effect that no one ever writes better than a Frenchman except a French woman. Here is certainly the pleasantest book about Mme de Pompadour. We are inclined to believe, even, that the author's intuition, in default of new information, has given us at some points a truer and subtler picture of this strangely strong and secret soul than we have found anywhere else. But we are not always sure that, skilled novelist as she is and given to building a narrative into symmetry and harmony, she is always entirely candid in her use of her material. Story for story, the alleged testimony of an eye-witness that the King glanced out of the window toward the funeral cortège of his late mistress and remarked nonchalantly: "The marquise has a wet day for her journey" is less edifying than the other one that he stood heroically on his balcony in the pouring rain, wept two great tears, and sobbed: "It was the only way I had of showing her the last honors." But it is quite as well authenticated, and Mme Tinayre never even mentions the former story or hints at any doubt as to the latter. The book is distinctly an apology, frankly as it speaks of faults; but it is never quite so shock-

ingly tolerant as the opinion of an English biographer that "Apart from her responsibility for the Seven Years' War, it is very doubtful whether Mme de Pompadour really did much harm. . . ." We are sure she did, but even had this been all, one might pay a similar tribute to Attila or General von Bernhardi. Mme Tinayre wisely refrains from specific appraisals, and she is always judicious. But we feel it our duty to warn sentimental readers that the book is no love story. What the gifted and charming Marchioness of Pompadour loved was never man that is born of woman but power that is born of intrigue. And that, we must admit, she did love so passionately that she gave her life for it.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

The Growth of Civilization. By W. J. Perry. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Professor Perry, like Dr. Elliot Smith, holds firmly to the thesis that in Egypt is to be found the origin of all higher forms of civilization. The close relationship between Egypt and the later and wider Mediterranean culture is now well understood. The relation of Egypt to Far-Eastern, Polynesian, and even American culture is assumed by Elliot Smith and Perry to be no less obvious. To hold as they do that Egyptian culture spread by actual migration to the Pacific Ocean and to America is to overwork the theory of cultural borrowing and to ignore completely the possibility of independent invention of culture. In truth, we have in their work a pretty example of men—specialists in their own right, one in anatomy, the other in archaeology—pretending to speak in somewhat related fields but withal denying the mass of facts which run counter to their preconceived position. They ignore completely the historical method made prominent in anthropology by the work of Boas and his students. This method studies each culture in its historical setting first, drawing inferences as to universality, borrowing, or invention in regard to related cultures only as the empirical features warrant. The present author, on the contrary, commences with a thesis and then by a whole series of perhapses and we-may-assumes places his interpretation before us as a final word on the origin of civilization everywhere from Timbuctoo to the Iroquois Confederacy. The lay reader would do better to remain in ignorance of primitive cultures than to get such colossal misconceptions as appear on every page of this book.

What Ails Our Youth. By George A. Coe. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Youth in Conflict. By Miriam Van Waters. Republic Publishing Company. $1.

With the flood of recent literature about our young people and their—and incidentally our—difficulties, it might be thought that little was left unsaid. Yet both Mr. Coe and Miss Van Waters have made definite contributions toward a mutual understanding of two generations with conflicting ideals and habits. That the conflict is not new both authors admit; but they succeed in convincing their readers that the present educational, domestic, economic, and religious situations are creating even more than the usual amount of stress and strain. The two books are a distinct contrast in method and material, although the conclusions arrived at are similar. Mr. Coe speaks from the standpoint of the experienced university teacher and is particularly interested in the religious and educational aspects of the conflict. His approach is the more conventional, and for that reason sometimes lacks the compelling force of Miss Van Water's case-studies. Miss Van Water's book is based on face-to-face contact with youthful tragedies. She is the Referee in the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, and her material is taken from her experiences there. Her book is a definite answer to those sociological critics who claim that social work is nothing but mere puttering with individuals with

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no adequate return to society. The conflicts here described embrace everything from childish quarrels to murder. The essential elements which produce the conflicts, however, exist in practically every American community and in thousands of American homes, schools, factories, and neighborhood groups. Every college dean, high-school principal, and educational administrator should read "Youth in Conflict," so that he may render a more understanding service to the youth in his charge.

Society and Its Surplus. By Newell L. Sims. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

For a full quarter century the view has been widely cultivated that the central problems of modern economics center about a more equal distribution of wealth rather than about an increase in wealth production. In the phrase of the late Simon N. Patten, our society had, so it was said, "passed from the age of an economic deficit to the age of an economic surplus." This gave rise to many hopeful visions of a new human dispensation in which there would no longer be any general concern as to the adequacy of the material basis for civilization, an era in which the great social policies would deal with the equalization of the standards of life and the spread of the best elements of the social heritage among all ranks of the people. Mr. Sims's book is admittedly inspired by that vision. Yet it is also a serious effort to construct a theory of social evolution and organization on the Spencerian principle of the equilibrations of energy. On the whole it is a worth-while book, being full of interesting data and abounding in sound and thoroughly objective sociological observations. It is regrettable that the author could not avoid the monotony of his references to the "social surplus."

Men and Policies. By Elihu Root. Harvard University Press. $5.

The eighth volume in the collected addresses of Mr. Root, edited by the late Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott, brings together some of his more recent speeches and writings under three main headings: Some Americans, Law and Its Administration, The War and Readjustment. With few exceptions they are the utterances of the private citizen; a number under the last heading represent his latest contributions to the conduct of our foreign relations—as one of the Committee of Jurists who framed the plan for the World Court, and as a member of the American Delegation to the Washington Conference. This volume recalls again the extraordinary breadth of Mr. Root's interests and the range of his influence. But Mr. Root's contributions, eminent to the conservative cause, are compact of compromise and sometimes even of confusion. Pan American unity, which his trip as Secretary of State was to cement, fell afoul the Cuban imbroglio. His work on the gas and submarine treaty at the Washington Conference is more likely to be honored in the breach than in the observance. He was one of the Thirty-one Republicans of 1920—and has not recanted, as some of his colleagues have done. There is little of the far-visioned statesmanship of Hay or Wilson in foreign policy, or of Holmes or Pound or Cardozo in domestic problems involving "the rule of law," to lift his utterances above the level of the skilful advocate of the status quo—another illustration of the failure of the elder statesmen of the last generation to grasp the essentials of continuing stability.

Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation. By Anne Kimball Tuell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

At last a full recognition has been given to the important literary distinction of Alice Meynell's prose. It is a much needed contribution to American criticism, and fortunately, as rendered by Miss Tuell, it is not academic. The elucidation of Mrs. Meynell's doctrine of the *mot juste*, the crystal phrase, the deliberate word, is, in itself, criticism of compelling firmness and finesse. But this chapter strikes a key which is not sustained. Only in scattered paragraphs—notably those which deal with views on woman, and with the religious poem—does the author manage to interrupt with a critical passage her avid survey of all the departments of Mrs. Meynell's enormous journalistic output. Those familiar with the work of Patmore, Francis Thompson, or Mrs. Meynell herself will find the comments on the religious poetry conducive to the respectable pleasure of affirmation. But much of what the author understands in such phrases as "Mrs. Meynell's socialism," "inward solitude," "spiritual sense," "the hidden infinitude of contradiction," "the ultimate paradox of sanctity," she leaves for the general reader obscure.

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HARRY F. WARD, who has been spending several months in China and Japan, wrote the article The Meaning of Shanghai in *The Nation* for July 22.

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International Relations Section

Law and Order in Japan

By HARRY F. WARD

LAW and order did not have to be imported into Japan along with Western industrialism. Some improvements have come in recent years, but the habit was ingrained in old Japan, so that the attitudes have become almost instinctive. The system works with a finish that makes the strivings of our super-patriots appear to be, as indeed they are, the efforts of crude and bungling novices.

Law and order in any period of history rest upon espionage. At first glance, the present Japanese system of registration and surveillance of foreigners, with the continuous oversight of suspected radicals, seems to have been "made in Germany." Undoubtedly some features of it, like the military system of Japan, come from that country, but historians tell us that in the days of the Shogunate an orderly and ambitious ruler divided the population up into blocks of five families, each five to spy continuously on another.

The present system is not without its benefits for the foreigners. They do not get lost and things do not happen to them that the Government can prevent. On its side the Government knows what they are doing and writing and saying. Their speeches are usually reported by the metropolitan police, a body which is attached to the Home Department, deriving its name from the fact that its original duty was to protect the royal household in Tokio. Apparently some of its functions are delegated to the municipal police. At the present time a foreigner whose views might be classed as radical, or who has connections with Japanese labor or radical movements, will receive periodic visits from some member of the police force, who endeavors to find out what meetings he is going to hold or attend and sometimes what he is thinking concerning some current happening. This interview quite often becomes a friendly conversation on many subjects far beyond the object of inquiry, so the method should make for the education of the Japanese police force. Indeed the whole system seems to be more for the information of the Government than for the suppression of the foreigner. The only case in which anyone has been prevented from speaking was that of Margaret Sanger, and under Japanese public pressure that was finally modified to allow private meetings, which meant that a gathering of forty or fifty persons was not prohibited.

Either there is no desire to conceal the system or else there is a childlike naivete about its workings. Several men will appear at a women's meeting. When questioned they will say, yes, they came from the police department, and when asked to withdraw will do so without objection. They have been carrying out a routine and do not care to press the point. Letters of people who are being watched are, of course, opened and resealed according to the world-wide system of secret-service organizations, but in Japan you are quite likely to have somebody from the police department drop around and ask you about a meeting whose notices you have sent out by mail before the letters could possibly have reached their destination. You may notice in the midst of your audience a stenographer evidently working with efficiency; so the Home Department gets a first-hand report instead of the garbled accounts that our American ignorant under-cover men pass in to those who are foolish enough to pay them. If the Foreign Office is interested in what you are saying you are quite likely when you meet one of its officials to have him casually remark: "I have just been reading in Japanese the lecture that you delivered yesterday."

There is no such strenuous effort to suppress speech as there is with us, but there is a keen desire to know all that is going on, and this is achieved with great thoroughness. A man may be invited officially to lecture before a bureau of some government department another bureau of which is engaged in reporting all his lectures.

Things go differently where the local police are concerned, especially when they are dealing with educational institutions where they are not supposed to enter. If a college invites a foreign lecturer, a policeman is likely to come around afterward and ask a student what he talked about, only to be told that his question is silly. Plain-clothes men, however, are beginning to come into college halls. On one occasion recently, after a lecture by a well-known Japanese scholar in an institution supported from abroad, a police official called on the authorities to say that if that sort of thing were repeated it would be necessary to have men in uniform present at future occasions. When he was asked what had been said that was objectionable, he replied: "Well, I was asleep, but the other men reported that he said 'the government says my education cost them several thousand yen, but I say its cost was milked from the toilers of Japan.' That sort of thing cannot go on."

The new Japan is evidently baffling law and order quite a bit. It is raising more problems than the system is at present able to meet. Students have always had freedom of speech and considerable liberty of action. They have been accustomed to get their desires in the academic world by means of the strike. Recently the Ministry of Education has proposed a military training system for the colleges, offering our example in the States as one of the reasons for it. It will go through, but the students do not want it and have already begun their parades of protest. Their leaders get arrested, but this leads only to another protest, and the authorities are likely to find that they cannot run an educational system by force.

The tactic in Japan has always been to allow perfect freedom within the universities. There things could be discussed which were forbidden outside. It is the same with books. There has been practically no interference with publications in English, so that the intellectuals can read things which are beyond the reach of the common people because they may not appear in Japanese. This indicates the government estimate of the capacity of the intellectuals as a force for social change, but it may be that the Government has not reckoned with new Japan. In the universities the students are forming social-science clubs which are nationally federated. They exist for the purpose of discussing things which are not in the curriculum and nothing under heaven is too radical for their inquiry. The Government has forbidden them in middle schools and colleges, but dares not touch them in the universities. These groups are forming direct contacts with the growing labor organizations. Their members are serving in labor colleges and helping to organize them. This contact between

the students and the world of labor makes a new question for the Government.

Heretofore, the authorities in Japan have used their powers with reserve. But with all their cleverness there is the unavoidable stupidity which is inherent always in the method of espionage and repression. They cannot understand that to suppress books is only to incite people to read them. They did not foresee that forbidding Margaret Sanger to land was merely to invite a horde of journalists to interview her on the ship, spread her point of view throughout Japan, and create an irresistible demand among the intellectuals to meet her face to face.

The test of the restraint of the authorities in their use of suppression is the growing labor movement. It is now passing from the guidance of the intellectuals who have inspired and created it to the control of men from the rank and file. It is consolidating its efforts with the farmers, who also are developing an effective organization. The liberal movement in the intellectual world is the third element in what will prove to be a very strong coalition which has already compelled the Government to put through a universal male suffrage measure. Practically the only concession which the conservatives could secure was to limit the age of voting to twenty-five and that of office-holding to thirty, and this will not hold for long. To offset this, however, and also the Russian trade agreement, the Government offered the conservatives, and put through, a new measure of suppression which is called the Peace Preservation Bill, at the same time repealing some of the powers formerly given to the police.

This new law is like some of our State sedition or criminal syndicalist measures. It is couched in general terms and can be used to prevent meetings, writing, or discussion in behalf of any change in the political or economic system. The Government, however, is going to have some fun when it comes to enforce the law. One phrase prevents the discussion of change in the property system, and in reply to questions the Home Minister has said that the Government only wishes to prevent interference with private property in consumption goods, that it does not desire to prevent discussion of nationalization of the land or other means of production. To this the liberals reply by asking: "What, then, are you going to do with the municipality of Tokio, which has already gone into housing schemes to provide under municipal ownership some decent homes for workingmen at a reasonable rent?"

The Government is rapidly developing the customary technique for dealing with the rising power of labor, with some Japanese refinements. Parades have to be permitted and there is enough red in the Japanese trade-union banners to scare our hundred-percenters into paralysis. But on occasion speaking is prohibited and the singing of "The Red Flag" or the "Internationale." On other occasions certain topics are under the ban of the police and any attempt to mention them or to sing the prohibited songs results in speedy and numerous arrests. The police also have developed the habit of gathering-in the outstanding labor leaders the night before a demonstration is to occur, so now these men stay away from their homes and appear safely at the head of the procession the next morning. During the parade the police walk in long lines on either side of it and then occasionally jostle a marching worker out of line and arrest him for disorder. The last May Day parade was ordered to proceed only at the pace of a funeral march, but the workers said: "We don't mind; it is not our funeral."

The Japanese workingmen have a virility and a temper which makes it dangerous for the Government to press them too far. They have shown sufficient strength to lead the powers that be to treat them a little more carefully than they did a few years ago. It is this independent spirit of the Japanese workers which makes quite unlikely the success of anything like a Fascist movement in Japan. Already one or two organizations of this kind have come into action, but they appear to represent the old regime rather than the new industrialists. They are stressing loyalty to ancient ideals and operate under names which put about them the cloak of the old culture. They have not hesitated to use force and violence. Recently they raided the house of a man who was opposing the military-training bill, but the Government will not let that go far, because the workers will most surely answer in kind.

There is one point at which the control of the Government is absolute and that is over the press. Two copies of all printed matter must be sent to the Home Department. In order to avoid the loss incident upon having a book forbidden, publishers naturally try to get a ruling beforehand in the case of doubtful manuscripts. To all papers, magazines, and periodicals the Home Department constantly sends bulletins naming certain matters which must not be reported or discussed on penalty of five to seven years' imprisonment. The result is complete silence concerning anything which the Government thinks might incite the people to action. For instance, the outcasts, who number something over a million at the bottom of Japanese society, have recently been fighting the other people of certain communities in the endeavor to get some of the rights and privileges which have long been denied them. For a day or two the news of these outbreaks appeared in the papers and then suddenly there was silence. Likewise during the discussion over the suffrage bill there was an attack on the president of the Privy Council because of his opposition, but not a word of this was allowed to appear in print. Of course, there are some things that are too important to be suppressed. Concerning others, as usual, repression is stupid enough to defeat itself, for news spreads rapidly in the Orient by a grapevine system and with all due exaggeration.

The vital question for the immediate future of Japan is whether law and order will have wit enough to help emancipate the workers instead of keeping them down. There is a good deal in old Japan that would lead in that direction, but, of course, the new capitalists of industrialism and their satellites all press in the other direction. But the centralized authority of Japan might conceivably be used in alliance with the rising power of the farmers and workers to nationalize the land and socialize the big industrial means of production. Before the industrialists gather strength enough to resist they might be maneuvered into the position of opposing the divine authority of the Emperor. The question is whether such a tactic could be developed before the prestige of the Throne is entirely lost. But Japan at least has a possibility, which exists in no other nation, of using an ancient and real respect for a genuine and not a fake system of law and order to secure a larger social freedom. Should this happen, it would give the West, both its anarchistic Fascists and its Marxian logicians, something new to think about.

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IT IS NOT FOR THE LAYMAN to decide whether the navy's great airship Shenandoah perished, and wiped out fourteen lives, through unavoidable accident or through human fault; but it is equally not his place to permit the Washington bureaucracy to smother the facts with a fictitious inquiry and nationalistic propaganda designed to lead the public to "carry on." The layman must not cease to demand a thorough investigation and should refuse to accept any report that bears evidence of concealment or superficiality. The charges of that stormy petrel of aviation, Colonel William Mitchell, are, so far, merely charges, and it is a pity that he should have mixed with them a plea for his hobby of an air service separate from the Army and Navy departments. Nevertheless, Colonel Mitchell is a sincere and intelligent student of aviation, and it is undeniable that the navy has been historically dilatory and timid in taking up new devices. It is also to be noted that Colonel Mitchell's most specific charge of error in regard to the Shenandoah—too few valves for the helium gas bags—is also made by Captain Anton Heinen, who helped in building the airship. The destruction of the Shenandoah, together with the fiasco of the airplane flight from San Francisco to Hawaii and the loss of one of the machines with its crew, is a severe blow to the prestige of the navy. *The Nation* is not greatly interested in the politics of the situation—it is opposed to the whole program of war preparations, in the air, on the water, or on the land—but it is vitally concerned that our aviators be not needlessly sacrificed and it wants to see America take a leading place in developing aviation as a means of peaceful world communication.

WHEN THE SHENANDOAH fell thousands of newspaper readers assured themselves: "These airships aren't much good; no matter how strong they are built, some gale will get them." And certainly there were some to add that such unnatural means of locomotion are against nature and contrary to the will of God. The grandparents of these persons said the same thing about the steam railroad, the ship propelled by steam, the horseless carriage, the telephone, the wireless. In spite of them, of course, these inventions were perfected and have become accepted assets of our civilization; in spite of them experiments with lighter-than-air craft will be continued and, although the problems to be confronted are immensely greater with airships than with trains anchored solidly to steel rails or even steamboats held up by the sometimes inconstant ocean, the airship will, in the course of years, doubtless be improved and made moderately safe for ordinary travel—as safe as the modern express train, which also has its catastrophes. Meanwhile, those who perished with the broken Shenandoah have joined the great army of those who have died in the cause of invention; they are still dying and will always die as long as science keeps moving, which is to say as long as the human race endures.

RENÉ VIVIANI, who died in Paris on September 7, was one of the most impassioned and eloquent of orators. In 1917 American audiences, which could not understand a word he said, were none the less carried off their feet by the torrential flow of his language and its apparent sincerity. He was, therefore, well picked to do his share in "selling the war" to a deceived and ignorant American public when he came over in 1917 as joint head, with Marshal Joffre, of the French delegation. For he put every ounce of his personality into his words and he burned truly with a "sacred flame" which came near to genius. But he was merely a vain and shifty politician with one extraordinary gift. It was France's misfortune that he was premier in 1914, but before then France had been so enmeshed by the Franco-Russian intrigues that it is doubtful if any of the prominent political figures of the day could have done much to head off the catastrophe. When the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia saw the light of day both Viviani and Poincaré—France's Machiavellian President—were in Petrograd bent on still further intrigues with the Russians against the peace of Europe. It is also a fact that when the declaration of war reached Paris Viviani, the head of the ministry, could not be located for some hours; history has kindly failed to lift the curtain as to his whereabouts at that fateful moment. For a year he carried on the government, but his forte was never that of an executive. His talent lay in his marvelous voice and that extraordinary passion of utterance which no one will forget who ever heard him at his best.

"MOSUL MEANS OIL," M. Briand cried in the French Chamber five years ago. M. Briand was in 1920 chastising Clemenceau for letting Lloyd George trick him out of the Mosul oil area. In 1925 the British are still trying to keep their control over the Mosul oil-fields. When Turkey and Great Britain came to the verge of war about Mosul, peace was concluded by referring the question to the "impartial" arbitrament of the League of Nations, which sent out a commission of inquiry. Mosul is now in the gentle hands of British officials trained in India. While the League's commission was nosing around Mosul a pro-Turk crowd shouted "Long live Turkey!" Looking behind him Count Teleki, chairman of the commission, saw policemen beating the pro-Turks with sticks, while an English police officer looked on unconcerned. Others who demonstrated for the wrong side were imprisoned. The commission sagely concluded that a plebiscite would be meaningless. Mosul includes many Turks and some Arabs, but it is chiefly populated by Kurds, a wild people who care for neither Turk nor Arab. (British rule in Mosul disguises itself as Arab rule, acting through the puppet kingdom of Irak.) The embarrassed commission finally concluded that if the League would prolong the British mandate over Irak—due, according to treaty, to expire in four years—for twenty-five years, to give time for "stability" to grow up, Mosul had best go to Irak; otherwise it might be carved up and divided between Irak (England) and Turkey. The British have generously consented to extend the mandate for the necessary twenty-five years. The decision is not surprising. Mosul still means oil.

IN 1860 THE DRUSES left the coast of Syria and trekked back into the interior in order to get away from the French, whom they hated. In 1919, in accordance with the war-time bargain secretly made with the British, the French came into possession of inland Syria, including the territory occupied by the Druses. The Druses revolted, but were defeated. They revolted again in 1920, in 1921, in 1922, and in 1924. How the French handle these revolts may be understood by citing one of their own Syrian communiqués of 1921:

> Colonel Rocrou's column left Damascus on June 23. It arrived at Kuneitra on June 26. The towns of Jabanal, El Karbab, Soumatié, Trank, Majhar, and Shihani, which had harbored the criminals [rebels] of Kuneitra, thereby rendering themselves accomplices, were destroyed by order of the High Commissioner. The property of their inhabitants was sequestered, and each town was condemned to pay an indemnity of from 50 to 100 gold pounds.
>
> At Jabanal, El Kashale, Artania, and Trank the column destroyed 17 camels on June 27. On June 28 it went to Niejdel Shams, Jelbat, El Set. On June 30 it returned to Kuneitra and sold all the confiscated goods.

By treaty in 1923 France guaranteed the autonomy of their state, the Jebel. But the French governor, Captain Carbillet, who had served his colonial apprenticeship in Senegal, has repeatedly violated that agreement. This year's revolt began with a request that he be replaced. When that was refused the Druses rose, capturing all but 70 of the force of 200 men garrisoning their capital, Soueida. A week later they defeated a relief column of 3,000 men, wounding 600 and killing or capturing 500. The Druses now demand as a condition of peace that the French rebuild the villages their airplanes have destroyed.

MOTION-PICTURE HOUSES are showing pictures of the American "heroes" who are fighting with the French in Morocco. Doubtless these boys are brave, but it is bravery in a sorry cause. Possibly they think that they are fighting in the cause of "peace" and "civilization"; but what do they think of civilization when it sends them flying forth to drop bombs on native herds and villages? They call their group the Lafayette Escadrille; what relation do they think that this business of bombing Africans into submission bears to the mission of Lafayette, who fought to help free America from the British? Every day the dispatches give new evidence of the dirty character of this warfare. From the New York *Times* we select, almost at random, this story:

> The submitted tribesmen . . . have returned home to find their houses stripped bare by tribesmen whose loyalty to the French was rewarded with the right to pillage. The Ghiatia tribe living around Taza thus plundered the Tsouls and the Tsouls got revenge by plundering the Branes, who are now awaiting their turn to plunder the rebel tribes north of them. This makes each submitted tribe eager to march against its neighbors.

The dispatch also speaks of the "hostages" exacted by the French from each rebel family. Civilization indeed! The adventurous boys who are helping the French in Africa are serving a civilization which has gone rotten.

IN FRANCE AND IN GERMANY political lines are melting and reforming. Ex-Chancellor Wirth, long the leader of the great Centrist (Catholic) Party in Germany, has resigned from his party. In the chaos of Germany's many political parties the Centrum has had to decide for Left or for Right. Neither the Nationalists and People's Party men of the Right nor the Socialists and Democrats of the Left were strong enough to govern without the Catholics; their support has made possible the conservative policy of recent months. While in foreign affairs Germany has in general continued in the fulfilment policy of Wirth's Cabinet, reaction has had its way in domestic affairs. The recent tax law is hailed by the Nationalists themselves as putting an end to the tax reforms of the revolutionary days of 1918-1919, and the new tariff recalls the Wilhelmine era when the Junkers maintained high prices for their crops by setting high duties on foodstuffs. Wirth cannot belong to a party which makes such a policy possible, but how far his revolt will spread remains to be seen. Meanwhile in France the Socialists have definitely broken with the Painlevé Government. They are still willing to support a liberal bourgeois Government such as Herriot's was, but Painlevé's policy in Morocco and Caillaux's tax policy are too much for them. When the Chamber reassembles they will vote against the Briand-Caillaux-Painlevé combination, and if it remains in office it will have to seek its support still further to the Right. Herriot, who helped put Painlevé in office, is left in a fix.

THE RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, NEWSPAPERS have given generous columns of praise and description to the recent convention of the colored Elks in that city. The convention was enormous—larger than Richmond's total colored population. These thousands were housed, entertained, fed, and the convention itself conducted without a single hitch. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* spoke with special approval of the organizing capacity of M. A. Norrell,

which "put to shame all previous arrangements for any convention ever held in Richmond by white or colored people." No strain in friendly relations was reported. During the great parade white people with houses on the line of march gave up porches and windows to the relatives and friends of the paraders. The concert, at which the four leading bands competed for honors, was crowded with a mixed audience. There was no race disorder, no friction, no rudeness reported from Richmond during the convention. If the city prided itself a little noisily on its successful adventure in friendly race relations, if a trace of surprise or condescension could be detected in its praise of the Negro Elks and their leaders, no one should seriously object. The more the white South boasts of a genuine goodwill toward the Negro the better for both races.

PUSSYFOOTING HAS BEEN CANONIZED as a national virtue in this country. Bitter newspaper rivals speak politely of one another, and political candidates are supposed to refer to their "honored adversaries" as if they really honored them. It is considered bad form to heckle a public speaker—an incidental result of which sober convention is the utter dulness of American political speeches. A man was arrested in St. Louis last month for calling John Roach Straton a liar. It was otherwise in frontier days. Newspaper leader-writers sometimes comment on the change as a development of good manners; it is also an indication that people care less about political issues than they used to. When men really care, really believe that political issues are important, they say what they think of their opponents and call lies lies. We like it when "Al" Smith asks Mr. Hearst's editor to "notify Mr. Hearst that I say that [Hearst's statement] is a deliberate, wicked, unfounded lie," and continues "Mr. Hearst has the nerve of a Bengal tiger to be loafing in the splendor and grandeur of his palatial estate on the Pacific Coast and attempting to dictate the politics of the greatest city in the world." We like it, and we think that if "Al" Smith carries on he may succeed in making American politics interesting.

AT THE RIGHT, WALL STREET. At the left, a Chinese port, little square-sailed Chinese junks filling the harbor. And marching across the page—from Wall Street to China—American marines. It sounds like one of those "fantasies" for which *The Nation* is so often condemned when it warns of the danger of American imperialism. It appears in the *Nation's Business*, the organ of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, issue for September, pages 18 and 19. The inscription beneath reads:

> It's all very well to talk of New York as the center of international finance, but—is our Government going to change its policy and protect American interests abroad? During such convulsions as shake China, for instance?

The pictures illustrate an article by W. L. Clause, chairman of the board of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, expressing doubts regarding the wisdom of the bankers in lending so much money to European countries. "The world has grown to take it for granted," Mr. Clause remarks, "that the British fleet is ready to protect an Englishman or his interests, wherever situated. Is our Government ready to take a similar position?" He may sleep quietly o' nights. The American Government is ready. It is on the job. American marines are policing the streets of Shanghai today; within a decade they have landed in at least eight Latin-American republics. The picture of the marines sent by Wall Street to China is more than a manufacturer's dream; it is American history.

THE NEW YORK *HERALD TRIBUNE* of a recent date printed an advertisement for an office assistant. We should like to help fill this position if anyone can be found who will suit. So we print herewith the necessary qualifications; it is specifically requested that no one apply who is not possessed of all of them. The candidate, who may write to H5 *Herald Tribune*, Harlem, must be

> A lady;
> Twenty-five years old;
> An Episcopalian;
> Of American parentage for two generations;
> A first-class stenographer and typist;
> Without rouge;
> Without sleeveless gowns;
> Without bobbed hair.

We once heard of a young woman who would have fitted this description, but if we remember rightly she married a missionary and was later eaten by cannibals. We have never heard of another; and if such a young woman does exist we doubt if H5's offer would attract her. She could do better in the side-show of a circus. H5 offers $25 a week.

What China Asks

IT has taken the powers almost two months and a half to answer China's note of June 24 following the disturbances in Shanghai and elsewhere. During that time they have carried on negotiations among themselves to arrive at a unanimous position in regard to the Chinese demands and—what is even more important—a unanimous manner and tone of voice. The result is a colorless compromise between the amiability supposed to characterize the United States and the gruff, colonial-imperialist attitude of Great Britain. The note is polite but cautious; it commits the nine powers accepting the agreement of 1922 to nothing more concrete than further investigation and discussion along the lines laid down by the Washington Conference. The powers have learned little from recent events.

What China wants, in general, is freedom—freedom from every sort of foreign interference, suppression, and uninvited advice, not to mention actual foreign control and sovereignty. What she wants more especially and immediately is a modification of foreign customs regulations and the abolition of extraterritoriality. The powers meet these demands with nothing but polite generalities and counter-demands.

They are "prepared to consider the Chinese Government's proposal for the modification of existing treaties in measure as the Chinese authorities demonstrate their willingness and ability to fulfil their obligations and to assure the protection of foreign rights and interests now safeguarded by the exceptional provisions of those treaties." This means in plain terms that the powers have not the slightest intention of doing anything until they are absolutely forced to. They know as well as the Chinese themselves do that domestic tranquillity is forever impossible in

the face of continued foreign control. China must have independence before it is able to obtain the prestige, the power, and the financial strength to combat internal disorder and decentralization. Such words are plainly provocative.

The powers admit that foreign tariff control may have become burdensome to China and they declare themselves willing to appoint delegates to the Special Conference on Chinese Tariff Matters provided for in the treaty of February 6, 1922, and to discuss a revision of the treaties. But even this modest proposal to carry out promises more than three years old will be taken up only upon evidence of a mending of China's fiscal ways. As for relinquishing extraterritoriality, the powers are ready to form a commission to proceed to China and determine "what, if any, steps may be taken"—a phrase which is repeated twice over as if to insure its irritating effect.

This note is nothing more than a reiteration of the intentions voiced at the Washington Conference—and forgotten as soon as it was over. Perhaps one should be thankful that it is nothing less. The British press in China and many of the foreign merchants of all nationalities have been howling for intervention, which would mean endless bloodshed and the likelihood of extending foreign control still further.

And now resentment has again flared into open protest which, as before, has ended in death and disorder. Three Chinese were killed by British police in Shanghai on September 7 in the course of a demonstration which began in the Chinese city and proceeded peacefully through the French concession only to be blocked when it entered the International Settlement. According to the fragmentary accounts at hand, the police shoved the crowd back to the edge of the French concession and "it was here that the shooting took place." The police reserves were ordered out and the Shanghai Volunteer Corps got ready for action. Since no impartial inquiry has ever been made into the circumstances of the previous Shanghai shootings, it is not to be expected that this latest affair will be investigated or the guilty persons punished. But native anger will raise new protests, new disorders will occur, and new murders will doubtless be committed. The end will be bloodshed and lasting enmity unless—well, unless the powers meet the situation with something more than the futile gestures of conciliation contained in their recent note.

China can never be terrorized into submission. In the past it has been cajoled and put off with promises, but even that chance has gone. China is self-conscious and determined and angry; even its less politically minded classes have been roused to bitterness. It wants no more discussion regarding "what, if any, steps may be taken." It has decided what steps must be taken, and behind this decision is the incalculable power of China's economic strength. The powers have been stirred to a semblance of action by the killing of a couple of students and the protest of their comrades; by a strike in Shanghai and a few anti-foreign outbreaks in other cities. But China has only begun to protest. Will the powers meet her demands with machine-guns and empty words? Will they let events sweep past them and make every concession too late to have it do any good? If the British dominate future negotiations—as they seem to have dominated the recent ones—there is small hope of a peaceful solution.

The Evidence of Things Seen

A NEW Dr. Stockman, unmindful of the fate of his predecessor, has arisen in Denmark. Demanding that a certain small town shall destroy its chief source of income in the interests of truth, he, too, is finding that the defender of the ideal is more likely than not to seem to the practically minded an enemy of the people. This time, however, it is not polluted baths but suspicious relics about which the controversy centers. The town is Elsinore and the subject the most famous prince ever produced in that region.

For some years, so it seems, tourists have flocked to view the castle of Kronborg, where the ghost of Hamlet's father made night hideous, to gaze with respect upon the pyramid which marks the grave of Hamlet himself, and to drop a tear into the waters of "Ophelia's Well." The burghers have prospered, and so far as is known no tourist has ever complained that he had not got his money's worth in spite of the fact that a little antiquarian research would reveal three facts: first, that the castle was completed in 1585, some centuries after the date assigned to Hamlet by students of Saxo-Grammaticus, the earliest known recorder of his legend; second, that the pyramid was constructed in the eighteenth century; and, third, that the connection of Ophelia with the well in question is decidedly dubious. Now a native has arisen to suggest that the monument over the grave be destroyed and the visitor generally disillusioned. The result, of course, is a raging controversy. Johannes Jensen, known in this country as the author of "The Long Journey," thinks it "unworthy of a cultured nation" to encourage fraud; but hotel-keepers and the like are not so enthusiastic in their devotion to pure truth.

It is no new thing to discover that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark and no new thing, for that matter, to find relics not at all what they should be. Though we are not quite so credulous as once we were, we are still credulous enough, and those who embark upon a pilgrimage do not generally risk their pleasure by demanding too rigid proof of the authenticity of things admired. Doubtless we should be a little more skeptical than were those Crusaders who bought without question great quantities of precious Christian relics from the pagans and flooded Europe with so many fragments of the Holy Tree, bits of the crown of thorns, and similar bric-a-brac that Mark Twain was forced to complain of having been called upon to admire enough different nails from the True Cross to fill a keg. Doubtless, too, we should not value as highly as did Pope Innocent VII the lance, sent him by Bajazet, with which Longinus was said to have pierced the side of Christ, nor quite understand the spirit in which Alexander VI received a tunic worn by Jesus which, so documents state, had been sent him by the same Sultan in part payment for a promise to murder Prince Djem. Yet it is still customary in England to point out the oldest portion of any castle as "Caesar's Tower"; one may learn some strange bits of history from a Parisian guide; and the director of classical studies in the American Academy at Rome once confessed to us his delight in frequenting the Forum for the purpose of seeing the remarkable bits pointed out by Italian guides.

As for America, there is Leif Ericson's Tower on the river Charles, to say nothing of the vast number of beds in which Washington slept and the flock of houses which served

as "headquarters" during the Revolution. In certain parts of Illinois there is scarcely a village which does not boast of a roof under which Lincoln, when he was riding the circuit, spent the night. Doubtless it would not be too difficult for an energetic denizen of the Catskills to lure passing strangers to the precise spot where Rip Van Winkle spent 7,305 nights. Worm-eaten bowling-barrels, a musket rusted almost beyond recognition, and a decayed dog-collar might be exhibited not without effect. Who knows where Pocahontas saved John Smith or where Hiawatha did his wooing? Doubtless someone says he does, and is profiting by it.

To enjoy such things one needs only that temporary suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith, and so, on the whole, we are rather on the side of the innkeepers in the present case. Actual facts are important to antiquarians and with their integrity we would not tamper, but anyone who can be made seriously to believe that an eighteenth-century pyramid was built by a contemporary of Hamlet will never be an antiquarian anyway. As the Duke of Wellington said to a man who rushed up to him at a reception with the words "Mr. Muggins, I believe," "A man who will believe that will believe anything." We suggest that the custodian at Elsinore exhibit to his visitors both "the skull of Hamlet when he was a man" and "the skull of Hamlet when he was a little boy." The visitors will believe him.

He Built Ships

FAME, it has often been observed, is a fickle jade. She applauds generals who lead thousands to slaughter or to be slaughtered; she crowns with laurel politicians who fool the people with quack or opportunist statecraft; she illumines with her spotlight railroad manipulators, Wall Street gamblers, prize-fighters, and millionaires who have become such through the sale of patent medicines. But how often does she glorify the true builders of the world, the men who in various ages have been responsible for the distinctive contributions of their eras to civilization?

How many Americans, for example, have ever heard of Donald McKay? Few indeed of those whose heroes have been created for them by our school histories and our daily newspapers. Yet McKay was one of the true and great builders of American civilization. He built ships. He not only built ships but he built the greatest ships of our greatest period of ship-building and ship-sailing. He was the builder preeminent of the clipper-ship era of the middle of the past century, when America held the world's pennant for the mightiest and the speediest vessels afloat.

McKay did his best work about three-quarters of a century ago and has been dead for forty-five years, but he has never been nationally commemorated, and only today is an effort under way to erect a memorial to him in Boston. In Boston it should be because it was there that he built most of his ships and that city's reputation on the seas is predominantly due to his genius and industry. In connection with the effort to raise a memorial, there is an exhibition in the Marine Museum in the Old State House in Boston of models of some of McKay's more famous vessels, so that at last a measure of public recognition may come to a man to whom it is long overdue.

McKay, although contributing so much to American ship-building, was not a native of the United States. He was a "Bluenose," born in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, of Scotch ancestry, but he emigrated to New York City while still in his teens and served a ten-year apprenticeship there in ship-building. Then he established a yard of his own in Newburyport, Massachusetts, removing soon after to Boston, where in 1846 he turned out the New World, whose 1,404 tons made her the largest merchantman of her time. McKay was not the originator of the clipper hull. It is a question to whom that honor should go. The clipper hull, like many other milestones of progress, was an evolution to which a number of persons contributed. The Rainbow, owned by William H. Aspinwall, one of the pioneer tea merchants of New York City, was perhaps the first authentic clipper ship. Her water-line was concave instead of convex both at the bow and the stern, and the great speed which she showed doomed thenceforth the "cod's head and mackerel tail" which had been the technique of ship-builders up to that time. But although McKay did not originate the clipper ship he was the man who made it famous. A couple of years after the launching of the New World gold was discovered in California, and ship-owners were besieged and beseeched to carry prospectors to El Dorado—and carry them fast. Some 160 ships were built in four years. It was a golden era for ship-builders and ship-owners as well as for gold diggers.

McKay's first notable contribution to the Cape Horn-California fleet was the famous Flying Cloud. She raced the Challenge, commanded by the notorious "Bully" Waterman, to San Francisco, and won by nineteen days. In spite of a mutinous crew and of twice carrying away considerable portions of her rigging, she made the passage in eighty-nine days, a record never bettered by a sailing-ship, although the Comet later covered the course in the opposite direction—for which the prevailing winds are more favorable—in six days' less time. In the summer of 1852 McKay gave to the waters the Sovereign of the Seas. She measured 2,421 tons, a new record in size. She was sent out to San Francisco in command of Lauchlin McKay, a brother of the builder. She made some remarkable passages, including one from New York to Liverpool when for five successive days she outran the steamship Canada of the Cunard Line, in all by 325 miles. In 1853 McKay surpassed himself for size; in the Great Republic, of 4,555 tons, he built the hugest of the clipper ships. She was a four-masted bark, spreading more than 15,000 square yards of canvas. But she was so big that no ship-owner wanted to buy her and McKay had to operate the vessel himself.

McKay's greatest triumph in speed was in the celebrated Lightning, which he built for the Australian Black Ball Line of James Baines in 1854. Under "Bully" Forbes, who coined the slogan "Melbourne or Hell in sixty days," the Lightning made phenomenal passages, but never accomplished the boast of her skipper. Previous to this, however, the Lightning had established herself as the world's fastest sailing vessel for all time by a run of 436 miles in twenty-four hours, an average of more than eighteen miles an hour, a speed of which no steamship of that day was capable. The James Baines, which was launched soon after the Lightning, was probably actually as fleet. She never quite equaled the Lightning in a twenty-four-hour run, but her log credited her at one time with a speed of twenty-one miles an hour—a marvelous performance for a craft borne by the wind.

King Calvin

DOES Calvin Coolidge think that he is King of the United States or a Fascist dictator, à la Mussolini? His attempt to dismiss Bert E. Haney, Democratic member of the United States Shipping Board, is a serious matter. It is another chapter in the shocking story which United States Senator George W. Norris tells on another page of this issue of *The Nation*.

President Coolidge telegraphed on August 27 to Commissioner Haney:

> It having come to my attention that you are proposing to remove Admiral Palmer contrary to the understanding I had with you when I reappointed you, your resignation from the United States Shipping Board is hereby requested.

Mr. Haney, in the first place, denies having made any pre-appointment bargain with Calvin Coolidge; and, in the second place, he gives several cogent reasons which, he thinks, are sufficient basis for seeking to remove Admiral Palmer from his post in the Emergency Fleet Corporation. But these are secondary questions. The shocking thing in this matter is President Coolidge's presumption that he has a royal right to lay down pre-appointment conditions for prospective members of federal commissions and boards, and thus to dictate their course of action. Mr. Haney was perfectly right in replying to the President with this stinging rebuke:

> Obviously, Mr. President, to have given you any such promise as that implied by your telegram would have amounted to a total disregard of my oath of office and my obligation to Congress, whose sole agent I am. Such a promise and disregard of my official oath and the consummation of such an understanding would have obligated me to support the administration of the Merchant Marine Act by the president of the Fleet Corporation, however inefficient, notwithstanding the fact that the law imposed upon me, as a commissioner of the Shipping Board, the duty to support and maintain an efficient administration.
>
> The board, when once appointed by the President in conformity with the statute, is an independent agency of the United States Government and is vested by the statute with large and important discretionary powers which the members thereof are compelled to exercise independently of any other governmental agency so long as the law is in force, and, with the exception of the power of removal for causes specified in the act, the members of the board are responsible only to the legislative body.

For a member of the Shipping Board to disregard his own judgment and accept dictation even from the President of the United States would constitute, as Mr. Haney says, a violation of his oath of office. Yet that is what Calvin Coolidge asked Bert E. Haney to do. The Shipping Board is not a marine secretariat attached to the office of the President; it is an independent agency, and its powers and functions are prescribed by act of Congress, duly signed by the then President. Provision was made to include in it members of the two great political parties and representatives of the different sections of the country. This was done for the purpose of insuring variety of view and independence of argument. It is a dangerous thing when the President of the United States makes secret bargains with men whom he appoints to office. Mr. Haney was named as a Democrat, and the theory of the law requiring the nomination of a Democrat was that the Democrat would frequently disagree with his Republican colleagues. Mr. Coolidge does not want him to disagree. He wants "safe" Democrats, Democrats who cannot be distinguished from Coolidge Republicans. He wants to nullify the purpose of the law.

If this were an isolated instance it might be reasonable to pass it by as a blunder. But Mr. Coolidge has demonstrated by his actions in other cases that it is more than a blunder. It is his policy. He wants to destroy the independence of the federal commissions, and make them do his will—big business's will. Not merely Mr. Coolidge but a dangerously large section of the American public approves this Fascist policy, this nullification of the laws of the country. Senator Norris's article in this issue of *The Nation* might well be entitled Calvin Coolidge Bores from Within. It recounts other instances in which President Coolidge has misused his power of appointment to pack the federal commissions with men opposed to the policies which they are required by law to carry out.

Senator Norris's is a moderate and restrained article, but it has a curious history. It was not written originally for *The Nation;* it was composed at the request of the Washington representative of another New York magazine, who read it, praised it, and said that the country needed that kind of plain speaking. When the article reached the editor in New York, however, it was rejected. It then went to another so-called "progressive" magazine, whose editor commented that while "personally" he would like to print it he felt that the tide of public opinion was running too strong in the other direction. Here again is a revelation of the unseen danger which threatens the country. Not only do leaders of public opinion want to see the President nullify the constitutional powers of Congress, but they have so frightened and cowed the public that even so-called progressive editors do not dare to point out the danger. "The tide is running in the other direction," and these editors fear the possible loss of circulation which might come if they buck it. They are precisely like the politicians they condemn, who look for the bandwagon of popular issues and jump aboard, regardless of their own beliefs and records.

Bert Haney has refused to resign, and the President cannot remove him except for malfeasance, neglect, or incompetence, of which he is not accused. The President can and, it may be assumed, will refuse to reappoint him. But Bert Haney's fate is not particularly important except as a symbol. The American people have an issue to face—the issue between the kind of Fascism which big business wants and the democracy provided for in the Constitution and expressed through Congress. Mussolini is Prime Minister, Minister of War, Minister of the Navy, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in Italy. There is not a board or bureau in Italy that would dare dispute or argue with him, and the Italian Parliament is a joke. Do our business men and the editors who lambaste Congress for having opinions of its own want to remake America on the model of Mussolini's Italy? Or will the people insist upon agents with opinions of their own?

Boring from Within

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

LAWS enacted for the protection of life and property and for the regulation of transportation and business are of no value and of no effect if the executive department of government fails or neglects to enforce them. Recent executive appointments, made ostensibly for the purpose of giving effect to legislative acts of Congress, have raised a query in the minds of millions of law-abiding citizens as to whether a studied effort is not under way to put into office executive officials who are not honestly in sympathy with the enforcement of many of our regulatory laws. Appointments recently made to the Interstate Commerce Commission, to the Federal Trade Commission, and the action of the Executive with regard to the Tariff Commission, together with the appointment of Mr. Warren to be the head of the Department of Justice, all indicate that it is the intention of the present Administration to place representatives of so-called "big business" in charge of all the activities of the federal government. I do not charge that any of the men appointed to the various positions are dishonest or incompetent, but without exception so far as I know every appointee has been some one who has no sympathy with the various acts of Congress passed for the purpose of regulating different activities but on the other hand believes that there should be practically no restraining hand placed upon trusts and monopolies.

The appointment of Mr. Warren as Attorney General would under ordinary circumstances have shocked the sensibilities of all our citizens. Virtually all his business life had been spent—very profitably spent—in carrying on the activities of the Sugar Trust. It stands uncontradicted that he, more than any other one man, was instrumental in organizing sugar factories in parts of the West in accordance with the wishes and the desires of Mr. Havemeyer, the head of the great Sugar Trust. These activities had ceased only a very short time before his appointment. It is fresh yet in the minds of all people that but a few years ago the Sugar Trust was engaged in a gigantic and stupendous scheme to deprive the government of millions of revenue. Both the producers of sugar beets and the consumers of sugar have been for many years more or less subject to the iniquities and the manipulations of this gigantic trust. The anti-trust law was passed to save the people of the country, both producers and consumers, from the manipulations of such unholy organizations as this. To appoint one of the representatives of this gigantic monopoly as the head of the great Department of Justice, whose duty it is to protect the people from this wrong and to prosecute those who are guilty of violating the anti-trust laws, is, in every practical sense, a nullification of these laws, as effective as a repeal by act of Congress.

The appointment of Mr. Woodlock as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission was another illustration of this scheme. Although the Senate had twice refused to confirm him, he was given a recess appointment and is now a member of that great commission. It is no secret that he is a railroad man. Everybody understands his viewpoint. His connection with the *Wall Street Journal* and his official connection with some of the great railroads of the country absolutely disqualify him in every moral sense from holding a position on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Let us ask ourselves: What is the excuse for the existence of the Interstate Commerce Commission? The original act came as the result of years of agitation, a demand almost unanimous on the part of shippers and consumers all over the Republic, that the railroads should be regulated; in response to that just and fair sentiment Congress passed the law providing for the Interstate Commerce Commission. The only excuse for the existence of the commission is fairly and honestly to regulate the railroads so that they will not be able to take advantage of the millions of our citizens who must contribute to their support whether they desire to do so or not. Every human being in a civilized nation like ours has a direct interest in the regulation of railroads. Regardless of occupation or business, all of us who eat food or wear clothes must pay our proportionate share of the freight; and in addition to these millions there are the other millions of producers who are taxed by transportation charges upon everything they produce and must sell. This charge, it is true, cannot be eliminated. No honest man desires to eliminate it; but every honest citizen, regardless of his occupation or business, is interested and is anxious that the charge shall be just and fair. Assuming then that the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission was a wise provision of law, where is the man who would dare to say that after it is established it should be turned over to the very railroads that it is intended to regulate? This is in effect an absolute nullification of the law itself. If the railroads needed regulation—and the establishment of the commission assumes that—then fair, honest administration of the law would under no circumstances turn the management of the commission over to the very corporation that the commission is intended to regulate.

No charge of dishonesty is made against Mr. Woodlock. As far as I know he is able, and I presume he is perfectly conscientious, but his viewpoint disqualifies him for this position. He is put on a tribunal for the purpose of trying his own case, to regulate his own business. It would be like permitting a judge to try a case in which he was a party litigant. It would be the same as permitting the defendant in a law-suit to sit on the jury. The whole thing is contrary to the present-day civilization of justice and equality; and I submit that rather than turn the Interstate Commerce Commission over to railroad representatives, we ought to abolish the commission and permit the railroads to operate without a commission.

The same principle applies and the same course has been taken in the appointment of Mr. Humphrey as a member of the Federal Trade Commission. He is a courageous and able executive officer. He has held public office for many years, and we are not left in doubt as to his attitude on public questions. During all his public service his viewpoint has stood out prominently, he has been a fearless advocate of big business in all lines. His record discloses that he can have no sympathy with the small business man

who is protesting against unfair competition of trusts and monopolies. His appointment has changed the viewpoint of the commission. It now stands three to two in favor of the big-business idea.

What is the object of the Federal Trade Commission? The law was passed because it was thought that there was need of affording protection to the small business man against the monopoly and the machinations of trusts and combinations. Monopolistic concerns had, by unfair methods of competition, driven their competitors from the field, and the people of the country paid the expense in increased prices. Since Mr. Humphrey's advent this commission has decided that much of its business shall be transacted in secret. If the unfair business man goes before the commission and makes a secret promise that he will refrain from his illegal acts the entire matter is dismissed, no record is made, and the public gets no idea or knowledge of what actually transpired or happened. This means that a secret tribunal sits in judgment where the interests of all the people are involved and where millions of dollars are at stake.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the majority of the commission is perfectly honest and wants to do what is right, yet how long will it be until this secrecy brings fraud and corruption? The history of civilization demonstrates that one of the greatest evils of government is secrecy in governmental matters, and without exception history likewise demonstrates that no government has ever for any great length of time remained pure and just where the rights of men or property were subject to the adjudication of a tribunal whose deliberations took place in secret. Secret treaties have brought on many of the wars of the world. Secrecy in governmental affairs was one of the prime causes of the great World War. Secrecy in government through many years of struggle and hardship finally brought to ruin and degradation the great Russian government. Secrecy in a republic like ours is contrary to the very fundamental principles upon which our liberties rest. If the Federal Trade Commission, established for the purpose of protecting the small business man against the machinations of trusts and monopolies, is to be administered by men who believe that best results can be obtained by giving monopoly full sway, then why have the commission at all? If the men and corporations that are intended to be regulated by it are themselves to manage it and run it, then why not take the logical step—repeal the law and abolish the commission?

Another incident that illustrates the trend of the present Administration is the failure of the President to send the name of David J. Lewis, a member of the Tariff Commission, to the Senate, after he had given him a recess appointment. Again let us ask the question: What is the object of the Tariff Commission? It came after years of legislative struggle. Its object was to give the country as nearly as possible a scientific tariff—something that the country had never had. It was to establish a nonpartisan tribunal, a tribunal as free from prejudice and coercion as the Supreme Court itself, one that would gather the true facts necessary for the enactment of a tariff and lay these facts before the President and Congress. In order for the commission to accomplish any good or for its work to have any honest effect its investigations must be absolutely fair and its reports unshaded and untarnished, either by those opposed to any tariff or by those in favor of an unjustly high tariff. In the early part of the last Presidential campaign the commission was investigating the tariff on sugar. No one can deny the importance of such an investigation. Some wonderful disclosures came from that body. It appeared that there was at least one instance where members of the family of one of the commissioners, if not the commissioner himself, owned a large amount of stock the value of which was directly affected by the tariff. The term of office of Mr. Lewis, a member of the Tariff Commission, expired during this campaign. His ability, his honesty and integrity, and his courage have never been questioned. He was carrying out the spirit of the law in good faith. There were politicians who did not want this report on sugar made during the campaign. It would perhaps have been a political blunder to have refused a reappointment to Mr. Lewis at that particular time. The commission was nearly evenly divided. There were members who prior to their appointment had been known as lobbyists in favor of high-tariff schedules when tariff bills were pending before the committees of Congress. If a majority of the commission were composed of such men, then the work of the commission would be nullified. No one could have confidence in a report made by such a membership.

It seems to be the idea of those in control that the Tariff Commission should be composed of men whose whole lives disclose the fact that they have always advocated an exorbitantly high tariff. The action of the President would indicate that he is in sympathy with that idea. He reappointed Mr. Lewis during the campaign, but the appointment was only temporary; to become effective it required renewal when the Senate convened in December. By that time the campaign was over. The object of the temporary appointment had been accomplished, and the President declined to send the name of Mr. Lewis to the Senate, substituting someone else.

Thus one of the fairest and best men who ever sat on the commission was removed from office as soon as the campaign was over. But still the commission was not completely subject to the machinations of high-tariff barons. Mr. Culbertson and Mr. Costigan, members of that commission, who with Mr. Lewis had constituted a majority of it, were like him honestly and fearlessly carrying out the purpose of the law without fear or favor. Free traders on the one hand and high-tariff barons on the other had no effect upon their action. In order to further weaken the commission and to place it under the control of those who think the tariff ought to reach the sky Mr. Culbertson was given a diplomatic appointment. He was kicked upstairs in order to get him off the commission. I do not know what method can or will be taken to get rid of Mr. Costigan, if any. He still remains on the commission, standing there like a stone wall in the face of terrible opposition, striving to carry out the honest purposes of the act creating the commission. Let me in substance repeat my former question: Why have a tariff commission if we are to place it in control of tariff lobbyists and others interested in and believing in the mountain-high tariff? If the Tariff Commission is to become a one-sided tribunal, controlled by those who would use it only to bolster up a high tariff without regard to the truth, then why not let these people handle it directly instead of through the instrumentality of the commission? Why not after all abolish the commission and let those believing in special

interests control the tariff directly? It would be much cheaper to let them have their way by simply enacting their ideas into law instead of going through expensive machinery of compelling the taxpayers to pay for a commission that, after all, has no other object than to carry out the ideas of its masters.

All of these commissions were established for a definite purpose. They came into existence in answer to an honest demand for the work which the law delegates to them. The anti-trust laws are likewise on the statute-books for the purpose of curing admitted evils. Are we now to nullify these laws? Are we to go back to the beginning and permit monopoly to have full sway, without any governmental curb? The effect of these appointments is to set the country back more than twenty-five years. It is an indirect but positive repeal of Congressional enactments, which no Administration, however powerful, would dare to bring about by any direct means. It is the nullification of federal law by a process of boring from within. If trusts, combinations, and big business are to run the government, why not permit them to do it directly rather than through this expensive machinery which was originally honestly established for the protection of the people of the country against monopoly and control?

The Inquiring Reporter in Shanghai

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Drawings by Edith Christenson

PLACE: SHANGHAI, JULY, 1925. A general strike of several hundred thousand Chinese workers and students has been in progress for many weeks.

QUESTION

How do you feel about this strike?

ANSWERS

1. *The Leader of the Shanghai Student Union.* He is a slender, soft-voiced young man with long, white gown and thick-lensed glasses. Like most of the university leaders of China he speaks excellent English. He comes to me in a motor car hired by the strikers with his own secretary. He is the executive head of the organization which began the general strike after sixteen students and workers were shot down by the British police during a demonstration. He directed the strike speaking on that fatal day.

I would like you to understand first of all that this strike of the Chinese people is not bolshevik, not anti-Christian, and not anti-foreign. It is anti-imperialist. It is a human movement for human rights. It is directed chiefly against Great Britain and Japan because they are the worst offenders.

China has been forced by Western military powers to surrender rights which belong to her. The murder of students and workers by British police in Shanghai is only one incident of a long series. Our struggle will go on until we control our own national life.

We students are fighting with the workers because we believe in the workers' cause. I understand that your college students in America are very different from us. I understand that they are not much interested in labor and that they sometimes break strikes. It is inconceivable that a Chinese student should act as a strike-breaker. We are close to the workers in our thoughts. Some of us have gone out into the mills as manual workers to organize unions. Even now we are struggling against the conservatism of the Chamber of Commerce which is not so much concerned with the labor aims of this strike. We intend to stand by the workers until they get the right to organize and strike.

2. *A Refugee Missionary from the Interior.* He is a fundamentalist from Tennessee. He does not play checkers on Sunday. He calls me "brother."

What these people need is character. They lie and cheat and steal until the Lord Jesus Christ comes into their hearts. He is the only one who can save them. These students who have started the strike are flighty and irresponsible. Of course, they have many grievances, serious grievances, but they are not going about it in the right way to remedy those grievances. They don't want to study, so they raise Cain. Once in a while they go too far and the police have to stop them. If they will learn how to be honest and responsible the foreign governments will trust them with more power.

Have I any program for social reform in China? I do not mix in politics. I am a minister of Christ. We will have better politics when we have Christian character. Character is the root of the whole thing. Yes, I am going back to America. My mother is not feeling very well.

3. *A British Gentleman.* He wears a helmet and whites. His money is invested in silk mills. He writes anonymous letters to the London *Morning Post* signed "Fair Play." The works of Kipling stand next to the Bible in his library.

Of course this whole thing has been stirred up by the Bolsheviks working upon irresponsible young students. There is not a doubt about it. You may take Shanghai University as an example. The place has been a hotbed of soviet propaganda for years. When the police raided it they found some letters direct from Moscow. And what did the young devils do when they were caught red-handed? They lied about it and the Chinese papers repeated their lies. The strike leaders are getting fat off the money that is coming in, and the workers are kept away from the mills by intimidation. The police are taking a firm stand against the trouble-makers and every subject of the King ought to be proud of them. The strikers will come to their senses in a few days.

Then they will come back to us begging for work. Yes, we'll hire them, but we'll sack the agitators.

4. *A Coolie Strike-Breaker.* He is the song leader of a street gang of coolies who are pounding dirt back into a ditch by dropping a weight upon it suspended by a rope. He sings the main line in a high wail, while the rest join in on the chorus, dropping the weight back into the ditch with rhythmic beats. He is stripped to the waist, dripping sweat in the sun. He says:

Me no strike. Me work. Strike good—maybe yes. Me have children yes. Four children yes. Me get dollar day. Me work.

5. *The Secretary of the Electrical Workers' Union.* He is an emaciated little man with a face half dreamer, half prophet, young and eager, but very tired.

Labor unions have never been recognized in China, but we believe that before this strike is over they will be. Our membership in trade unions here in Shanghai has increased by over 100,000 since the strike began. It is true that the strike is chiefly a nationalist strike against imperialism, but we in the labor unions are determined that we will not go back to work until our organizations are recognized. Here is a contract which we will submit to the electrical employers tomorrow. It does not call for a raise in wages, but it demands the recognition of the union.

Yes, we take care of the strike-breakers very easily. We just drop around to their houses, take them out to some convenient lot and make them kneel down in a circle of strikers. We don't beat them up at all, but we make them sign a statement something like this: "I am a dirty low-down traitor to my fellow-workers." Then we take their pictures and this statement and hang them up where everybody can see. No, we don't have many strike-breakers.

6. *An American Marine.* His rifle-butt rests on the sidewalk while he gazes at the passing crowd with the bored paternalism of a traffic cop. He is quartered at Shanghai University by order of the British authorities because it has been discovered that this university is a center of radical student leadership.

Naw, I don't know much about the strike. Awful hot, isn't it? Better pay your ricksha man two double dimes to the station. If he kicks on that, just swat him in the face.

Yeah, we march in fours. Got to be careful. If the chinks catch us alone it's all up. Yeah, the student crowd is mostly reds.

Godamn dull here. Nothin' much to do.

7. *A Chinese Business Man.* He is a member of the national Chinese Chamber of Commerce which has officially supported the Shanghai strike. He is dignified, suave. He looks like a picture of Li Hung Chang.

The important thing about this strike is that it symbolizes the Chinese movement for economic self-government. We are learning to use economic weapons for China and perhaps we may show the foreigners that our boycott is more effective than their guns. We are not going to buy any more British and Japanese goods. The British and Japanese goods that we have on hand will be sold under supervision of a committee. After that we hope to develop our own industries. China has plenty of natural wealth and in time we can easily produce almost everything that we need. We do not object to foreign capital, but we want the foreign investors to remember that we are the hosts and they are the guests.

8. *A Chinese Graduate of Glasgow.* His English is faultless. His labor library is the best I have seen in the East. His pictures are hung in international exhibitions.

I am a pacifist, but I shall tell you a story that will show you how I feel about this strike. It will show you how hard it is to be a pacifist in China today.

There is a park here in Shanghai which is paid for chiefly by Chinese taxpayers, but no Chinese person is allowed to enter it. One day I was walking by this park when I saw a Sikh policeman chase away a group of ricksha men from the gate, curse them, and deliberately tip over one of the rickshas. He had lost his temper because one of the men had come too close to the forbidden territory. He took the license of one of the ricksha men away from him while the poor fellow stood here in the road with the tears streaming down his face. I walked over to the Sikh policeman and said:

"If I were hired by the British to police India for them, I would never treat your countrymen as you are treating these ricksha men."

He cooled down very quickly and was about to give the license back to the ricksha man when two Englishmen came up. They said to me:

"What are you doing here interfering with this policeman? Don't argue with us. You have no business here. You're nothing but a damned Chinaman. Get out of here."

They said that to me in China.

The Cheat

By RUTH JANET BARBER

Young thunder-dark Tobias, with his dour
Black eyes, with all his stern contemptuous power
Compelled from men who mutter while they cower,

I dreamed I met, far off in Paradise,
Where in the white light of the wholly wise
His ghost had melted into two sad eyes.

And even in Heaven I felt the importunate will
That made me walk beside him, made him still
Fling his wild words athwart the starry hill.

Among the jacinth stars they fell, and rose
In mist-like wraiths of drifting wind-tossed snows,
Figures of men in faint satyric pose;

For words like men have an immortal side.
These flaunted velvet gowns the wind blew wide.
One saw them beggars with a leprous hide.

Workers in Palestine

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE building activity of the Jews in Palestine ranks as an achievement next to the reclaiming and cultivation of the soil. It is largely the result of the labor of the last five years and is due to the activities of the cooperative building guild called Solelboneh.

When, at the end of the World War, the gates of Palestine were reopened to immigration, the half-ruined agricultural colonies were totally unable to absorb the immigrants who sought to settle in the land. The first necessity, moreover, for further settlement and for the actual opening of the land was the construction of roads. Since there were no capitalistic companies to hire laborers and bid for government contracts, the laborers, most of them newcomers and unaccustomed to hard manual toil, organized the Solelboneh guild for building and public works and built those magnificent roads that opened up the entire northern part of the country.

Training its men, who had been students and indoor workers, to acquire the skill and endure the hardships of their new occupations, the Solelboneh next proceeded to relieve the scarcity of dwellings in the country. Through Zionist initiative mortgage banks were established; a staff of able engineers and architects guided the work; the incomparable adaptability of the Jewish worker was made clear.

Since those earlier days the Solelboneh has not only built the greater part of Tel-Aviv, but the new residential quarters of Jerusalem, of Haifa, of Tiberias. It has constructed public buildings of all kinds, ranging from the beautiful convalescent home for workers at Mozah to the massive electric station at Tel-Aviv. It has erected dwelling-houses, factories, schools, hospitals; it has continued its road-building and has constructed barns and stables throughout the colonies. It has built houses of silicate-brick, of cement blocks, of stone, of reinforced concrete, and has mastered the necessary technique with faultless efficiency. One of its most extraordinary achievements is the construction of the imperial war cemetery and memorial at Beer-Sheba. Yet this is only one of the many tasks which the guild has performed for the Palestinian Government, for the municipalities and railways, and for the Military Administration.

These dry facts take on human significance as one actually recalls the arches and spacious halls of the Mozah convalescent home and visualizes once more the new pillars and capitals of that building which seem to have grown on that hill-side from which one sees the taller hills on which Jerusalem stands. In the new quarters of Beth Hakerem and Talpioth in Jerusalem, in Bath Ganim and Hakarmel near Haifa, in the Kiryat Shemuel quarter of Tiberias there are houses, both large and small, which answer every need of comfort, of beauty, of adaptability to the climate and the landscape of the country. Finally one recalls the wooden bridge that spans the Jordan near Dagania, the new house of the commune, and the road from Tiberias to Semach. Without initial capital and without government subsidy the Jewish workers in cooperation are building roads and cities, even as they have drained swamps, planted forests, and tilled the ruined earth to produce beauty and fertility.

The Solelboneh is, of course, only one among several associations of Jewish workers in Palestine. Some of these cooperatives are practical, some political in their character. They are all united in the Central Organization of Jewish Workers (Histadruth haklalith shel haovdim haivrim), whose headquarters are in the Workers' House of Tel-Aviv —a white house of two stories in the overwhelming light. Upstairs a small, shaded room—half library, half rude council chamber. As everywhere in Palestine, except in a few private houses, complete austerity, complete carelessness of comfort. There is the burning idea . . . there is the work to be done . . . that is all. A man has come there to talk to me about the workers—a spare man in careless clothes with the hands of a laborer except for the shape of the fingers, which are slim and mobile, with sunken cheeks and very speaking eyes, a good high forehead, a bristling mustache over a slightly protruding, ugly, eloquent mouth. He has to talk to me through an interpreter. He has spoken Hebrew so exclusively for so long that he has lost command of the languages of Galuth. I can watch him all the better for that reason; I can fathom all the more completely the utter earnestness, simplicity, single-mindedness of the man, wanting nothing for himself, everything for the workers, for the land, for the days and the generations to come. . . .

He spoke with the air of one who is not fond of speaking nor born to speak. A rather silent man originally, but forced into speech by the duty of communicating the character of the work he had at heart; speaking well precisely because he did not care for speech.

> Our aim is the regeneration of the working powers of the Jewish people. We want to render Jewish work both economically and culturally productive. In order to attain this end we workers sink all party differences. They exist but they do not divide. And that is so because, beyond theories and party platforms, we are trying to learn what to do from life itself. We really harbor no theory that is antecedent to practice. We workers must be the constructive element in Eretz Israel, and in order to be that we must seek what unites, not what divides. And what is it that unites us here? Everywhere in the world we live and labor as German Jews or English or Polish or American Jews. Here we are Jewish Jews. Here we face for the first time not the question of the right to labor but of the possibilities of labor. Here, for the first time, our labor can be creative.
>
> In all the lands of the Galuth we live at the expense of others. We work within an economic structure, an economic organization built by others. Culturally as well as economically we trade with the fundamental values, the *Urwerte*, created by others. We become the carriers and continuers of the creative values of others. Thence arises the nations' instinct of opposition to us. Since we realize this it follows that in Eretz Israel we do not combat anti-Semitism. We are quite freed from that external conflict. Our conflict, our struggle here is an inner one: how to become a productive people.
>
> What is given us here is the earth on which we can become a creative folk. It is this thought that unites the workers; an overwhelming majority of the workers desires this end, strains after this aim. And the workers

know that this aim can be achieved only by national work, not by class struggle. There are Marxists in the land, undoubtedly. But they, too, join in the great, national, concerted effort toward rendering Israel a productive people.

Our experiments in the land extend over forty years. And we found that as long as work was dependent on private initiative or philanthropic aid, there was no renewal of life. There were employers and employed and many of the employed were not Jews, and so the old conflicts and problems arose that have always arisen in the lands of the Galuth. It was only when we began to work out of a national and cooperative initiative that there arose the Jewish worker, that we began to see the possibilities of a renewal in the economic, the political, and the moral life of the nation. For, observe, private initiative needs profit. Profit means the export of goods. And the export of goods means dependence on the outer world. What we desire, above all, is to be self-sustaining, to export only an excess of commodities. This is the aim of the workers' cooperative experiments in town and country, of the guild, the Kvuzah,[1] the Moshav ovdim.[2] . . .

He stopped and leaned his head a little wearily on his hand. But almost instantly he brightened up again with a fine, though somber flash:

Remember, please: We seek the way! All of our present experiments of social organization may be changed, may be, nay, probably will be transcended. Only—all land and all values and all properties belong to the nation and there must be no hired labor and no exploitation; there must be neither oppressors nor oppressed. Thus the cooperative organizations regulate the conditions of labor and consumers' associations, such as the Hamashbir, regulate prices. These associations are controlled and, if need be, checked by the banks, by the nation itself. But the ordinary safeguards and checks against excessive labor demands are not needed, since the workers are inspired by good sense and good-will and desire not the profit of their class or of any class, but the increasing freedom and productivity of all Israel. This aim of the workers is constantly emphasized and intensified by the cultural work of the Histadruth or Great Organization. The organization employs one hundred people in its cultural work alone. It arranges courses in the Hebrew language and lectures; it operates evening schools; it sends out teachers to special groups for special purposes; it sends out traveling libraries in all languages to the remotest farms and labor-camps; it publishes pamphlets and books; it maintains reading-rooms; it has organized concert associations and choruses and is at work on the beginnings of a people's theater.

I have let this man speak very much as he spoke to me, since, as he himself so frankly admitted, both historic and economic theories are transitory. Spiritual facts and values alone are permanent. I do not know enough to exercise any criticism of his tentative economic theories. I am sure that his interpretation of the position of Israel in Galuth is narrow and romantic and discredited by the very fallacies of the anti-Semite. All honest work is productive work. I am not unaware—how could I be?—of the fact that the Jewish artist and thinker seems often in Galuth, especially under the gaze of hostile eyes, to be working with the fundamental values, the *Urwerte*, of others. The deeper truth is that he is working, if he counts at all, with the *Urwerte* of mankind which are his as much as any others, that, like the better of his Gentile compeers, he transcends the national limitations through which he inevitably works and belongs to his own people, to the people among whom he lives and creates, and thus to all peoples.

But theories, as I have said, are transitory and formulations for a day. What I see is that dark, slim, earnest man in the Workers' House in Tel-Aviv. And behind him I see the many men and women, the workers, whom I met and with whom I spoke. It is their spirit and the spirit of their work that counts. They do not care for comfort or dainty food or well-made garments. They live as best they can. They live by the heat and the light of the flame within. Yet they are simple and human and cheerful and unpretentious and not given to sounding words or the gestures of the reformer. They take both their hardships and their ideas as a matter of course. They are building up the land of Israel. But greater than the task is the spirit of the task and the example of it. And that spirit and that example belong even now to the permanent possessions of all men and are becoming "part of our lives' unalterable good. . . ."

It belongs to the humanness of the situation that, outside of the Workers' House once more I met a young man who smiled rather sardonically. "You've been talking to our friend A. in there? Well, did you know that he's the executive secretary of the Hapoel Hazair (Young Workers' Party)? They're a terribly idealistic crowd!"

"They may be," I said. "But they represent a good many people. They had twenty-three delegates in the last Histadruth conference."

"True," he flung back. "But Achduth Haavodah (Palestinian branch of Poale Zion, World Zionist Socialist Party) had sixty-seven delegates."

"And are you people," I asked, taking it for granted that he belonged to the Poale Zion, "so very hard-boiled?"

He reflected for a moment. "I suppose not," he admitted. "Beyond all theoretical differences we do the same work and live the same life."

Now That These Two—

By JAMES RORTY

Now that these two have parted, let a word
Be said for the yellow
Bird that flew, and the billow
That broke on the sand, and the tree in which they heard
The patient wind consent
To all they said, and meant;

These will endure, even after his fashion the bird.
How exquisite is man and how unique,
How strangely strident, how oblique
From nature's habit, who can look unstirred
Upon the earth with veilèd eye,
And walk and talk and inly die!

Now that these two have parted, it may be said,
Perhaps, that they were right;
Something took flight,
And now one sees no raven bringing bread.
The sea has storms, whose shock
Loosens the lichen from the rock.

[1] Strictly cooperative group.
[2] Smallholders' village with cooperative management.

In the Driftway

THE recent controversy over Mr. Babe Ruth is only one of many arguments on the same theme: Are certain privileges to be accorded to genius which are denied the ordinary run of mankind? Mr. Ruth neglects the rules laid down by his manager for the conduct of a ball player working under very great pressure; the rules are doubtless salutary and conducive to more successful baseball. But they are nothing to the Home Run King; and Mr. Miller Huggins has not yet demonstrated that breaking the rules has ruined Mr. Ruth's home-run hitting proclivities. For the moment the matter is settled by having Mrs. Babe Ruth bound over to make her husband keep the peace—surely a thankless and unwanted task. Actually the matter can never be settled, for it is a perpetual question. And the unfortunate thing about it for the Miller Hugginses of the world is that genius is remembered when all their rules lie dusty and forgotten.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not old enough to remember when the first genius stepped out and on the prejudices of his tribe, but he can readily imagine the scene. The man has shown a skill at trapping that is the despair of his fellows; he seems to have advance information of the movements of the beasts, to make traps more cunning than have ever been devised, to bait them more neatly, to walk more quietly away from the spot and disturb as he moves fewer branches to betray the presence of his contrivance. He never fails to make a catch; he always has meat to eat. He is, in many ways, an admirable fellow. But he will not observe the ancient customs about the kill; he kills at any time of the moon, at any spot, with any shape or color of weapon. A council is held over his delinquency; he is urged and then commanded to mend his ways; but though he promises, sooner or later he transgresses again. There is, obviously, nothing to do but kill him; how else shall the taboos be observed? It is true that after his death there is less to eat, for he had always been generous about dividing the spoils; but better starve than fail to observe the ancient customs; they have been good for others, why not also for him?

* * * * *

THERE is always less to eat after a genius has been disposed of by the herd. And before that happens, the genius is always a trial to his family. For one Miss Jane Austen, who sat quietly at her desk and composed her novels and was always willing to be interrupted by any family duty, there have been hundreds who cursed the sun when it rose because it broke in upon their night, or the darkness because it cut short their day, who sent their wives away in despair and permitted them to return on their knees, who would not make an honest living, who would not keep themselves clean, who would not be kind fathers or loving sons or faithful wives; and in general these tactics have earned only the scorn and dislike of their fellow-men. The Drifter will not attempt to solve the problem, to make a rule about breaking rules, to postulate how to live with a genius and be happy or how to excuse the genius to his less talented associates. His advice, as usual, is purely negative: avoid the genius as you would the plague; keep all rules away from him. He is anathema to common men; let him remain so. If unavoidably he comes in contact with current customs, wise men, freely admitting that the end will justify the means, will continue to let him go his way and foolish men will kill him. It is the herd's way and doubtless will continue to be, and the Drifter is not going to try, at his age, to change matters.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Praise of Marat

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was pleased to read your reviewer Mr. Gottschalk's rebuke of the latest biographical libeler of Jean Paul Marat. The People's Friend is surely the most maligned and foul abused of men. I have been irritated for some time by the many false accounts of him. A fine example of this pseudo-history is the very inaccurate biography of Marat in the Encyclopedia Americana, which is not a biography at all but a denunciation.

Not content with slandering Marat, the Americana eulogizes his assassin in lyrical terms, giving her an inch more space than her victim, and reviving the absurd myth of her lover who was murdered by Marat's hired assassins, which is only one of the many romantic reasons advanced for her action. After all, was not Charlotte Corday merely the mentally unbalanced murderess of a dying man?

The whole world admires the romantic figure of the aristocratic Lafayette, cantering with his police through the streets of Paris, ordering the death of the people whose revolt he had first led, and employing a regiment in a vain attempt to arrest one lone starving journalist, whose only weapons were his facile pen and his blazing sincerity, and whose only crime was to love liberty; while, like Thomas Paine, the heroic, self-sacrificing Marat is hated or forgotten in the very country which he helped to liberate. Such is the gratitude of democracies!

I close with the words of the vindicative Carlyle: "This poor Marat has faults enough; but against Liberty or Equality, what fault?"

Houston, Texas, August 13 WILLIAM F. ELLIS

Trial by Fury

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few summers ago a young, half-ignorant, and poorly paid Negro teacher attending a summer school in the South raised a money order from $4 to $14. She gave the money order in payment for her board bill of $3.50. The bookkeeper, not noticing the alteration, accepted the money order and simply wrote across it "$10.50 due," as he did not have the change. Later during the day the girl was given her change. The bookkeeper was a graduate from the business department of a well-known Northern college. The fraud, which was detected neither by the local banker nor by the local postmaster, was discovered by the inspector in Atlanta. The girl was arrested and the bookkeeper was called as the chief witness for the State. The Negro girl, through an influential white man, got a white lawyer to defend her. The bookkeeper was called to the stand. He was first examined by the State. Then the lawyer for the girl began his examination.

LAWYER. What is your name?

BOOKKEEPER. John Doe.

LAWYER. Where do you live?

BOOKKEEPER. In X (in a Southern State).

LAWYER (impatiently). Nigger, you know what I mean. Where were you born?

BOOKKEEPER. In Y (a Northern State).

LAWYER. See, gentlemen of the jury, here is one of these

yaller Northern niggers. Doe, what do you do at the school?

BOOKKEEPER. I'm the bookkeeper.

LAWYER. Bookkeeper! I didn't know any nigger knew anything about bookkeeping. What do you do?

The bookkeeper explained his work. The lawyer then passed the altered money order to him.

LAWYER. Doe, have you ever seen that money order before?

BOOKKEEPER (after examining it). Why, yes, I recognize my notation of $10.50 for change.

LAWYER (triumphantly). You see, gentlemen of the jury, this yaller nigger, Doe, raised the money order. Look how he is dressed. A dude. A yaller Northern nigger all dressed up. Raises a money order to buy a new pair of pants. Doe, didn't you raise that money order to buy a new pair of pants?

BOOKKEEPER. What advantage could it have been to me? Only the girl or the school could have gained by the counterfeit.

LAWYER. You see, gentlemen of the jury, this is one of those smart yaller Northern niggers. Doe, you yaller nigger, own up that you raised that money order.

BOOKKEEPER. I did not.

LAWYER. Gentlemen of the jury, Doe is a yaller nigger. He is a Northern nigger. Now, gentlemen of the jury, you know how he got yaller. Now, are you going to let him get away. Doe, you yaller nigger you, are you going to confess?

BOOKKEEPER. I have nothing to confess.

LAWYER. Doe, you yaller, Charlie-Chaplin mustache, carpet-bagger nigger, you raised that money order to buy clothes to dress up in like a sport. Gentlemen of the jury, are you going to let this yaller, Charlie-Chaplin mustache, carpet-bagger nigger get away with this?

JUDGE (interrupting). You can call Doe all the kinds of niggers you want, but don't refer to the State he is from.

The prosecuting attorney also interrupted to say that Doe's mustache was as well arranged as the lawyer's. The lawyer, in closing his argument, emphasized again to the jury that the bookkeeper was a "yaller nigger" from the North and cautioned those gentlemen to bear in mind, especially, why he was yellow.

The jury deliberated for nearly two hours; they decided the girl was the guilty one.

Atlanta, Georgia, September 3 E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

Control Through Cooperation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The economic despotism through which big business rules the American people is made possible by control of the federal government in all its branches. But suppose La Follette and Wheeler and a Progressive Congress had been elected last fall, what would have resulted in the business world? Without doubt the interests back of Coolidge, who also own or control the nation's forests, mines, electric power, transportation, basic industries, public utilities of all kinds—the raw material and economic machinery of the country—would have shut down business and produced hard times overnight to punish the voters for trying to cut off their special privilege to plunder. The mass of the people may not be informed on matters about which La Follette has preached these many years, but they *understand hard times.* That hits them in the face.

Now, we [illegible] control [illegible] government in Washington could not *compel* big business to play ball.

Wealth and great business ability *constitute* power. When nationally concentrated and organized this power is bound to control the government. If the American people want to be free and no longer subject to legalized robbery at every turn, they must organize to do the nation's business collectively—to handle their own business in their own interest and organize to *be* this economic power that is bound to control the government. If Europeans can learn to handle big business successfully in the interest of the common people, through the cooperative movement, as they are handling it today, surely Americans can do as well.

The point I am trying to make clear in this communication is that all the time, effort, and money that progressives can put into a fight for *political* control from now till the crack of doom will fail to accomplish the desired end—fail to stop the wholesale plundering—until the people are organized and equipped to handle the nation's business in the interest of the common people.

Through the cooperative movement the people *can* take over the nation's business gradually and without a jolt. But this they cannot accomplish without earnest personal interest and effort. If I were editing such a journal as *The Nation* I would devote a full-page editorial to this subject every issue. Industrial control carries political control with it.

Utica, New York, July 21 FRANK R. ROSSELL

A Plumber's View

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why all the squawk about Tennessee and evolution? Seems to me the law must be *right* and should be enforced, since it must be the *desire* of the majority. Our job is to get busy and change their *desires.* My regular job is plumbing, but I guess I can find time to work on the other job too.

New York, August 1 FRANK LANGAN

How Free Is Britain's Free Trade?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: I have but one criticism to make of your article in the sixtieth anniversary number of *The Nation.* You call Mr. Edwin L. Godkin "an absolute free trader." My impression is that he was a "Manchester" or "English" free trader—a very different thing.

I myself am an "absolute" free trader who would turn the world's custom houses into museums or aquariums. During a recent trip to Europe I had any amount of fun with Britishers who called themselves free traders, telling them they were counterfeits who gave free trade a bad name.

"How comes it," I asked, "that you call yourselves free traders and Britain is called a free-trade country while you collect annually more revenue from customs duties than the United States does? Yet in the United States, whenever any one says a good word for free trade he is at once told: 'Look at England and see what free trade does to a nation!'

"Now, whatever may be the cause of Great Britain's present deplorable condition, it certainly is *not* free trade, for you have none. Yet your pose as a free trader gives commercial freedom a black eye. Your free trade is a spurious article, not genuine. As German silver contains no silver, 'English free trade' has in it no free trade."

Most of them were flabbergasted when I showed them in figures published by the *Economist,* the *Statist,* and their *Board of Trade Journal* the customs collections of the two countries, and they had no adequate answer to my charge that, while they *talk* free trade straight enough, they do not practice it; and that they should either put the principle in practice or give up the habit of calling their system free trade when it is *not* free trade.

I believe international commercial freedom to be the only peace-maker. I believe real free trade, instead of being a handicap to the nation that adopts it, will prove an advantage, and that other nations, if they would not be distanced in the race of economic progress, will have to adopt it also.

Clifton, New Jersey, July 15 STEPHEN BELL

Books and Plays

The Tramp

By LILLIAN BYRNES

I could long for your courage,
But have you convictions
That place the wind's whisper
Against the latch-key?

You make a rude path through the dew
In the morning;
Do you watch the mild sun turn the glitter
To vapor and warmth?

I could pardon your insolent way
If you saw, having vistas before you;
If a goblet of nectar turned not at your touch
To stale beer.

I turn to my desk and my papers,
And dream like a weakling,
Of sunshine, and rainfall, and mountains,
And motionless body.

You rob my dull desk of its virtue;
I despise you, resenting your freedom;
Gods, what a lout to lie amid blossoms
And watch the sun set on Olympus!

First Glance

ONE of the reasons why Arthur Waley may be right in claiming that the Japanese novel whose first nine chapters he has translated as "The Tale of Genji" (Houghton Mifflin: $3) belongs among "the dozen greatest masterpieces of the world" is that while the manner of the story is strange its matter is familiar. If there were only a manner to consider, one might call the book quaint and be done. And it is quaint enough. The decorum is that, presumably, of a medieval Japanese court. The clothing, the houses, the flowers, the morals are as "different" as such things may be. The people, as they talk, fall into beautiful verse, so that the scene becomes at times a veritable field of blossoms suddenly blown:

> Then unlike the lovers in the "Everlasting Wrong" who prayed that they might be as the "twin birds that share a wing" (for they remembered that this story had ended very sadly) they prayed "May our love last till Maitreya comes as a Buddha into the world." But she, still distrustful, answered his poem with the verse: "Such sorrow have I known in this world that I have small hope of worlds to come." Her versification was still a little tentative.

Not thus, surely, are lovers in our longitude heard to speak.

Yet it is easy, as one reads on, to slip into the conviction that this story of Prince Genji and his innumerable mistresses is but accidentally different from stories one has read of other lovers in other courts. There is the nearer world, for instance, recorded so brilliantly and so endlessly by the French memoir-writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Might not most of these events have taken place at Paris, Fontainebleau, or Versailles? Was not Whitehall dimly like this for a time? And if the events are credible when transferred to a familiar background, are not the emotions credible and familiar too? Granted the premise of a society whose sole occupation is with the refinements of love, is there anything essentially strange—by the world's testimony—about "The Tale of Genji"?

It is easier still to forget decorums and courts altogether. The triumph of Lady Murasaki after all is that she has made a man, and that although she made him a thousand years ago he is alive in every nerve today. It was inevitable that someone should have compared "The Tale of Genji" with "Tom Jones," as I understand someone has. The comparison carries with it a greater compliment than is involved in the mere merit thereby implied. For it is a long way from the Emperor to Squire Allworthy, from Omyobu to Mrs. Honour, from the Lady of the West to Molly Segrim, from Genji to Tom. One book is as precious as the other is plain; the material at hand in the two cases would seem to have made comparison impossible. Yet there it is—Genji, like Tom, growing up among human beings who in their various ways teach him a little wisdom and much love. The two authors are alike simply in that they know a great deal about human beings, and know also how to bring their learning to bear upon the career of an impulsive, sensitive, and not too intelligent boy. Lady Murasaki, like Fielding, prefers to say that she is writing "history"; on a greater scale than Fielding's, and with a vastly greater delicacy, she pursues the reality which she was privileged to see. It is profoundly to be hoped that Mr. Waley proceeds with what appears to be a perfect translation.

MARK VAN DOREN

Count Montgelas on the War

The Case for the Central Powers: An Impeachment of the Versailles Verdict. By Count Max Montgelas. Translated from the German by Constance Vesey. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THERE is one—and a fatal—defect in this excellent work on war origins and war guilt, namely, that it is written by a German. Though by far the most lucid, competent, and clarifying single-volume work on the immediate diplomatic background of the World War, the crises of June-August, 1914, and the particular myths and incidents connected with the latter, the book is likely to have little or no effect in setting even intelligent American opinion right in regard to this vitally significant situation upon an intelligent and accurate understanding of which the hope of any decisive and constructive settlement of the European international situation of necessity depends. Though there are some signs of an abatement of this particular national psychosis, it is still true that there is generally prevalent in this country the view that by definition a German is inevitably a subsidized liar. Added to this initial handicap is the curious, if not designed, handicap imposed by the English publisher who so completely altered the original title: "Leading Threads in the Problem of War Guilt." Montgelas's work is by no means an exercise in special pleading; rather it is a brief and objective analysis of the documents, of which Montgelas possesses an unusually thorough knowledge and competent grasp. If it is the "case for the Central Powers," then it means that the Central Powers are in a position to profit by a disclosure of the truth concerning the outbreak of the war.

The examination of pre-war diplomacy, while generally interpreted in a manner favorable to Germany, is well documented and merits serious and respectful consideration. After all qualifications are made it must be held to contain a complete refutation of the Entente contention of the primary responsibility of Germany for the leading diplomatic clashes in Europe in the decade before the war. In particular, Montgelas establishes beyond possibility of successful contradiction the initial responsibility of Izvolski for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Germany's restraining influence upon the Austrian attitude toward Serbia until the assassination of the Archduke; the inferiority of German military preparations to July, 1914, as compared with those of France, to say nothing of those of Russia; Germany's expressed desire to reach an amicable settlement with France and Great Britain from 1912-14; and the adamant and ubiquitous French refusal to accept any general European agreement looking toward permanent peace unless it involved a restoration of Alsace-Lorraine. The only serious charge which can be made against the author is his failure to emphasize the vicious influence of Holstein in rejecting the earlier British advances toward an adjustment with Germany, and the dubious nature of the naval policy of Von Tirpitz. It might, however, be said in extenuation that this omission is offset by his elucidation of the English rejection of the German advances following 1912, something usually overlooked by Entente historians.

Montgelas's analysis of the events of the diplomatic "crisis" of 1914 is a masterly performance. On the basis of a well-nigh complete control of all the pertinent documents he controverts with high success the Entente indictment of Germany which rallied millions to death or bankruptcy from 1914 onward. He proves the undoubted aspiration and good faith of the German civil government in the effort to avert a general European war. He indicates that there is a vast gulf between the guilt of even the Austrian militarists, who merely desired a well-nigh indispensable punitive war against Serbia, and that of the Russian militarists and French Revanchards whose plans rested wholly and solely upon the precipitation of a world war and whose alleged intervention in behalf of Serbia was but a hypocritical moral subterfuge. The real distinction, not only in degree but in kind, between Franco-Russian guilt and that of Germany, who was not even willing to allow the Austrian plans in regard to Serbia to proceed if they were to plunge Europe into war, should be apparent to any reasonably unprejudiced student. Montgelas shows clearly that Germany would undoubtedly have found some pacific method of adjusting the controversy but for the Russian general mobilization, the responsibility for which rests directly upon Sazonov and indirectly upon the encouragement of Poincaré and the technical blundering of Sir Edward Grey, who was under the control of the Russo-maniac, Nicolson, his Under Secretary. Montgelas indicates that even after the German government had decided that a defensive war against Russia was unavoidable there was every desire to avert war with France. Poincaré's enthusiastic promises on his St. Petersburg visit had, however, made any such aspiration pathetically futile and hopeless. Great Britain was so deeply and comprehensively involved in secret commitments to France and Russia that she could not extract herself in 1914, and the invasion of Belgium was but a happy German blunder which helped Sir Edward Grey out of a grave diplomatic and political crisis. While Montgelas holds that the invasion of Belgium was a diplomatic blunder and a violation of international law in the interests of pure military necessity, he shows that the Anglo-French plan of campaign, as drawn up in 1911, 1912, and 1913, contemplated similar action, and that the King of Belgium stated in May, 1914, that he believed the impending danger from France and England to be the greatest and most imminent. Still Montgelas proves the caliber of his intellect and judgment by refusing to exploit this fact in extenuation of Germany. He agrees that "a breach of international law is not legalized by the fact that another state contemplates a similar act."

Only two matters of considerable importance appear to be lacking in Montgelas's handling of the crisis of 1914. He wrote too early to have available the revelations of Yovanovitch and Nenadovitch as to the complicity of the Serbian civil government in the plot for the assassination of the Archduke. Nor was he able to read in the fourth volume of Hötzendorf's memoirs the telegrams of Von Moltke, in which the German Chief of Staff secretly and in direct opposition to the pacific efforts of the German civil government urged Hötzendorf and his party to remain firm and proceed with the punishment of Serbia. Perhaps a third significant omission might be pointed out, namely, his failure to mention the fact established by Hermann Lutz, that by a blunder due to lack of technical knowledge Sir Edward Grey gave Russia to understand, as early as July 25, 1914, that England was willing to contemplate the implications of a general Russian mobilization against Austria.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the discussion of particular incidents, real and alleged, in the diplomatic crisis such as the "Potsdam Conference" of July 5, 1914, the Szögyény telegrams, the special edition of the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger* carrying the news of the fake German mobilization order, and the French ten-kilometer imposture. These myths and the special problems are handled in so convincing a fashion that a heavy blow is dealt at some of the most persistent bulwarks of Allied propaganda. There are several omissions, among them the notorious Wickham Steed myth as to the plot for war and the division of Europe hatched by the Kaiser and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Konopischt in May, 1914, and the Italian plan for mediation, generally overlooked but properly stressed by Morhardt in his indictment of Poincaré.

The results of Montgelas's analysis of the problems of war guilt are summarized in some seventeen propositions which seem to the writer perhaps the best brief statement yet made of the vitally relevant and cogent facts on this subject. Though scarcely a partisan statement, they certainly constitute a most forceful brief against the Versailles indictment. It does not seem to the reviewer that they can be seriously controverted, but it will be interesting to examine the attempt which will doubtless appear in the work of Renouvin, who is about to bring out the only French work on this specific subject worthy to rank with that of Montgelas on the scores of scholarship, objectivity, and special competence.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

The Mayan Calendar

The Reduction of Mayan Dates. By Herbert J. Spinden. Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. VI, No. 4. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Museum.

IT has been next to impossible for the white race to realize, even partially, the fact that the American Indian, or Amerind, to employ a term very useful in any general discussion, was in intellect and morals about the equal of the white man; and in his culture was, perhaps, on the road to achievements of a high order when the waves of our swifter people, with their gunpowder, overwhelmed him.

In this new exposition of the results of his labors in the Central American field of archaeology Mr. Spinden adds to his already high record as a painstaking scholar. His correlation of the Mayan calendar with our own Gregorian calendar apparently marks the beginning of a more intimate knowledge of this far-advanced portion of the American race. He is able to establish from carved monuments and the few remaining documents the dates of Mayan events in our own year-terms. This calendar was invented in the seventh century before Christ—in other words, about 2,500 years ago, and it "solved with conspicuous success the great problem of measuring and defining time which confronts all civilized nations."

These people were living in a pure stone age when they perfected this remarkable calendar, and, as Mr. Spinden further declares, "they developed arithmetic, astronomy, and city planning, and swept in advance of anything the Egyptians could do in the sculptural treatment of the human body. . . . The Mayan dates are written out in a remarkable system of hieroglyphs and numerical notations peculiar in their fullest development to the Mayas of Central American lowlands, but found in a fragmentary and debased form among the Aztecs, Zapotecs, and other tribes of Mexico and Guatemala. No similar system is found anywhere else in the world."

The Maya month was twenty days in length, each day having its own name and sign. There were eighteen months, each having its name and sign also. There were five additional days in each year to round out the 365 necessary to a full year, and there was a still further period or cyclic fractional adjustment. The elucidation of the Mayan calendar and the study of Mayan history as well received a death-blow when, in 1561, the Spanish bishop Landa, wishing to save the souls of the Mayas from perdition, gathered everywhere their books and so successfully annihilated them by fire that the history of this extraordinary branch of the American race "for 2,000 years" was blotted out.

For three and a half centuries scholars have been trying to pick up the thread somewhere, and slowly Stephens, Brinton, Bowditch, Maudsley, Goodman, Maler, Charnay, Seler, Förstemann, and Spinden have been delving here and there for the key. Only the carvings on monuments and a few calendar books have been available for study, together with a supposed alphabet and some other crude data left by Landa. "The important thing resulting from the correlation explained in this paper," says Mr. Spinden, "is that we now have a day-for-day chronology for the key civilization of the New World in some respects more accurate than any classical record in the Old World."

As science has no closed trails—or should have none—every theory or statement must be given a hearing, and it is only reasonable in this connection to refer to the linguistic work of Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University as applied to the question of American pre-Columbian civilization. Professor Wiener disagrees entirely with Mr. Spinden as to the origin of the Maya and Aztec civilizations. And Mr. Spinden does not accept one iota of Professor Wiener's argument. Nevertheless, the statements of so eminent a linguist as Professor Wiener must be considered.

He maintains that these civilizations were derived at a comparatively late date (about the seventh century A.D.) from the Arabs through the Africans—the Negroes. He has traced a number of absolute linguistic agreements, and these have yet to be explained. Professor Wiener is about to publish a new book on the subject. The classification of American tribes and stocks having come down to a linguistic basis, it remains a question as to how far such classification can be trusted. Perhaps Professor Wiener's work may in a measure determine the answer.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

Wages and the Family

The Disinherited Family. By Eleanor F. Rathbone. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THE ironic anomalies of our present wage system have long puzzled the curious. Bachelors and fathers of large families receive the same wage, although their needs are patently different. Widows with children who work alongside of inefficient single men consistently receive less than the male workers, and if they complain are told that since men are the ones who have dependents they must be given the larger wage. What is even more extraordinary is that the reformers, in pressing the thoroughly sound claims of labor to a living wage, have urged that all male workers, whether bachelors or fathers of large families, should receive enough to maintain a family of five. This supposed divine average would, of course, be far more than the former needed, while it would be less than adequate for those with more than three dependent children. If, indeed, all of the 29,000,000 adult males who were gainfully employed in this country in 1920 had been paid enough to maintain a family of five, maintenance would have been provided for no less than 145,000,000 people. But since the census of that year showed a population of only 106,000,000, this would have meant provision for 39,000,000 phantom wives and children. Since the 6,000,000 adult women workers and the 5,000,000 employed juveniles at least earned their maintenance, the payment of the wage commonly claimed for the adult male workers would have resulted in provision for no fewer than 50,000,000 fictitious dependents.

Miss Rathbone has seen through these fallacies, and in an interesting volume she advocates the payment of allowances to families for their dependent children. Those with large families are thus protected, while it becomes unnecessary to pay single men a minimum wage which is more than sufficient to support themselves. Such allowances, in Miss Rathbone's opinion, may be granted either by the state or by private industry. If by the latter, it will of course be necessary, as in France, for the employers to form equalization funds to assess the cost of the allowance upon the various member firms in such a way as to afford little or no temptation for an employer to discriminate in giving employment against those with dependents. An especially valuable feature of the book is the description given of the striking developments in the field of family allowances in Europe since the war.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Communism and Christianity

Foundations of Christianity: A Study in Christian Origins. By Karl Kautsky. International Publishers Company. $4.

THE German original of this work, published seventeen years ago, has been translated without any attempt to bring the discussion of the subject down to date, although it has been a much-discussed subject during these years. And by the alchemy of Marxian theory the author, whose métier is socialism, transforms the early Christian movement into an ideal revolutionary communistic society. To say the least, the result is an unusual book. Emotional persons who "see red" on the slightest provocation may here discover the presence of insidious bolshevist propaganda. But the present volume makes its bid for attention as "an authoritative account of the origins of the Christian church." Let it be judged simply as that.

To readers accustomed to derive their information about the beginnings of Christianity from such widely accepted modern authorities as Harnack in Germany and McGiffert in America, the story told by Kautsky will often seem unintelligible, if not indeed absurd. In order to understand the rise of the new religion it is thought quite unnecessary to know anything about the person and teaching of Jesus. Probably even before his day the movement had existed as a "communistic beneficiary organization of the proletarians of Jerusalem." His role had been merely that of a bold agitator and rebel from Galilee who presently became its most prominent champion and martyr. The revolutionary group now clothed their hero in the garments of Jewish messianism, but in one important respect they differed from other Jewish revolutionists who looked for a messianic deliverer. The Christians aimed not simply at throwing off the Roman yoke but at the destruction of all rulers; "the passion which animated them was not race hatred but class hatred." Hatred of the rich, whether Jew or Gentile, was their one distinguishing characteristic. Thus their redeemer was an "international" figure, but their hoped-for

redemption failed of realization. With the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. the messianic congregation lost its rebellious character and accordingly deteriorated. Its communism suffered decline because it was limited to consumption of goods and did not embrace production. But even more disastrous was the growth of organization in the Christian congregations, where wealth and class distinctions now received recognition. In spite of its ideal beginnings the new religion suffered a rapid decline when it abandoned its ambition to conquer the world for the proletariat. A harsh judgment is pronounced upon the Christian church: "In its victorious course the proletarian, communistic, beneficiary organization became transformed into the most tremendous instrument of domination and exploitation in the world."

To the historian of early Christianity whose professional training has involved much scrutiny of the total range of the extant documents, Kautsky's easy-going method of treating the sources will be simply astounding. Data that would be inconvenient for his theory are jauntily ignored. Perhaps even greater offense will be taken at his distortions of the data selected for use. The readiness with which he can read his own interests into his sources might well make him an object of envy on the part of every propagandist, whether theologian or politician, who looks backward for the prototype of his ideals.

To be sure, the free-lance is rarely a welcome visitor in the staid company of professional craftsmen, whether they are historians or members of any other well-established guild. Yet conceivably he may on occasion render a very useful service. His freedom from the conventions, his fresh approach, and his lack of interest in traditional conclusions may more than compensate for certain inevitable defects of professional technique. But he must be truly a free-lance and not merely a partisan masquerading as an angel of freedom in a new arena where his liberty of movement is only apparent because his own conventional machinery of control happens to be unfamiliar to his new audience. Truly scientific method in any field of research requires that one's findings shall be kept free from adulteration by personal likes and dislikes. Zeal for a cause, quite irrespective of the merits of the cause, inhibits genuine historical-mindedness. Our author is a champion, not a historian. His work falls far short of being a scientifically dependable reconstruction of the history of Christian origins.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

The Last of the Yeomen

The Life of William Cobbett. By G. D. H. Cole. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

LOST causes find friends among social prophets as well as among elegiac poets, for the wise know how frequently the future "is only the past again, entered through another gate." Those who, like Mr. Cole, are not satisfied with the plutocratic absolutism of the present industrial society will find encouragement in the efforts of William Cobbett to strangle it at birth. For Cobbett, the most popular British journalist of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, made articulate the cry of the dispossessed peasants who were the first factory workers for deliverance from the iron rule of the "lords of the spinning jenny," and for freedom to taste the fresh air of their native fields. Had he been successful in allying the new things in politics with the new things in economic life, England might have attained a century ago the industrial democracy for which Mr. Cole hopes. But he was defeated by the persistent and widespread fear of the French Revolution bugaboo, which drove the old lords of the land into the arms of the new lords of the factory. Nevertheless he made a solid beginning of the organization of British labor, which shows increasing promise of succeeding where Cobbett failed. Such is Mr. Cole's interpretation of the history of William Cobbett, which he considers representative of "the spiritual history of the common people of his day."

Not only is Cobbett's life a fascinating historical document; it is for a large part autobiography of the most racy sort, crowded with picturesque incident in America as well as in England. Cobbett championed the Old England of the independent yeoman; he personified it. He was "a strong, hale, stout man, with a ruddy countenance, a small laughing eye, and the figure of a respectable English farmer," clothed habitually in an obsolete "scarlet broadcloth waistcoat, with the flaps hanging down." A son of a small farmer of Surrey, he went to work in the fields at a tender age, when he was "hardly able to climb the gates and stiles," and "at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty." At fourteen, his curiosity concerning the strange title, "A Tale of a Tub," displayed in a bookseller's window, brought about his intellectual awakening. His adventurousness led him to a bitter experience of the brutalities and injustices of army life; and he tells how, in despair at the loss of a ha'penny which was to buy a supplement to his pitifully meager ration, "I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug and cried like a child." But his self-assurance and infinite capacity for hard work awed his incompetent superiors; "Did I not *wriggle* myself from a private soldier to a sergeant major, and if I had remained, with all my military notions, should I not have wriggled myself up to a general, in spite of all the birth and rank in the kingdom?" Such spirit in a class-conscious peasant was the stuff of which radicals were made in the reign of George III. And a radical Cobbett became; not from belief in the abstract rights of man, but unwillingly and slowly, in good British fashion, through repeated collision with "the system" of corruption in high places of the military, and then of the civil government. This stubborn adherence to the concrete made him, and not the theorizing middle-class Benthamites, the authentic voice of the masses. The British people bought his *Political Register* to the extent of forty or fifty thousand copies weekly, a circulation many times that of any other journal of the time. Against the handicaps of stamp taxes, imprisonment, and exile, Cobbett carried the agitation for parliamentary reform through the dangerous days of Tory coercion until he gleefully saw it forced on the reluctant Whigs; "They are compelled to adopt it, though they do not like it. They are going to be married to this reform. They are going to be married in a halter." Had the Reformed Parliament heeded Cobbett, and not the Benthamites, on questions of economic policy, there would probably have been no "hungry forties" and no need of a "Past and Present." Indeed Cobbett largely anticipated the economic gospel of his fellow-peasant Carlyle, who praised him as the "pattern John Bull of his century, strong as a rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin." His skin had need to be thick in those days of scurrilous and hard-hitting pamphleteering, when he provoked his foes by the "mingled storm of torturing sarcasm, contemptuous jocularity, and slaughtering invective" which has given him rank as one of the greatest of political controversialists. The failings of John Bull he had also in full measure: a boundless egotism, a distrust of foreigners, a love for bull-baiting, single-stick, and other brutal sports, and crotchety prejudices—especially against tea, potatoes, and Shakespeare, whom he professed to abominate because of his "bombast, puns, and smut."

Mr. Cole has criticized the biographical materials with admirable care and judgment, and has illuminated them with historical background. His book is a valuable addition to the rapidly increasing number of studies in the Napoleonic War and post-war period, which attracts the contemporary historian by so many striking analogies to the present period of the World War and its aftermath.

EMERY NEFF

A Modern Cassandra

Secret Societies and Subversive Movements. By Nesta H. Webster. E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.

A FEW years ago Mrs. Webster published a thick volume entitled "The French Revolution; A Study in Democracy," in which she advanced the rather startling thesis that the revolution was due not to the discontent of the proletariat, the ambitions of the bourgeoisie, the insolence of the nobility, the obstinacy of the court, or the bankruptcy of the treasury, but to a deep-laid conspiracy of secret agents of the Prussian king and the Duke of Orleans, inspired by the Bavarian Illuminati and the atheists of the "Encyclopaedia," to overthrow religion, patriotism, order, and decency, to ruin the best and kindest of kings, and to put human reason in the place of God. The immediate protests of critics against this interpretation of the revolution as a plot of free-masons and freethinkers apparently roused Mrs. Webster to replenish her arsenal of authorities in order to prove the imminent menace of secret subversive movements to every cherished institution of Western civilization. At the close of the World War she published a volume on "World Revolution" to show that that cataclysm was to be traced in the last analysis to the conspiracies of "illuminized" free-masonry; and now, as she says in her present preface, she has "felt impelled to devote one more book to the revolution as a whole, by going back this time further into the past and attempting to trace its origins from the first century of the Christian era. For it is only by taking a general survey of the movement that it is possible to understand the causes of any particular phase of its existence."

The sentence last quoted reveals the bold assumption of the author that all the revolutionary manifestations of the past twenty centuries have been part and parcel of the same continuous conspiracy of subversion ("the movement"), nurtured by the secret mysteries of the Jewish Cabbala, the Moslem Druses, the Christian Templars, Masonic lodges, Satanists, Rosicrucians, Stuhlherren, Illuminati, Vehmgerichte, and pacifistic humanitarianism. She has ransacked recondite records and explored obscure historians, and she has fully persuaded herself that we of the present day are living in a fool's paradise of fancied security, that we are "drifting along in an hypnotic sleep." Even so innocent a movement as the propaganda for Esperanto is part of the great conspiracy, for its object is to undermine loyalty to one's country by encouraging a universal vehicle of thought.

Readers of Mrs. Webster's former books are well instructed as to the "treasures" of civilization which she wishes to preserve. She defends the very abuses which have provoked revolutions and wars in the past—blind conservatism, aristocratic privilege, suspicious censorship, coercive orthodoxy. She out-Burkes Burke in the championship of the Old Régime. She abhors democracy, condemns the liberty of the press, and regards any effort to promote international peace as a betrayal of one's country. Mussolini is a hero because he "has restored the crucifix to the schools and religious teaching to the curriculum." "The perfectibility of human nature and universal brotherhood are the twin fallacies on which the whole philosophy of socialism has been built."

Mrs. Webster has devoted an immense amount of labor and marshaled an astounding number of citations to prove the existence of an "inner circle" of world revolutionists, supported by "Illuminati" who wish to undermine patriotism and by Jewish financiers who "hope to establish their empire on the ruins of Christian civilization." We must concede her scholarship, her sincerity, and her forceful presentation. Nevertheless we cannot but feel that all this effort is devoted to a thesis unworthy of its expenditure. We would not say that "much learning hath made her mad," but we think that much curious research to prove her assumption has served to strengthen the suspicions on which that assumption is based. And even if Mrs. Webster's worst fears were justified, the remedy which she suggests would be the very best encouragement of the evil. For she has nothing better to propose than the old device of forceful repression, which has driven reformers to revolution and substituted for orderly progress the cataclysm of armed revolt. She would have us return to the policy of the July Ordinances and the Carlsbad Decrees. Metternich and Senator Lusk are proper guardians of the sacred status quo. "A Department for the Investigation of Subversive Movements," she says, "should have a place in every ordered government." Congress might create a new Department of Delation and Persecution. The sheeted and hooded Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan as secretary of the new department would be a picturesque addition to the giants of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

Books in Brief

The Nature of Intelligence. By L. L. Thurstone. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

Owing to the incursion first of behaviorism and now of psychoanalysis, there has arisen a conflict of viewpoint as to whether psychology is *in esse* to concern itself with the source of living, that is, the desires and emotions, or with the mind or consciousness, or purely with the objective behavior which may be recorded by precision instruments. Now it is our good fortune to have Mr. Thurstone, a trained engineer and experimental psychologist, present us with a study of human conduct which recognizes and yet attempts to reconcile these three apparently divergent points of view.

Tibet Past and Present. By Sir Charles Bell. Oxford University Press. $7.

Sir Charles Bell, member of the Indian Civil Service and late British Political Representative in Tibet, Bhutan, and Sikkim, has had a longer and closer contact with things Tibetan than any other European, and he has written a very useful book. In its pages the general reader will find rich stores of facts, rather loosely set forth, without pretense of philosophical generalization. The special student of theology, geology, sociology, and other 'ologies will find but little that is new. One gathers the impression that Sir Charles himself is not much concerned about the history, religion, literature, or general culture of the Tibetans, save as those subjects enter into his one absorbing topic, Tibet as a frontier of India. We see in the naive working of his mind an alchemy that turns into "intrigue" and "double-dealing" all that is done in his chosen field by Russia, China, or Japan, while British diplomacy and war—well, these are straightforward, unimpeachable efforts to guard the great empire against any possible danger. When the British give money to a native ruler it is a subsidy. Other governments give bribes. Sir Charles does, indeed, grant that the Chinese exercise of force against Tibet in 1910-12 was a consequence of the Curzon War of 1904. Did not the irascible Viceroy charge the Chinese Government with laxity in holding Tibet to some absurd treaty arrangement? And did not his successor later receive the Dalai Lama when he fled from the Chinese, as he had, only a few years before, fled from the British machine-gunners? Poor Dalai Lama! If we are to follow the plain inferences of a tortuous story of sordid dealings on all sides, he will find safety only when he shall put himself and his people in the benevolent power of the British lion, which shields so many weaklings from other great beasts. Verily, little wars and big wars are engendering in remote places, scarce known even to the elite public which reads *The Nation.* They are being prepared by good men like Sir Charles Bell. Curzon saw only Russia in Lhassa. Now Bell sees there

the yellow wraith of Japan as well. India will be really safe only when the empire shall have *no* frontiers.

Charles Lamb. A Play by Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

In writing this drama Miss Brown has proved her fondness and reverence for Charles Lamb, but it is doubtful whether she will afford satisfaction to Lamb's other admirers. When Miss Brown claims the right to "play hob with time and place" in her handling of the events of Lamb's life, her claim is unanswerable. She is also within her artistic rights in allowing her fancy to exercise itself on such persons as Alice Winterton and Bartram, for history knows them only as the shadowy wraiths of Lamb's dreaming hours. But she is open to question when she focuses the light on the pathetic wanderings from mental sanity of Charles and his sister and does not even spare us from witnessing the ghastly spectacle of Mary's mad fit. Could the wealth of affection and tenderness in Lamb be shown in no other way than by dragging before the footlights what he himself hid so carefully from the knowledge of strangers? Miss Brown treats the situation with solicitous delicacy, but its painfulness cannot be obliterated. She lavishes much loving art upon her hero and succeeds remarkably well in bringing to life his whimsicality and his substantial humanity, but was it necessary in the process to reduce to poor automata the men of genius who moved in his circle? In the case of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt a certain observance of historical accuracy is desirable. It is not pleasant always to contemplate Coleridge as a pompous clergyman and it is something of a shock to hear him quote from the "Hebrew Melodies" in 1796! Hazlitt (in the same year) is not permitted to open his mouth without foolishly sputtering the name of Napoleon, and Leigh Hunt, being then in sober fact eleven years of age, is brought in as the publisher of Lamb's lampoon on the Regent, anticipating history by sixteen years. With all due regard for the artist's rights, we maintain that in the composition of a play like this some consideration is owing to the other distinguished figures and that the offense which is here given could easily have been avoided. The initiated reader will also feel annoyed by the discharge in an unbroken profusion of the sallies and witticisms which he knows to have been spread over many a Wednesday evening. It gives the effect of a false professional brilliancy to a humor that should bubble up unexpectedly from the ground of serious conversation.

Frances Wright. By William Randall Waterman. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

Frances Wright, who was born in Scotland in 1795, belongs in spirit and activity to the humanitarians of the early nineteenth century. She was one of the exceptional women of her period, and was so well known both in this country and in Europe that in reading Mr. Waterman's admirable biography one marvels she should have remained in such comparative obscurity. It was doubtless the very catholicity of her interests which prevented any one cause from bringing her forward as its pioneer heroine, lest it be obliged to carry the burden of her advocacy of other unpopular ideas. She was not primarily a feminist but an intrepid, unconventional, pioneering type of woman. Her vigorous, inquiring mind questioned the established attitudes and customs regarding race, religion, property, and sex. She believed in the perfectibility of humankind and her recipes for achieving the ultimate Utopia varied with the periods of her life. She first was for political action; later her faith centered on economic reorganization; and finally the emphasis was placed on freeing thought through educational reforms. These transitions seem to have been in some degree influenced by her successive association with various intellectual men. She was a hero-worshiper, and her social philosophy appears to have taken the color of whichever hero was in the ascendant. There is interesting material in this life for a biography done in the manner of Strachey's study of Florence Nightingale. But Mr. Waterman's biography is not one of psychological interpretation; it is a careful and scholarly piece of research, well documented, and presented in a clear and agreeable style.

Rational Diet. By Otto Carqué. Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Press. $5.

This is "an advanced treatise on the food question." The author declares that he has been a close student of the science of nutrition for the last thirty years and that his writings are well known. Well known to whom? He stresses the value of "organized mineral elements or organic salts." "The wonderful creative work of nature throughout the plant and animal world is largely due to the actions and reactions of the mineral salts and their vibratory forces." His 536 pages are filled with detailed expositions of "vibratory forces," "organic salts," and other jargon that is neither science nor English. Christian, McFadden, and McCann are lumped indiscriminately with McCollom and Funk. We are told that "electronic vibration is the material life of the cell"; and that "the principal role of food is not simply to be digested and oxidized, as present-day physiology assumes, but to supply vital electricity and magnetism" (shades of Abrams!). We are here obviously dealing with a man who digests his food badly, whose knowledge of the science of nutrition is at a minimum, and whose medieval mind attempts to cope with modern science. Result: farce and tragedy mixed.

The Evolution of French Canada. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The presence of two races in Canada with two cultures and two languages has produced a certain amount of friction. English writers have generally had the better opportunity to present their case because they were writing for readers with sympathetic preconceptions. But in 1918 William Henry Moore, son of a Baptist clergyman of Ontario, published "The Clash!", a brilliant presentation of the case for French Canada. Mr. Bracq's book, the work of a European French Protestant, is a further contribution to the subject. He has not Mr. Moore's brilliance or literary style, and he encumbers his book with too frequent quotations not always selected with critical judgment. But he deals with a subject of such interest and importance, and one which at the same time has been so neglected, that his book should prove a valuable aid to the study of those various ethnic groups that will eventually combine to become a distinct American civilization, neither French nor British. Whether or not that coming civilization shall be a reflection of the present Anglo-Saxon (so called) passion for standardization will depend largely on how long the French wedge can resist the steam-roller of uniformity; history teaches that the resistance will be long.

The Essential American Tradition. Compiled and with an Introduction by Jesse Lee Bennett. George H. Doran Company. $3.

The "essential tradition" which Mr. Bennett expounds in the first hundred pages of this volume appears to be a compound of individualism in politics and social matters, a theory of government fundamentally that of compact, an inclination toward liberalism if not an altogether consistent practice of it, and, of course, such novelty as inheres in the federal system and the forms of State government. Following the introduction are some 250 pages of extracts and notes in which the development of the tradition is illustrated or explained. The book will not be without usefulness for those who have occasion to punctuate or enliven their discourses on public questions with quotations from the great or near great, and Mr. Bennett's own contribution, while given to resounding rhetoric, contains a good deal of shrewd and informing comment on the

strong and weak points of the American system, but the work as a whole belongs in the class of books which, if they are to be taken at all, are to be tasted rather than read.

Collected Papers, Vol. III. By Sigmund Freud. *Case Histories.* Authorized Translation by Alix and James Strachey. London: The Hogarth Press. 30 shillings.

This is perhaps the most interesting of the volumes which are to comprise the complete works of Freud in English.

An Anthology of Medieval Latin. Chosen by Stephen Gaselee. London: Macmillan and Company. 7/6.

A cross-section, as charming as it is learned, of popular Latin considered historically. Mr. Gaselee begins with the spoken dialect of towns as old as Pompeii, and comes down—lingering longest, of course, in the Middle Ages—as far as 1916, to a war letter written by a Swiss Benedictine. The volume is the first in its field and should prove extremely useful.

Drama

"Siegfried"

"SIEGFRIED," the new German movie now playing at the Century Theater, is by no means so eccentrically original in technique as either "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" or even "The Last Laugh." Yet for persons interested in those much-talked-of possibilities of the movies—which, by the way, are rapidly becoming as old a story as the youth of America—it should be equally interesting. When the effects which it obtains are superior to those in the usual American film they are so because of the exercise of general artistic intelligence rather than because of ingenious technical devices, and in consequence the methods employed are applicable to the treatment of a great variety of materials instead of being suited, as was the case with the other pictures mentioned, only to stories belonging to a particular *genre*.

In the first place, the makers of "Siegfried" have striven for that unity of style in their backgrounds which is generally so completely lacking in moving pictures. Whereas the worst writer in the world is compelled, by the limitations of his own temperament, to make his descriptions represent to some slight extent one particular view of the world, the eye of the camera, unfortunately, sees everything and reproduces everything with equal clarity and equal emphasis. The actual historic spot where a thing occurred is usually the worst place on earth to act it out for the simple reason that it is generally so cluttered up with irrelevant details and irrelevant objects as to scatter the attention completely. The photograph of it represents the scene accurately but it does not, as every work of art must, represent it as seen through a temperament; for a lens has no temperament. And when, as is usually the case, this lens is turned, in the course of a single picture, now upon, let us say, the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, now upon a painted studio set, and now upon a stretch of California sand which is supposed to resemble the Sahara Desert, there is added a confusion similar to that which would be produced in a novel if the descriptive passages were written alternately by Theodore Dreiser, Anatole France, and Ethel M. Dell. This fact alone would be sufficient to explain why there are very few movies which, whatever spectacular or other effect they may contain, can be said to exist at all as works of art, since there can be no art without some unity of style. Realizing this difficulty, the directors of "Siegfried" have used only carefully selected natural scenes and used those very sparingly. For the most part they have constructed what they wanted, and they have seen to it that these constructed sets, usually simple in outline and mass, represent a consistent conception of a setting for their legend. Some of the scenes are very striking, some by no means so good, but they hang together and they have a style.

In the second place, those responsible for "Siegfried" have made some advance in skill in the general conduct of a picturized narrative. Most movies, though they may have exciting scenes of combat or chase, seem to me devoid of any cumulative dramatic power. With all their quick shifting of scene, their cut-backs and their close-ups, they do not achieve much arrangement or emphasis; when the hero opens the door of a taxicab the action seems just as significant as that when he faces the seducer of his wife. In "Siegfried" too there are passages of this meandering, pointless narrative; but there are also many scenes, like the sequence of three or four showing the death of the central character, which have real power.

Finally, full advantage has been taken of the unrivaled opportunity for providing an adequate musical score. The task of adapting Wagner was by no means easy, since the film, following a different version of the legend from that upon which the operas were based, has comparatively few scenes corresponding to any treated by Wagner; but Hugo Riesenfeld has done an exceedingly clever job in fitting passages from the various parts of the "Ring" as well as from "Lohengrin" to the movie, and it is, indeed, difficult to estimate just how much of the effect which the whole produces would be left if the picture were seen in perfect silence.

Four-fifths of all the moving pictures I have seen in the last ten years have bored me profoundly, and this remark applies as well to those playing regular engagements in Broadway houses as to those ordinary pictures described by their producers as no more than mere "extra super-features." "Siegfried," music and picture together, I found highly enjoyable.

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International Relations Section

A Bulgarian Protest

WE print below a protest against the attitude of the Bulgarian Government toward political murders signed by the Parliamentary Group and the Executive Committee of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria. It was printed in the *Agrarian Banner*, the only paper which the real left-wing opposition is allowed to publish. The Communists have no paper; they are outlawed as a party and their property has been confiscated. The Socialists have two dailies which have finally begun, within the last few weeks, a serious campaign against the Tsankoff Government. Of the fifteen newspapers published at Sofia, only three unreservedly support the Government and eight unreservedly oppose it:

To the Minister-President and to the President of the National Assembly:

The Parliamentary Group and the Executive Committee of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria at a union meeting held August 4 and 5 took up the question of the murder of prominent Agrarian leaders, the complete disappearance of others, and the killing of still others because of alleged attempts to escape, and

1. Inasmuch as political murders have not ceased but are rather occurring in ever-increasing numbers and with greater and greater frequency and always in a way which points to personal and partisan vengeance;

2. Inasmuch as the perpetrators of these murders are not discovered;

3. Inasmuch as peace cannot be restored to the nation by such murders, which instead of pacifying the people only implant hatred and party malignity and revenge deeper in their hearts;

4. Inasmuch as these murders undermine the stability of the state, impair the authority of the government, and destroy the confidence of the people in the legal order established by the laws of the land;

5. Inasmuch as these murders, by taking away the most precious possession of human kind, namely, life, disturb the peace, hinder the normal development, and jeopardize the welfare of the Bulgarian people;

6. Inasmuch as these murders, by destroying social solidarity and established order and judicial procedure in the state, blacken and defile the good name of Bulgaria before the civilized world;

And inasmuch as (a) the people connected with the Agrarian League live in the constant nightmare of wholesale persecutions, illegal arrests, imprisonment and murders; since (b) more than thirty National Representatives in the present and former sessions of Parliament, among whom are several former ministers, are no longer among the living, although they have never been brought to trial and no legal sentence has ever been pronounced upon them; and since (c) during the last few days there have been added to the list of the killed the names of two more National Representatives, members of the present Assembly, namely, George Kosovsky and Marin Popoff, although neither we nor the public have been informed as to any guilt of theirs;

In view of all this we declare:

1. That we have not been and are not capable of becoming defenders of criminals, whatever circle they may belong to, but we demand that their punishment, however severe it may be, be imposed by proper judicial authorities according to established and legal methods of procedure;

2. And we proudly and boldly affirm that the members of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria from the first to the last love our country, prize her independence, hold her liberty dear, and value our own labor and property and are ready to oppose any one who dares to lay hands on her freedom and institutions.

We raise our voice before the Government and responsible factors in our country in protest against the placing of the people connected with the Agrarian League outside the laws.

We demand:

1. That the Government fulfil its duty by stopping and preventing political murders;

2. By finding and punishing all those who are guilty of the political murders which have already occurred;

3. That immunity be guaranteed to the National Representatives and freedom to all politicians so that they be able correctly to express the will of the people.

We appeal to all parliamentary groups and to the executive committees of all the political parties to support this protest so as to establish real peace and constitutional order in the country.

President of the
Parliamentary Group: DR. IL. KARADJOFF
Vice-President: L. ILIEFF
Secretary: PETER MINOFF

The Executive Committee of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria:

Secretary: DELIOU K. GEORGIEFF
Members: K. TOMOFF
G. MARKOFF

Sofia, August 5, 1925

The following obituary notice, printed in the same issue of the *Agrarian Banner*, describes the circumstances surrounding the death of one of the Agrarian deputies. It is typical of the murders and disappearances which have become a commonplace of Bulgarian public life since the uprising which put the present regime in office.

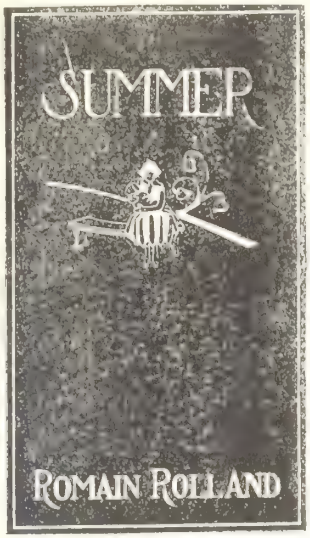
Marin Popoff, a National Representative from Sevlievo, was often threatened with death. His anxiety increased as his intimate companions, who were also leaders in the Agrarian movement, kept disappearing one by one, and especially after he had been told in a roundabout way that he also had been sought. At the opening of Parliament he came to Sofia and as long as the session lasted he was comparatively safe. As the session was drawing to a close we insistently urged him to stay in Sofia and not to return to his home town, where he would be in greater danger. But after the deceased had hung around in the capital for a week with nothing to do, he could no longer bear to think of his unsprayed vineyard and his unharvested wheat, so he went home; and there he was publicly murdered, pierced by nine bullets, on July 27, in the presence of men, women, and children as he was threshing with the cooperative separator the wheat which he had raised with his own hands and which was to feed himself and his family this winter.

He was a well-disciplined leader and displayed great character in his struggles for the Agrarian movement. For that reason his political opponents decided to dispose of him.

Thousands of the fighters, prophets, and apostles of the Agrarian movement have become victims of this tempestuous night which for so long has shrouded Bulgaria in darkness. But the Agrarian movement is not to be extinguished. It shall not die. In the place of the thousands who have fallen, new thousands will spring up to complete the unfinished task.

We extend our sympathies to the parents, wife, and children of our murdered comrade.

THE EXECUTIVE OF THE NATIONAL AGRARIAN LEAGUE OF BULGARIA



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Mexico's Agricultural Slump

AT the opening session of a national congress which met in the city of Mexico on August 18, under government auspices, for the purpose of dealing with the problem created by the acute agricultural depression which prevails generally throughout Mexico, a letter was read from Luis Cabrera, who for several years was Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of President Carranza. Mr. Cabrera, whose ability as a financier and an economist and as a close student of governmental and social conditions in Mexico is widely recognized in the United States and throughout Latin America, has been closely connected with the Mexican revolution since its beginning. He was one of the pioneer agitators for land reform in Mexico and has favored the cutting up of large haciendas and the distribution of arable land among small farmers. Mr. Cabrera placed the blame for the straits in which agricultural development and production in Mexico finds itself upon the manner in which the agrarian policy of the revolution has been carried out. The following extracts from his letter explain his position:

Among the reasons for the deficiency in the production of cereals in Mexico, the principal one, the responsibility for which rests upon the revolucionaries, is the agrarian policy which has been followed for the past five years. By this I do not mean to say that the agrarian policy of the revolution [to provide small landholdings] has been a mistake. I believe that it is necessary to continue to distribute common lands to the communities which lack them, but I affirm that the manner in which the agrarian laws have been applied during the past five years has been disastrous and calculated to produce effects contrary to those aimed at. . . . That is to say, the agrarian program has considerably reduced the cultivated area of the country and has exercised a depressing effect upon the spirit of enterprise of both the large and the small farmers.

In short, the rational solution of the agrarian problem of Mexico consists in placing at the disposition of communities which need them sufficient lands to meet the agricultural necessities of their inhabitants. Concretely, the problem should be solved by taking from the large landowners uncultivated lands and placing them at the disposition of rural communities that are in a position to cultivate them. Instead of this, the present policy is to take from the landowners lands which are under cultivation and give them to rural communities which do not cultivate them. It is unnecessary for me to state in detail the innumerable errors which have occurred in the application of the agrarian laws.

During the past five years the ruling motives which have controlled the administration of the agrarian policy have been the small personal ambitions of the recently created petty headmen of the rural communities, which have been made to serve the political ambitions of municipalities and towns. Under these conditions the demands for community lands have been controlled by the desires of the inhabitants of rural communities, and these desires have been satisfied only at the expense of the small landowners whose properties are situated in the immediate vicinity of the rural communities.

It may be stated as a fact that in a majority of cases the distribution of common lands has affected the small proprietors, who possess no means of defending their interests before either the local authorities or the National Agrarian Commission, while the holdings of the great landowners have been preserved virtually intact.

Another of the gravest errors of the agrarian policy as thus far carried out has consisted in permitting, by preference, distributions of common lands from lands already under cultivation. The effect of this is obvious, for while the large farmer,

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be he good or bad, possesses sufficient working capital, oxen, and implements for the cultivation of his property and some possibility of obtaining financial assistance if he requires it, the newly endowed proprietors of community lands lack any and all of these advantages. The result is that every allotment of community lands signifies a decrease in the area of land under cultivation, so much so that when the National Agrarian Commission, or the Secretary of Agriculture, by way of boasting of the results of their work, publishes the statistics showing the amount of land which has been distributed for commons, one who examines these figures sees and realizes that just so many thousands of hectares of cultivated lands have been withdrawn from national production.

Recently the demand for commons, or the political necessities on the part of the Government for providing them, has been considerably extended, even to the degree of bestowing the character of legally organized towns or hamlets upon small groups of peoples who before had not even thought of participating in the distribution of commons. I mention this principally for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that, in order to create a situation under which commons might be distributed, the practice has grown up of designating as towns all small communities, even when they have no right to participate in such distribution, as legally organized *congregaciones*, that is, towns of communal origin.

The result has been that the greater part of the little groups of farmhouses in the country, tenanted by field workers employed by the landowners, with the approval of the local politicians and authorization many times given blindly by the state legislatures have sought to obtain commons taken from the same land upon which these fictitious communities have been organized, in direct violation of the law. These so-called *congregaciones* are such only because they have been so designated by the local officials or because in rare cases a special charter has been extended to them by the state legislatures, "in order that they may enjoy the benefits of the agrarian laws."

I might point out many other errors or aberrations in the manner in which the agrarian laws have been applied, but I desire to limit myself solely to those which have produced the greatest lack of confidence among the agriculturists and which restrain them from commencing productive work, which many times ties up their capital for two or three years before it is possible for them to realize their profits, if, indeed, there are any in prospect.

The complete lack of confidence at present which exists toward all agricultural activities, which also includes the investment of Mexican capital in agricultural enterprises, is a fact which cannot be denied. The natural effect of this absence of confidence is displayed in the failure of the landowners to place or retain their lands under cultivation and in the consequent shortage in the production of cereals. I refrain from commenting upon the disinclination of foreigners, especially Americans, to acquire agricultural lands in Mexico under existing conditions, for this phase of the situation is without the scope of the problem which the present Congress proposes to study.

In next week's issue of

The International Relations Section

China's Note of June 24 to the powers, charging the foreign police in Shanghai with responsibility for the killing of Chinese students.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE W. NORRIS is chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. He exposed the deal by which valuable government property at Muscle Shoals would have been given to private interests.

PAUL BLANSHARD, field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, is in China investigating the student movement.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, author of "Up Stream" and contributing editor of *The Nation*, has been in Palestine writing a book which is about to be published by Boni and Liveright.

JAMES RORTY was one of the winners of *The Nation's* poetry contest in 1921.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is professor of historical sociology at Smith College.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH is an explorer and author. He wrote "The North Americans of Yesterday," "Frémont and '49," etc.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS teaches economics at the University of Chicago. He is the author of "Wages and the Family."

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EMERY NEFF is the author of "Carlyle and Mill."

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THE CHINESE DELEGATES to the Assembly of the League of Nations have introduced a resolution approving the customs conference which is to meet in China at the end of October to discuss a revision or abolition of the tariff forced upon China by the powers. This will do no harm nor will it do any good. Fortunately there is one man in political life in Washington who is ready to speak up and tell the truth about the Chinese situation. He is Senator Borah, and this is what he has to say about the move in the League:

> This is the same pious pretense upon which China has been fed for eighty-three years. At least five of the nations which will vote for this resolution have, and have had for decades, treaties pledging themselves to guard the territorial integrity of China. In the meantime, and in the face of all these treaties and pledges and resolutions, China is deprived of sufficient revenues to maintain a government, thus leading to demoralization and governmental breakdown; forty-odd of her ports have been seized and held by force; the opium traffic has been imposed upon her at the point of the bayonet; her children have been exploited in foreign mills, and when the Chinese people record their protest in the way of public meetings and by public speech they are either shot down or taken into foreign courts and tried and condemned under foreign law. If there is any sense of justice or any humanitarian sentiment anywhere around, we will cease passing resolutions and act—action is now overdue.

SPEAKING OF LAWLESSNESS in China, we should like to direct attention to what is being done to the Chinese in Philadelphia by that noble soul, the Marine Corps director of police, General Smedley Butler. His men have been raiding in Chinatown without warrants in the expectation of catching some Chinese who are illegally in this country. A delegation from the Chinese Benevolent Association, headed by a responsible American attorney, waited upon the general to complain that these raids, besides being lawless, caused unrest, disturbed business, and were calculated to fan into flames the tong warfare. With that exquisite courtesy and gentlemanliness for which the General is famed he replied to the delegation in these words:

> We will not stop the raids. We must find out who's who and that's the only way to do it. We will not disturb any lawful business. As to your complaint that the police are rough, they are no rougher than your countrymen or their forefathers were in the Boxer uprising. I've got two Chinese bullets in me now from treatment I received in your country in 1900. We do not gouge out your eyes as they did [illegible] will be no crucifixions here, but we do mean business in cleaning out those who don't belong in Chinatown.

[illegible] superior we Americans are in kindliness, good-will, respect for law, and all the other attributes of a Christian civilization.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has done well to appoint a commission of nine members comprising such distinguished men as General Harbord, Rear Admiral Fletcher, Senator Bingham, Howard E. Coffin, and Dwight W. Morrow to investigate the aviation situation. This commission should insure a thoroughgoing inquiry not only of Colonel Mitchell's charges but of the whole question of the relation of services and whether they should be combined into one separate department. The necessity of some such nonpartisan inquiry is proved once more by the attack just made upon Colonel Mitchell by Rear Admiral Moffett, head of naval aviation—as violent in its abuse as Colonel Mitchell's own utterances. The Colonel, by the way, has plainly maneuvered himself into a position where he will be court martialed and dismissed from the service without being given a chance to prove his case. For that we do not pity him; anybody who can leave the army ought to. But however people may deplore, as does the New York *World*, his offenses against discipline, they cannot but remember that it is precisely through such lack of discipline that reforms are often brought about in our blindfolded military establishments. Colonel Roosevelt's insubordination at Santiago and Admiral Sims's attack upon the navy in connection with its marksmanship are cases in point. There are many times when it is well to treat the army or navy rough. Meanwhile, we are more than ever of the opinion that if Colonel gets a chance he will prove the bulk of his assertions. The saving of Commander Rodgers and his crew of the [illegible] fortunately deprives the Colonel of the right to lay the loss of those lives at the Government's door.

THE METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPERS, while devoting pages to individual income-tax returns and boasting of their efficiency in collecting and arranging them, have worked themselves up into a fine frenzy of indignation at the principle of publicity. We cannot share their passion. Taxes have always seemed to some an invasion of the freedom of the individual, and every forward step in taxation has been bitterly resented and resisted. The struggle to write the federal income tax firmly into the statute-books of this nation required a generation; there was a time, not half a century ago, when even those who then edited *The Nation* regarded it as a wicked invasion of the state into the affairs of the individual. A broader social conception has prevailed. No one objects today because the records of personal taxes are open for examination at the tax offices; and probably the time will come—though it may come after a long fight—when the principle of publicity for income-tax returns will be as generally accepted. The unanimous opposition of Secretary Mellon's subordinates—who know the passionate views of their millionaire chief—means nothing. It would be better if the officials of the Treasury Department, all the way up to Mr. Mellon, stopped shouting, accepted the law as it is, and did their best to help the government to reap every possible benefit from it.

LOWER TAXES FOR THE RICH are advocated by Representative Longworth, who will be the Speaker of the next House. Mr. Longworth told newspaper correspondents recently that he favored lowering the surtaxes to less than 20 per cent. "I know that reduced surtaxes would benefit the man who is not paying taxes," he said, "in more employment and cheaper living costs." Mr. Longworth might have expanded his argument by reference to "L'île des Pingouins," Anatole France's beautiful satire on civilized society. When the Penguins adopted the ways of men they held a convocation on taxes, where it was first proposed to tax everybody according to his means. But the better plan of equal taxation for all was hit upon after one of the richest of the penguins rose and said:

> I am willing to deprive myself of everything which I possess in the interest of my brother Penguins. If necessary, I will give willingly even to my shirt. . . . It is only necessary to consider what the public interest demands. . . . The poor live upon the wealth of the rich; therefore such wealth is sacred. Do not touch it; this would be gratuitous evil. To take from the rich would not bring in much money, for they are not numerous; while, on the contrary, you would deprive yourself of all resources and plunge the country into poverty. On the other hand, if you demand a little aid of each inhabitant without regard to his wealth, you will get enough for the public needs and you will not have to inquire how much citizens possess, a kind of investigation which is regarded as an odious vexation. In assessing everybody equally and lightly you will spare the poor, since you will leave them the wealth of the rich.

What could be fairer than that?

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States are twin stars, the former growing dimmer as the latter becomes more brilliant; the United States must expand in the world market, but it can do so only at the expense of other exporting nations, especially England; England is headed for revolution because she has entered the stage of capitalist disintegration. So writes Leon Trotzky in a special preface to the American edition of his "Whither England?" brought out by the International Publishers. He says further:

> By exerting pressure on its debtors or giving them an extension, by granting or refusing credit to European countries, the United States is placing them in a gradually tightening economic dependence, in the last analysis an ineluctable situation, which is the necessary condition for inevitable social and revolutionary disturbances. The Communist International, viewed in the light of this knowledge, may be considered an almost conservative institution as compared with Wall Street. Morgan, Dawes, Julius Barnes—these are among the artificers of the approaching European revolution.
>
> In its work in Europe, and elsewhere, the United States is generally acting in cooperation with England, through the agency of England. But this collaboration means for England an increasing loss of independence. England is leading the United States to hegemony, as it were. Relinquishing their world rule, the diplomats and magnates of England are recommending their former clients to deal with the new master of the world. The common action of the United States and England is the cloak for a profound world-wide antagonism between these two powers, by which the threatening conflicts of the perhaps not remote future are being prepared.

Trotzky goes on to say: "Driving the European countries farther and farther down their blind alley, American capitalism is laying the foundation for wars and revolutionary upheavals, which in their frightful rebound will not fail to strike the economic system of the United States also."

BETTER READING than anything Raymond Poincaré has ever said or written is to be found in some admirable words of Premier Painlevé of France (buried well inside our great metropolitan dailies). Speaking at Strasbourg, September 10, he declared that a reconciliation between France and Germany was the "keystone of universal peace." Continuing he said: "No stable peace, no quietude, is possible in Europe while this feeling exists that on some pretext the two great peoples separated by the Rhine are ready to rush at each other." The Premier, after dwelling on France's sincerity in seeking a Rhine security compact, said:

> I am convinced that the real Germany thinks the same. I am convinced that war is not the ideal which the real Germany willingly cherishes. If the forces of peace are given their true scope, they will overcome the forces of war, which are still tormenting old Europe.

This is the only spirit which will bring peace to Europe and we have no doubt that, despite the remnants of the militarist party and those who seek revenge in Germany, the German people will respond promptly to this holding out of the true hope of peace and reconciliation, if they are convinced of the sincerity of the offer and are given assurance that the attitude M. Painlevé thus voices will not be changed by the next overturn of the ministry.

JUDGES ARE NOT ALWAYS JUDICIAL, even in the United States Supreme Court, said Professor Arnold Bennett Hall of the University of Wisconsin to the National Conference on the Science of Politics, recently assembled in New York City. Professor Hall explained that a study of the divided decisions of the Supreme Court in

labor cases over a considerable period of years revealed that one justice had voted every time on the side of labor, one had voted on that side every time except once, and one had voted against labor every time. An analysis of the opinions of these justices showed that they had not followed consistent legal principles, continued Professor Hall. The next day Professor L. L. Thurstone of the University of Chicago suggested that, before appointment, would-be judges should be subjected to psychological tests to determine their judicial-mindedness. We wish we had enough confidence in applied psychology to indorse this suggestion, but we fear it would be as futile as impracticable. The moral we read is that the public should cease to regard judges as demi-gods or allow them to set themselves up as such; that court decisions are not necessarily any more judicial or scientific than the majority votes of legislators; and that it is ridiculous for the United States to continue as the one country in all the world in which a handful of jurists are allowed consistently and flagrantly to overthrow the will of the people as expressed by their elected law-makers.

STONE WALLS do not a prison make—nor, for that matter, a college. There has come to our office a pamphlet called "A Great National Service," giving details for the further enlargement of the George Peabody College for teachers, which includes the spending of an additional three and a half million for the erection of new dormitory, classroom, and laboratory buildings. The college is located at Nashville, Tennessee, yet we have looked in vain for that ringing utterance upon fundamentalism and the liberty of teaching which we have a right to expect from any institution in that State which asks for the respect of the nation at large. Nobody doubts that Tennessee's educational institutions can raise money—they have done it before and will do it again. What we would like to have them prove to us is that they can spend it to good purpose when they get it. As for dormitories, they do not need any more, for their teachers have been asleep too long as it is; while as to laboratories and classrooms, of what use are the former if it is necessary to deny in the latter the facts which any well-used laboratory will surely reveal? Doubtless Tennessee feels proud of the increasing enrolments in those institutions called "of learning"; doubtless she takes a childish delight in seeing brick piled on brick. Yet one fact is clear: she does not really believe in education.

BUFFALO, BUFFALO! Who wants a buffalo free of charge? Anybody who does may apply to the Director of the National Park Service in Washington and he can have a real American bison shipped to him in a well-built crate, f. o. b., Gardiner, Montana. Last year eighty-six were thus given away. This year a hundred are ready for adoption—the surplus product of the wild Yellowstone herd of more than 1,200 animals. So if anybody wishes a little bison in his backyard he need only move quickly. But—it is a big but—the difficulty is that, whether one draws a buffalo from the tame or the wild Yellowstone herd, the animal cannot be easily domesticated. Even though born in captivity and raised on the bottle, the buffalo is not trustworthy after a certain age. Hence there is no possibility of every farmer's adding a buffalo or two to his stock. That untamable buffalo disposition is surely a regrettable fact in nature, but it is a fact. So those who apply for the buffalo must needs be owners of great animal parks or zoological gardens. The most interesting thing about this offer of the government is its proof that the buffalo is saved. Twenty-five years ago it looked as if this characteristically American animal were doomed. Today the species is preserved by the Yellowstone herd, to say nothing of numerous others. Here is a case where the government moved in time and wisely.

Thomas Hardy, Poet

THE greatest living English poet is about to publish, at the age of eighty-five, another volume of verse. Thomas Hardy's suggestion, in the preface to "Late Lyrics and Earlier" three years ago, that he was perhaps done with the muses may now be taken as meaning merely that he was uncertain how much time remained for him on earth. Time, as it happens, has dealt gently with Mr. Hardy, and he has returned the compliment by making much of his moments. The title of the new book—who would call it his last one?—is highly characteristic: "Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles." Its quality remains, of course, to be seen; but the chances are very slight that it will be without distinction of a genuine sort.

The fact that Mr. Hardy continues at eighty-five to publish poetry, and good poetry, is picturesque enough and may set a record—Tennyson's last volume appeared when he was eighty-three. The most interesting aspect of the matter, however, has to do with the way in which his career as a poet has built itself up—culminating, it may be, in the book now soon to appear. Mr. Hardy is most widely known as a novelist, and doubtless there are many readers of "Tess" and "The Mayor of Casterbridge" who do not know that their author is prouder today of his verse than he is of his prose. It was verse that he started with more than sixty-five years ago, and it is verse with which he has been exclusively occupied throughout that part of the twentieth century which has accepted him, somewhat too complacently, as a "survivor."

When his poetry did not seem to be succeeding he turned, in the late sixties, to fiction; and until 1895 he was faithful to the field which with George Meredith he dominated. But after "Jude the Obscure," being sick of censorship and tired of unintelligent criticism, he reverted to his first and favorite medium. Then came his poetic drama, "The Dynasts," and the five volumes of shorter pieces upon which his great fame as a poet now rests. These pieces dated from all of the decades in which he had been writing; apparently he had always found satisfaction in verse, and the preface to "Late Lyrics and Earlier" hinted of whole piles of manuscript which were still unpicked and unsorted.

There are critics, indeed, who insist that Mr. Hardy was never, even while he was working at prose fiction, anything more (or less) than a lyric poet. The faults of his novels, they point out, may be attributable to the fact that his vision of the world came to him in fitful gleams rather than in the long, steady rays which presumably play upon the born novelist. At any rate, in one medium or another, he has established his right to stand among the first of English lyric poets; and nothing could give his admirers more pleasure than the news that he has had the strength during the past three years to go on harvesting the remains of a crop all but unexampled in its total riches.

Fair Play to China

IT is profoundly encouraging that as this issue of *The Nation* appears there is assembled at Johns Hopkins University a conference of American liberals interested in the relations of the United States to China and determined to do their best to reorganize the present American policy toward China on the basis of justice, honesty, and fair play. The membership is limited to 275, but the list of sponsors shows that it is not [illegible] of American life but also that it includes many of the people best fitted by their knowledge of China, or their general interest in foreign affairs, to contribute to the discussions. There are representatives of labor, of various churches, of the colleges, of the liberal press, of the foreign missionary movement, of the China Society, etc.—for once the colored people of this country are also recognized in the discussion of a foreign problem in which they have a profound interest.

A conference which includes in its membership men like Bishop Roots of Hankow, Charles R. Crane, Professor Charles A. Beard, Bishop Francis McConnell, John R. Mott, Nathaniel Peffer, Professor E. A. Ross, and Owen D. Young would be distinguished in itself, but this is only a small portion of the roll of especially competent men and women. Already as proof of its [illegible] the matter of our world policy this gathering is more than worth while; anything that helps to take the direction of our international policies out of the hands of the bureaucrats and the professional diplomats helps to revive one's belief that it is possible to formulate and to regulate our relations with other nations on a basis of decency and morality.

How much good the conference will accomplish depends, of course, upon whether it takes its courage in both hands and speaks out with absolute frankness. If a majority should be influenced in the direction of conservatism and soft-speaking because of the policy of the Government, or any belief that this is the time to go slow, watch developments, and trust the Government, the opportunity will in some degree be thrown away. If, for instance, the conference should fall in with the sentiments of the joint note of the powers to China, which declares that they will assist in the reform of conditions in China when the Chinese Government has given "concrete evidence of its ability and willingness to influence respect for the safety of foreign lives and property and to suppress disorder and anti-foreign agitation," little will be achieved beyond frank speaking by those who understand the real significance of what is happening and realize that the policy of force toward China is played out. The simple truth, as we pointed out last week, is that the powers have not the slightest intention of doing anything worth while until they are compelled to. They know perfectly well that as long as their present policies continue the masses in China will continue to be inflamed. The latest outbreaks in Hongkong and Shanghai show clearly that the powers have not helped in any way to ameliorate conditions since the original troubles began. Their weakness and delay are such that the situation is bound to go from bad to worse unless enlightened public opinion in this and other countries compels a change of front. Moreover, no proof whatever is offered by the several powers that they have ceased their policy of purchasing outright the Chinese generals who are responsible for so much of the disturbance and disorder. As long as the powers seek to rule China imperially by dividing the Chinese by force or corruption, just so long will there be turmoil within the Celestial Empire.

In short, the powers by their assertion that they will do nothing until order and stability are restored in China—they to be the sole judges of what shall constitute order and stability—are seeking to place China in the position in which they have held Germany since the Treaty of Versailles. As the powers trumped up charges that Germany was not adequately disarmed in order to place a cloak of legality about their own retention of the Cologne area, so they can postpone any reforms in China for a century if they take the position that they will not budge until the last bit of brigandage disappears. As a matter of fact, some of these unholy and un-Christian nations would not hesitate one moment to subvention brigands if it were to their interest to do so. What the conference at Baltimore should do, therefore, is to go on record at once as believing that every extraterritorial right of any of the powers should be at once abolished, precisely as the Russians voluntarily yielded up theirs, together with a clear-cut statement of the responsibility of the powers for the disorder which they make their excuse for refusing to do justice. We ourselves are clear that it is no concern of [illegible] what disorder there is in China, or if there is any. We are not the policemen of China any more than we have the right to be the policemen of Mexico and the Caribbean.

The stupidity of the policy of the powers is the more apparent since, as every well-informed diplomat knows, they are now beaten to a standstill by the Chinese technique of non-resistance. The powers may occupy Canton and Hankow; they may once more send their troops into Peking. It would do them no good whatever, but would simply arouse the Chinese people to a degree which would make the present demonstrations seem like child's play. Force is the one thing that can accomplish nothing save infinite injury to the powers themselves. From their own selfish standpoint they ought to yield and yield gracefully, without any talk about the conditions in China today, without any further display of shameless hypocrisy.

To the Baltimore conference we look with faith for a statement of the rights and wrongs of the situation fit to arouse the conscience of the American people. There are plenty of men and women who know where the truth lies. Bishop Roots, for one, has spoken out with frankness and honesty, and so has Provost C. K. Edmunds of Johns Hopkins University, who for so many years resided in China. We have been proud of the attitude taken by most American missionaries, for their recognition of the fact that the day of narrow sectarian proselyting has passed in China precisely as has the day of brazen imperialistic land-grabbing by France, Germany, Japan, Russia, and England. But their test is *now*. Will these men and women who know what the hour calls for supply the leadership so sadly lacking in the State Department and the White House? Those departments of the government are actually going on building gunboats with which to overawe a few of the inhabitants of the Yangtze River, believing that that sort of thing will [illegible] the situation. They are too blind to see that this [illegible] policy of dividing, spells disaster.

National Forests or Stockmen's Profits?

AFTER twenty years of strenuous effort the preservation of our forests had seemed, until lately, to be assured. With large tracts set aside in the West under national guardianship, and a growing tendency to establish similar reserves in the East through the action of individual States, the fight for timber conservation appeared to have been won. But no policy in the interest of the public good is ever secure for long against the attack of private greed, and today the Forest Service, and more or less the entire policy of national conservation, is the object of an organized and dangerous offensive on the part of the live-stock owners of the West.

The issue in brief is this: The national forests contain 90,000,000 acres of grazing land. Such land is open to the pasturage of live stock by obtaining a permit and paying a fee prescribed by the Forest Service. Previous to 1905, at which time the national forests were transferred from the Interior to the Agricultural Department, there was no fee; since then the charges have been gradually increased from nominal payments until now the Forest Service is proposing to ask the full commercial value of the forage. Owners of cattle and sheep are countering with a demand that instead the fees be reduced to a point sufficient merely to cover the cost of administering these lands, that stockmen be given more permanent rights to the forage, and that the power of the Forest Service be curbed through a board of appeals with superior authority.

The stockmen began their drive last winter by the Phipps bill, which would reduce grazing fees in the national forests by about 65 per cent and would establish a "Board of Grazing Appeals," consisting of two representatives from the Department of Agriculture, two from the l[illegible] industry, and a fifth chosen by the four. The decisions of the board would be final, overruling those of the Secretary of Agriculture. The Phipps bill was reported favorably to the Senate by the Committee on Public Lands, without a single hearing, and was passed on January 31. In the House, fortunately, the measure got no further t[illegible] Committee on Agriculture. But the bill is far from dead and will be revived in some form at the next session of Congress. Meanwhile the stockmen's organizations have loosed a flood of propaganda which has been generously printed by the compliant Western press, and the Committee on Public Lands of the Senate has been holding hearings at various points in the Southwest and Northwest which have given further publicity to the stockmen's side of the controversy. With one exception, the Senate's Committee on Public Lands is made up of men from west of the Mississippi, and the chairman, Robert N. Stanfield of Oregon, has not concealed his hostility to the Forest Service.

The controversy between the stockmen and the Forest Service had its beginnings in 1920 when the latter undertook a comparison of rentals on private range lands with those in the national forests. The study took four years, and as told by Ovid M. Butler in *American Forests and Forest Life* for September:

> This appraisal of national forest forage, according to the Forest Service, fully substantiated an average increase in the present grazing fees of approximately 75 per cent. Prior to his death, Secretary Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture, served notice on the stockmen that upon the showing of the Rachford report an increase in grazing fees would go into effect January 1, 1926. He did not put the increase into effect immediately in consideration of the fact that the stock business in the West at that time was in a state of "hard times." With the announcement of the proposed increase, the stockmen figuratively got in their saddle and rode to Washington with fire in their eyes. Secretary Wallace stood firm, but after his death Secretary Gore granted the stockmen an extension of one year in the date on which the increased fees would become effective, or to January 1, 1927, in order that his successor might have ample time to review the whole case and finally fix the new fees to be put into effect. The Rachford report, with its proposed increase in grazing fees, is, therefore, in the hands of the present Secretary, William M. Jardine, for his approval or rejection.

The argument of the stockmen is that even under present conditions the industry is not profitable, that flocks and herds are decreasing, and that if grazing fees are increased the public will have to pay for them in higher prices for meat. At the hearing of the Senate's Committee on Public Lands in Yakima, Washington, on September 3, for instance, it was said that the number of cattlemen who were permittees in the Umatilla forest had decreased by more than a third in three years, and the size of the herds likewise; the men remaining were operating at a loss.

On the other hand the Chief Forester recently said:

> We must recognize the fact that, whatever we may say about it, the forage on the national forests is a commercial commodity. It is exactly like any other forage. Forage is one of the great commercial commodities of the Western States, and its character in that respect is not changed by property lines. Range is bought and sold and rented every day. It has its markets and its prices. It is just as much a commercial commodity of the West as are the live-stock products derived from it or the standing timber on the national forests.

The Forest Service [illegible] the [illegible] of the argument. The lumbermen are charged the commercial value of the timber which they cut in the national forests, and there is no justification for making the stock-raisers favo[illegible] of the government. To give them something for nothing—for this is what it [illegible]—is the same favoritism and injustice as is involved in a protective tariff or a ship subsidy, with the further folly that it is designed to foster not an infant or growing industry but a decrepit and waning one. Raisers of sheep already have the benefit of a high tariff on wool, and yet it is admitted that their industry has long been losing ground. Raising cattle for beef—certainly under present conditions—is likely also to be crowded more and more to the wall in the United States. The production of wool and meat is primarily an industry for undeveloped countries with cheap land. The United States is becoming too much settled, land is growing too dear, for us to expect to hold our old position in this regard. Furthermore, it is childish and unbusinesslike to make a gift to any individual in the mere *hope* that he will pass it on to his fellows. The protective tariff has had no such results. Neither has the past history of stockmen enjoying cheap forage in the national forests given any indication that the benefits were

passed on to the consumer of meat. To quote again from *American Forests and Forest Life:*

> In the past the stockmen using the national forests have received the difference between the full value of the range and the fees actually paid. In marketing their live stock they have not made any reduction in the price corresponding to the cheap range obtained from the government. Also they have sought to capitalize as their own the value of their privilege of using public property. In selling their live stock and ranches with a waiver of their grazing privileges on the national forests they have priced their stock several dollars a head above the market to include the capital value of the government privilege, or this capital value has been added to the price asked for the accompanying ranch property.

In addition to the threat of higher meat prices the stockmen are raising a cry of autocracy and incompetence in the Forest Service. So far as we have seen, they have not produced any convincing evidence. Undoubtedly the Forest Service is a great power in the West, as was pointed out by Harvey Fergusson in *The Nation* of July 22, last, in an article entitled Out Where Bureaucracy Begins. But if abuses have crept in, they can be eliminated without attacking the service as such. As the proverb has it, it is unwise to throw the baby out the window even if the house is afire.

Some may assume that no matter what happens to the grazing lands in the national forests the trees will not be endangered. Not by any means. If a policy of special favors for stock-raisers is officially adopted, the lumbermen will shortly—and legitimately—demand similar concessions. The only safety for forest preservation is to maintain and extend the policy that has developed through twenty years of earnest effort.

Poincaré in His Own Defense

THERE is an old French adage which runs "Qui s'excuse s'accuse." M. Poincaré has come to his own defense in an article in *Foreign Affairs*. He had much better have heeded the adage and remained silent, for if he has not accused himself he has made so poor a showing that his discriminating friends, if he has such, must mourn for him. Rhetoric there is and appeals to the old war shibboleths, to the familiar prejudices as well as the customary harping on Alsace-Lorraine and the war of 1870. But of documents, new facts, or new light there is none; nor is there any controverting of the startling testimony of the Russian revelations as to M. Poincaré's intrigues with Russia just before the war came.

Those deadly Bolshevik revelations M. Poincaré simply brushes aside. "What weight," he asks, "can be attached to the Soviet revelations and the commentaries resulting from them" in the face of the assertions he makes and his own restatement of European politics up to 1914? Well, with the average inexpert reader who is not familiar with the documents this may be effective throwing of dust in the public's eyes, but the truth is that the Soviets published no documents of their *own*. They gave to the world those of the Czar's Foreign Office which they found—contemporary records, like the disgraceful secret treaties which the Allies sought to conceal from the Americans, the authenticity of which has never been successfully challenged. M. Poincaré does not meet them because he cannot. He merely invokes the old Bolshevik prejudice as a smoke-screen.

So, too, he brands every student who dares to challenge the war-guilt mythology as the victim of Russian or German malevolence: "It is unfortunately true that in friendly countries, and especially in the United States, the combined propaganda of Germany and the Soviets has sown confusion in the minds even of well-meaning men of high standing." This, of course, disposes completely of Frederick Bausman, Professors Fay, Barnes, Seymour, Wright, and Schmitt, Senator Robert L. Owen, Frank Simonds, Albert J. Nock, and the Canadian, John S. Ewart. These men are either duped or bought. As for Germans like Hermann Lutz and Count Montgelas, why, they are Huns and so not to be noticed. But curiously enough three Germans *do* figure gallantly: Lichnowsky, Richard Grelling, and Maximilian Harden, who suddenly become "honest Germans" because they acknowledge "the wrongs committed" by their country and are on M. Poincaré's side. As for the Frenchmen who have lately gone so far as to acquit Germany of most of the blame—for these traitors M. Poincaré has not a word. He ignores Alfred Fabre-Luce's "La Victoire" and Mathias Morhardt's "Les Preuves," both absolutely damning to Poincaré. Are these Frenchmen bought by the Germans and Bolsheviks? M. George Louis's evidence as ex-Ambassador to St. Petersburg M. Poincaré also brushes aside merely by declaring that on his return to Paris he became the associate of defeatists and adventurers.

Let M. Poincaré speak for himself. This is his rhetorical and damning conclusion—damning to himself:

> Imperial Germany is guilty because she did not try to prevent Austria from attacking Serbia. She is guilty because on the contrary she maneuvered so that Europe should leave Serbia alone face to face with its powerful neighbor. She is guilty because having for a time, through belated fear of Great Britain, gone back on her first counsels of violence and made feeble attempts at moderation, she returned, as the Scriptures say, to her vomit. She is guilty because without being forced by anything except strategic considerations she set a torch to the powder houses of France. Against these unalterable truths the gates of hell themselves shall not prevail.

To this amazingly brief indictment does M. Poincaré come! Gone is all the stuff about Germany's long-laid plans to dominate the world, her deep schemes to split Europe in half, her long, long planning of "Der Tag," and all the rest of the fustian and stuff with which the world was regaled through French and British propaganda. Well, badly as we thought of M. Poincaré, we think worse of him now. Yet, even so, *The Nation* does not go nearly as far as Mr. Bausman or Professor Barnes and others. It cannot yet acquit Germany of all blame. It is simply aware that the documents discovered since 1917 compel any honest man to throw away his preconceptions, to study the case anew upon the sole basis of probed fact and unquestioned documents, and that much Russian, French, and English guilt is now established as well as Austrian, German, and Serbian. They were all guilty, guilty, as M. Poincaré would say, as hell itself, and gradually the truth about it all is coming out, here and there, bit by bit, from the confessions of this or that man, or the discovery of additional documents. Whether it will ever be possible to overthrow all the war lies and get the truth before the masses is a problem of the future.

Bolshevism in China

An Interview with Karakhan

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Peking, July 19

THERE is no more fascinating figure in world diplomacy than Leon Karakhan, Soviet ambassador to China. In our current red mythology he has assumed almost epic proportions. It is said that the Specter of World Revolution, having been maltreated by the Daughertys, Birkenheads, and Poincarés of Western politics, has finally come to roost with him in Peking. He is variously pictured as a devil, an apostle of murder, an unscrupulous trickster, a savior of China, a protector of the weak, a diplomatic genius. In appearance Karakhan is like none of his myths, except perhaps the devil—a very handsome devil, only thirty-six years old. Black bearded, olive skinned, lithe and tall, he moves and talks with easy grace. He is an internationalist by training, an Armenian aristocrat giving his life to Russian communism, a graduate of St. Petersburg University, who has been since Brest-Litovsk a leading figure in Russian diplomacy.

The Soviet Ambassador at Peking

Karakhan talks. That is the delightful part about him. There are few diplomatic reticences about him. He talks for an hour and a half like a realist. Our conversation centers about the Great Fear, the conquest of the Orient by bolshevism. Gradually there emerge the outlines of the three major questions that the Western world is asking: How far has bolshevism actually progressed toward the conquest of China? What prospects are there of an alliance between China, Japan, and Russia for control of the East? What opportunity does internal dissension in China give for Bolshevik control in the future?

As to the actual progress of bolshevism in China, Karakhan says in substance:

> Of course, it should not be necessary to disillusion you concerning the newspaper portrait of bolshevism in the Orient. In the newspapers we are picturesque villains taken directly from Italian comic opera. We sneak stealthily upon the stage with a bag of gold in one hand and a knife in the other. We create all discontent, all strikes, all rebellions.
>
> Now, there is one important objection to that picture. The imperialists who continue to live in a comic-opera world may have their necks broken some day before they realize that the struggle of the workers for power is a serious struggle. If bolshevism is growing in the Orient it is because the Eastern people are beginning to want the things which we want. The British do not seem to be quite aware of this fact. They seem to think that they can make slaves of a nation, kill its citizens, seize much of its wealth, buy its generals, and then announce to the world that everything would be all right if there were no Soviet gold in sight.

Mr. Chamberlain has a good deal of the comic-opera outlook upon diplomacy. He finds the convenient villain embodied in Russia. His analysis is dangerously superficial. And there is something of desperation in his attitude. British imperialism has its back against the wall. The imperialist cannot admit his own guilt without losing everything that he has.

Is there a considerable Bolshevik movement in China? No. Of course, we have influence here. We are proud of it. We do not seek to conceal it. I speak at universities and the Y. M. C. A., but the Communist movement in China is very small and there are very few leaders of strikes and agitation who come from Russia. The Canton army has been assisted to some extent in military training by Red officers. We have a situation in China which I may describe as a rear-guard engagement in the workers' struggle. It is not a vanguard engagement. The Chinese people are still fighting for those elementary things which workers even in capitalist nations have gained long ago.

Of course China is moving forward very rapidly at this moment. There are two outstanding things about the present movement of workers and students which make the movement significant as a preparation for a more decisive battle later on. First, the movement is national and not provincial. It includes the workers as the solid basis, with the students as the vigorous ferment. It presents some striking resemblances to the Russian revolution of 1905 which made the later revolution possible. Second, the aims of this Chinese movement are quite clearly defined. The Boxer movement was a vague anti-foreign uprising. The present movement has definite objectives.

As far as north China is concerned all recent events seem to fit in with Karakhan's description. The present crisis in China is the result of a Chinese and not a Bolshevik movement. No disclosures have been made of any important causal connections between bolshevism and the Chinese agitation. This in spite of the fact that the provinces have been combed by British agents in the attempt to find oratorical ammunition for Chamberlain. The two Communists executed at Hankow were put to death by

a pro-British local governor. In Shanghai and Peking student and labor leaders indignantly repudiate any suggestion that they are inspired or paid by Moscow. There is not a single Bolshevik plank in their platforms. Their leadership is purely Chinese. All over Peking they have placarded great signs:

THE STUDENT MOVEMENT IS
Not Bolshevik
Not anti-Christian
Not anti-foreign
BUT CRY (*sic*) FOR HUMANITY

Chinese liberalism is friendly to Soviet Russia because Russia is the one nation in the world that has stood unequivocally for Chinese justice. Chinese bolshevism is three-fourths pre-Versailles Wilsonism. Even the Chinese Communist Party has not a single Communist plank in its political proposals. Its program of fourteen points would be rejected by the British Labor Party as hopelessly bourgeois. Its slogan of eight characters by which it appeals to the masses of the Chinese people means two things: Down with the Militarists and Down with the Foreign Imperialists.

While the foreign policy of bolshevism is winning friends in China there appears to be no structural preparation in Chinese society for the practice of communism. Class consciousness is just dawning among the city workers; in the vast rural districts the hundreds of millions of Chinese peasants seem to be as far removed from the program of the Third International as anyone could be. Bolshevism in the economic life of China will doubtless remain for generations what it is today, a yeast in the vast unleavened mass.

As to our second major question: What prospects are there of an alliance between China, Japan, and Russia for control of the East? Karakhan speaks from a wealth of experience. He it was who piloted Russia through those stormy days of the settlement with Japan concerning Sakhalin. He takes down a great map from the wall and shows me how Japan is extending her power in Manchuria. On the map heavy red lines trace out the railways which Japan has built and the railways which Japan has planned to build on Chinese territory.

> There are several points [he says] at which Russian and Japanese policy clash in the East. First of all in regard to the whole attitude of Japan toward the continent. When Japan speaks of an Asiatic alliance, the alliance seems to bear some resemblance to that between a hungry stomach and a piece of bread.
>
> Thus, we have a number of specific points of difference. They center around the Chinese Eastern Railway. Come over to this map and I can show you. See, there is Tsitsihar in northern Manchuria. You see that is near the Chinese Eastern Railway, which runs across Manchuria to Vladivostok. Russia and China control the Chinese Eastern Railway, and naturally it is of the utmost importance to have the railway protected from aggression since it is part of the trans-Siberian system. If the northern section of Manchuria is controlled by Japan, Russia's path to the Pacific is cut off. Now, Japan is planning the construction of several new railway lines in that northern section of Manchuria. The one from Tsitsihar would not only cut across the Chinese Eastern Railway but it would bring Japan to a commanding position in the Khingan Mountains. Other proposed lines would almost encircle the mountains. Then, over in eastern Manchuria Japan is also planning a number of railway lines which would cut the Chinese Eastern at Ninguta and run along the Russian border, making it possible to throw all her forces against Vladivostok on short notice. We have protested unofficially against these plans and Japan has suspended some operations. Nominally, of course, the Japanese Government is not building these railways officially. The construction is being done by the South Manchuria Railway Company, which is dominated by the Japanese Government.
>
> Aside from this strategic conflict in Manchuria, Russia and Japan also are engaged in the economic conflict for railway traffic and development. If Japan is allowed to carry out her plans of economic expansion in Manchuria a large part of the Soviet Government's holdings in railways will become unprofitable.
>
> No, an actual alliance between Russia, Japan, and China for the control of Asia by the Asiatics seems hardly possible so long as Japan maintains so possessive an attitude toward China. The pan-Asiatic movement is largely a newspaper myth. In fact, Russia is opposed to the slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" unless it includes justice as between Asiatic powers. "Asia for Japan" is no better than "Asia for Britain." But if Japan should modify her policy in China, there would be an inevitable drawing together of Russia, China, and Japan in the Orient. It might not take the form of an alliance against Western imperialism: that would depend partly upon the position of the United States. We have reached an agreement with Japan because Japan was willing to go half way with us. If the United States is unwilling to go half way we greatly regret it. Until the present time American power has served chiefly as a cat's-paw for British and Japanese interests in China.

Meanwhile Japan is, for the moment, playing a much more graceful part in Eastern diplomacy than the British. Without yielding any important economic advantage, the Japanese Government has turned away at least one-half of the Chinese wrath by soft answers. Her press is at once cautious and friendly to the Chinese people. As soon as the agitation in Shanghai reached major significance the Japanese Government clamped down a censorship upon its newspapers. It would seem that the shrewd diplomats at Tokio are beating time, knowing that the situation must play into their hands. If England is hard pressed, she must pay heavily for Japanese support, and together the two powers may dominate the Orient. If England fails, then China and Russia must be wooed and won to a new Eastern entente.

[illegible] of the Great Fear, who would accept the contentions of Karakhan in regard to the actual weakness of bolshevism in China and the remoteness of a pan-Asiatic alliance against the West, still believe that the disorganized condition of China gives bolshevism its great opportunity. They look for the Red hand of Russia behind one or another of the Chinese parties. Specifically, they fear General Feng and pin their faith upon Chang Tso-lin. Karakhan's attitude toward that problem is this:

> What do I think about civil war? There is always danger of civil war in such a situation. You ask about the possible alignment of forces in such a war, with Chang Tso-lin, Britain, and Japan on one side and General Feng and Russia on the other side. I see no prospect of such an alignment as far as Russia is concerned. Perhaps the sympathies of the nations will be lined up in that way in the event of a struggle. Japan has been backing Chang Tso-lin consistently, while England has been cool toward

him. Now, England must have somebody to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. So Chang emerges as the logical Chinese Kolchak. He is apparently quite willing to play the Kolchak role if England and Japan reward him well.

But the Chinese people must settle this struggle for themselves. Intervention by outside powers in behalf of one party or another will only perpetuate the disorder. History shows that the Chinese people will never get anything from the powers except those things that they are strong enough to take. The powers will respect China when they are compelled to respect China.

The pro-British press in China has spread grotesque rumors to the world in the attempt to prove that Russia is using Chinese militarists for her own ends. Actually, Britain and Japan have used Chinese militarists for their ends for a generation, while Russia has no representative today in China's internal strife. The Kuomintang, the party of Sun Yat-sen, which controls Canton, is a thoroughly Chinese democratic party, taking root in the traditional radical soil of south China. General Feng, the Christian general who is heading the anti-British movement at the time, has just called upon the Chinese people to repudiate bolshevism. His troops are drawn up by the Great Wall outside of Peking ready to make war upon England in behalf of the abolition of unequal treaties.

If Feng is given an opportunity to fight against England, it will be curious to watch the metamorphosis of this Christian gentleman in the British and American press. Until today he has been a wise and statesmanlike Christian executive, a believer in good roads, baths, and unbound feet. Tomorrow he may appear in Anglo-Saxon journalism as the apostle of mutilated missionaries, nationalized women, and the Red fear. There is nothing in the history of British journalism in the Orient to make this transformation incredible. From Shanghai, Hongkong, and other centers the British press has been pouring out anti-Bolshevik, anti-Chinese, and anti-labor propaganda in a style worthy of the *Menace*, the Dearborn *Independent*, and the Los Angeles *Times*.

Russia has no more effective champions in China today than these British colonials who are leading the bitter attack upon young China. They are throwing the Chinese people into the arms of the Bolsheviks. The demand for war against England is daily growing stronger. Student and labor demonstrations are centering upon British injustice. The feeling is so bitter that a declaration of war against England would probably throw into one camp the considerable armies around Canton, the army of General Feng near Peking, disaffected portions of the armies of Chang Tso-lin in north China and Manchuria, and perhaps India and Russia. Chinese Communists are naturally anxious for this opportunity to smash the British Empire. But for the time being Britain has sufficient power over the puppet government at Peking to postpone the day of reckoning.

As we come from the Russian embassy our ricksha man wheels to the right and there, diagonally across from each other on Legation Street, float the Star-spangled Banner and the Red Flag. Their juxtaposition is strangely suggestive and altogether depressing to an American who loves his own flag. To the Chinese people the red flag symbolizes what America once stood for: honesty in international relations, friendship for oppressed peoples. Karakhan is doing for China what Benjamin Franklin might have done. When he is dead we may erect monuments to him. Now we will not speak to him.

Herbert Hoover—Super-Business Man

By GEORGE T. ODELL

HOW does Herbert Hoover stand now? What is he doing for commerce? Is he relieving the burden upon the consumers' pocket-books?

If you ask a captain of industry and he happens to be in a mood for frank disclosure, the chances are that you will hear nothing but praise of Mr. Hoover. Two years ago the ratio of his admirers among leading business men was not very large. Not many of them were able to divine what he was driving at, and for the most part they did not care for his methods. But they have "got him" now, as we say in that delightfully expressive American colloquialism, and they are delighted to find that he is helping them to accomplish the very things they have been wanting to do for years but have been more or less deterred from doing by the anti-trust laws and the Federal Trade Commission.

Mr. Hoover believes in business organizations, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and trade associations. He works with them, and through them he draws individual concerns into his scheme of democratic business control. By democratic business control he means that business shall control itself with a minimum of government interference. Recently the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision in the "maple flooring" case that was essentially in accord with Mr. Hoover's conception of the functions of a trade association. But owing to a number of prosecutions by the Department of Justice and rulings of the Federal Trade Commission, industry in general has been somewhat dubious about gathering statistics on costs and prices and passing these about among themselves although it very much wanted to do so. The Secretary of Commerce has found a way of surmounting this difficulty by creating "voluntary committees" within the various industries that report statistical data to the Division of Simplified Practices of the Department of Commerce, which together with data gathered by the Bureau of the Census and by the statistical division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce goes back to the trade associations through which it is circulated to the individual industries. So the vital statistics which the industries were afraid to circulate on their own account are now supplied just as promptly by the federal government, and of course the Department of Justice is not going to prosecute members of a trade association for disseminating official government statistics even if they are supplied largely by the members of the industry or the trade association itself.

The consuming public may wake up some fine day and

discover that it is in the grip of great price-fixing combinations that control every necessity of life and most of the luxuries as well. Certainly the Hoover plan will make such combinations feasible, and who shall say them nay? The Federal Trade Commission that originally was conceived as the guardian of the consumers' rights as well as the protector of weak industries against the strong has now, thanks to the Coolidge policy, become an innocuous body that may not even survive the coming Congress. The courts cannot act unless the law is invoked by the Department of Justice, and it is almost unthinkable that an Attorney General will institute proceedings against those who are merely following the precepts of the Secretary of Commerce. Moreover, instead of having a free choice in the matter of quality and style we shall be bound to the narrowest possible limits of standardization under the scheme that is now being carried out. Nor can we turn for relief to foreign markets where creative genius has not yet been stifled, for there is the tariff wall to prevent their products from reaching us. The disappearance from the American market of many fine textiles that still abound in Europe is but an earnest of the further restrictions that may be expected when the simplified practice system becomes universal in American industry.

Strangely enough the prophecy of this undertaking was born amidst the greatest waste that mankind has ever known—the World War. The War Industries Board forced manufacturers in many lines to simplify their processes by reducing the forms of their output to conform to a few prescribed standards. As soon as possible after the war these same manufacturers resumed their former practices. Mr. Hoover entered the Department of Commerce with his mind made up to reestablish the essence of the plan inaugurated by the War Industries Board, but he had to find a different method. In time of peace the government is not endowed with such great prescriptive prerogatives, and the mere suggestion of that power contravenes the political doctrines of those who were then and are now in authority. Consequently the Secretary of Commerce had to exercise his ingenuity to find another means to the same end. Propaganda and the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Engineering Council, and various trade associations were instruments at hand. The touchstone of the campaign was the self-interest of the individual producer and merchant.

In the fall of 1921 Mr. Hoover called a conference on unemployment to provide temporary relief measures and to consider the whole problem of business slumps. With that conference as a fulcrum a new policy was prized into the governmental structure. Since have followed over two hundred conferences of various industries and some others of a more general nature. In brief the plan of these conferences is this:

Through illustrated lectures by Department of Commerce representatives before trade bodies, and the distribution of quantities of literature, some individuals in an industry are stimulated to request the Secretary of Commerce to call a conference of the whole industry. Mr. Hoover then authorizes the secretary of the trade association or some other competent person acting as his representative to make a preliminary survey of the industry. He has set up in the department a Division of Simplified Practices to assist in this work, and there are also some twenty other divisions, each specializing in one or more of the basic industries which are able to render assistance as the plan progresses. Arrangements are made for a conference at which producers, distributors, users, and general interests are invited to consider the survey and make recommendations. These recommendations are circularized among the individuals of the industry together with a form of pledge to abide by them. Sometimes there is a follow-up campaign to sell the plan to reluctant members. The results so far achieved consist of some twenty-five agreements for the reduction of varieties of manufactured articles.

Mr. Hoover's plan must not be construed as an attempt to regulate business or to force commerce and industry to confer benefits upon the people. It is officially described as the policy of "putting government behind business rather than in business." The Hoover method is more suggestive than mandatory. It is his idea that if shown the way business will reform its own practices and that from this reformation, whether it be in processes or ethics, the people will reap their just reward as surely as if government itself were to interfere in their behalf. Mr. Hoover said:

> In the field of business ethics we have seen great advance in the last two decades and chiefly due to the efforts of the better trade associations. This brings up an interesting question as to the use which might be made of trade opinion and determination of what is unfair competition. . . . It would seem worth considering that the voices of the large majority of a given trade might be given weight in the determination of what is unfair. It might lead to a degree of self-government in industry and trade morals which would free us from much regulation.

Recently Mr. Hoover's attention was attracted by the appalling toll of over 22,000 human lives and the more or less serious injury to nearly 700,000 persons in traffic accidents upon the streets and highways annually. This state of affairs appeared to him as a tremendous economic loss. The First National Conference on Street and Highway Safety was held December 15, 1924. Much preliminary work had been done, and the conference reviewed reports from eight committees and adopted a manual on safety and accident prevention that contained a code for the regulation of city traffic and that on highways as well. In it are the principles for legislation and administration, suggestions for cooperation among various organizations, and a program for future activities, for the conference decided to continue its life and to meet periodically. In time it is hoped that a universal traffic code will be adopted throughout the United States, modified only to the extent necessary to meet local conditions.

The agents of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce are instructed always to be on the alert for opportunities to sell American goods abroad, and the cables are used freely in support of that policy. Surveying parties have been sent to India, Ceylon, British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and to Central and South America to study the production of raw rubber. Similar investigations have been made of sisal, nitrogen, and tanning materials. Pending the time when these and other raw materials for which American manufacturers are dependent upon imports can be grown under American suzerainty, Mr. Hoover has recommended the enactment of legislation that will allow common purchasing agencies for imported raw materials where it is found that a positive combination exists to control its sale.

Salmon fisheries in the Pacific, sturgeon fisheries in the Great Lakes, shad in the Potomac, and lobsters and crabs in the Atlantic Ocean and tributary waters are threatened with early extinction unless something is done to conserve them. The Bureau of Fisheries is part of the Department of Commerce, and Mr. Hoover has had them make a careful survey of the situation. He went to the United States Fisheries Association and put the problem before them, and he got a law through Congress giving him power to control the pollution of coastal waters by oil-burning and oil-carrying vessels. Other measures were enacted and agreements entered into with Canada which enable the Department of Commerce to create sanctuaries where members of the finny tribe and their crustacean associates may recuperate and multiply.

Mr. Hoover called three conferences of lumber associations and important consuming industries at which new standards for dimensions and such matters have been adopted. Members of the trades that use 90 per cent of the lumber that is sold estimate that a saving of $200,000,000 has been effected. It would require an extended survey, however, to determine who is getting the benefit of this "elimination of waste," since there are few facts published on the subject. At the last conference, a few weeks ago, Mr. Hoover said:

> The consumer is the person who has most to gain from the work of these conferences, for through protection from fraud and preservation of forests he is the ultimate gainer. If the consumer can be brought to place all orders on specifications of "American lumber standards" he is not only protecting himself but promoting the vital interests of the country.

In 1922-1923 Mr. Hoover held a conference with the producers and distributors of coal, railroad officials, and large consumers to determine what can be done to eliminate waste in the bituminous industry. It is admitted, however, by officials of the Department of Commerce that there is still great waste in this industry that can be overcome only by consolidations. Since the coal question has again become acute and since the Bureau of Mines is now under his direction, it is probable that the Secretary of Commerce will renew his activities in this direction before long.

A conference was called on superpower, at which Mr. Hoover broached his ambitious scheme for linking the hydro- and steam-electric plants in eleven Northeastern States, and while it does not yet appear that any actual development of this sort is under way committees are at work studying engineering and legal features of the question.

Are the Hoover policies bringing about a revolution in American industry and commerce? Mr. Hoover believes they are. In a speech delivered a year ago at Cleveland before the United States Chamber of Commerce, he said:

> I believe we are in the presence of a new era in the organization of industry and commerce in which, if properly directed, lie forces pregnant with infinite possibilities of more progress. I believe that we are, almost unnoticed, in the midst of a great revolution or, perhaps a better word, transformation of the whole super-organization of our economic life. We are passing from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associated activities. . . . I believe that through these forces we are slowly moving toward some sort of industrial democracy. We are upon its threshold, if these agencies can be directed solely to constructive performances in the public interest.

Arms for the Riff

By M. M. KNIGHT

Gibraltar, August 24

FOUR years ago Spain was just bringing to a victorious end a long and unnecessary war with Raisuli, leader of the Jebala tribes, west of the Riffians and now allied with them. Suddenly the Spanish army in the Riff was overwhelmed and almost totally destroyed. General Silvestre, seeing his life work in ruins and dead Spaniards all about him, killed himself—perhaps adding to the confusion. So many regulation French army rifles were found in Riffian hands that a cry of treachery went up. The charge was all the more serious because this arm is not sold to the trade at all, both gun and cartridges being manufactured only for the French Government. There seemed to be thousands of the rifles and unlimited ammunition. Of the origin of these we shall have more to say later.

The usual estimate of Spanish losses, as given by French officers, is about fifty thousand men. There were already some Spanish Mauser rifles in the Riff, smuggled or captured from outposts. Of course the Riffians did not capture a rifle for every Spaniard lost, but they apparently made up the difference by taking overstocked outposts, with cannon and shells as well as rifles and cartridges. The real problem was cartridges, as there were more captured carbines than men to use them. From 1921 on it is possible to account for all the ammunition the Riffians needed without in any way implicating the Germans, Russians, or French. The Spanish soldier, like many another on the Continent, regards his gun as a handle for his bayonet—at any rate his rifle fire is wasteful and ineffective. He wears a double bandoleer of some two hundred cartridges which he is said habitually to discard as soon as a retreat begins. Thus to save his own skin he abandons to the enemy the means of killing scores of his countrymen.

Another source of Riffian cartridges has been described to me by numerous eye-witnesses. The Arabs have a certain talent for graphic expression, so we may perhaps picture this condition best by quoting a Sheik, sent by the French to make observations at the Spanish front:

> I went up to the crest of the impregnable hill of X——, south of Melilla. Looking down the slope I saw a lot of tents, about a half mile away. "What the devil," I inquired of my Spanish guide, "are those people doing there, right at our gates?" "Oh, that's all right," he responded; "they are the ones who provision us." Sure enough, in a little while they began to come into the post with all sorts of hampers—even driving heavily laden donkeys. You know what the money of the Riff is. The Spaniards paid for those things largely in cartridges!

The Sheik was silent for a minute or more, gazing reflectively into his glass of mint-tea. He finally added:

> You hear people express amazement that the Riffians have been able to make war for four years. The answer is simple: they have not. They have had three and a half years of barter and four months of real fighting!

Most readers of these lines will recall Ibáñez's charge that in withdrawing to a "defensive line" near the coast, Primo de Rivera practically invited the Riffians to overrun and annex the Jebala country. Spain had taken Raisuli, already fatally ill with dropsy, as her ally in the peace of 1922. He

had a great treasure of his own in addition to what she gave him, and was well stocked with ammunition. When Krim captured him eight months ago, not only did the gold and munitions go with him but the soldierly tribes of the Jebala added themselves to the Riffian unit. The gold came in handy for the purchase of further munitions, which were smuggled in through the international zone of Tangier and that occupied by the Spaniards, as well as into the ports actually controlled by the Riffians. Rivera's real defense for the withdrawal is one he does not dare make: that soldiers bartering military supplies on a "figurative" front inland may be doing more harm than they would idling in the rear where it is easier to watch them.

The rest is simple. Having immobilized the Spaniards, annexed the Jebala, and stocked himself with ammunition Krim took up the implied challenge of France when she occupied the ground north of the Ouergha in the spring of 1924. Many of these recently and imperfectly "pacified" tribes went over to the Riffians, taking their arms and ammunition as well as their man power with them. Still more military material fell into Krim's hands through the capture of French outposts, and the advancing Riffians were able to fight France largely with her own earlier partisans. Now that the Riffian advance is checked, Krim loses this cumulative power to make war without cost to himself, and must begin to draw upon his resources.

Newspapers have given much space to the problem of Krim's sources of ammunition from abroad. That problem is largely invented by French and Spanish military authorities for public effect. The marksmanship of those Riffian mountaineers is appalling. They do not waste cartridges, and they must still have a great many in reserve. Of course, they do import some, and the inter-allied blockade cannot possibly prevent it. I had it confidentially from a British naval officer on blockade duty that he hadn't fired on anybody, didn't have orders to do so, and that he inferred from his vague instructions that he must be especially careful about *not* doing the wrong thing. The activities of the Spanish navy since it gave us occasion for naval maneuvers in 1898 have not been impressive, and there are few French units along the Moroccan coast. I was assured by a group of French newspaper men in Tangier that the whole blockade was farcical, though they were not saying so in their dispatches. One had a rather impressive *dossier* on the international gun-running syndicate headed by a Captain Gardiner.

Thus the only real mystery about Krim's supplies is the original nest-egg of French Government rifles. Were Spanish suspicions justified; were the French helping Krim? Some of these rifles were identified as part of stocks captured by the Germans at Maubeuge and elsewhere during the Great War. Was Germany, then, engaged in arming the Riffian warriors? If so, where were these rifles between 1914 and 1921? They could hardly have been in Germany for more than two years after the setting up of the Allied control. Such speculations are useful in creating international distrust, but, privately, it is known by the authorities that at least some of these mysterious guns were bought by Krim from dealers in the Netherlands. In other words, in spite of Spanish charges against the French and French charges against the Germans, they were apparently sent to Morocco by neutral firms for private profit. A great war creates lethal implements by the million; and when it is over, these make new wars possible.

Crèvecœur the Loyalist

The Grotto: An Unpublished Letter from the American Farmer

Edited by H. L. BOURDIN and S. T. WILLIAMS

[*An event of interest to students of American history and American literature was the recent discovery in Paris of new "Letters from an American Farmer." For nearly a century and a half these manuscripts had lain in a trunk where J. Hector St. John de Crèvecœur, the "Farmer," had placed them. One of these letters has already been printed, and the rest are soon to appear in a volume called "Sketches of Eighteenth-Century America." "The Grotto," a description of a Tory refuge against the persecutions of American patriots, with sundry observations on these patriots, is an interesting corrective for the myth about Crèvecœur that he was during the revolution doubtful about his loyalty to the king. For some reason he chose to suppress those manuscripts which told the truth about his attitude. Crèvecœur was basically a loyalist. This record was written about 1778. Some parts which do not relate to the narrative have been omitted. The original orthography and punctuation of the manuscript have been retained.*]

THE spirit which animates the breast of our new people is a spirit of rancor which often becomes blind to its own future interest. 'Tis so with most passions given us for the most salutary purposes; they often transport us beyond the bonds intended. An old friend of mine suddenly disappeared at the same time that two of his neighbours were missing; this caused a great alarm among their connections and much greater ones among those who could have wished to have apprehended them, for they had been long suspicious. I made all the inquiries I possibly could but the universal distrust which possesses all minds was so great that nothing could be discovered. Different parties were sent to search the woods, to explore every place; the search proved vain.

This elopement so sudden and so private filled the country with surprise. Some were glad to see innocence escape the hands of tyranny, and the Rulers reproached themselves with their too tardy indulgence. But how cou'd they remain long concealed? They had left wives, children, great property, and these are ponderous chains which fasten men to their blocks. By repeated guesses and hints, by sollicitations, I was at last admitted into the secret: They were safe and at no great distance from their former habitations. It was not only the pleasure of seeing them I coveted as that of viewing the singular scituation of a retreat which had baffled the inimical ingenuity of the Times.

I was at last conducted to the spott, the most romantick I had ever seen. It was gloomy but not frightfull, entirely sequestred from common paths yet accessible, but only to the experienced foot. It might be called a pleasant habitation when compared to putrid gaols and narrower confinement. This was the azilum of security and silence, and who wou'd not have preferred this retreat to the vexations to which they might have been exposed. . . . I was led through the woods for a considerable distance, then ascended a pretty high ledge of rocks, not laid stratum

super stratum but lying at various angles, then we descended into a valley which was so filled with fragments that we cou'd hardly pass along. We climbed over old decayed trees whose strong roots had once reached at a considerable distance among the crevices of the surface in quest of early subsistence, now laid prostrate. We passed under others which tho' living yet were so inclined and distorted as to make us afraid least they shou'd crush us in their fall. Quitting at last this valley, we passed by two large perpendicular rocks like a couple of huge pillars. I observed how a late thunderstorm had wasted its fury on a lofty spruce tree whose roots had reached at a great distance, the trunk was split in shivers, it had been stript of all its limbs and branches. Soon after this we suddenly turned to the south towards a spott almost devoid of vegetables but exceeding full of rattle snakes. Hard by was a morass incompassed all around with very craggy grounds which we were obliged to pass. It was a trembling surface, how formed? I cannot tell, supported by water which was not about 2½ feet distance under our feet as we experienced it by thrusting our poles down. On this doubtful surface there grew some bogs and great quantities of aquaticks: water elder, angelica, and some bushes of alder. We at last arrived on the opposite shore. As we were obliged to follow the shores where bushes grew thicker, we often pulled off our hats and stoop'd and scrambled to get through. Just as I was looking down and searching for a sure foothold, we felt a sudden agitation of the air and an uncommon noyse which startled us the more so as we apprehended being discovered or being the cause of the discovery of our friends. But, behold, it was a great heron we had disturbed from its nest. The great impediment he met with in the distention of his wings had caused both the strange noyse and uncommon agitation of air we had felt. Sometime after we agreed to rest a while, being extremely weary. The sun was scarcely an hour high. "How much farther is it?" asked ——"About ¼ of a mile," answered our guide. "What a horrid part of the creation," observed another, "nothing is to be seen but useless morasses, broken rocks, thunder struck trees."—"Had it been created," said another, "for no other purpose than to save these gentlemen from popular fury, it seems to me that it wou'd be sufficient to extort from us some simbols of gratitude."—"We join you in the pleasing offering" said 3 unseen and unknown voices which appeared to be quite contiguous to us. We arose and looked at each other with astonishment, but perceiving our guide to smile, fear vanished from our wonder. We searched and examined every spott around us, but in vain. Just as we were returning to the stone on which we had set down, a moving green surface seem'd to open with difficulty and the 3 well known heads of our friends thrusting out, beckoned us to come in. No sooner had we entered than the door was immediately shutt.—"How can it be," said I, "that we have been a full ½ hour coming to the entrance of this grotto without having perceived it, and not even been able to discover the least traces of any aperture after we were convinced that the voices we had heard were not inimical? I was so near the pretended door that it struck my feet when it was open, yet with all my attention, was not able to trace the least representation of any such thing."—"So much the better," said a third, "if the eyes of friends overlook these mysteries of iniquity, it is to be hoped that the more hurried and less composed sight of enemies will search in vain as well as we."

This is really a most astonishing natural contrivance taken and view'd together. When we entered, a small fire covered with embers at about 30 feet distance was just perceivable. In the middle there hung a large lamp, the still light of which afforded us no other means of conducting ourselves through this gloomy habitation than as a distant landmark. It was a bacon to lead us towards the fire. Contiguous to what might be called a chimney there sat a small table, a book or two, a pair of spectacles, and a candle which was lighted soon after we came in. Its light was greatly dimm'd by a kind of rainbow proceeding I suppose from the dampness of the air. The first appearance of all these objects put me in mind of a sepulchral monument inhabited by some happy spirit permitted to revisit this peacable mansion in order to attone by new prayers for sins not yet expiated. This Grotto was the refuge of 3 worthy men who had preferred it to the more splendid ones of Court Houses and Publick Gaols.

—"Pray how long have you lived here gentlemen?"

—"3 months"

—"Nature seems to have done everything here for you, but sure I am that she did not condescend to make a door to this retreat."

—"No, it was sufficient for her to have built these impenetrable walls and to have laid on this huge roof, so we might well do the rest." I observed with pleasure the chairs they had contrived with crooked bows of trees fasten'd together with withes. A flatt smooth stone properly supported, served them for a table. They had enlarged a natural aperture on the west side so as to make it receive a casement of 4 paines of glass. At the north end, a passage was left, near where the roof stone joined the perpendicular wall; this they had converted into a chimney, thus what little vapor their coal fire exhaled was carried up, and the smoke of any other fewell might have betrayed them. In every other respect this Antre was hermetick and yet had no disagreeable smell, its floor partly of earth, partly sand was levell with the ground on which we rested before we came in, all the rest was composed of flatt slate stones which in some antient percution had accidently left the void in which we now stand. I perceived with surprise a small shelve full of books, one was a Critical Review of State tryals, another, Clarendon's History of his own time; those were used for implements of leisure and improvement. On the opposite side there hanged few fowls and quadrupeds. After I had been there an hour I began to think my self as much devested of a body as I had represented it to myself. . . . Their door was the most ingenious as well as the most awfull of their contrivances; in the interval which had been left by the antient fall of the roof stone, there was accidently left an aperture large enough to enter. To this opening they had fixed a wooden door made of thin boards the outside of which they had lined with a coarse blanket on which they sow'd large moss which being often watered allways appeared fresh and presented to the eyes nothing but the deceiving surface of a smooth mossy rock perfectly similar to the rest. On the left hand side there grew and flourished a large wild vine such as you often see in our forests; its limbs and branches extended a great way and covered great part of the south front as well as the roof. This appeared to have been planted on purpose, they luckily

improved the fortunate hint and made a most excellent use of that which nature intended only for the food of birds and foxes. . . .

Warmed by the new kindled fire, animated by a few glasses of good wine, rejoiced at the safe scituation of our friends, we spent the most cheerfull evening at which nothing was wanted. The simplicity of our food and dishes rather enhanced the delicacy of our fare; we had none of those frivolous additions so common at the tables of the great, calculated rather to feed the vanity of the master than to replenish the stomack of the guests. We sat round this new made table, and where seats were wanting an extemporaneous pile of stone immediately supplied the deficiency. If this table was not impregnated with the royal dignity which King Arthur imparted to his own, we dignifyed this with various simbols of friendship and philosophy too insignificant to repeat, we planned various schemes for the future deliverance of our friends. Like true English patriots we drink'd health and success to the commanders who perhaps have no other intention than to amuse our hopes and fill their pockets. Wou'd you believe it, the noble song of Rule Britania, so expressive of the unanimous wishes of the company forced these american echoes to repeat it though much again their will. What a singular efficiency there is in these national songs! They inspire a sort of enthusiasm they fill the heart with a renovation of antient feelings and affections which distance may impair but not destroy, they often urge men to uncommon deeds, they contain an hidden efficacy well known to soldiers and sailors; this filled me with the most vivid sense. Oh Britain, what mass of wishes, what collection of desires has been formed in thy favour! Not one, I am afraid, has reached Heaven or crossed the Atlantick if we may judge by thy conduct. What are thy sons a doing? Where is thy national vigor, foresight, and wisdom? Must these, thy forward children, take thee by the beard and make the world believe thou art in the doting age? I cannot finish to delineate a thought from which I turn with horror. Will our mother country leave us to our destiny, destiny of jealousy, divisions of power, individual misery, hid beneath the gaudy splendor of premature independence?

In the Driftway

AN eminently sensible young man has just come into the possession of a fortune. His name does not matter; it is his actions just after the happy event that make him sensible. He heard that something like half a million dollars was suddenly and happily his own; immediately on discovering the news he gave up his job, that of collector for the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, and took his wife to a ball game. The Drifter, although he does not know him, is his friend and admirer for life. He is tired of the interviews with janitors, bricklayers, railroad engineers, librarians, et al., who announce that in spite of the million dollars they have just fallen heir to they propose to go on with their ordinary mode of living. Few occupations, the Drifter holds, are attractive enough to deserve such fidelity. Only a deplorable lack of imagination can account for it. To be sure, such tactics are always commended by the newspapers and by certain wealthy men who are occasionally questioned on the subject. The new heir, they say, refused to lose his head but decided that the occupation which he had followed for forty years was still good enough for him. How commendable! Nothing of the kind, the Drifter avers. The most becoming thing a man in such circumstances could do would be to lose his head. He may find it again later if he will; but for a while he ought to spend his time rejoicing in some novel and unexpected way.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not one of those who turn up their noses at the thought of sudden and large wealth. He would risk all the dangers of being plunged into such a state for the fun he knows he could get out of it. He has often wondered what he would do if he had a million dollars, but he knows that instant departure from his present daily task would be the first step. After that he might do a number of things: he might, for example, charter a sailing vessel the like of which is fast disappearing from the seas and start out on a voyage around the Horn or merely sail without objective up and down the seas; he might go to the most expensive restaurant he knows and order whatever he liked without ever once consulting the right side of the menu; he might mount a horse and explore certain sections of New Mexico and Arizona that have always beckoned to him; he might hire a gondola in Venice, not bargaining about the fare beforehand, and listen all day to the songs of his gondolier and to the shouts from the houses as he slipped by them; he might sit quietly at home with a pile of book catalogues before him and order every book that he wanted without a thought for the price.

* * * * *

THESE, he realizes, are the desires of someone who has always been poor. Doubtless more exotic wishes would appeal to one who, being rich, became suddenly richer. But there would always be something. If at the end strange scenes palled on him, if the edges of Spain looked no more alluring than the temples of Siam, if the Ganges beckoned no more strongly than the Orinoco, if he found himself longing for his own tongue, for his own way of living, for something like his own kind of people then—delightful thought—he could always come back to them. He would no more be compelled to exile than tied to home. That is the great advantage of riches; for, of course, the Drifter would not be one of those who took this wealth seriously. Having come by it through no agency of his own, he would lose it without too much regret. And lose it he certainly would, because the intricacies of finance are beyond him and his idea of managing a fortune is to leave it alone. Ultimately he would be poor again, and that would be the proper time for going on with his former occupation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The La Follette Trail in Wisconsin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just completed accompanying Mr. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., in his race for the Senate. I was on his staff handling publicity. The love and reverence of a people for a dead leader was constantly evident during these weeks of campaigning.

The Progressives with rare good judgment and a homage worthy of the memory of their dead leader laid aside personal ambitions and grouped themselves about Robert M. La Follette,

Jr., the elder son who for six years had been secretary and intimate associate to his father. The campaign to fill the seat was by State statute a brief one, hardly more than three weeks being allowed for the primary race, and fourteen days thereafter election. For three weeks "Bobby," as they call him in Wisconsin, drove through the State "bringing the fight to the people." Everywhere he was met by large crowds. Early in the morning, in mid-afternoon, or late at night, regardless of time or place, the neighborhood was there to meet him. At first the opposition press belied the size of the gatherings. When this became too brazen they shouted: "Mere curiosity." Curiosity it was. The curiosity of farmers and workers, men and women who during a quarter of a century had been educated by this youth's father to question and examine candidate and platform, to ponder and deliberate, and to manifest interest and zeal in progressivism by coming out and scrutinizing the quality of the enunciator.

Day after day, at every meeting, the love and homage of a people for a dead leader was unfolded and the depth of his impress revealed. It was primarily the expression, the uncovering of the depth and quality of the liberalism that Robert Marion La Follette grounded in Wisconsin. When Bob Jr. came to the crowds he was watched, apprehensively. And then as the challenges to which they had stridden to the fight under his father rolled out, as the message of his life-long fight against monopoly and reaction was reaffirmed with a vividness that needs but a little while to make it famous in its own right, the joy of these throngs was awe-inspiring.

Appleton, Wisconsin, September 12 ROBERT S. ALLEN

Disarmament and Credit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The financial columns of the *Herald Tribune* today have an interesting bearing on the question of disarmament. They mention an offering of $30,000,000 kingdom of Denmark thirty-year 5½ per cent external-loan bonds priced at 99½. Proceeds of the loan are to be used to retire outstanding 8 per cent bonds, and the report indicates an active demand.

The Danish government bill in the Rigsdag for the abolition of the army and navy, the disarmament of all fortifications, and the disbanding of all volunteer corps was mentioned in your issue of December 24, 1924. While the measure has not yet been adopted, it is not unlikely that a few years will see it in force. Presumably the bankers are fully aware of the situation, but do they shake in their shoes at the prospect of little Denmark venturing about unarmed in the jungle of Europe with Germany on one side and Red Russia a near neighbor? Not so you'd notice it. If their money talks, apparently it is saying that they believe Denmark is going to be more secure than it has been in the past.

New York, July 29 PAUL JONES

Believe It or Not

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sinclair Lewis's observations on the Hun in *The Nation* for July 1 remind me of a shameful experience I myself had with the self-same dreadful Huns. Away back in 1910, when the world was still safe for democracy and when we still looked upon the Germans as honest, peaceful, intellectual human beings (today no hundred-per-center considers them such)—back in those already ancient days I translated Mitchell's "Last American" into Esperanto. Being no seer, prophet, fortune teller, or son of a native son, I made the supreme blunder of picking a German publisher, and in that most terrible of all German cities, Berlin. No iron-bound contract was drawn up stating in unmistakable terms exactly what my remuneration was to be; a brief letter stated in a matter-of-fact way that a certain sum was to be mine upon the appearance of a second edition. This letter was subsequently lost, leaving me at the mercy of the Hun editors.

Meanwhile hell broke loose in all Christian (?) lands and Germany became the Beelzebub of the nations. In the turmoil I dismissed all thoughts about my little book because none but a fool would ever again expect sane, honest treatment from a bunch of degenerate Huns.

Some months ago I discovered in *Esperanto*, official organ of the Universal Esperanto Association, that a second edition of my book had just come off the press. My address was not the same as it was in 1910, so I wrote to the publishers to see what they would do in the matter of remuneration. I did it as a joke, of course; I knew beforehand that I would receive an insulting reply.

In due time came a letter from the publishers written in most courteous Esperanto. The politeness was for effect, most likely. I was told that the company had changed hands three times since the first publication of the book, that no contract could be found anywhere, that the then owner was now residing in Italy, and that a letter from him was to the effect that he could recall nothing about the matter.

Well, so much for German honesty! I might have known that I could expect nothing else from such a source. I was ready to tear the letter into shreds and throw them in the fire, but my better judgment told me to read the final paragraph. That paragraph stated that ten copies of the book were being sent to me and then asked if a certain sum in gold marks would be acceptable. This sum, upon investigation, proved to be just one dollar less than the pre-war sum agreed upon, and as soon as my letter of acceptance reached the publishers their check was promptly forwarded.

Minneapolis, July 7 LEHMAN WENDELL

Bishop Brown's Beliefs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An interesting article in *The Nation* of August 19 by Charles W. Wood, entitled Religion Becomes News, ended with this extraordinary sentence: "If the Protestant Episcopal Church decides that a bishop is at liberty to believe whatever he can find out, the conflict between science and religion may soon be resolved."

Neither the Episcopal church nor any other church needs to decide that a bishop is at liberty to believe whatever he can find out. A bishop, like anyone else, is always free to believe whatever he chooses. A bishop is at liberty to believe that the whole Christian faith is false, just as a banker is at liberty to believe that the whole banking system is a fraudulent scheme to extract money from the poor, or an insurance man to believe that life insurance is a useless waste of money, or a ship captain to believe that his ship will never reach port. It is commonly assumed by sensible people that if bankers or insurance men or ship captains believe such things they should resign from their positions. There are still people in the church who think that a bishop who maintains that the whole Christian faith is false should resign from his office. This is the real question at issue in regard to Bishop Brown, which will finally be settled at the coming General Convention in New Orleans.

It is difficult to see how Bishop Brown's belief or lack of belief can have the slightest connection with any alleged conflict between science and religion. Most authoritative men of science today, as well as most accredited representatives of religion, do not believe that there is any conflict between science and religion. Certainly the unrepresentative opinions of Bishop Brown can have little bearing either upon science or upon religion.

New York, August 29 SELDEN P. DELANY,
Editor, *American Church Monthly*

The "Old Feminists"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a mistake to say that "the old feminists were anti-man." Some were; but the great majority were not.

When the woman's rights movement in England was being denounced as a rebellion of embittered spinsters, its three chief divisions were led by three gray-haired widows: Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, who had been eyes and hands for years to the blind Postmaster General of England; the saintly Mrs. Charlotte Despard; and Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. Even the redoubtable Mrs. Pankhurst, who was looked upon as the very embodiment of the anti-man spirit, was nothing of the sort. Holding forth to me one day with motherly pride upon the good qualities of her daughter Christabel, she added, with a soft light in her bright eyes: "I gave her the right kind of a father."

In the United States, Lucretia Mott's husband stood by her in every way. Someone said he had never seen such a look of happiness on any human face as on James Mott's when Lucretia was making an eloquent address and he sat holding her Quaker bonnet. Lucy Stone had a faithful and able coadjutor in Henry B. Blackwell. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's five sons were in sympathy with her. Julia Ward Howe was an ardent lover—witness some of her poems. Mary A. Livermore said it was her husband who converted her to woman suffrage and encouraged and urged her to undertake public work when she distrusted her own powers. Dr. Livermore was exceedingly fond and proud of her. He would drop in at the *Woman's Journal* office and say, with conviction: "There never was such another woman as Mary Livermore—never!" The union of the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell and Samuel C. Blackwell was ideally happy; after forty years of marriage they were still like lovers.

Three prominent suffragists, representing New York, Indiana, and Kansas, were great friends, but had a standing disagreement on one point: each insisted that her own husband was the best husband in existence. At one of the early suffrage fairs in Boston many of the husbands—busy men who seldom got out to meeting—had come with their wives to help open boxes and barrels. As I passed through the different departments of the fair, a whole series of women seized upon me, one after another, each exclaiming: "I want you to meet my husband. He is the best man in the world!"

Those of the old feminists who were unmarried had a band of able and valiant masculine co-workers, to whom they were warmly grateful, from the day when William Lloyd Garrison refused to take his seat in the World's Anti-Slavery Convention because the women delegates were excluded down to the very end. The woman's rights movement was never a conflict of women against men. It was always a struggle between progressive men and women on one side and conservative men and women on the other. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt (herself twice married and both times happily) put the case in a nutshell when she said: "The enemy is not man but conservatism."

Chilmark, Mass., August 27 Alice Stone Blackwell

A Comment from the South

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* makes me sick. You are so hipped on the Negro question that you say "white woman" and then go out of the way to say "a young colored lady." Along with several of my friends I have written a number of letters to *The Nation* giving the Southerner's viewpoint, but you fail to print them. Instead you tell the people through your columns what we do and think, and generally it's wrong. You say cowards rule in Tennessee. Is zat so? It certainly is not news. Cowards rule in New York—items, Lusk, birth control—*and everywhere else for that matter.* You infer that everyone opposed to the child-labor amendment is a reactionary, and that is just as foolish as to say that a man opposed to prohibition is a reactionary and that a man is a Bolshevik because he voted for Bob La Follette. *The Nation* approaches its subjects just like other American magazines—that is, from its own particular angle. *The Nation* is undoubtedly the best paper of its kind in America because I permit it to pain me fifty-two times out of every year, but that's not saying much. And don't think it's smart just to make people angry. If you go out of your way to do these things in order to vent your own viewpoint on someone else *for that purpose only* (you frequently boast of making people angry) you accomplish nothing.

San Antonio, Texas, July 15 Maury Maverick

He Wants Facts

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It takes your paper to get the facts. Facts I am looking for, and this is the reason I so eagerly look forward to its receipt weekly.

Detroit, July 11 S. W. Eigls

The Rising Tide of Youth

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A torchlight parade on the Fourth of July is undoubtedly appropriate; but a torchlight parade of *Socialists*, requiring forty-five minutes to pass a given point, tying up traffic precisely as if it were a parade of the American Legion, and carrying more red flags in one night than have been carried in the United States since the landing of the Pilgrims, would hardly meet the approval of the New York bomb squad. For, what could be a graver act of lese majeste than to hold a parade of revolutionists (just before I left the United States, hardly a month ago, I heard Socialists referred to as "revolutionists") on the birthday of the American Revolution?

The New York bomb squad missed one of its great opportunities by not spending July 4 in Vienna. It could have arrested almost as many children as it liked. For the parade, with the exception of the musicians, was composed of children.

From a point near the Wiener Bank Verein it moved into the Ring and marched toward the Opera. Massed, and waiting to begin its march, the procession might have been a new army mobilizing against a new Bastille. Thousands of gleaming torches under a radiant blue sky. That was from a distance. When it came nearer, with its crimson banners and its wistful childish faces, it looked like nothing so much as the Sunday-school parades in Brooklyn on Anniversary Day. Or it would have looked that way had it not been that the children were so [illegible]

The Children's Crusade was nothing compared with what is beginning in Central Europe today. I have seen the children marching in Berlin and in Vienna; and their footsteps [illegible]

The power of this sort of thing is almost inconceivable; but I think I can indicate something of the compulsion it exerts. A week ago I was sitting with a friend in front of the Romanische Cafe, in the shadow of the Kaisersgedenkniskirche, in Berlin. She was damning my radicalism in a most satisfyingly thorough manner when, suddenly, we heard voices singing "The Internationale" and a Communist parade entered the square. My friend looked, then looked away, and then began to weep.

"I can't help it," she said. "I think I understand."

Vienna, July 4 Nelson Junius Springer

Books and Plays

From the Continent's End

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

Birds

The fierce musical cries of a couple of sparrow-hawks hunting on the headland,
Hovering and darting, their heads northwestward,
Prick like silver arrows shot through a curtain the noise of the ocean
Trampling its granite; their red backs gleam
Under my window around the stone corners; nothing gracefuller, nothing
Nimbler in the wind. Westward the wave-gleaners,
The old gray sea-going gulls are gathered together, the northwest wind wakening
Their wings to the wild spirals of the wind-dance.
Fresh as the air, salt as the foam, play birds in the bright wind, fly falcons
Forgetting the oak and the pine-wood, come gulls
From the Carmel sands and the sands at the river-mouth, from Lobos and out of the limitless
Power of the mass of the sea, for a poem
Needs multitude, multitudes of thoughts, all fierce, all flesh-eaters, musically clamorous
Bright hawks that hover and dart headlong, and ungainly
Gray hungers fledged with desire of transgression, salt slimed beaks, from the sharp
Rock-shores of the world and the secret waters.

Haunted Country

Here the human past is dim and feeble and alien to us
Our ghosts draw from the crowded future.
Fixed as the past how could it fail to drop weird shadows
And make strange murmurs about twilight?
In the dawn twilight metal falcons flew over the mountain,
Multitudes, and faded in the air; at moonrise
The farmer's girl by the still river is afraid of phantoms,
Hearing the pulse of a huge city
Move on the water-meadow and stream off south; the country's
Children for all their innocent minds
Hide dry and bitter lights in the eye, they dream without knowing it
The inhuman years to be accomplished,
The inhuman powers, the servile cunning under pressure,
In a land grown old, heavy and crowded.
There are happy places that fate spares; here is not one of them;
The tides of the brute womb, the excess
And weight of life spilled out like water, the last migration
Gathering against this holier valley-mouth
That knows its fate beforehand, the flow of the womb, banked back
By the older flood of the ocean, to swallow it.

Fog

Invisible gulls with human voices cry in the sea-cloud:
"There is room, wild minds,
Up high in the cloud; the web and the feather remember
Three elements, but here
Is but one, and the webs and the feathers
Subduing but the one
Are the greater, with strength and to spare." You dream, wild criers,
The peace that all life
Dreams gluttonously, the infinite self that has eaten
Environment, and lives
Alone, unencroached on, perfectly gorged, one God.
Caesar and Napoleon
Visibly acting their dream of that solitude, Christ and Gautama,
Being God, devouring
The world with atonement for God's sake . . . ah sacred hungers,
The conqueror's, the prophet's,
The lover's, the hunger of the sea-beaks, slaves of the last peace,
Worshipers of oneness.

Boats in a Fog

Sports and gallantries, the stage, the arts, the antics of dancers,
The exuberant voices of music,
Have charm for children but lack nobility; it is bitter earnestness
That makes beauty; the mind
Knows, grown adult.
A sudden fog-drift muffled the ocean,
A throbbing of engines moved in it,
At length, a stone's throw out, between the rocks and the vapor,
One by one moved shadows
Out of the mystery, shadows, fishing-boats, trailing each other,
Following the cliff for guidance,
Holding a difficult path between the peril of the sea-fog
And the foam on the shore granite.
One by one, trailing their leader, six crept by me,
Out of the vapor and into it,
The throb of their engines subdued by the fog, patient and cautious,
Coasting all round the peninsula
Back to the buoys in Monterey harbor. A flight of pelicans
Is nothing lovelier to look at;
The flight of the planets is nothing nobler; all the arts lose virtue
Against the essential reality
Of creatures going about their business among the equally
Earnest elements of nature.

Ben Jonson

Ben Jonson. Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Volumes I and II: *The Man and His Work.* Oxford University Press. $11 the set.

FOR more than a century Gifford's edition of Ben Jonson has held the field, authoritative and unrivaled save by sporadic issues of individual plays. Now at length its long day is waning, for the first instalment of the definitive edition upon which Messrs. Herford and Simpson have been at work for many years has appeared. Eight more volumes, to contain Jonson's dramas, masques, entertainments, non-dramatic verse, and prose, together with critical introductions and elaborate commentaries, are promised. These two introductory volumes present the great bulk of the editorial matter: a "Life"; all

the extant documents (with two exceptions to be noted presently) from contemporary sources, including a reprint of the Conversations with Drummond and all but one of Jonson's letters; and a series of introductions to the several plays, the masques, the poems, "Discoveries," and "The English Grammar." If much is gained by the compact form in which all the requisite information is here assembled, something is lost by the separation of the introductions from the works with which they deal. Moreover, until the other volumes are before us, it is impossible in fairness to comment upon apparent *lacunae* which the editors probably plan to fill in in the separate commentaries which are to follow. The treatment of the theory of humours, for example, is less exhaustive than in Mr. Simpson's edition of "Every Man in His Humour" (1919); there is more to be said about the theory and practice of alchemy, about Bartholomew Fair, about the fire which destroyed Jonson's library, about Jonson's relations with John Fletcher, and other matters. We are entitled to expect more detailed information later on; meanwhile the editors are entitled to our confident expectations.

Much of the editorial labor has been expended upon the assembling, ordering, and interpretation of facts previously known but never before so well set forth; but several documents are here printed for the first time, more perhaps than we could have hoped for at so late a date. Mr. W. A. White of New York has with the generosity which characterizes his relations with scholars allowed three hitherto unpublished letters by Jonson, respecting the imprisonment for his part in the "Eastward Ho" affair, to appear. A deed of assignment (1621) in which Jonson assigns a half-year's annuity to one John Hull is also published for the first time. Other practically unknown documents are gathered together from the periodicals in which they were first printed. An invaluable compilation, ranking almost as documentary evidence, is the catalogue of books in Jonson's library which survived, or were purchased after, the fire and which are still extant. The number and variety of these books is surprisingly large. The editors have taken all possible pains in the difficult task of the detection and indication of forged signatures and inscriptions. The amassing of documents would, then, be complete were it not for two astonishing and disgusting facts concerning which it is best to quote the editors' own very moderate words:

> One collector in America, who owns an unprinted letter of Jonson, has refused to answer an inquiry about it; one collector in England has withheld a manuscript note of a contemporary of Jonson giving a new fact about his life. With these two exceptions we have experienced the utmost generosity at the hands of collectors and scholars.

As it is inconceivable that such contemptible and unworthy misers are readers of *The Nation*, comment is unnecessary.

The editors have worked in a partnership so happy and so successful that any precise indication of their respective shares in the common task is neither possible nor desirable. It may be said, however, that most of the spade-work of research has been done by Mr. Simpson who is also responsible for the documentation, the commentaries, and the introductions to Jonson's prose. The biography, planned by both "twin-brethren," is in its final form from Professor Herford's pen, as are the introductions to the dramas, masques, and poems. The strictly new material alters very little the established outline of Jonson's life. None the less this biography is of exceptional value for the brilliant light which it casts upon the man's character and literary ideals, his friendships and quarrels, and his whole milieu. No other Elizabethan stands so completely before us in his habit as a man. We can visualize Ben Jonson in the round, with that life-like verisimilitude with which the great figures of literature in later centuries come before us. In comparison with him the dramatists who were his fellows are but shadows of names. And this is due to the fact that he was not only a dramatist but a satirist, moralist, and critic; and not only a man of letters in this larger sense but also a man of the world, in touch with large affairs, commanding important and influential friendships and no less significant enmities. He was a great though unequal artist, a tremendous though sometimes blundering satirist, a learned though unsystematic critic. These qualities would have immortalized his writings but they would not have availed to stamp the impression of his personality upon the English mind. All the comparatively abundant evidence shapes itself into a consistent and highly individual figure. The man who slew his enemy in the Low Countries and afterwards another enemy in London; who was imprisoned for his share in "The Isle of Dogs" and again for his part in "Eastward Ho"; who fixed lasting ridicule upon his rivals in the stage quarrel; who turned Roman Catholic when self-interest demanded that he adhere to the established faith, yet was ready to inform Salisbury of "Romish" plots; who walked from London to Edinburgh and talked with Drummond for a month on end; whose early turbulence gradually subsided into a rugged serenity; who was on intimate terms with many courtly persons and the close friend of the greatest scholars of his age; who came to be surrounded by admiring "sons" and reigned without dispute at the literary foregatherings in the London taverns; who outlived his popularity but not his self-esteem—this man was one of the great personalities produced by the English race. His face is familiar to us; in many a recorded conversation we can catch the very tones of his burly voice; his "mountain belly" as he presides at the Apollo or Devil Tavern looms up before us hardly more mistily than does the shabby waistcoat of his even more familiar great namesake of the eighteenth century.

Professor Herford illuminates this already so distinct personality. In considering Ben Jonson it is the personality that counts. And it is the personality that establishes this man among the immortal figures of our literature. This it is which explains the most familiar of all English epitaphs. Jonson's "rarity" did not consist in his own day and certainly does not consist today in his dramas, which were never enormously popular and which are now very infrequently revived; nor does it consist in his truculent powers as a satirist; nor in his learning; nor even in his occasional snatches of exquisite lyric melody. Professor Herford remarks that Jonson's persistent air of contending against the tide is inconsistent with the fact that the tide was in many respects running in his favor. There is this of truth, however, in Jonson's pose of isolation, that so strong, so rugged, so intensely individual a man could not but stand out among, if not against, his fellows. He is "rare" because he is unique.

So much for the man; when his editors produce the later volumes of their truly monumental work we shall follow his own counsel to the reader of Shakespeare and

> . . . looke
> Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Professor Channing Continues

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Volume VI. *The War for Southern Independence.* The Macmillan Company. $4.75.

COMMENTING upon the question whether or not Stephen A. Douglas must have realized the effect which the Kansas-Nebraska bill of 1854 would have, Professor Channing remarks: "One of the first things that the historical student learns to distrust is the vitality of the prophetic vision of himself or of anyone else in ages past. Prophesying is the most dangerous of all historical pursuits and also of political pursuits." To the philosophy which these sentences embody Professor Chan-

ning adheres, in this volume of his "History" as in the previous ones, with a considerable measure of consistency. To be sure, he has not been able wholly to resist the temptation to speculate regarding what might have happened if things had been different. The belief, for example, that the election of Bell and Everett in 1860 would have averted secession seems to him to have much to support it, although it is hard to see how he can imagine that those two respectabilities could under any circumstances have won a majority of the electoral votes in the then state of public opinion. Such deviations, however, do not impinge much upon the general theory or its application. What is more, Professor Channing is not only averse to prophecy, but he is even more incorrigibly averse to taking anybody's word for what happened until he has himself inquired into the credibility of the narrator and the life history of his story. If we have had no American historian who has subjected the sources to a more thorough personal examination than has Professor Channing, we also have none who is less a respecter of persons and traditional opinions than he.

The result of this detached attitude appears less in the general outline of the fifteen-years story which this volume tells than in the treatment of particular episodes and the judgments which are passed upon leading personages and their acts. Webster is defended for his Seventh of March Speech on the Compromise of 1850, and "no more painful, no more unjustifiable, lines" are to be found in "American poesy" than those in which Whittier branded Webster as Ichabod. Buchanan's course is treated without further blackening his reputation, John Brown's career is sympathetically recounted, and while many will think that less than justice is done to Lee, the work of Jefferson Davis is favorably exhibited. Anyone who imagines, however, from the subtitle of the volume, or from the apparently complete lack of references to rebellion, or the political immorality of secession, or the superior moral purpose of the North as a prime reason for winning the war, that the South and its leaders are receiving a clean bill of health will not be long in discovering his error. The Civil War was indeed a war for Southern independence, and the merits of the controversy and the relative resources of the combatants were not so unevenly matched that praise or blame should attach exclusively to either, but Professor Channing is clear that by the middle of the nineteenth century "two distinct social organizations had developed within the United States," and that they were so far divergent that they "could not continue indefinitely to live side by side within the walls of one government, even within the walls of so loosely constructed a system as that of the United States under the Constitution." Given these conditions, a war of separation was inevitable.

It is this point of view which, in the main, is kept in sight throughout the volume. A brief survey in the first chapter of economic and social conditions North and South illustrates the divergence of system just referred to, as the account of the Compromise of 1850 and Southern interest in the territorial extension of slavery shows its political bearings. Older readers will perhaps be struck by the relatively small place assigned to Abolition as a political or moral force in the period, and the chapter on "bleeding Kansas" is a model of reduction to scale. For Lincoln, "that God-inspired man," Professor Channing has little criticism, but for the Lincoln following in 1860 he has some sharp words. "Undoubtedly a very large part of the support of the Republican Party," he writes, "came from persons who had no scruple of conscience, but had great desire to hold public office," and most of the Lincoln supporters, the small number of out and out Abolitionists aside, "were those who wished for a change in the economic policy of the federal government." Professor Channing's strictures on the military operations of the Civil War, together with his estimate of the comparative importance of campaigns or movements, are too technical a subject to be gone into here, and the military critics will probably continue to take sides notwithstanding his balanced presentation of the evidence, but the more than usual praise of McClellan may at least be mentioned. What brought the war to an end, next to the continued success of the Union armies, was the reelection of Lincoln in 1864. With that event the South lost heart. Professor Channing regards it as "at least open to debate how far the collapse of the Confederacy can be attributed to the lack of essential supplies," and it appears to him that "the Southern people, had they so wished, could have held out for a long time," but "by the summer of 1864, and even more so by December of that year, the will to fight had gone from large sections of the Southern people."

Certain adverse criticisms which have been passed upon the preceding volumes of Professor Channing's work hold true, in the main, of this latest instalment. The work is relatively weak on the economic and social side notwithstanding a considerable use of economic and social data, and on the history of the States, although the latter lack is in part made good by an admirable chapter on the Ohio Valley States. The foreign relations of the United States get only brief examination, and the account of federal administration and the work of Congress during the war leaves a good deal unsaid. It is, in short, political history, and to the political aspect of things the other matters are made to contribute. But within these limits it is a noble work, rich in sound learning, marvelously free from any kind of bias, and aiming straightforwardly at the truth as the author sees it. One may indeed hope that the years will be generous with the scholar as his task now three-fourths done goes forward to its end.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Humane Warfare

Callinicus: A Defense of Chemical Warfare. By J. B. S. Haldane. Today and Tomorrow Series. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

CHEMICAL warfare has yet to find its General Mitchell. The die-hard opposition to it on the part of older line officers has created a situation analogous to that in which the aeroplane formerly found itself. Opposition persists and has been strongly expressed at the Geneva Conference. It is based on ignorance; it speaks the fear of the unknown, for chemistry must long remain for the general public a vast and pregnant mystery.

Mr. Haldane injects a pungent dose of fact and clever raillery. He speaks down as only a well-informed English scientist can. His scorn is for the sentimental pacifist and for the "military mind"; and his dear reader escapes with a chuckle. He gives a clear discussion of the four chief types of useful chemicals, with striking instances of their uses. They are effective and humane. A typical picture is the capture, quite unwounded, of 2,400 poilus by means of a bombardment of tear gas. Temporarily blinded, they were disarmed and led off by "a German in goggles." "In order to make future wars humane," says Mr. Haldane, "it would only be necessary to introduce the two following rules: (1) No goggles or other eye protection shall be worn; (2) no shells shall be used containing any other substances save ethyl iodo-acetate (or other lachrymatory compound) and a small bursting charge. Certainly it is unlikely that such rules will ever be adopted, but I do contend that to forbid the use of such substances is a piece of sentimentalism as cruel as it is ridiculous." He sketches the enormous possibilities which chemical warfare still holds and advocates its study and extension. In short: "I have no sympathy whatever for Mr. Facing-both-ways when he says that, though he is prepared on occasion to fight, he will not use these nasty new-fangled weapons." He is keen and true.

Nevertheless this special pleading is a descent from the heights of "Daedalus" and "Icarus," two volumes in the same

series which now are famous. That startling debate on the value of science, a precious primer for all sophomores, in college or out, by men who know whereof they write and write exceedingly well, is a judgment on science and a warning to a stupid world. Well may the complacent fundamentalist beware the day when biologists attain their stride and advance to the rank of creative scientists. For Daedalus "was the first to demonstrate that the scientific worker is not concerned with gods." And Bertrand Russell in "Icarus" has sounded the warning. If Mr. Haldane's predictions in "Daedalus" come true, if the gifts of science come to a world unprepared and unworthy, the present situation in chemical warfare will be but a prelude to major disasters. The challenge is to the social and moral sciences; if they do not keep pace mankind must perish by its very power over nature and over itself.

GERALD L. WENDT

Second Best

The Professor's House. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THERE is nothing which reveals more clearly the most characteristic defect of modern fiction than the fact that the theme—even the chief substance—of most contemporary novels is easily reduced to abstract intellectual terms; and there is nothing that indicates more clearly the nature of Miss Willa Cather's peculiar excellence than the fact that the intention of her works generally defies any such attempt at restatement. It is not merely that one would find it difficult to say what "My Antonia" proves, but that it would be almost equally difficult either to define the author's attitude or to describe the effect produced; and even when, as in "A Lost Lady," there is unmistakably a theme, it remains as in solution, never crystallizing into an entity separate from the story which embodies it. The quality of the emotion aroused is perfectly distinct; toward the lady in question we have an attitude different from that inspired by any other person; but from the author we get no hint how we may analyze the subtle guilt of her heroine or how we may formulate our charge against her.

Miss Cather begins, one is led to suspect, not with an intellectual conviction which is to be translated into characters and incidents but with an emotional reaction which she endeavors to recapture in her works; and she completes the whole creative process without ever having, herself, imperiled the fresh richness of the emotion by subjecting it to analysis. Some incident observed in life or recalled to memory appears in her imagination surrounded by an aura of feeling. It reverberates through her mind, awaking complicated echoes and making many strings vibrate with sympathetic overtones from which a haunting chord of music, soft but intricate and new, is born. As an artist her task is not to resolve this chord into its constituents nor to describe the strings from which it comes, but so to reproduce the various elements of her apperception as to transfer it bodily to the mind of her reader. She is not one of those who, knowing our stops, plays what melody she will upon them, but one whose skill consists in her ability to reconstruct a situation by which she herself has been moved.

Being essentially an intuitive artist she is at some times markedly more successful than at others, and her new novel is not among her best. Its method is characteristically hers, for though the theme is fairly distinct it never degenerates into a thesis; her story of a scholar whose faith in life fails him when he sees how fortuitous wealth destroys the spiritual integrity of his family is never made, as most contemporary writers would have made it, "an indictment of commercialism"; and, being always rather elegiac than argumentative or bitter in tone, its effects are purely artistic ones. Yet in spite of many fine touches it does not live up to the promise of the earlier [illegible]. Fragmentary and inconclusive, it starts off in several different directions but never quite arrives at any of the proposed destinations.

The initial mistake was, I think, the elaboration of the character whose story constitutes the second of the three parts into which the novel is divided. Miss Cather has wished to multiply the incidents which produce in the professor his dominant mood—the result of a conviction that while achievement is good its rewards, whether reaped by those to whom they are due or by others, are invariably evil. For this purpose she invents a young student who turns up at the university and carelessly presents the professor with some priceless Indian pottery which he had discovered in the West. Later he invents a vague but wonderful gas, rushes away to be killed in the war, and leaves it to the professor's bright son-in-law to commercialize the invention. In a fashion this young hero runs away with the story. He is glamorous, he has adventures, and he furnishes the reflection about which the whole book turns: "Fellows like Outland don't carry much luggage, yet one of the things you know them by is their sumptuous generosity—and when they are gone, all you can say of them is that they departed leaving princely gifts." Yet he has no business to dwarf as he does the professor, for he is not made one-tenth so interesting nor is he by any means so richly conceived. The professor's household was, I would be willing to wager, the observed or remembered situation with which the book started. It is the fact which appeared to the author with that aura of feeling of which I have spoken, and Outland is largely an invention. He is merely a hero, almost an abstraction; he has attributes but he has no character; and he is only very superficially convincing. Put beside Outland even the casually indicated Marcellus, the active son-in-law, and the former pales to a shadow.

In "The Professor's House" there is much that is very beautiful—passages which only Miss Cather could have written. Taken as a whole, however, the book is a disappointment to those who know how good her best work can be.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Miguel de Unamuno

Essays and Soliloquies. By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated from the Spanish with an introduction by J. E. Crawford Flitch. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

EVERY system of philosophy, every attitude toward the universe which has any claim at all to our attention, will be found to imply a code of ethics, just as every code of ethics will be found to rest upon an attitude toward the universe. For a system of philosophy which exerted no influence upon our actions would find itself without justification or significance other than as an intellectual game, while a manual of practice must look further afield than the immediate needs of the individual which it is to serve if it at all seeks to obtain harmony between him and the universe. This truism will not suffer by reiteration here, because it is the only approach to philosophy which has human relevancy at all. A philosophy which does not answer satisfactorily the question "How does it help me to live the life of reason, in a world in which such life appears at best as a [illegible]?"—such a philosophy would hardly deserve the name. And any other question which we may ask of it, while it may perhaps give rise to interesting problems, will hardly touch at all upon the *raison d'être* of philosophy—its affective [illegible].

Examined from such an angle Unamuno will be found sadly wanting. His attitude toward the universe, negative in its consequences, is incapable of illuminating or guiding action when that action is directed toward the practical business of living. And his code of practice, built upon negative foundations, [illegible] as in "La Vida de Don

Quijote y Sancho Panza") is rudimentary, narrow, anti-social, and therefore irrational. It does not flower from a desire to achieve harmony between the individual and a hostile world, but appears rather to have been consciously designed to keep the individual in a state of chaotic strife with himself and with the world. The result of that atrophy in his moral development is spiritual dissolution and practical despair. And, also, a complete separation from the world of reality. Like Don Quixote in the wine cellar, he finds himself striking against enemies as elusive as shadows in the dark, and the ease with which he vanquishes them makes him seriously doubt their existence.

From a slightly different angle, the reason for that estrangement between Unamuno's ideal and his practical life is sufficiently radical to furnish the best criticism of his ideology. And the reason is that the problem which he has set himself to solve—the tragic sentiment of life, as he calls it; the conflict, that is to say, between the heart that desires immortality and reason that denies its possibility—is a fantastic one. To us moderns at least who have accepted with more or less difficulty, but accepted nevertheless, the conclusions of science, his flutter about immortality will appear at first blush ridiculous. Our point of disagreement with him does not lie in the different attitude toward immortality which we may take, but on something more fundamental than that. For beyond the possibility of immortality lies the question of the transcendental nature of the ego. If instead of amusing himself with positing the question and deducing conclusions from it before solving it he had set himself to find out with the aid of science exactly what he meant by that soul of his for which he desires eternal life, the ineluctable character of the conflict would have disappeared. He would have come to see, as the mechanists have, that the soul, that I of Miguel de Unamuno of which he so vehemently speaks, is a vague name for a wanton wedding of elements having no reason, in an absolute moral sense, other than that which we may arbitrarily thrust upon it, and no permanence other than that which we may fortuitously snatch for it from the teeth of fate.

The question we have now to answer is whether, in the throes of that tragic sentiment of which he finds himself the prey, Unamuno has had the courage to yield free scope to his intellectual curiosity. Though we may not accuse him of insincerity we may charge him with intellectual negligence. If he had been moved by a passionate desire for the truth, rather than for an easy pragmatic satisfaction, he would have sought to sink the foundations of his intellectual life on the only firm soil given to us today—the evidence of science. But his romantic loyalty for an outdated ideology has blinded him to the fact that he has built it upon the shifting sands of a faith which can advance no better proof of its validity than the arbitrary whims of his own heart.

However, Unamuno is a disturbing voice to his contemporaries because he gives expression, in an age which finds itself the battleground of two fundamentally exclusive ways of thinking, to the older ways—and in forms so poignantly vivid that one cannot fail to realize their vital significance. But for one who has already made up his mind the intrinsic value of his thought ends here. Any other value he may possess is only symptomatic.

Perhaps the nature of Unamuno's problem will not be evident in these essays, although Spirituality and Intellectuality, My Religion, and Arbitrary Reflexions adumbrate it from various angles. Unamuno, to be completely understood—and refuted—needs be completely read. Nor is the task of refutation an easy one. For while one's mind may abstract itself from the passionate influence of his arguments, one's heart will find it difficult to remain impassive to their subtle caresses. And it is to the heart, and not to the mind, that he addresses himself.

ELISEO VIVAS

Books in Brief

The Earth Speaks to Bryan. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

It is natural that Mr. Osborn should reply, in behalf of the earth, to Mr. Bryan, who represents God. The two have much in common. Both are dogmatic and long-winded, and both quote the Bible abundantly. Mr. Osborn is a paleontologist of distinction; he tells us here a little of the Neanderthal man and the Cro-Magnon man, more of the religious beliefs of the doctors who taught him in his youth, and gives fascinating sidelights on his dinner-table conversations with bishops and archbishops.

The History of Materialism. By Frederick Albert Lange. With an Introduction by Bertrand Russell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

A new edition of a classic, with an introduction explaining materialism as a product of dogmatism. "At the present day the chief protagonists of materialism are certain men of science in America and certain politicians in Russia, because it is in these two countries that traditional theology is still powerful."

A Good Man. By George F. Hummel. Boni and Liveright. $2.

What the novelist himself calls the "level of light banter" is consistently and entertainingly maintained in this novel. Mr. Hummel is a swift, if somewhat superficial, observer; he is a smooth as well as a shrewd narrator. His study of the suburban Don Juan—a business and woman go-getter—is an engaging piece of fiction.

Ethan Quest: His Saga. By Harry Hervey. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

Something more than the empty gesture of romance has gone into this novel. Glamor of the expected sort it has, but beyond that is a thoughtful depth, in which the theme of the story is submerged without effort. One looks into it as into a crystal pool; Mr. Hervey is no paddler in the shallows of fiction. "Ethan Quest" is done with feeling and aesthetic restraint; it belongs in the category of civilized fiction.

Little Nineteenth-Century Classics. Edited by John Drinkwater. I. *Twenty Poems*, by Robert Stephen Hawker. II. *Essays*, by Hartley Coleridge. III. *Twenty Poems in Common English*, by William Barnes. Duffield and Company. Seventy-five cents each.

Three featherweight volumes in a series, which it is hoped will grow indefinitely.

George Fox; Some Modern Appreciations. A Tercentenary Collection of Studies. London: The Swarthmore Press. 6 shillings.

Tributes by Rufus M. Jones, J. St. Lee Strachey, Dean Inge, and others to the perennially interesting Quaker.

Italian Landscape in Eighteenth-Century England. By Elizabeth Wheeler Manwaring. Oxford University Press. $3.

An excellent and valuable chapter in the history of culture, tracing the influence of Claude Lorrain and Salvator Rosa (as well as their imitators in European painting) upon literature, art, and landscape gardening in the England of Thomson and Reynolds and Mrs. Radcliffe.

The Cruise of the Nona. By Hilaire Belloc. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

A miscellany of sea-meditations upon all matters under the sun; Mr. Belloc's admirers will say that he thought while he sailed; the others that he sailed while he thought. The resulting pages are breezy enough; the intellectual ballast, however, was very light.

Drama

Liberty's Glorious Feast

FASHIONS change, and the hobo is coming once more into his own. Not many years ago moralizing realists were telling us that these knights of the road were no knights at all. Their ranks, so we were told, were recruited from the most feebly unfit. Weak-minded victims of dementia praecox constituted, it was said, the most typical of their numbers, and there was nothing even remotely romantic about their cowardly viciousness. Now, however, poet-tramps, scholar-tramps, and super-tramps are popping up all over America and England to defend the picturesqueness if not the virtue of their fellows; and thanks either to their facts or to their imagination they are getting the best of the argument. Though Gipsies seem to belong almost wholly to the past and though the highwayman has come to operate from the taxicab which he drives, the most thoroughly regimentized citizen must have some symbol of the free life outside those laws which he obeys and those conventional decencies which he preserves. The dream of Vagabondage is as eternal as that of the Golden Age —the one a dream of protest as the other is a dream of fulfilment—and the tramp furnishes the best contemporary material for its embodiment.

On the crest of this wave of neo-romanticism comes "Outside Looking In" (Greenwich Village Theater), which Maxwell Anderson has fashioned from Jim Tully's autobiography, "Beggars of Life"; and it is a dramatic sketch of astonishing vigor, moving with speed in spite of the fact that it is largely made of atmosphere and character, and rollicking with both cynical and Rabelaisian laughter. Romantic no doubt it is, but its romanticism is strictly *à la mode*, the romanticism, that is to say, not of Alfred Noyes or of Robin Hood but the robust romanticism of "What Price Glory"—which has little to do with prettiness and much to do with things not generally considered the material of romance. Reeking with profanity and rich with that characteristic American humor which expresses itself in the exuberant phrase and the fantastic overstatement, its touches of sentiment are slipped unobtrusively into places where they will give the audience a little comfort without calling attention to themselves; and they do not spoil the illusion of riotous and brutal mirth.

There is a whole gallery of highly individualized portraits, ranging from the silently sinister "Arkansas Snake" at one extreme to the genially violent giant, tinged with the principles of the wobbly and known as "Oklahoma Red," on the other; while in between is a whole army of tramps, varying greatly in their experience and in the extent of their philosophy, but united in a common contempt for easy life within the law. The racy talk, touching lightly upon everything from women to government, blasphemes against every respectability and reaches its climax in the scene where a Kangaroo court is convened in a box car to try a prisoner charged "with eating in restaurants and corrupting a girl from a bawdy house into honorable marriage." "If," demands the judge, "all the women were taken out of sporting houses, what would become of us poor single men?" And then, declaring himself like all other judges, he waves the defense counsel aside with the words: "It's no use; I've already made up my mind, and I'm incorruptible." The audience, not too rootedly respectful of the guardians of law and order to object to a little mockery, rocks with laughter at every sally.

It would not be easy to find in literature so riotous a defiance of all the proprieties. "The Beggar's Opera," being frank burlesque, is not half so strong; and one is driven to that glorious cantata, Burns's "The Jolly Beggars," for such a gallery of rogues or so joyous an exhibition of pariah philosophy. Burns did indeed strike exactly the note which Messrs. Tully and Anderson have echoed, and here it is:

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

Life is all a variorum.
We regard not how it goes:
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

With the ready trick and fa[illegible]
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

As for the story of "Outside Looking In," it is rather commonplace melodrama and might, if told in outline, put some strain upon credulity; but thanks to the very skilful handling and to acting which, especially in the parts of Charles Bickford and David Leonard, is extremely good, it is made tense and convincing. Those who were worried because "What Price Glory" was effective in spite of demonstrably poor dramatic construction will be still further distressed by Mr. Anderson's latest effort, but no play ever opened at the Greenwich Village which seemed more certainly destined for success.

At the Lyceum Theater Mr. Belasco is presenting Willard Mack in "Canary Dutch." Mr. Mack does a really masterly piece of characterizing, but the piece is a factitious arrangement of pathos and melodrama designed merely to give him the opportunity. At the Booth Theater the irresistibly amusing Ruth Gordon takes complete charge of a poor play called "The Fall of Eve" and makes it very funny in spite of itself.

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International Relations Section

The Chinese Demands

TEN days after the Shanghai shooting of May 30 representatives of the Diplomatic Body in Peking arrived on the scene to investigate the affair and negotiate for settlement. Three days later the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai presented a series of thirteen demands as terms for such a settlement.

These thirteen points drafted by the Chamber of Commerce are the only "demands" officially presented to the powers up to the present time, and supported by the Chinese Government. As such they must be distinguished from those other more far-reaching aspirations which have been expressed from time to time in the diplomatic correspondence of the Chinese Government.

Immediately following the May 30 affair the Chamber of Commerce held a number of meetings to consider the situation. This body, composed of 530 members, represents the largest and most influential commercial and banking interests in Shanghai. In presenting the thirteen demands the Chamber of Commerce was supported (according to the foreign press it was coerced) by the more radical Amalgamated Union of Commerce and Education which managed the general strike. In the latter organization are included the Chinese Students Union (national), the Shanghai Students Union, the Federated Street Unions, representing more than 10,000 small shopkeepers organized by streets, and many smaller trade unions. Although differences of opinion later developed between the more radical and conservative elements, it is safe to say that the great bulk of Chinese organized opinion stands behind these demands.

Complete agreement in regard to the manner in which the thirteen demands were drafted by the Chamber of Commerce is lacking. According to the foreign press and Shanghai municipal officials, the meeting at the Chamber of Commerce was attended by students and various radical labor groups who forced the hands of the "more stable elements" of the chamber itself. Information from Chinese sources states that the chamber formulated its demands without coercion.

On the following facts, however, there is general agreement: Prior to the drafting of the thirteen demands by the Chamber of Commerce the joint committee of the Commercial Labor and Educational Bodies, the executive of the Amalgamated Union, drew up a series of demands for submission to the Municipal Council. These demands, also thirteen in number, were far more radical than those subsequently adopted by the chamber. They included immediate abolition of extraterritoriality; withdrawal of British and Chinese gunboats; return of the Mixed Court to China; appointment of a Chinese commissioner of police for the Shanghai Foreign Settlement; and eligibility of Chinese to sit on the Municipal Council. When the Chamber of Commerce met, with representatives of the students and labor and commerce bodies participating, the more radical demands listed above were dropped and several others materially modified, on the ground that they were inconsistent with existing treaties or impractical at the present time.

The thirteen demands of the Chamber of Commerce were officially presented to the Chinese Commissioner of Foreign Affairs at Shanghai on June 12 and submitted by him to the Diplomatic Delegation from Peking sent to negotiate for a settlement with the Chinese commissioners. At about the same time the demands of the Amalgamated Union were also submitted to the Chinese commissioners.

On June 18, after holding three sessions, the negotiations were broken off. The Diplomatic Delegation, on leaving Shanghai, published a statement declaring agreement impossible due to the fact that the Chinese demands (except those directly relating to the May 30 affair) were beyond the scope of their instructions. The report of the Diplomatic Delegation has not been published to date.

Following the breakdown of the negotiations in Shanghai the Chinese Foreign Office in Peking transmitted to the Diplomatic Body on June 24 a note containing the thirteen demands as drafted by the Chamber of Commerce. No reply to this note had been presented by the powers at the time of this writing. The Chinese Government has insisted on the thirteen demands as the basis for any settlement of the May 30 affair. Since the note of June 24 no further negotiations have taken place between the powers and China.

On June 18 the powers announced their decision to hold a judicial inquiry. The Chinese Government backed by student and labor organizations opposed such inquiry and to date no further action has been taken by the powers.

The Thirteen Demands

The thirteen demands may be grouped for convenience into two sections. The first, covering seven points, deals directly with the shooting of May 30 and calls for apology, compensation, punishment of offenders, release of Chinese arrested, reinstatement of strikers, betterment of labor conditions. The second deals with general questions long a source of friction which, according to the Chinese, were the underlying causes of the Shanghai affair. These demands, six in number, include revision of the Mixed Court, municipal franchise for Chinese rate-payers in the Foreign Settlement, freedom of speech and the press, and withdrawal of several proposed municipal (Shanghai Settlement) statutes. We print herewith a translation of the demands, taken verbatim from the *North-China Herald*, with an explanation of those points which may be obscure:

1. Cancelation of state of emergency.

2. Release of all Chinese arrested in connection with this affair and restoration to original state of all educational institutions in the International Settlement sealed and occupied by the authorities.

3. Punishment of offenders. To be suspended pending investigation and [illegible] to be seriously dealt with.

4. Compensation for the dead and wounded and the damage sustained by the laborers, merchants, and students in connection with this affair.

5. Apology.

6. Rendition of Mixed Court. Complete restoration of the state consistent to the provisions of the treaties. When any Chinese is prosecuted under the criminal code of the Republic of China or under the municipal by-laws the prosecution shall be in the name of the republic and not that of the Shanghai Municipal Council.

[This demand refers to the action of the powers in 1911, when they took over complete control of the Shanghai Mixed Court. Before 1911 the Chinese magistrates on the Mixed Court were appointed by the local Chinese authority and paid from Chinese sources. During the revolution, when the Imperial Government was overthrown, the treaty powers assumed

control of the Mixed Court in order that it might continue to function and appointed the Chinese magistrates through the consular body. This foreign control was not surrendered after the republic was recognized by the powers, despite the fact, as W. W. Willoughby points out, that "there was no legal or other treaty right empowering this action on the part of the treaty powers." The Chinese now demand restoration of the status existing before the revolution.]

7. All the employees of the foreigners, seamen and workers of mills or factories and others who turned out on strike in sympathy, shall be reinstated and their wages during the period of the strike shall not be deducted.

8. Better conditions for the laborers. Any laborer may work or not on his own accord and shall not be punishable for refusal to work.

9. Municipal franchise.

(a) The Chinese may participate in the Municipal Council and rate-payers' meetings. The rate-payers' representation in the council shall be in proportion to the amount of the rate payable and paid to the municipal revenues, and the qualifications for franchise of the Chinese shall be similar to those of the foreigner.

(b) For the purpose of the franchise, distinction shall be made as to the beneficial and trust (or legal) interests of property. With the beneficial interest, the right of franchise shall accompany; and in the case of the trust interest, such right shall be exercised by the beneficial owner thereof.

[Under existing regulations Chinese residents in the Foreign Settlement, despite the fact that they pay more than 80 per cent of the taxes, are without franchise or representation on the Municipal Council or governing body of the Settlement. Furthermore, a large amount of property in the Settlement is registered in the name of foreigners as trust for Chinese owners. The Chinese demand the franchise on the basis of the taxes paid, without distinction as to nationality.]

10. Restraint to construct roads beyond boundaries. The Shanghai Municipal Council shall not construct roads beyond the Settlement boundaries; those roads which are already so constructed shall be unconditionally turned over to the Chinese Government.

[This demand is the result of a controversy between the Chinese and foreigners over the right of the Municipal Council to build roads beyond the Settlement boundaries. Crowded conditions in the Foreign Settlement led to the construction of foreign residences and business houses in Chinese territory, the land being purchased by individual foreigners and real-estate companies. The Municipal Council, in order to establish communications with the new communities, built a number of roads and highways radiating from the Settlement boundaries, the land for such being purchased from the Chinese for that purpose. These roads, being the property of the Settlement, automatically came under the jurisdiction of the Municipal Council, and as such had the same status as land within the Settlement boundaries. The roads are policed by the Settlement force and, legally, Chinese police and Chinese troops are prohibited from crossing them. This condition led to considerable friction and repeated protests on the part of the Chinese, who claimed that the Settlement was illegally extending its boundaries. The Chinese now demand return of all roads constructed by the Municipal Council and restraint to construct new roads.]

11. Withdrawal of the resolutions concerning printed matter, increase of wharfage dues, and licensing of exchanges.

[For some time past resolutions for amendment of the by-laws to permit control and censorship of the press (affecting Chinese papers printed in the Settlement) and to increase wharfage dues (involving Chinese river traffic) have been introduced at the rate-payers' meetings. These measures have been strenuously opposed by the Chinese, who now ask that they be not introduced again.]

12. All Chinese residents of the Settlement shall have liberty of speech, assembly, and publication.

[This demand is a result of the frequent arrest of Chinese students and others by the Settlement police on the charge of distributing incendiary literature and contributing to general unrest.]

13. Dismissal of the Secretary of the Municipal Council, E. S. B. Rowe.

The directors of the Chinese Rate-payers' Association, at a meeting held, unanimously indorsed the demands addressed to the Foreign Commissioner.

Two Missionary Statements

AN interesting statement from Kuling, China, dated July 11, addressed to the Secretary of State, shows the attitude of certain Christian missionaries.

DEAR MR. KELLOGG:

We, a group of Methodist Episcopal missionaries resident in the Lower Yangtze Valley, wish to commend the proposal, presumably official, that our Government call an international conference on extraterritoriality. And, as American citizens, we beg the privilege of offering a statement regarding the present situation in China.

We have found, through intimate intercourse with these people, that they are one of the most reasonable peoples in the family of nations, and that if they are dealt with in the spirit of fairness, equality, and respect, they readily respond with reciprocal attitudes.

It is with a feeling of deep appreciation that we bear in mind our nation's traditional policy of fair dealing with China, and we herein bear witness to the rich returns in good-will that have redounded to America and to her citizens living here.

But, on the other hand, there is at the present time a widespread and almost unanimous feeling of protest against the unfairness in existing treaties, including those with America. This has accelerated the national movement, which is fundamentally not anti-foreign, but which may become a menace to world peace.

With these experiences and reflections in mind, we greet with profound satisfaction and relief the report that our Government contemplates calling a conference of powers to consider the retrocession of extraterritoriality. We approve the conditions suggested in the press reports, the "codification of China's criminal and civil laws," the "establishment of a responsible Chinese judiciary," and the "acceptance by Chinese factions of the responsibility of the Chinese Central Government," because they will provide necessary safeguards and involve no infringement of Chinese sovereignty. We feel that the risks involved will be far outweighed by the resultant advantages in faith and good-will.

We also feel that the control of its own tariff, internal revenue, and territory is essential to the sovereignty of any nation, and since the nations assembled at Washington promised to respect the sovereignty of China, it is imperative that these promises now be kept. We feel that a conciliatory attitude is a sign of strength, and we believe the time has come when the unfair treaties now binding China should be revised.

We therefore hope that the forthcoming conference will deal not only with extraterritoriality but will widen its scope to include the revision of treaties so that all discriminations against the Chinese, as a nation and as a people—extraterritoriality, foreign concessions, and foreign control of the Chinese tariff and internal revenue—shall be abolished as soon as reasonably possible.

[Signed] W. E. SCHUBERT, Chairman; PAUL G. HAYES, Secretary; L. J. BIRNEY, Bishop; and fifty-two others

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Please mention The Nation

A different attitude is expressed in the resolutions regarding China adopted by the Conference of Missionary Societies in Great Britain and Ireland, held at Swanwick, England, in June:

1. Feeling the need of special prayer in connection with the present critical situation in China the conference refers to its officers to take such steps as after consideration and inquiry they think best for drawing forth the prayers of Christian people for the lands and peoples concerned.

(1a) The Conference of British Missionary Societies, representing fifty-one missionary societies, having given thoughtful consideration to the serious situation which has arisen in China and to the causes which have produced so unhappy and threatening a position between China and the foreign powers, would place upon record their conviction that an urgent need exists for a prayerful study of the various movements underlying the present reaction. The conference sees in the present condition the operation of political, economic, and educational forces vitally affecting the whole life of the Chinese people, and considers that a true solution can only be found by mutual confidence and conciliation resulting from patient and sympathetic investigation of the difficulties with which China is at present confronted as a nation.

(2) To our brethren and sisters in the Christian churches in China:

At this time of exceptional difficulty in China we wish to take the opportunity of our meeting to express to you our loving sympathy and to assure you of our prayers. To you we know that the present situation must be a matter of acute sorrow, and that it must bring grave perplexities. We are sharers of this sorrow, and we wish to help you in facing these perplexities. We do not for a moment doubt that the answer to China's distress is to be found in our Lord Jesus Christ. We recognize also in ourselves and in our organizations a failure adequately to express the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We know that this essentially universal message is made more difficult of acceptance at the present time because of its association with Western nations. No small part of your difficulty is created by these facts. We wish to do all we can to lessen such difficulties. We are earnestly striving to see how the Spirit of Christ may be expressed more fully in us and in our relations with China. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL BLANSHARD, of the League for Industrial Democracy, is in China studying the student movement.

GEORGE T. ODELL was for many years the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Mail* and of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

M. M. KNIGHT, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, has just returned from Morocco.

H. L. BOURDIN is instructor in French, and S. T. WILLIAMS is assistant professor of English at Yale University.

ROBINSON JEFFERS is a California poet, author of "Tamar and Other Poems."

SAMUEL C. CHEW has written several books of criticism. The latest is "Byron in England."

WILLIAM MACDONALD was an associate editor of *The Nation* in 1919 and 1920.

GERALD L. WENDT is head of the department of chemistry at Pennsylvania State College and discoverer of the ozone form of hydrogen.

ELISEO VIVAS was the author of the anonymous article, The Unknown Critic, in *The Nation* for December 10, 1924.

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Dec. 13: Tennyson and the Age of Darwin
Dec. 20: Browning the Possessor
Dec. 27: Matthew Arnold: Poet of Doubt
Jan. 3: Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Jan. 10: Swinburne
Jan. 17: Rudyard Kipling
Jan. 24: Francis Thompson and John Davidson
Jan. 31: Ernest Dowson and A. E. Housman
Feb. 7: William Butler Yeats
Mar. 28: Beaudelaire and the Satanic School
Apr. 4: Verlaine
Apr. 11: Mallarmé and the Symbolists
Apr. 18: Verhaeren and Regnier
Apr. 25: Leonardi
May 2: D'Annunzio
May 9: An Anthology of Russian Verse
May 16: Edgar Allan Poe
May 23: Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell
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HAIL TO ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR.! His triumphant run in the Wisconsin primary will hearten Progressives the country over and insure the continuance in the Senate of the insurgency of Wisconsin. Indeed, it foretells the displacement of Senator Lenroot next year by Governor Blaine—something devoutly to be wished. A chip of the old block the new Senator-to-be unquestionably is; his mental growth and the revelation of his latent ability delighted his friends throughout the campaign. Why not? He has had an excellent apprenticeship to one of the most high-minded and conscientious Americans who ever filled high office, and this training more than offsets his youth. The youngest federal Senator since Henry Clay he will be, and he will bring immediate strength and encouragement to the progressive wings of both parties. We have only one fault to find with him; that is that he has not a more radical and thoroughgoing political program. He has yet to learn that, as we pointed out in the last Presidential campaign, his father's policies in many respects are not adequate to the needs of the times. We cannot go back to the "trust busting" of the Roosevelt period; if further proof of that were needed, Mr. Coolidge has given it by his practical destruction of every one of the regulating agencies established as a result of the Roosevelt crusades. All of this can be worked out in due time. The present happy fact is that Wisconsin has remained true to the cause of reform and progress, has offered to a young man of admirable character and great promise a most unusual opportunity for distinguished service, and has given the first vigorous political check to Calvin Coolidge since his inauguration.

THE DEMOCRATS of the city of New York have purged themselves of Mayor Hylan and at the same time given what ought to be the coup de grace to the malign political activities of William Randolph Hearst. Despite the hundreds of thousands who read his papers, the character of this yellow journalist has long been thoroughly understood in New York City, and the opportunity to smash both Hylan and Hearst was one not to be resisted. The result foreshadows the easy election of Senator Walker as the next mayor of New York. We do not believe that New York will profit overmuch by the change, for the more we have studied Mr. Walker and his career the more dubious they seem to us. Undoubtedly the outcome makes Governor "Al" Smith more than ever the dictator of the Democratic Party of New York State, and as such the vote has a distinct bearing upon the next Presidential campaign. As for the Republican nominee, Mr. Waterman, his campaign has not impressed him upon the community as anything else than a well-meaning business man of the conventional type. So the imperial city of America, with more than six millions of people to draw upon, will probably be governed by a man who boasts that he has never read more than twelve books in his life, who does not represent labor or any other great group in the community, but is a typical product of Tammany Hall.

THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION plainly has the fidgets in regard to the debts owed us by European governments, especially the money due from France. Several weeks ago, when Americans living in France had been criticizing the Washington attitude rather sharply, a semi-official statement was issued from the White House designed to stop such comment and Mr. Fish, a Representative in Congress from New York, even proposed to punish offenders under an eighteenth-century statute. On September 18 another semi-official announcement emanated from the White House asking the American press to refrain from criticism of the Administration's course during the progress of the negotiations for funding the French debt. The action is as pathetic as it is impudent. It is impudent because the Administration's stand on the debt is a public question which any individual has not only a right but a duty to oppose if he regards it as mistaken. The action is pathetic because it indicates that Washington is so unsure of its ground and so uncertain of public support that it is afraid of any stray dog's bark. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, is "amazed" at President Coolidge's "audacity." We are not. Ever since, six years ago, Mr. Coolidge became a national figure through the dissemination of the falsehood that he saved Boston at the time of the police strike we have ceased to be amazed at anything concerning him. After so convincing a demonstration that the American people love to be humbugged, can he reasonably be expected to put his trust in sincere statesmanship?

IF THE ADMINISTRATION intended its announcement regarding Americans enlisting in foreign armies as a gentle disavowal of official approval of the American aviators serving France in Morocco its action may help. The Moslem world is very much aware of the American volunteers who are bombing native villages in the mountains of North Africa and it is natural that an anti-American movement has been taking form. If, however, the note to the American agent at Tangier, calling attention to a law against American enlistments in countries with which we have extra-territorial treaties, was intended to imply that Americans should not enlist for any cause they think right, then we deplore it. It is a narrow nationalism which thinks that a man should never serve any country but his own. The world has always honored Byron for his service in the cause of Greek independence a century ago; it will always honor young men who risk their lives in the service of any ideal. There are better ways of expressing courage, but if young Americans will follow the old blood-stained paths, they might find truer glory than in upholding the cause of an alien empire in Africa. Are there none of these adventurous young Americans who remember 1776?

THE UNITED STATES should by all means participate in the international conference to provide for control of the private manufacture of arms which will be held next year under the auspices of the League of Nations. At the same time we can only deplore the action of the British Government in blocking the call for an immediate disarmament conference proposed by the Dutch and Hungarian delegates at the Geneva Assembly. Every step taken for disarmament, for control of arms manufacture, even for the prohibition of the carrying of weapons by individuals is a step in the direction of international peace. While war is so profitable to certain classes of the population, while the ordinary citizen finds it comparatively easy to possess a weapon, while nations strive to outdo each other in the creation of new and costly articles of warfare, just so long will permanent peace be an impossibility. The British delegation, in opposing all the modest League moves toward disarmament, have done no service to their country. Sir Cecil Hurst protested that the resolution was unfortunate in providing for the immediate commencement of preliminary work toward the proposed conference. It was better, Sir Cecil argued, to leave the question of time to the discretion of the Council, so that an "auspicious moment" could be chosen. But the most auspicious moment is the present one. The way to disarm is to disarm; and the time to do it is now.

POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS of the law in the League of Nations, as in other frontier communities. The British, through their puppet state of Irak, are in possession of the Mosul oil fields, and accordingly the Council of the League, after ponderously weighing the anti-British findings of its own commission, with all the austere solemnity of a judge, was about to hand Mosul to Great Britain. The Turks made it plain that in their view such a decision went beyond the competence of the Council and was likely to mean war. The Council thereupon continued its profound deliberations, and soon reached a new conclusion, a very masterpiece of international statesmanship. It would refer the question of its own competence in the matter to the World Court at the Hague! The Turks did not agree to accept the conclusion of the World Court, and the British made polite threats of war if they did not, but for the moment trouble was averted. Mosul will cause more turmoil later, but the British, right or wrong, are still in possession; and doubtless in the next few months we shall hear many panegyrics of this sidestepping statesmanship—just as we did when the League bowed to Italy in the Corfu dispute.

WHILE SUGAR RETAILS in New York and Philadelphia at 6.2 a pound, San Francisco consumers must pay 7.1 cents, those in Denver 8, those in Butte 8.8. In the regions producing beet sugar, the chief beneficiaries of the tariff, prices are invariably higher than in the regions dependent on importations of Cuban cane. San Francisco, for instance, gets duty-free Hawaiian and Philippine cane, and beet sugar produced in California, yet must pay nearly a cent a pound more than New York. Salt Lake City, headquarters of the Mormon Church and its immensely profitable Utah-Idaho (beet) Sugar Company, must pay 1.8 cents penalty, although the sugar is manufactured at her very doors. Butte, in the center of a beet-sugar producing and manufacturing district, must pay a penalty even higher. Consumers in such districts bear not only the tariff impost, amounting to about two cents (of which less than half goes into the federal Treasury), but also an arbitrary imaginary freight rate from the Coast; the actual freight per pound of sugar from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, for instance, is .84, while the arbitrary charge is .9 cent. Even to fractions of a penny the tariff beneficiaries gouge the helpless consumer. Extortion in one form breeds another. It was for this kind of greed that President Coolidge expressed "the utmost solicitude" in his statement declining to reduce the tariff on sugar.

THE PEOPLE OF MAINE have just authorized by a decisive popular vote a means of obtaining power that has appealed to the imagination of man for centuries but has never been carried out on a large scale. They propose to put the tides on their coast to work. The idea is almost as old as the tides themselves. The latent power from this source all over the world is tremendous, but the practical difficulties are also immense. To harness the tides requires an installation of great initial expense, the burden of which may easily make the power more expensive than that obtained through the use of coal, especially in a country where the latter is plentiful. Besides, until recently, there have been no means for transmitting power over considerable distances except at prohibitive cost. But the plant which the voters of Maine have authorized Dexter P. Cooper to construct in Passamaquoddy Bay will have the advantages of modern means of transmission and will also make use of the tides at an especially strategic point. Owing to the funnel shape of the Bay of Fundy, the tides of Maine's eastern coast have an unusual rise and fall, and Mr. Cooper will be able to use the force of a drop of from fifteen to twenty feet in the turbines which he proposes to install. He expects to generate from 500,000 to 750,000 horse-power—more than is now developed at Muscle Shoals—and to supply electric power to a large area of the Northeastern United States. The experiment will be watched the world over.

THOSE WHO FIND the traditional two-party system in the United States too restricted may get some consolation from Mexico. By September 11 no fewer than 107 separate and distinct political parties had registered their intention to contend for offices in the municipal elections in the federal district of Mexico. Of these, thirty-four were in the city of Mexico and the others scattered through smaller municipalities in the district. Each of these parties has submitted the necessary number of signatures entitling it to a place on the local ticket. One hundred and seven parties, and each presumably with a program for saving the country from going to the dogs—or to the capitalists or the Bolsheviks or whoever seems to menace the country most! That these parties are all-important to their members may be surmised from the names. Leaving out of the count the parties of national repute, such as the Laborista and Agrarista and Civico Progresista, the list bristles with grandiose titles. Voting on the basis of euphony alone, the choice would be terrifyingly difficult. Partido Liberal Construcionista Radical de Mexico—one is tempted to stop right there and rush to the polls. But the fickle eye wanders and catches sight of other enticing names: Partido Estudiantil Independiente (Party of Independent Students), Partido Unificador Revolucionario, Partido Politico Union Revolucionaria Progresista, Partido Revolucionario Nacionalista, Partido Evolucionista Libertario de Mexico, Partido Radical Socialista, Partido Regional Socialista, and so on and so on. There is consolation in two parties!

THE STATEMENT BY CHAUNCEY DEPEW on his ninety-first birthday that he had never in his long and happy life played baseball, football, tennis, golf, or any other game will not give comfort to those who maintain that modern life is unpalatable without the sauce of exercise. Probably no life ever was, though the Greeks are said to have been wise in spending their best hours in the gymnasium. May not the Greeks, however, have got on so well because they set a high value upon the "moderation" which Mr. Depew adds is the only thing approaching a rule that he has followed? Or is it at all possible to say that one thing and one thing only contributes to the success of living? Athletics can kill as well as cure. Games which are tranquilizing to some persons are tiresome to others; and behind the well-developed chest of a two-mile runner there may be the sorriest rubbish of a heart. The moral would seem to be that games should be saved for those who are made happy by them, and that they should not be forced upon those whom they bore.

A UNIQUE SITUATION in American journalism has been created by the will of the late Victor F. Lawson of the Chicago *Daily News*. Mr. Lawson did not mention his great newspaper by name in his will, but turned it over with all his other assets to the trusteeship of the Illinois Merchants Trust Company. The president of that institution has declared that the paper will continue under its present able management. Under the will three-quarters of its earnings will go henceforth to benevolent, chiefly religious, purposes. "Here, indeed," says Mr. Mitchell of the trust company, "is a unique example of a newspaper not only serving good causes but continuing to carry on its owner's good work through the distribution of its earnings." It will be interesting indeed to see how this experiment develops. As long as its present management continues the *News* will be a conventionally conservative newspaper, and therefore it will in no wise come into conflict with the conservatism of the Illinois Merchants Trust Company. What would happen, we wonder, if some future editors should advocate governmental or economic policies, such as the national ownership of railroads, which the trust company deemed inimical to the welfare of this country? If the trust company keeps its hands off entirely, we shall have an interesting example of democratic newspaper management without the guidance of a direct ownership interest. If all of its income should eventually go to charity we should then have the example of a newspaper from which had been eliminated the motive of private individual profit. That experiment we need, for today the Jewish *Forward* stands almost alone as a paper in which the profit motive has been entirely excluded.

MEN'S RIGHTS begin to assert themselves, and curiously the new masculinists agree with the old feminists. Ten years ago a feminist who, separating from her husband, announced that she wanted no alimony, being as competent as any male to support herself, was regarded as a wild radical striking at the foundations of the old-fashioned home. Now it is Justice Selah B. Strong of the New York State Supreme Court who, refusing alimony to a childless woman, adopts the erstwhile feminist position, to protect men and the family:

> I truly believe [he said] that alimony keeps couples from being reconciled. The woman who is being supported by her husband under order of the court, generally speaking, is not very anxious to effect a reconciliation with him. . . . Imagine the predicament of a man who is compelled to pay temporary alimony for five years to a woman who hates him but will not divorce him. It is nothing short of slavery.

NEW YORK CITY lost two valuable citizens on one day, September 16, because of cruel accidents. Herbert Parsons and Seymour L. Cromwell were both born to large wealth, but recognized from the outset of their careers that money, like nobility, brings obligations, and gave themselves freely to public service. Mr. Parsons entered politics in the spirit of the reformer who seeks to change political conditions from within and met with some success. Serving two terms as Congressman—one of the few Representatives of vision, character, and ability the metropolis has sent to Washington in the last thirty years—he also became the benevolent despot of the Republican machine in New York City for four years. Mr. Parsons's fine quality may be best gauged by the fact that he threw away the chance of further political preferment by bolting his party on the League of Nations issue in 1920, thus putting principle above personal advantage. Moreover, he was that rare person in our American political life, a leader who had tolerance for and interest in the views of those who differed from him. Mr. Cromwell served for ten years as president of the New Jersey State Charities Aid and for years labored to reform the penal conditions in that State. But he was best known for his three years' service as president of the New York Stock Exchange, during which he did his utmost, with courage and ability, to purify and improve not only the Stock Exchange but the whole brokerage business. Men like these are too rare to make their deaths in the fifties easy to record.

Mr. Coolidge Faces a Test

THE President's return to Washington has given rise to varying journalistic interpretations of the political situation which confronts him. To some the prospects are of the best. Everything will be smooth sailing. He has wisely cut his legislative program to a minimum of which the important feature will be the ever-popular reducing of the taxes and, if he achieves nothing else, that will still be the best possible accomplishment for his party. He will, they say, dominate the new Congress as he did not control the old, and, with Congressional and Senatorial elections approaching, the members will be ready to do as the Chief Executive wishes.

That is an easy but superficial interpretation of the situation. Beyond doubt further tax reductions will make an appeal to many people. But that is not the whole of the story. As a matter of fact, the President faces the first searching test of his leadership since he took office. He now stands completely on his own feet. It is a new Congress which meets, and with greater control than he had over the last, he must once and for all show whether he has real capacity as a party leader and as a statesman. Merely to pass a tax-reduction measure will not satisfy the public or his own partisans. There is the question of our adherence to the World Court to confront him, and there are pressing economic issues which will not down if only because their existence in the Northwest threatens the return to Congress of a half dozen Coolidge Senators. The President failed lamentably last winter to show himself equal to the emergency when he attempted to force Congress to approve the nomination of Charles B. Warren as Attorney General. The question now is whether he will reveal sufficient power and aggressiveness to dominate a situation which is so full of pitfalls that a Washington correspondent describes it as a "maze of controversy, friction, and problems as important as have yet confronted him."

Besides the coming battle with Senator Borah over the World Court, the impending effort to settle the question of the payment of the French debt, and the question of railroad mergers, Mr. Coolidge still has an ugly fight on his hands in the Boulder Dam dispute despite the fact that in his first move, the appointment of a non-partisan committee from the upper Colorado basin States, he has demonstrated both skill and sagacity. For one thing, Secretary Wilbur is on record as being opposed to the very procedure which the President has adopted. Indeed, that gentleman has proved to be such a bull in the china shop and a man of such limited mentality (after the failure of the Hawaiian flight he was quoted as saying that that made no difference, as the navy had not expected to prove anything worth while anyhow) that many observers believe the President must sooner or later retire him to private life.

As for Mr. Work, the Secretary of the Interior, Senator Borah has already bearded the cat in regard to him. He has plainly told the President of the widespread dissatisfaction with the delays of the Secretary in the initiation of reclamation projects already authorized by Congress. He is understood to have spoken in behalf of Senators Cameron, Oddie, McNary, and Stanfield and members of the House from the States which contain extensive areas of public lands. In these there is widespread conviction that Secretary Work could tremendously improve the condition of settlers by modifying his regulations in regard to payments for water until the present farming crisis has passed and the farmers are able to meet their obligations. The Senators desire not so much Mr. Work's official scalp as an immediate improvement in administrative measures. So great is the unrest among stock-raisers, wool-growers, cattlemen, and ranchers that the outcome of this and other fights is bound to have a far-reaching effect in the States affected upon the future of the Senators who will come up for reelection in 1926. Among them are Gooding of Idaho, Stanfield of Oregon (arrested last week on what he, with others, declares to be a false charge of public intoxication), and Jones of Washington, with an election coming in North Dakota for a successor to the late Senator Ladd. The loss of even two of these three Senators, coming on top of the victory of the anti-Coolidge forces in Wisconsin, would be a severe blow to the President's prestige.

Even this is not the whole of the story. Mr. Butler, the President's manager, declares that there will be no touching of a single schedule of the tariff. But there is a growing demand in his own State for tariff increases—there is much unemployment in this State of heavily protected textile industries. The wool-growers desire still higher tariffs; on the other hand, particularly in the West, there is a growing movement among farmers and labor men for a tariff revision downward. For the first time the American Federation of Labor seems to be tackling the question of the tariff with genuine vigor. It is quite possible that the President will find himself unable to stem the demand for tariff revision, particularly in view of the fact that he has practically destroyed the effectiveness of the Tariff Commission. Indeed, his emasculation of the three great regulating commissions, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Tariff Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission, will inevitably subject him to a heavy fire during the coming session of Congress from the insurgents headed by Senator Norris and young Mr. La Follette. The renomination of Thomas F. Woodlock as Interstate Commerce Commissioner will bring up the question of the President's right to bargain with his appointees in advance of their nomination. So, too, will the case of Commissioner Haney of the Shipping Board, whose resignation Mr. Coolidge has requested but has not been able to obtain. Undoubtedly the President will drop him when his interim appointment expires. But the matter will not end there. Oregon is on fire over the shipping problem, and what adds to the misery of Senator Stanfield's situation is that Mr. Haney intends to run for the Senate on the Democratic ticket on this shipping issue. Sooner or later the President must face this question.

All of this, together with the coal strike, may spell endless trouble and embarrassment for the President. The fact that we are not to be in for what is called an era of good feeling, that is, a suspension of all political controversy, is, however, a good public omen. We have no sympathy with the desire of some people to adjourn Congress for two or three years and take a rest from politics. It is only by controversy and political conflict that democracy can hope to flourish and to progress.

"Protecting" America

SHAPURJI SAKLATVALA has become a figure of international fame. Millions, probably, who would never have heard his name if our nervous Secretary of State had not barred him from the United States, have become aware that an Indian Communist represents a London working-class district in the British House of Parliament and that he will not be permitted to denounce the British Empire within the loyal limits of the United States. Mr. Saklatvala may travel to Canada or South Africa or Australia and make as fiery speeches as he pleases; but in the United States he may not even land. Secretary Kellogg has barred him because his speeches were too red, and the Department of Labor, ransacking its files of deportation days, has found other excuses to back him up.

Some of us feel indignation at this silly act of petty suppression, reversing the time-honored American tradition of an open door to the oppressed of all nations. Today, apparently, Americans fear British revolutionaries more than the British do. For that some of us feel shame, but the ordinary newspaper reader will respond rather by curiosity than by anger. Who, after all, is Saklatvala, and what did he want to say? Mr. Kellogg has aroused an interest in him that did not exist. *The Nation* will print next week a brief article outlining Mr. Saklatvala's belief that for the sake of world peace the British Empire must be dissolved. This week we quote from the speech in Parliament which aroused such maudlin fear in the American Secretary of State. It is, indeed, imperative to quote it honestly, for Mr. Kellogg is apparently more than afraid. His citations from Mr. Saklatvala's speech give every appearance of being deliberately misleading. In his official statement Mr. Kellogg said that the question of Mr. Saklatvala's admission had been raised "on account of his inflammatory and revolutionary speeches." As an example he quoted from an address made by Mr. Saklatvala in the British House of Commons on July 9. We give below, in italics, the passages from that speech cited by Mr. Kellogg, and, in ordinary type, some of the fragments of sentences and context which he excised, apparently in order to deceive the American public:

> *I plead guilty that I am at the bottom of many of the Communist manifestos and the Communist propaganda in India. I am not ashamed of it,* and I say that my work is a hundred times more humanitarian than the work of all your missionaries and merchants taken together. Why are you taking this bigoted, narrow-minded view of life? You talk about agriculture. What do you discuss? "Shall Lancashire have more cotton from India than in the past?" "Shall England have more wheat from India than in the past?" That is said to be studying agriculture. I appeal to you to study agriculturalists and not agricultural profits. It is alleged that whatever is said in this House travels abroad and creates misunderstanding. Why be afraid of the truth being known abroad? *I, as a Communist, as a true believer in internationalism, do not speak with the intention of offending, but with the intention of giving a shock to your mentality,* so that you can think in terms of humanity instead of in terms of banking accounts and profits. . . .
>
> You are talking to the twentieth century in terms of eighteenth-century lawyers when you refer to [illegible] propaganda, sedition, and revolution. They are the birthrights of modern nations, and they are the birthrights of the modern Indians just as much as they were your birthrights. *I, for one, will not yield to terrorism. I am going to carry on subversive propaganda, revolutionary propaganda, Communist propaganda, international propaganda, with the assistance of the Russians and the Chinese and the Germans and the British.*

The reader may judge how accurately Mr. Kellogg's quotations represent Mr. Saklatvala's thought. We wish we had space to quote more of his passionate denunciation of British misrule in India. It was an eloquent and powerful speech, buttressed by facts and figures, for Mr. Saklatvala besides being a Communist was a successful and resourceful figure in the management of one of India's greatest steel works.

But, after all, beyond exposing the indecency of Mr. Kellogg's misquotation, the character of the speech is irrelevant. The fundamental question is whether the American people are grown up, or to be treated as children. Is their reading to be selected for them? Is a paternal government to choose for them what speakers they may hear? Are they not to be trusted to make up their own minds? All of which, boiled down, amounts to this: Is America to be a democracy, after all? The founding fathers had one answer to that question. The fidgety gentleman whom the Washington reporters call "Nervous Nellie" Kellogg has another, and Calvin Coolidge agrees with him. It is time to wake up. If there is any law permitting our bureaucrats to censor the opinions of visiting foreigners, it should be repealed; and if not, the bureaucrats should be set to more useful labor.

The China Conference and After

THE Conference on China which met at Baltimore from September 17 to 20 resulted in a most valuable exchange of opinions and in some conclusions which are bound to be genuinely useful in educating public opinion in this country. Contrary to some sensational newspaper accounts, there were no dissensions but merely the differences of opinion that ought to take place in every such gathering if it is to have vitality and vigor. Although there was much doubt as to whether the conference under the terms of its call was entitled to pass resolutions, it finally adopted by an overwhelming vote the report of one of its sub-committees as expressing the general sentiment of the conference. It was declared in this that extraterritoriality should be abolished and tariff autonomy be given to the Chinese at the earliest possible moment—the method and exact time was left, of course, to the conferences to be held on these subjects in Peking in October and December, but the necessity of prompt action was emphasized. More important still was the provision urging the United States Government to take a position of vigorous leadership in both these conferences and to proceed independently if the Powers did not move in the right direction with all promptness.

This is an admirable outcome of the conference, for this is precisely the policy that every true friend of the United States and China ought to advocate. The conference developed, of course, the historic difference of opinion to be found in every reform movement between those who believe that the most expedient policy is to do the right thing at once and those who are sure that the proposed action is right in principle but that one must be practical and not do the right thing just yet lest immediate action offend somebody, be

taken as a criticism of some government, or jeopardize a few dollars. The business group at the China conference sincerely and earnestly championed the idea of delay, but when challenged to formulate a constructive policy to take the place of a ringing declaration in favor of immediate withdrawal—"immediate" meaning, of course, the time necessary to make reasonable readjustments—was unable to propose any constructive policy. The sentiment of the conference was fortunately overwhelmingly in favor of withdrawal and of placing China on an absolute basis of equality. The usual imperialist talk of governing a backward race in its own interest failed to convince.

Especially effective were the arguments of Nathaniel Peffer and Charles R. Crane; the latter warned the conference most solemnly that the situation in China is "slipping," that there is no time to be lost in doing the right thing by the Chinese if we are not to see genuine disaster in China. Other grave words as to the imminent danger of allowing things to drift and of continuing the present stupid policy of the Allied Powers carried their warning. Not the least effective of the arguments was that put forth by R. E. Diffendorffer, who spoke for the missionary bodies as the most important business organization in China, and declared for immediate withdrawal from the business point of view. It is not necessary to inquire now as to all the motives that led to this action; with some it was perhaps less a desire for right doing per se than a fear that if the wishes of the Chinese are not granted the foreigners may yet find themselves kicked into the seas and their luggage thrown after them. But the gratifying thing is that the right conclusion was arrived at, and by many out of the sheerest idealism and devotion to justice.

The timeliness of the conference was well illustrated by the speech made by Austen Chamberlain on September 18 in which he once more reiterated that England will not forward reforms until China has established a stable government throughout the length and breadth of its land—the same stupid position as that taken by our own government. From diplomats and Anglo-Saxon hypocrites may the Lord preserve us! That simply means that the question of restoring sovereignty to China would be postponed fifty years. If it is postponed for five months after the December conference tragic things are likely to happen, and meanwhile the British merchant for whom Mr. Chamberlain is so concerned is losing in Shanghai alone one million and a half dollars a day—one business man was frank enough to say that no amount of extraterritoriality was worth a million and a half dollars a day. Of course, the Powers have said nothing new whatever in their latest note; they said the same thing at the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments when nine nations declared that they were "prepared to relinquish extraterritorial rights when satisfied that the state of the Chinese laws, the arrangements for their administration, and other considerations warrant" them in so doing. They cannot continue to hold this position without waking up some morning to find that China has denounced all the extraterritorial provisions and assumed her own sovereignty. Then these so-called Christian nations will have to decide whether they propose to uphold their treaties by bloodshed. To prevent this disaster and the possibility of another World War finding its origins in China decent men and women in every country must now bend their efforts.

"Native" Literature

THERE exists a good deal of misconception upon the subject of "native" literature. Overzealous enthusiasts for nationalism are constantly decrying foreign influence and demanding that American literature shall be 100 per cent pure, even though they happen to be people who would shudder at that phrase and do not mean Ku Klux when they say American. Sometimes it is the fancied effect of the Russians upon Sherwood Anderson which disturbs them, sometimes merely a Gallic turn of thought or phrase in someone else; purely native themes and purely native thoughts are always the remedies prescribed. We are advised to turn our eyes away from Europe and even, sometimes, to seek for a really native past among the Indians.

As for the latter suggestion, nothing could be more highly artificial. Spiritually, we have today little more relation with the Indian than we have with the Hottentot, and whatever might have been possible in the earlier days when our forefathers could have brought themselves into contact with other living culture, only the archaeologist can profitably concern himself today with its fading remnants. Indian legends and Indian customs are hardly closer to us than the Chinese, and though, like the latter, they may serve for an exotic coloring, they are no part of our souls. Nor can the less fanatical advocates of a more vaguely defined native tradition educe from the history of literature much to support their case. Literature has always begun with an influence and a borrowing.

Greece, though her origins are lost in obscurity, undoubtedly borrowed from Egypt, and the literature of the Romans would have been, in all probability, nothing at all had they not been glad to take forms, thoughts, and aims from the Greeks. When Italian literature was born it was born because there were classics to be copied, and from Italy the influence passed through France to England, creating in each case a literature where no literature had been able to create itself. In later years France fructified both Germany and Russia, and in no great nation of Europe is there a national literature which is not also derivative. Chaucer owed his art to a visit to a strange land, Shakespeare certainly showed no exclusive preference for "native themes" and welcomed whatever "foreign influence" could reach him. Shall America alone of all the nations of Western Christendom be utterly self-sufficient, demanding someone more American than Shakespeare was English?

Ballads, legends, and sagas—these, perhaps, may be thoroughly native, but the spirit of self-conscious literature is always an importation. It is a sort of precious yeast carried from land to land and leavening a whole nation. It works in native material and is never a contamination. Whenever it germinates in a spirit really rich the product is genuine art, and when the only result is a flabby imitation without something wholly distinctive one may be sure that there was nothing there to be spoiled. Nor need anyone fear lest American literature should not be really American; wherever its authors borrow their leaven, their souls are bound, if they have any, to be their own. However hard he may have tried, Chaucer could not possibly become an Italian, and no American can cease to be an American, provided that he is, to begin with, anything at all. The only racial birthright which a man can renounce is one that he never really had.

Shall State Universities Take "Tainted Money"?

By ZONA GALE

[*The University of Wisconsin recently refused a proffered gift from the General Education Board. Miss Gale, who as one of the regents of the university voted against accepting the money, discusses below the reasons for such action.*]

THE propriety of the acceptance of subsidies by State-supported educational institutions has been brought into question once more by the recent action of the regents of the University of Wisconsin, who have passed, nine to six, the following resolution: "That no gifts, donations, or subsidies shall in future be accepted by or on behalf of the University of Wisconsin from any incorporated educational endowments or organizations of like character."

The opposition to this action, both by members of the board and by editorial comment in the press, is generally based on the following grounds:

That the incorporated educational endowments are giving large sums to educational institutions, and that the university or college which does not accept these gifts, and seek them, will find itself in a half century falling far behind those to whom such gifts are made.

That these great fortunes cannot better be used than to be put into the hands of State-governed institutions, which are conceivably less likely to be controlled than the smaller private institution, and by these State institutions employed in research work for human benefit.

That there are no "strings" attached to these gifts; that no stipulation whatever is made as to subject or method of teaching or type of instructor; and that these foundations not only do not seek but do not wish publicity for such donations.

That history shows centralized wealth invariably dispersed and in the mere course of events absorbed by the people; and that the making of these gifts, alike to State-supported and to private institutions, is but a wise and deliberate application of a process that will take place in any case.

Those who approve the passage of the resolution do so primarily for the two following reasons:

That the whole theory of democracy is involved. The acceptance of large sums of money, the world over, subjects the beneficiary to potential control.

That though private institutions are dependent on private endowments, State-supported institutions are dependent on the State. That this should be true of a State university just as it should be true of a State legislature, to which no offer of monopoly money for research, legal or social or otherwise, would for a moment be publicly countenanced; and, if such an offer is informally made and accepted and discovered, it is not named a benefaction. But the independence of the lawmakers of a State is no more vital to society than the independence of the university faculty and students. If ever we have a national university which is more than a national university in name, it will be supported by the government and not by the monopolies.

In considering the four specific grounds already cited, the supporters of the resolution hold:

First, that it is impossible to believe that State-supported education in the United States will fall behind if it continues to look for support to the States which created it; or that State-supported education in the United States will ever owe its progress primarily to monopoly money. But if there should be such a consummation, then it would be worth while to have remained a State university which has kept its self-determination at any price.

Second, that the words "tainted money" have not the chief emphasis, but rather the words "State-supported education." That if it were possible for monopolies to exercise perfection in their methods, State-supported education still should not look to them for bounty. Since these fortunes exist, they cannot be dispersed in a better way than to be used in human service, but none the less monopolies should be excluded from State-supported educational institutions. It is not so much the past of this money as its future influence which is in question, an influence which may be quite unintended on the part of those who have come by such fortunes.

Third, that the fact that there are no "strings" attached to these gifts and that the educational corporations do not wish publicity for their gifts has nothing to do with the real objections, which go far deeper. One of these objections was voiced by Professor Josiah Royce in a paper read at the first meeting of the Association of American University Professors, and was based on a report on Middlebury College, Vermont, by one of the educational foundations. His was the fear of standardization, of the loss of what he called a "wise provincialism in education." The relations between State control and private benefactions he regarded as among "the most various and the most delicate with which academic life has to deal." Any such far-seeing discussion of the academic objections to such benefactions reveals by implication that the crude method of "strings" is not one which can enter this situation as a measuring-rod. But the academic danger of standardization is to many not so important as the social danger pointed out in 1915 in the report of the Federal Industrial Relations Committee appointed by President Wilson, which found that "the domination by the men in whose hands the final control of a large part of American industry rests is rapidly being extended to the control of education and public service in the United States; and one of the means of the exercise of this control is by the endowment of colleges and universities, and by the creation of funds for the pensioning of teachers." Any mere stipulation as to type of professor or of teaching or of method could never approach in importance the tacit influence exercisable by the gift of several hundred thousand dollars to a department—and by the hope of more. The whole matter is far more delicate and difficult to weigh and to balance than might be a situation which merely had to deal with anything so obvious as stipulations or conditions. Really, one's sympathy is with the faculties. It is bad enough to be regulated by boards of regents and an occasional act of legislation, without taking aboard potential monopoly control too.

Fourth, it is true that these fortunes will in time be

absorbed by the people, and that all centralized wealth will be dispersed and will sink back into the treasury of the race. In an address this year before the Wisconsin Bar Association, Dr. John R. Commons pointed out the slow transformations and stabilizations in this regard which have already taken place, and that to such adjustment in the future we have certainly to adapt ourselves. This certainty, however, does not imply the desirability of all specific transformations. A certain deliberate selectiveness in transformations is to be conceded, and it is of the essence of our new insight in social control that we can hasten or deter some such transformations, both social and economic. The constructive thought of the world has lately agreed upon the sovereign importance of free schools, free from every obligation save to State or municipality. In our slow and painful process of decentralizing wealth there is no occasion to enlist State-supported educational institutions nor to make them dependents.

And here is observable the application of the democratic principle that no matter how much better administered an institution may be whose wheels run smoothly under outside control, direct or indirect, intentional or accidental, there are to be preferred the jolts and cranks and delays of a government propelled from within. There is to be preferred, too, the popular psychology which arises from self-support.

If anything is American, this is American. To that policy we in this country are committed—or we think that we are—in government. In State-supported education we really are committed to it.

Thus the substance of the position of those supporting the anti-subsidy resolution at Wisconsin University is this: That for State educational institutions to look to the monopoly system for any part of their support is consonant neither with the free public-school idea nor with the democratic ideal.

The Predicament of American Labor

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I. The New Unionism

THE new unionism is rapidly passing from a fashion to the major strategy of American labor. Since 1920 thirty-three labor banks have been opened, with an aggregate initial capitalization of $10,250,000, commanding resources ten times as large. The investment companies of the Locomotive Engineers, capitalized at $24,000,000, demand a good deal more administrative attention than their labor policy. The unions are revamping their old mutual benefit and burial associations into modern unemployment, health, life, accident, old age, and group insurance companies. Labor is going into personnel administration, scientific co-management, medical social work, and not merely into cooperative but even into commercial business. Workers' education is busily extending its curriculum in this highly respectable *proletcult*. There is no end of educators, experts, and technicians who would thus liberate the worker on the technological instalment plan, revolution-proof, into his full industrial citizenship.

Of course, technical competence is even more essential to industrial democracy than it is to our present industrial plutocracy, which feeds primarily on waste. But, by definition, technique is but a means. And like all means it is a double weapon. Just in so far as the new unionism is not being watchfully used as a means to conquer and control an adverse industrial environment, it is broadening into an avenue to escape it. Its technology is in grave danger of becoming merely a body of rationalizations, with a growing "expert" bureaucracy to administer these rationalizations. The new unionism is a road to freedom only to the degree to which it is militantly vigilant of the protective character of the labor movement. Otherwise it is a detour into the anarchy of competitive industry.

This vital commonplace is easily checked up. The Amalgamated Banks are distinctly strengthening the militancy of the men's clothing workers by investing only in enterprises sympathetic to the labor movement and by aiding their own membership on a quasi-Morris Plan in times of stress. The Locomotive Engineers, on the other hand, have gone so indiscriminatingly into the general credit system that, at least in one instance, their financial interest in a large Eastern railroad made them forego their bargaining responsibilities. Though the late Warren S. Stone was, to my mind, right in the particulars of his quarrel with John L. Lewis of the miners, he was egregiously wrong in going into bituminous production in a largely unorganized field, whence he could not possibly compete in the open market without disgraceful labor consequences. The Cloth Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers have wisely forced their employers to be the sole contributors to an unemployment fund, which is entirely administered by the union; for unemployment should be wholly the employer's risk. The larger needle trades, on the other hand, are taking at least some chances of emasculating their militancy in the direction of a cooperative unemployment dole.

The Brookwood Labor College is doing excellent work in so far as it is training reasonably permanent trade unionists in applied trade unionism. But many labor colleges and classes, by duplicating the cultural work of other institutions under the captious illusion that learning goes with class, are merely contributing—paradoxically enough—to the escape of their students from the labor movement. And technical cooperation with the employer is good labor strategy only if the worker's increased efficiency, and fatigue, are registered not merely in the purely sedative stabilization of his personal employment but in a sensitively correlated bonus. In this sense, the guaranteed efficiency of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is a realistic policy, for they get paid even for experimental operations. The B. and O. Plan in the railroad shops, however, is slowly proving to be largely an opportunist strategy, with most of the opportunities being woven into the network of the carriers. Its claim of stabilizing employment in the long run is based on notoriously illusory economics; it is primarily the scientific management of the market, and not of the job, which equalizes and distributes work.

Along with the official new-union development there are a score of private organizations moved by technical good-

will toward the workers. Of these the Labor Bureau is by far the most effective. It is an economic research corporation of invaluable service to the trade unions. But most of these private bodies—"workers' bureaus" for recreation, health, film service, research societies on What Christ Would Do About It, labor secretaryships in the birth-control and pacifist movements—are apt to be more officious than legitimate.

In brief, the new unionism must not be judged merely as a technology. Any new strategy in a militant movement must be judged first on the score of its infusion of a new morale and only secondarily on the score of its specific contribution.

II. The Real Story

The truth is that American labor has never been, relatively, so weak, so utterly deflated and yet restless spiritually, so vitally endangered economically, so inarticulate and unrepresented politically, so torn and bruised by factional bitterness and worse, since the early nineties, if then. This sad plight is the sole topic among the rank and file and the real worry of the leaders. The United Mine Workers, our largest, most basic, most powerful, and historically most militant union, is fighting for its very life in the soft-coal fields. By present indications it is fighting a losing battle. It is, indeed, under a purely political leadership engaged in a defeatist struggle. Instead of bending every effort upon organizing the unorganized fields, the Lewis administration has been consolidating, since 1920, its political machine in the already organized fields. The Jacksonville Agreement of 1924 is a mere paper agreement, which disables the majority of coal operators in the Central Competitive Field from competing with the scab mines of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Mr. Lewis agrees with Secretary Hoover, rightly, that there are twice too many mines and twice too many miners. But by squeezing the organized field he is merely driving the coal market into open-shop arms openly extended. The open-shop operators in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee—who are paying only $2.50 as against the day wage of $7.50 in the organized field, who have a better quality of coal and a favorable freight rate—are now forming a half-a-billion-dollar corporation, whose increased efficiency is bound to disrupt the organized market still further. The bituminous miners, of whom a fluctuating 60 per cent are working, work only between twelve to fifteen hours a week, and these few hours are rent by sporadic strikes of unrest. Secretary Mellon has just put his extensive coal properties into the open shop. West Virginia is unorganizable within the measurable future. In the much smaller anthracite industry, one of our few really profiteering industries, the miners may conceivably get the check-off at the compromise of a 10 per cent wage increase. Never, since the foundation of the union in 1890, has there been such a profound and ominous apathy among the rank and file.

But when we look into the unions which are in the vanguard of the new unionism, conditions are not much more hopeful. The Locomotive Engineers are gradually cementing themselves away from the labor movement by a trade-union capitalism, which is unconsciously suppressing its trade-union psychology. In fact, the "aristocratic" train-service brotherhoods, whose "concerted movement" of over a quarter of a century was tending toward some sort of sodality, if not solidarity, of railroad labor, have gone back to the crassest craft separatism. The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union—which has an excellent educational department, two banks, an unemployment-insurance fund, a health center, and even a summer resort—is nevertheless now in a more precarious position than ever before. The Communists, who are irresponsibly disruptive in their attack on its present leadership, are merely taking advantage of the deep unrest which is agitating the members. The market of the industry is seriously disorganized by the influx of parasitic jobbers, the union is torn by bitter strife, the curse of gangsterism is difficult of eradication, contractual relations with the employers are handled unskilfully, and dual unionism is raising its hydra head against an administration of which the chief redeeming feature is that its good intentions equal its inability to face its post-war problems.

Factionalism, recondite jurisdictional quarrels to the bitter end, craft fixation, and jealousy are on the increase throughout our labor movement. Since their disastrous strike in 1922 the railroad shop crafts have lost 175,000 members, the machinists leading with a loss of 101,000. Yet President Johnston of the machinists has still further courted this pernicious anemia by "suspending" Vice-President Anderson from the organization, though Anderson's strength was evidenced by the fact that in the recent election he received 17,076 votes for the presidency as against Johnston's 18,021. Anderson's crime lay in his accusation that he was counted out. That his accusation was not fantastically slanderous was brought out by the report of the two official Grand Lodge tellers, one of whom was a Johnston appointee, who "found . . . that the ballots . . . (were) irregular, illegal, and in some cases fraudulent." In the carpenters', in the Illinois miners', in the railway clerks' unions the recent elections were conducted with equal bitterness, accompanied by "suspensions" of the opposition. Never before in the history of American labor has its leadership acted so overtly on the presupposition that the labor movement is its vested interest.

The American Federation of Labor is also gradually drifting into the new unionism. It is going into labor banking, it has accepted the affiliation of the Workers' Education Bureau, it is working out a plan of life insurance, the *American Federationist* has changed its make-up into the semblance of an academic journal and it prints four articles on technical industrial problems for each one on labor policy. Yet, since 1920 the A. F. of L. has lost a little over 1,200,000 members, which is almost exactly the number gained by the company union movement during the same period, a shift which is by no means unconnected. But in spite of this shift, President Green refused an auspicious request by President John Gross of the Colorado Federation of Labor to aid in the organization of the Pueblo Steel Works, which operate on a company union basis. His reason was that he could not infringe on the autonomy of the sixteen executive bodies involved in the sixteen crafts in the steel industry. President Green, personally a liberal and decent man, also had to countenance the recent strike-breaking of the United Garment Workers in Chicago against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, whose control of the men's clothing trades is still officially "outlawed." All his public pronouncements emphasize that labor means no trouble, that it is anxious to cooperate with

capital, with state and church and school. Not that labor should not as far as possible work with all these forces. But it certainly is not the burden of the labor movement to sign gentlemen's agreements. Its burden is to protect the worker and to cooperate with other social groups within and not without this protective tariff of his life and labor.

Mr. Green's Fabianism expresses the general depression of labor. Everywhere it is forced to "give away conditions," if not contractually then by an enforced reinterpretation of work rules, which invariably deflate the pay envelope. Here and there wages are being cut even in the organized trades, or they are maintained at the cost of locked-out employment. The mean average real wage of the organized worker has been practically stationary since the armistice. The unorganized workers, on the other hand, whose treatment always reflects the respect in which organized labor is held by the employer, have received terrific wage cuts within the last year. In short, the fatalistic optimism that American labor is "awakening" to its responsibilities is merely the illusion of our hectic day that to do is also to accomplish.

III. Why the Bankruptcy?

In a more illuminating sense, leaders do not lead but express a movement. The present bankruptcy of American labor can not be blamed entirely on its hierarchy. It lies in certain historic maladjustments which labor suffered during the growth of our great industry.

American history is best understood as a succession of rapid and overlapping social frontiers. The conquest of the national domain, begun by the agrarian pioneer, was actually closed by another class, the industrial-capitalist adventurer. And before he could complete the logic of his exploitation to its present culture, he had to meet the resistance of labor on the industrial frontier. Roughly, the Gompers era—from the eighties to the World War—laid the pioneer foundations of American labor. In his own person Gompers supremely expressed the guerrilla chieftain. Pugnacious, bigoted, uncivilized, extraordinarily human, incorruptible, and loyal, he held the lesser autonomous trade-union chiefs by the sheer force of his morale. Day in and day out he fought a catch-as-catch-can battle for better hours, wages, work rules—striking, sniping, picketing, and retreating with a vigilance which bespoke genius. And in his ignorance of social theory he actually confused this simple opportunism with the highest form of "philosophical anarchism."

But the price of these bush-whacking tactics, necessary as they were, proved to be usurious. It meant that all "intellectuals" within the labor movement had to be knocked on the head, for the intellectual* was temperamentally for a more synthetic strategy which might accelerate labor to meet the rapid consolidation of capital. Gompers identified such philosophies with "radicalism." And he spent most of his time in keeping the intellectuals out of the labor movement, half-consciously tolerating enough "old-time" trade-union Socialists to form a weak left wing in the American Federation of Labor, so that he might use their opposition as a permanent counter-reformation against the more reactionary of his fellow-leaders.

Due to this enforced arrested development, the intellectuals actually did remain steeped in that utopian sectarianism which characterizes all early social movements. The by-ways of American labor are strewn with the bones of all kinds of populist Holy Rollers, of half a dozen different Socialist denominations, of two I. W. W. sects, of anarcho-syndicalisms which constantly swayed "back to nature" and forward to the industrial union. The more practical among the intellectuals joined the social-reform movement, under the fond illusion that they could gnaw the hand that fed them into a stump helpless against the working class. The result was that both the radical intellectual and the liberal intellectual were effectively out of the labor movement. Labor had to rely on its own intellectual resources, which, however, were daily fine-combed by an environment in which ability was far more generously appreciated elsewhere. Accordingly, American labor has grown up during the last half century into one of the most naive of all labor movements, trying to function in the most industrial of all countries.

Still, during the decade just before the war, the sheer pressure of experience and the still greater pressure of capitalist consolidation began to educate the laborocracy toward the need of some sort of inner harmony. The labor frontier was beginning to settle in spite of the "cultural lag" of its leaders. The business agent, the walking delegate was still—and for that matter is yet—the omnipotent and omnignorant "Grand Lodge officer" of the union. Even now, the "organizer," whose anti-intellectual tradition has prevented his personal cultivation, performs most of the intellectual functions of the movement. He keeps the books, he draws up contracts, he edits the labor press, he is the "legislative agent." None the less, at the turn of this century suicidal "jurisdictional disputes" were increasingly settled by the simple device of the big union swallowing the little one. Hysterical craft separatism was tending, if not toward industrial unionism, at least toward that nominal craft federalism which is typified in the different industrial "departments" of the A. F. of L. The concerted movement in the Railroad Brotherhoods looked very hopeful. The banker, who was gradually displacing the industrialist, was met at least with "programs" for the nationalization of the basic industries. Labor was gradually beginning to feel its concerted strength.

The war upset all this. During the war the government gave labor a powerful opiate of propaganda, which inspired it with roseate visions of its place in "a world made safe for democracy." The A. F. of L. hitched its machine to the time-machine of the Wilsonian crusade. But when the war was over labor had to face one paramount fact: American capital, in eighteen short months, had swollen into the imperial creditor of the world. And, in proportion, labor's power had been deflated into next to nothing. The series of open-shop drives after the armistice, whose "openness" consisted entirely in its brutal frankness, took away most of labor's wind. And its defensive strikes acted as a boomerang. During the height of the open-shop attack organized labor was losing 90,000 members a month. Between the armistice and the La Follette campaign it was losing a mean average of 200,000 members annually. From these terrific blows in the economic field it staggered into

* By the term "intellectual" I mean the man or woman of formal education, usually from the middle class, who joined the interests of labor in the belief that it is the only efficient instrument for industrial democracy; and who, therefore, derives his character as a social function of the manual worker.—*The Author.*

the political arena. Even Gompers "non-partisanly" came out for La Follette. But in the political field it found big business no less intrenched. Yet the very complexity of the post-war period forced upon labor ever greater technical responsibilities. And so it invited the "tired radical" to give up both his fatigue and his radicalism and join the labor movement as an "expert."

In the meantime the Russian revolution, by refraction, had completely blinded whatever indigenous left wing we had in the labor movement. The I. W. W., who had growled on its rim for a dozen years, shrank from about 50,000 to a measly 12,500. The old Socialist Party, which had been allowed to function as the administration's whipping boy in the A. F. of L., was almost completely knocked out by the Communists. The intelligent minority in the party, of course, would not join the Children's Crusade of the American Bolsheviks. And so they, as well as most of the other radical intellectuals, ran under the protecting wings of the labor oligarchy. They joined the A. F. of L. both economically and politically—from the left. The liberal intellectuals joined it, mostly as experts, from the right. And the labor boss is still supreme.

Indeed, the labor movement is today more boss-ridden than ever before. The general deflation makes organization campaigns and inner concerted movements almost impossible. And so the leader is trying to hold on through politics. The pre-war concerted movement is dead. Craft separatism is once more flagrant. And, to a large degree, the new unionism is but a new song-and-dance to pacify the masses, to fight insurgency, and to counteract the welfare work of the employer.

The new unionism is also a reflection in the world of labor of our new idolatry of the scientific methodist. The social-reform movement is pasteurizing the milk of human kindness in community chests, foundations for mutual investigation, organizations for further organizing—with an abracadabra as technical as the theory of equations. The "social gospel" of religious modernism is equally "scientific" in its apologetics. The educational psychologists are bureaucratizing education through mental tests and new examinations from kindergarten to the doctoral degree. All these officious rigmaroles have, of course, nothing to do with bona fide science. But big business is cleverly exploiting them in terms of welfare work, employees' representation schemes, personnel administration, and the other trimmings in the windows of the open shop. The labor movement will instinctively save the new unionism from being subverted to these ends. But at present the line of demarcation between the new unionism and the new philanthropy is very hazy.

IV. The Hope of the New Union

No one in his senses will quarrel with the fundamental educational and technical aspirations of the new union. In this country industrialism has progressed too intricately to be guided by the example of the Russian revolution. The fundamental instinct of the new union that the American worker must work out his problems on and through and with his job is sound; for his genuine control of the job is ultimately bound to have a straightening effect upon the crazy market of competitive production. But the new union can develop into the receiver of our bankrupt labor movement only if it shifts toward the left. It must, and in the nature of industrial society it likely will, become an instrument to raise labor's standard of living, to organize the unorganized, to abolish "jurisdictional disputes" among the crafts which have to be revamped into modern industrial organizations. It should by all means "collaborate" with the employer, but on terms of a mutual guaranty and not on the theory of the Golden Rule. For through the alchemy of profit even its gold is transmuted into dividends.

"May Days"*

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

THE four years' task of choosing three hundred poems for the Masses Liberator Anthology of Verse took me over and over the old bound volumes, and brought me face to face with a continuity—and a severance.

That is, I stepped back abruptly through the looking-glass into a literary and political world that seemed both familiar and strange—a preposterous world, but never for a moment an alien one. What I saw had the same fascination that the face of your father at the age of sixteen has, when you come upon it peering from an album, for the first time after years of preoccupation with your own generation. Of course, only part of father's face is here. To put the whole portrait together I would have to get files of *Others, Seven Arts,* and the *Little Review;* find pictures of the first suffrage parades, and the speeches of social reformers reported in the New York *Times;* follow the editorial risings and sinkings of *The Nation* and the *New Republic;* and see, by some act of the imagination, the expression on the faces of the crowds who went to the Armory Show in 1912 to watch the Nude descend the stairs.

A war and a revolution and five or six famines have something to do with the severance I felt. Behind the human extremity of those slow war years we discover the preceding period in parade down Fifth Avenue: white horses, purple banners, and a phalanx of well-shod middle-class women, demanding—and getting—the ballot! Elsewhere, a little off the center, we find Frank Tanenbaum and Arturo Giovannitti stirring liberal opinion with the news that, for a few in the commonwealth at least, this is not quite the best possible world. Behind them, the shadow of Upton Sinclair, who, perhaps all by himself, hatched this germ of middle-class discontent during the muck-raking period just preceding when he jerked double the respectable consumer of Chicago slaughter-house meat; acute stomach-ache hit a hypochondriac nation and an uneasy idea grew: Perhaps even for the middle class this was not the best possible world—

> Factory windows are always broken.
> Something or other is going wrong.
> Something is rotten—I think, in Denmark . . .

* This article was written as an introduction to the Masses Liberator Anthology of Verse to be published this fall by Boni and Liveright.

That was the state of mind. Something was wrong. Probably in Denmark. Where else? Not terribly wrong. Just wrong enough to insure a holiday.

And the holiday had numerous events and several attractive features. There was zealous social work, backed by optimistic social theory; humanitarian crusades abounded, gracious amateur movements made a mushroom growth. This activity was never ruthless or bitter, but earnest, idealistic—always Christian.

Our awakening was like us. There was not much reflection or arduous labor. Austerity and desperate struggle were absent. It was a happy, well-bred, and lively society, although it desired to be much more. The air was clear and exciting and the hour was the hour of seven on a spring morning. May days, indeed. . . . Dignity was not the fashion. Boredom, ennui, were not the fashion. There was so much to be said, done, thought, seen, tried out. The youth of the land was getting out of doors and all winter taboos were being broken:

> [illegible]
> But to be young was very heaven.

It was easy to read the *Masses* in those days. I say easy after following all the indignant letters protesting against Carl Sandburg's Billy Sunday or Billy Williams's Ballad (G. B. S. was one of the protestants that time) or Floyd Dell's articles on birth control. It was easy in spite of all the shock it gave the college-professor, college-student audience, because its shock was pleasurable for those who could stand it and centered chiefly on breaking down prudery and traditional dogma. It hit few class or economic sore spots—not because it did not aim at them but because class fear in the reader had not been genuinely aroused. If he could skip the fine print of Max Eastman's monthly Knowledge and Revolution he could swallow the rest—usually. At any rate this early reader seldom began to fidget, fearing bloody upheaval, seeing himself, wife, [illegible] a great idea. The magazine was so obviously the voice of a harmless minority. Although its editor pounded away at the distinction between reform and the seizure of economic power by the working class, he failed to keep them separate in the mind of the middle-class intellectual because events themselves had not yet made them separate.

Because this magazine of rebellion was edited, in spite of its title, for the bourgeois liberal, to give him the freedom he had grown needy of, and because, although it did talk in a very specific and realistic tone of voice about the proletariat, it did not talk *to* the proletariat, scoffers said, rightly enough:

> They draw nude women for the *Masses*,
> Thick, fat, unsightly lasses—
> How does that help the working [illegible]

When it came to it—really helping the working classes a little later—scoffers, along with the bulk of the other readers, found the magazine exceedingly hard to read. But by that time they were not confined to the *Masses* any longer. That early note of gleeful scorn for the bourgeois and his lady, his ideas about sex, literature, art, politics, furniture, et cetera, has been the cue for nearly all the best [illegible]. The 500,000 Americans who eat [illegible] "61st Street" in 1920, and "Main Street" in 1921, [illegible] in 1925, [illegible] *Masses* with chuckles of delight, if they could get them. Lewis, Lardner, and Ferber are not as hard nor as clear as their spasmodic original. Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson, John Howard Lawson, and Eugene O'Neill would have written, *Masses* or no *Masses*, but they would have had to spend more time under water grubbing along on the floor of the ocean if the dredging had not begun earlier. The little magazine taken over by John Sloan's group for the publication of its drawings and gradually altered into a news letter for the hungry idealist had as curious a range of contributors as of readers. Gelett Burgess, Inez Haynes Gillmore, William English Walling, Lincoln Steffens, Amy Lowell, Jimmie Hopper, Will Levington Comfort, Mary Heaton Vorse, Harry Kemp, Sherwood Anderson, Howard Brubaker, Ernest Poole, Charles Edward Russell, Witter Bynner, Irwin Granich, William Rose Benét, J. E. Spingarn, Margaret Widdemer—if this rabble made up its contributors, you ask, just what was the magazine as a whole trying to say? Nevertheless the family was congenial. Because its foe was so imperious and so vast it found more likenesses than differences within its ranks. The widest implications of even a revolutionary doctrine may throw a grateful shade in a great desert. Reginald Wright Kauffman and Pablo Picasso lay down together between the same editorial sheets.

It takes very few individuals to make a new age or explode an old one. That is, if the individuals themselves have hold on a vital substance. For me, and I think for numbers of others, there were few people writing in America in 1913 with the desire for a realistic grasp of our life as a whole. Creative artists dare not bite off more than they can chew; accordingly the novelists of the day who were in love with America were deliberately seeing the country as a confusion of parts, and choosing for themselves one part of the many. So far as I know there were only three people then who saw what we all see now—the identity of the land. At any rate only three registered themselves indelibly: Max Eastman, Jack Reed, and Floyd Dell. They were more than three people merely when you put them in close contact: They drew to themselves a swarm of excellent artists and social satirists—Max Eastman, realistic philosopher and poet; Floyd Dell, teacher and intimate psychologist; Jack Reed, man of action and human symbol for the time. Seen thus, working together, they are for America the most significant group that ever managed to dominate, for a time, an entire generation. They, and the *Masses* as their instrument, were of tremendous importance for every young middle- or working-class person just then coming alive within their radius. Their recorded sense of contemporary life has been a storehouse to which the diverse and quarreling publicist world has gone for its energy—the liberal editors of the New York *World*, *Vanity Fair's* humorists, Amalgamated organizers and pamphleteers, the *New Republic's* decorous contributors, *The Nation's* earnest ones, and the present proletarian intellectuals who conduct the *Daily Worker*, all have to some extent consciously or unconsciously reflected *Masses-Liberator* tutelage.

What was it they did? Well, to begin with, all three of them, although they would deny it, gave up being single-minded artists. They had started, all, as poets (which they might also consider unimportant) when something else caught them. They became obsessed by the unity of our

life, the dance of it, and when they found themselves, after following the dance with abandon for a time, they were no longer poets—merely. In them was a fatal social-mindedness that made being artists a temptation which they put aside, somewhat reluctantly, for pressing matters in hand.

Floyd Dell expresses the struggle best in his own words. His writing abounds with the phrase "escape from reality"—the "escape" being preoccupation with a fantasy, or, as we put it, the writing of a great poem, a great novel, a great play. That was the temptation he and his companions resisted. They turned their backs on "escape" in the *Masses* days.

And to what purpose? There was this America—its politics, love life, industry, humor, architecture, education, poetry, dancing, clothing, drama, sport, language. . . . When the *Masses* group, cartoonists, artists, and editors, touched these subjects it was their combination of sophistication and naivete that made what they said so difficult to resist. These were in just the right proportions; they allowed part of the soul to remain childlike while another part acquired worldly wisdom, and discovered its delicious heritage of homely sound sense. The native shrewdness, the drawling humor that is called American because Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley and Abraham Lincoln had it, was coming up through the outlet afforded by this magazine, under layers of surface solemnity. The *Masses* set up its little tent between the two most social-minded tendencies then active in the American community—between the group that was liberal but Christian and the group that was rational but dull. It entertained them both with blithe impudence, being to some extent the child of both. The parents looked on as modern parents do, in awe of the little creature. Presently the child found its mission—that of de-bunking the society into which it had been born. A point of view known as Marxian, hitherto expressed in this land chiefly in undomesticated foreign gutterals, became, when simplified and translated into the idiom of Lincoln and Jefferson and Tom Paine, the new Yankee wisdom—shrewd, racy, materialistic.

And the awakening came none too soon. The world moved threateningly beneath everybody's feet. Big strikes, outrages; the Mooney case, the McNamara case; a nest of textile strikes shoved it on. Much grist for the mill, and good honest grinding. The European war stretched across the Atlantic. Holiday time almost over. It wasn't all going to be a battle of ideas, no indeed. A long way to Tipperary, Chicago slaughterhouses, Isadora Duncan dancing, and the bright, eager faces of suffrage parades glittering down the great avenues, Fifth, Michigan, Commonwealth. The *Masses* had a movement on its hands—people following, going where it led. It had created that following and now it had to take it some place. And a fight coming—America came into the war.

The world, abandoning even liberal Christianity and rationalism, went off its head. The *Masses* folks saw the spectacle. They knew that something might be done—but what, exactly? They kept their balance—if nothing else—in a world that began to whirl faster than a merry-go-round. Until Wilson's second election their heads were clear and until their trial most of alert young America was going to school in the *Masses* office.

When the trial came the three men tugged in separate directions and the triangle cracked.

Mr. Glintenkamp had drawn two pictures, and an assistant editor had printed them, while Max Eastman and Floyd Dell were away, busy in the larger turmoil. The Liberty Bell in collapse made a frontispiece; another, entitled Conscription, a few pages over. The magazine for August was refused the mails. In October followed another picture by the same artist, a naked young man with a too beautiful young face, a skeleton measuring him. Hot stuff. But they had all been doing hot stuff for years—Art Young, Boardman Robinson, Clive [illegible], Robert Minor, Margaret Becker, Cornelia Barns, John Sloan, George Bellows. Only suddenly it wasn't simply hot [illegible]. It was treason.

Or so it became apparent—slowly, in spite of a cordial letter from President Wilson, visits with George Creel, and the decision of one judge in their favor. The post office [illegible] time, and then, when the *Masses* went to court for the lost mailing privileges, turned swiftly and brought about the [illegible].

The next spring, in April, 1918, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Art Young, Merrill Rogers, and Josephine Bell were

Two Poems by Max Eastman

The Lonely Bather

Loose-veined and languid as the yellow mist
That swoons along the river in the sun,
Your flash of passion pale and amber-kissed
With years of heat that through your veins have run,

You lie with aching memories of love
Alone and naked by the weeping tree,
And indolent with inward longing move
Your slim and sallow limbs despondently.

If love came warm and burning to your dream,
And filled you all your avid veins require,
You would lie sadly still beside the stream,
Sobbing in torture of that vivid fire;

The same low sky would weave its fading blue,
The river still exhale its misty rain,
The willow trail is waving over you,
Your longing only quickened into pain.

Bed your desire among the pressing grasses;
Lonely lie, and let your thirsting breasts
Lie on you, lonely, till the fever passes,
Till the undulation of your longing rests.

A Modern Messiah

Scarred with sensuality and pain
And weary labor in a mind not hard
Enough to think, a heart too always tender,
Sits the Christ of failure with his lovers.
They are wiser than his parables,
But he more potent, for he has the gift
Of hopelessness, and want of faith, and love.

Reprinted from "Child of Life," by Max Eastman, [illegible] permission of Alfred A. Knopf Inc., [illegible] publishers.

tried on the charge of conspiracy to obstruct recruiting and enlistment; with Morris Hillquit and Dudley Field Malone to defend them.

In the interval between December, 1917, and March, 1918, there had been no magazine. The *Masses* was fading into the protective coloration of the *Liberator*.

The first jury disagreed. A new trial was ordered. A second jury disagreed. The editors had won—and lost.

Jack Reed got off the magazine—reorganized under a compromise with the war spirit—died in Russia, lies buried in the Kremlin with Lenin. Not gifted as a facile or complex thinker, he escaped the blind-alley of opportunism, and took the road to death and enduring glory. The lines entitled Fog, his strange epitaph, assure him a no less permanent title as a poet.

Floyd Dell, who had never advocated much more than parliamentary socialism, and who believed, as many Bolsheviks do today, in conscription, was willing to go to jail but reluctant to go for an abstract principle he considered worthless. He stayed with the *Liberator*, to emerge at last as a popular novelist for the generation he had so long instructed.

Max Eastman determined to be a realist and keep the revolutionary home fires burning. This is his reply to Jack Reed's letter of resignation from the editorial board:

> I haven't a word of protest—only a deep feeling of regret.
>
> In your absence we all weighed the matter and decided it was our duty to the social revolution to keep this instrument we have created alive toward a time of great usefulness. You will help us with your writing and reporting, and that is all we ask.
>
> Personally, I envy you the power to cast loose when not only a good deal of the dramatic beauty but also the glamor of the abstract moral principle is gone out of this venture, and it remains for us merely the most effective and therefore right thing to do.

This is what perhaps nowadays we should call a rationalization. His followers, who agreed with him that a sincere radical does not run about the world courting martyrdom, still felt that a revolutionary leader does not purchase immunity from jail by repudiating his revolutionary opinions.

> PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Will you tell us if the sentiments therein expressed (concerning the star-spangled banner), which I have just read to you, are your sentiments today?
>
> DEFENDANT: No, they are not, Mr. Barnes. My sentiments have changed a good deal. I think that when the boys begin to go over to Europe, and fight to the strains of that anthem, you feel very differently about it. You noticed that when it was played out there in the street the other day I did stand up. . . . I felt very sad; I felt very solemn, very sorrowful, because I thought of those boys over there dying by the thousands . . . with courage, and even laughter on their lips, because they are dying for liberty. . . .

Whether or not this retreat was a tactical error, Max Eastman did do what he set out to do. He did go on with the *Liberator*, forcibly modified as it was, and preserved what he could of the badly shattered body of the new philosophy. Significantly, because of his old quality of intellectual courage, Max Eastman was a Bolshevik when several of the present most prominent leaders were still anarchists, Mensheviks, or industrialists.

In its last days when the *Liberator* could not decide whether it wanted to be a propagandist or an artistic magazine or both it declined rapidly—what had been brilliant turned wastefully violent; what had been masterful was either harassed or sentimental. In November, 1924, the *Liberator* became incorporated with *Soviet Russia Pictorial* and the *Labor Herald* as the official organ of the Workers Party—rechristened the *Workers Monthly*.

But the *Masses-Liberator* spirit is gone—not so much dead as dispersed and divided. The magazine, until the war, was like a self-fertilizing tree. Social passion and creative beauty grew from the same branches. Now there has been pruning and grafting; we have in consequence two trees—the air is sultry—there is no cross pollenizing. The artists who were attracted to the *Masses* for its art have gone one way; the revolutionists another. The two factions regard each other with hostility and suspicion. The buds on the two trees wither for lack of each other. It is the artist's fault because he is afraid of revolution. It is the propagandist's fault for giving the artist a job he cannot perform. And it is nobody's fault, as well, but simply the effect of a world change.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been moving. Not merely drifting for his pleasure but helping to move goods and chattels, bag and baggage, Lares and Penates. He regards it as a painful business. Since the earliest caveman picked up his arrow-heads and went in search of another home among the stone caverns the victims of moving have groaned and protested—and moved. Moving is one of the operations alike common and odious to mankind, which for reasons private or civic must be endured anywhere from three to twenty times in an ordinary lifetime. Neighborhoods depreciate from innumerable causes. Fire may necessitate exodus; noisy neighbors or crying babies may make it advisable. Houses are sold and fall into the hands of landlords who turn deaf ears to peeling paint and dilapidated wall-paper. A family may diminish or suddenly expand. There may be no reason at all beyond a primordial nomadic urge.

* * * * *

AND so certain friends of the Drifter have been moving, and he has been drawn into the melee. They have seen large apartments, small ones; bright and attractive and expensive floors overlooking Central Park; dull and grimy prisons in which the compartments which were called rooms followed one on the other with the depressing monotony of the cars of a railroad train. They have looked at tenements and flats, rooms and apartments, suites and floors. Some have had fireplaces and some fire-escapes; some neither. Many have clung to the ancient system of gas lighting, and over the chandeliers of these it were best to draw a veil.

* * * * *

THERE is a tinge of shrinking, even a slight shame, about the exposure of one's household goods to the eye of a curious world. The impulse struggles through one's consciousness to clothe the nudity of the homely objects thus bared to the raw inquisition of bright sunlight and the passing human gaze. One may, with an effort, [illegible] the ignominy of such exposure to the moving-van

crew—they who handle articles of dearest intimacy with the impersonal unselfconsciousness of a surgeon setting bones. By them the treasures are carted off, one by one. The battered favorites of a lifetime are toted out in ungraceful heaps, chairs atop tables, couches raising their sparse iron limbs to heaven, bundles of books piled into tipsy columns that tremble and totter as they are hoisted to the shoulders of a sweating colossus. Kitchen vessels, squeezed out of their rightful heritage of a journey by barrel, make a forlorn last-moment heap in a dishpan, while oddments which proclaim themselves to be brooms, mops, shoe cleaners, stove polishers, carpet sweepers, ironing boards, and washing implements rear up like earthworks on a battlefront, only to be carried off and deposited on the sidewalk until a place can be found for them among their betters in the van.

* * * * *

AT last it is over. The bill has been paid, and the crew of movers, tipped heavily, have gathered up their ropes and pulleys and padding, and departed. The Drifter sits with his friends among the upheaval which may some day be a home. He is oppressed by the general disorder, by homesickness—though the home is not his—by the conviction that nothing in it will ever again be quite right. Suddenly someone has a terrible realization—the canary has been forgotten. The Drifter volunteers to recover him. Anxiously he takes his way across the city. It is late when he turns the key in the lock and enters the vast and dusty expanse. Relief comes quickly as he hears a faint peep from the inner gloom—Caruso is safe and undisturbed. The Drifter shoulders the bird and somewhat sentimentally makes a tour of the dismantled apartment. Somehow Caruso's presence gives him courage. He covers the cage carefully with a large square of silk and together they sally forth into the twilight. But on one point the Drifter has made up his mind. He will never have a home, or furnishings, or even a canary. He will be glad always to be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Those Behind Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Cline's article Behind This Prohibition is a vivid presentation of facts we all recognize. It is not as disgusting to a prohibitionist, like myself, as it appears to be, and I believe the reason for it is this: A good many people have assumed that the voters who support prohibition, as, for instance, those who increased the dry majority in Congress at the last election and those who carried the proposal in Massachusetts for a State enforcement act, do so because they are convinced they are supporting an advance in morals. While this is true for the minority representing the temperance forces, who also, by the way, observe the law strictly, the great majority, in my opinion, support the law as a measure of health and safety, and individually reserve to themselves the freedom of action so noticeable in regard to other laws.

For instance, most of us would support a law restricting the speed of motors to a degree we should probably not always observe. At least, not till everyone else did. We support measures for the examination of herds of cows, where the milk is sold, but have our cows examined only in face of very alarming symptoms. We support the anti-trust laws, yet cheerfully submit to the knowledge that they are broken, according to Mr. Huston Thompson, as often as the Volstead Act. I don't pretend to explain these attitudes, but it seems to me they are undeniable.

Staatsburg, New York, August 29 MARGARET NORRIE

Pullman Porters Have Grievances

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Kindly permit me to bring to the attention of your thoughtful readers the fact that the Pullman Company has broken its agreement with the Pullman porters. According to Article 6, Section C, "There shall be no discrimination by the company or by any of its employees on account of membership or non-membership in any fraternal society or union." This agreement, known as the Pullman Company Plan of Employee Representation for District Employees, became effective on October 1, 1920, and is still operative.

Since the movement began to organize the porters through a series of articles in the *Messenger*, the men have been repeatedly called into the office and questioned as to what interest they have in the movement. When a mass meeting was arranged at the Elks' Auditorium, in New York City, Tuesday evening, August 25, at which Mr. W. J. Orr, special organizer of the Locomotive Engineers, spoke, the men were threatened with discharge if they attended.

The company, of course, wants to intimidate the men, so as to prevent them from forming an organization for, of, and by themselves. This is downright discrimination against Negro employees of the company, for the Pullman car conductors, who are white, are organized, and have been since 1918. Every other group of workers on the railroad is organized except the porters. The men are organizing to demand more wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions. They now receive $67.50 a month, a wage sadly inadequate to insure a decent American standard of living. And they are required to make 11,000 miles as a basis of this monthly wage. This causes a porter's hours to trench hard upon the inhuman work-period burden of nearly 400 hours a month.

They want 240 hours or less in regular assignment as a basis of their monthly pay, with compensation for overtime. They also want pay for "preparatory time," that is, the work they put in making ready the car to receive the passengers before the train leaves the terminal station. Now, though a porter may report to the yard at 3 p. m. and work until 7 p. m. making ready his car to receive passengers so as to leave at 7 p. m., his pay does not begin until 7 p. m.

They also want to abolish the doubling-out evil, or the practice of compelling a man who has been on the road two or three days and nights without the proper sleep, needing food and properly to cleanse himself, to go right back out for perhaps another two or three nights' journey, thereby undermining the porter's health and preventing him from giving efficient service to the public, for which it pays the Pullman Company. And not the least among their demands is that of being treated like men and not like children. As it is, porters with self-respect and pride dread going into the district offices lest they be hailed as "George" by some sixteen-year-old whippersnapper, though the porter insulted may have been in the service some forty years or more and be old enough to have great-grandchildren older than the messenger boy humiliating him.

New York, September 3 A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,
Editor of the *Messenger* and General Organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

[The last annual report of the Pullman Company, made public since the above letter was written, shows the largest gross revenue in the corporation's history, amounting to $83,927,749. After all deductions this was equivalent to earnings of $10.20 on each share of $100 par value.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Coal Digger on Coal

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial A Letter to the Miners' Chief in your issue of September 9 reveals a stupendous lack of knowledge when speaking of the Fuel Administration, "The Fuel Administration was established [1917] and for two years ran coal as it ought to be run."

I am afraid that a canvass of every coal digger in the country would fail to reveal one who would agree to that. On the other hand, a canvass of the operators would likely find unanimous agreement. Was not this the period of the 2,000 per cent profits?

Garfield sat on the lid for two years and got off just before the widespread "wild cat" strike and the "authorized" strike of 1919. The humiliations and repression suffered by the coal miners during these two years and in the second and shorter period have made the name Garfield forever detested by them.

Tell us not of Fuel Administrations; we coal diggers were sold that gold brick once.

Belleville, Illinois, September 9 Ein Hauer

Vanderbilt University's Liberalism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before me are two articles, one by Allen de Ford on The War Against Evolution to the dismissal of Professor Alexander Winchell from Vanderbilt University in the early eighties because of his views on evolution. In a more recent article by Mr. Krutch on the fall of the cowards in Tennessee the statement is made that in Tennessee "bigotry [illegible] sincere, while intelligence is loaded and hypercritical." Without attempting to refute the first article, I should like to submit that the scholars cited do not in any way represent the point of view of the Vanderbilt University of today; and without refuting the sweeping generalization of the second article I should like to suggest that there are some men in Tennessee who ought not to be included in the indictment. In all conscience the situation is bad enough, but not so bad as would appear from these two articles.

The Winchell incident has, of course, had wide reading because of its prominence in Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," but that it is not typical of the university is evident from a number of facts. Vanderbilt for a quarter of a century and especially since its [illegible] has been generally regarded in the South as a citadel of modernism, higher criticism, evolution, and other forms of heresy. Professor L. C. Glenn, Dr. Winchell's successor in the department of geology, gave an illustrated lecture on evolution which the anti-evolution mob was unable to disturb, and left no doubt in the mind of anybody as to his position; for a quarter of a century he has been doing the same thing with no call out of the classroom. Professor E. E. Reinke, head of the department of biology, delivered a clear-cut address before the Vanderbilt Club of Nashville and later before the Kiwanis Club, defining his position as to his reputation [illegible] Nashville papers.

The dean of the School of Religion, Dr. W. F. Tillett, secured the signatures of the leading ministers of Nashville to a protest against the passage of the law, and has since written an article in the *Southern Methodist Review* defining the position of those who are resisting the extreme ideas of the fundamentalists. The dean emeritus of the School of Religion, Dr. W. F. Tillett, has recently published a volume entitled "Paths That Lead to God," in which he takes the same position on the question of evolution in relation to the Bible that is held by [illegible] of liberal opinion in American churches. Chancellor J. H. Kirkland, who two years had lectured on evolution in some of the best Southern institutions, was quick to condemn the passage of the Tennessee law in a statement that has appeared in many newspapers and in another vigorous statement prepared for the Religious Education Association of America. It is safe to say that a large majority of the professors at Vanderbilt agree not only in condemning the law but in maintaining the hypothesis of evolution, though they may differ in the religious or philosophical interpretation thereof. And the same may be said of the student body as a whole and of the large majority of the alumni. The main opponents of the law in the legislature are Vanderbilt graduates.

Nashville, Tennessee, July 30 Edwin Mims,
Professor of English, Vanderbilt University

Indignities to Citizens

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am a plain American citizen of Irish birth. I believe in the Constitution of the United States and in the Declaration of Independence—"that God created all men free and equal." Believing in this, and armed with an American passport, I decided to return to my country after spending a few months in Europe; I decided to embark at the port of Liverpool; I also decided to travel third class. Let us see how the official American doctor at that port treated an American citizen. First of all he decided that I should get vaccinated. I protested against this, but this man who is paid by the American taxpayers told me bluntly that I could not get aboard [illegible] ship unless he said so.

At the hour of embarkation I was lined up with the emigrants for inspection, the American doctor looking on. This ended his inspection of the "Anglo-Saxons." Then he singled me out from a group of 200 plebeians who were allied in blood with the Mayflower progenitors and forced [illegible] a room where there were a dozen Irish boys who were to be subjected to a severe test.

I tried to get redress from the American [illegible] too, seemingly was inoculated with Anglo-Saxon virus.

The world is not yet safe for democracy, at least, not for American citizens.

Brooklyn, August 9 Timothy O'Brien

Discovered!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Who is the Ku Kluxer on the editorial staff of *The Nation?* This question is prompted by the editorial in the issue of August 19 in which the statement is made that "the Klan has become safe—and uninteresting."

I have just looked over a lot of data sent me from our representative in the Klan—we have one there to get us the correct information. The information certainly does not indicate that our Protestant fanatics have become safe. As to being uninteresting, I do not know—that is a matter of individual ideas. Whipping parties, a murder now and then don't prove uninteresting to the average person.

Minneapolis, August 26 Emil E. Holmes,
National President, World War Veterans

Secret Thinking

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A remark made by a well-dressed middle-aged woman at a local newsstand the other day may amuse you: "Let me have a copy of *The Nation*—and will you please wrap it?" One more good soul giving way to secret thinking!

New York, July 17 S. M. Keeny

Books and Plays

Carmichael

By KENNETH FEARING

"You are sure you love me?
Why do you love me?"
Those were the words of Carmichael,
As slim and beautiful as Carmichael,
The tawny pennon of manhood
Snapping and curling in a gale.

"But your eyes are strange.
Hoofbeats on the nightroad past my bedchamber are not so strange.
I love you."
And Thyra was the youngest of the court dancers.

Then he would show her of love
As keen as it was in him,
And from the palace's highest battlement
Carmichael listened to the falling scream.

Few women find them the lover Carmichael,
Carmichael the sheer.

First Glance

CASUAL acquaintance with Edith Sitwell's reputation as a poet would scarcely lead one to look in any of her volumes for lines like these:

> In the forest of sweet birds the spring begins
> And all the trees have leaves like drops of water
> Or small soft birds that sing of lost delight.
>
> And there were haunted summers in Troy Park
> And all the stillness budded into leaves;
> We listened, like Ophelia drowned in blond
> And fluid hair, beneath stag-antlered trees;
> Then in the ancient park the country-pleasant
> Shadows fell as brown as any pheasant,
> And Colonel Fantock seemed like one of these.

For not only is Miss Sitwell known as a radical poet; she is feared as an unintelligible one and fled as one whose satire, presumably, bites. How is it, then, that in "Troy Park" (Knopf: $1.75) she has been willing or able to deliver herself of lines as transparently lovely as those just quoted?

She has not done so often, to be sure. But she did not need to in order to prove herself a richly and interestingly equipped poet. And she was by no means content, having turned some lovely verses, to call her business done. Her business is with the vision that she has, and like all visionary poets who happen also to have lively brains she is struggling constantly to speak in a new way of what she sees. What she sees never changes, for it is invisible. It is a lost world of pure, unshadowed delight which in common with all mystics she mourns. But Miss Sitwell changes. Now she is giving us her world in the directest possible language—images of birds and trees, metaphors of music, fables of the golden age and of the immaculate child:

> But Dagobert and Peregrine and I
> Were children then; we walked like shy gazelles
> Among the music of the thin flower-bells.
> And life still held some promise,—never ask
> Of what,—but life seemed less a stranger then
> Than ever after in this cold existence.

Now in an ecstasy of invention she departs and dances among conceits as wild as any ever dug up by the "metaphysical poets." Now she turns her back to the beauty by which she lives in order to defend it—and herself—against its most evil enemy, age. Her lost delight was a young delight—this she has said again and again. As a belligerent, then, and as a satirist, she moves against

> The real world terrible and old;

she castigates a race of men who

> . . . grew as wrinkled as the darkness
> With bitter wickedness and age;

she makes an example of poor Colonel Fantock, that

> Old military ghost with mayfly whiskers;

and, taking a phrase of Arthur Rimbaud's, she muses long upon

> The old Bacchantes of the suburbs.

Now she mingles all three methods in a poem of the sort which has made her "difficulty" famous. But always her fine energy comes from the vision which lives exactly in her center. Miss Sitwell promises to redeem a whole generation of Georgian poets who had threatened to grow shallow.

MARK VAN DOREN

Since John Stuart Mill

Contemporary Political Thought in England, by Lewis Rockow. The Macmillan Company. $5.25.

THIS substantial treatise constitutes an admirable sequel to the interesting little volume published some years ago by Ernest Barker on English political thought from Herbert Spencer. Mr. Rockow's work, fortunately, conforms strictly to its title and is devoted to an analysis of the political ideas of those literally contemporary figures whose doctrines were but briefly classified and described in the last chapters of Mr. Barker's work. Graham Wallas, the Webbs, H. J. Laski, G. D. H. Cole, Bertrand Russell, Norman Angell, Shaw, Galsworthy, and other notable and notorious contributors to the destructive and constructive trends in modern thought are here displayed in full knowledge of their writings and their significance alike for fullness of estimate and critical acumen.

Perhaps the most striking fact about the book is its implicit refutation of the contention of some that significant political theory ended with Bluntschli, Austin, Spencer, or Thomas Hill Green. Here we have a volume of nearly 350 pages devoted to but the briefest critical summary of a group of thinkers whose writings fall almost entirely within the present century. It would scarcely be necessary to say that their doctrines possess more validity, urgency, and relevance with respect to current political problems and issues than all the political theory compiled in all the countries of the world prior to 1900. Yet Mr. Rockow does not include more than half of the most important and up-to-date of the present-day contributors to political and social thought in England. Many of those whom he does consider belong in a doctrinal sense to a past generation, and, with the exception of Laski, Cole, the Webbs, the Pauls, Russell, and Norman Angell, the most novel and revolutionary aspects of contemporary English thought

and scholarship are left unmentioned. It is coming to be more obvious than ever that the study of political theory before the twentieth century can be justified only on the ground of antiquarian interest or the desire to establish the genetic foundations of certain trends in the thought of today.

The volume opens with a brief sketch of the nineteenth-century background in the writings of Bentham, Austin, Darwin, Spencer, J. S. Mill, and T. H. Green. McDougall and Graham Wallas are selected to illustrate the psychological contributions to political thinking; Sir Henry Jones and John Watson appear as the contemporary expositors of philosophical idealism; Lord Hugh Cecil and W. H. Mallock present the arguments for conservatism, individualism, and aristocracy; the Webbs and Ramsay MacDonald argue the case for collectivism and advanced social democracy; Laski, Russell, and Cole attack the theory of the omnipotent and monistic sovereign state and formulate the position of the pluralists; William and Eden and Cedar Paul represent the English enthusiasm for the older Marxian socialism and Bolshevik communism respectively; L. T. Hobhouse and Lord Bryce state the case for compromise between individualism and collectivism, Hobhouse on a theoretical basis and Bryce from a concrete study of the achievements of democracies in action; H. G. Wells pictures a utopian commonwealth, namely, one designed and ordered according to the dictates of intelligence and the knowledge to be derived from the social sciences; Norman Angell presents the economic and cultural indictment of the insanity of modern wars and armaments, and demonstrates the necessity of squaring politics and diplomacy with the realities of economic internationalism; Shaw, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells attack through their dramas and novels the injustices and imbecilities of contemporary culture and society, and argue for a more rational and happy world. Mr. Rockow is an accomplished analytical expositor. He shows a full mastery of his sources, presents fairly the arguments and positions of the authors studied, and does not fail to point out the weaknesses or inconsistencies in their writings. And the value and utility of the whole work are greatly enhanced by a lively and lucid style.

The chief defects in Mr. Rockow's book are those which arise from the orientation of his own thought and the lack of inclusiveness of his work. While fair minded, his judgments are colored by his background and outlook, which are obviously those of the philosopher and moralist. He gives little evidence of an adequate acquaintance with the realistic social and political thought grounded upon geography, psychology, biology, anthropology, sociology, and the special social sciences. His statement that "psychology, like biology, is concerned only with facts, and not with values" is most fully and damagingly revealing. The significance and volume of contemporary English social and political thought impresses itself upon one as much through reflection upon what Mr. Rockow has omitted as through perusal of the doctrines which he has analyzed. There is little in his book which would indicate that Laski inhabits a much different scientific, technological, and industrial world from that in which John Stuart Mill moved and labored. The vast implications of these changes for thought, politics, and ethics are left unexploited. Nothing is said about the valuable contributions to political thought made by the anthropogeographers such as Mackinder, Herbertson, Fairgrieve, and others, and of the application of regional geography to the problems of civic reform by Patrick Geddes, Victor Branford, and others. Nor does Mr. Rockow call attention to the importance of biology with respect to political theory in the fields of social Darwinism and its critics; the problems of population control as studied by Carr-Saunders, Wright, and others, and by the birth-control advocates; the emphasis of Galton, Pearson, and their school upon eugenics and the breeding of a more capable race; and the implications of differential biology for the problems of democracy as developed by Pearson, Bateson, and others. The most reliable and relevant psychology is not to be found in the writings of McDougall and Wallas, but rather in those of Tansley, Hart, Rivers, Jones, and others. McDougall and Wallas, while solid critics of the older Benthamite felicific calculus, belong to an archaic age of psychological thought. The achievements of the cultural anthropologists, such as Marett and Rivers, have completely upset the older approach to political origins, but they are not dealt with. Sociology, basic to every type of valid contemporary political theory, is scarcely mentioned, and such sociologists as are included are classified under other rubrics—Wallas as a psychologist and Hobhouse as a philosopher. In this way the most important of all of Professor Hobhouse's books, his "Morals in Evolution," was missed. Finally, perhaps the most vital advance in political science in the last generation has been the introduction of the quantitative or statistical method as developed by Pearson, Yule, Bowley, and others. This is not mentioned, though it is indispensable in any effort to supplant political philosophy by political science.

This catalogue of what should have been included in any comprehensive survey of contemporary political thinking in England is not intended as a disparagement of Mr. Rockow's timely and important service in the present volume. Rather it is intended in part, at least, to encourage him to write a second volume which will embody these developments. In the meantime not only students of political theory but also all interested in contemporary thought and English literature will find this volume indispensable and illuminating.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

A Timid Moralist

The Conscience of the Newspaper. By Leon Nelson Flint. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

MR. FLINT has hit upon the original idea of dealing with the "principles and problems of journalism" by the case system so long applied to the teaching of law. Most of his 461 pages are devoted to the statement of some journalistic act or transgression—upon which there is a comment usually mild, carefully balanced, and more or less obvious. He has, however, not restricted the comments to his own, but has quoted many interesting opinions from journalists, lawyers, and public officials (unfortunately without giving the source of the quotation or the place where it can be found).

Curiously enough, whenever Mr. Flint cites a case of journalistic wrongdoing the name of the newspaper is suppressed; where he can praise he usually does so by name. This raises once more the question what it is that professors of journalism are afraid of. Is it their particular set of regents, the press itself, or what else? We can understand Mr. Flint's desire to produce a book which should be as coldly impartial as a textbook of law, and his wish to avoid being called a "kicker" or faultfinder. But after all the book purports to deal with the conscience of the newspaper, and as to that one must take sides to be effective. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that in his desire to deal impartially and in detail with many such journalistic practices as, for instance, "faking" photographs and news stories, and the "rewrite" evil of latter days, Mr. Flint has failed adequately to praise or emphasize those public servants in journalism who have nearly approached the ideal. Thus Edwin L. Godkin is dismissed with the barest reference; the second Samuel Bowles receives eighteen lines and the first and third are not mentioned, though no better cases of devotion to civic and professional ideals could possibly be cited.

That Mr. Flint's book, despite its lack of systematic arrangement and its constant repetitions, will be useful in schools of journalism we have no doubt. How far beyond them will its

influence go or that of Professor Crawford's excellent "Ethics of Journalism"? Not much, we fancy. The professional journalist knows perfectly well what are good and bad practices, and when he sins against the light and when he doesn't. Hence it is useless to teach ideals to students of journalism if they immediately take service under our Hearsts, our Curtises, even our Chicago *Tribunes;* for there they must do as they are told. The ethics of journalism are as simple and plain as any others. What the conscience of a newspaper should be is easily set forth to students, but the conscience of each daily is created by its owners. How are we to reach them when they are in business for money pure (or impure) and simple? That is the problem. But Mr. Flint gives few cases that couple the conscience of the daily to the business office. Is it really helpful to dismiss the burning question of the commercialism of the press in these non-committal words?

> The growth of the industry of newspaper publishing until it has become one of the greatest industries in the world has lent prominence to the business side of journalism. . . .
>
> The further fact that newspapers now attract capital seeking profitable investment, and that millions of dollars are required to buy a successful metropolitan paper, leads to the charge that our journalism is "capitalistic."
>
> Both of these criticisms contain truth and must be taken account of by any one looking toward the future of journalism. Business success should be provocative of good journalism because it affords financial independence; but in practice commercialism shows itself in conflict with the professional ideal.

Mr. Flint recognizes the recent rapid growth of public hostility to the press and the increasing distrust of it. Yet he passes briefly over Upton Sinclair's indictment, and he winds up on the hopeful note expected of all writers who deal with institutions that are under fire. He is sanguine enough to believe that the press is improving so rapidly that many of his criticisms will soon be obsolete. We hope he is right. Our observations do not lead us to a similar conclusion.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Dreiser

Edith Wharton. By Robert Morss Lovett. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

Theodore Dreiser. By Burton Rascoe. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

BOTH of these monographs have peculiar merits. Both of them have defects. Mr. Lovett's fault, as I see it, is that he fails adequately to discuss the influence of Henry James on Mrs. Wharton. Mr. Rascoe argues too much with Stuart Sherman. Neither monograph can be ignored by the careful reader or—most certainly—by the student. Perhaps there is no greater praise. Mrs. Wharton is difficult to discuss because her work is so uneven, yet Mr. Lovett never falters and ends on a note that is praise or blame as one happens to feel: "she remains for us among the voices whispering the last enchantments of the Victorian age." Mr. Dreiser, of course, speaks emphatically the voice of modernity.

Mr. Lovett quickly concludes that Mrs. Wharton may be summed up in the words: Culture, Class, Morality. She has an overweening sense of the necessity of imposing upon the sprawl of life a carefully articulated pattern. She is ironic. Her problem is always moral, but the morality of "the indoor variety; and the scene of their skirmishes is the tea table or the dancing floor . . . one wonders too often whether the case could have arisen outside the conventions of a special class." She is, then, a class artist and her class rests upon "a crust of custom over a void of thought" (her own evaluation in "The Fruit of the Tree"). Her class is an American class, the product of very special circumstances, easily dispersed by a shift in American life. When it flourished its rootage was inadequate, and even Mrs. Wharton recognized that it was inevitably to be left high and dry by the currents of American life. Consequently Mrs. Wharton is "profoundly ignorant" of the "vital issues" in American life. When she essays to depict industrialism she is hopelessly inept, as in "The Fruit of the Tree," where industrialism is important to her only as it impinges upon the demands of her narrow world. Only when she hits upon a tragedy contained within the limits of her world is she impressive, as in "The House of Mirth."

In fact, Mrs. Wharton is all that Mr. Dreiser is not. At one point they touch: both have faltered at times. Where Mrs. Wharton exaggerates the necessity of form, Mr. Dreiser is impressed by the sprawl of American life and attempts to render it in his novels. Mrs. Wharton's psychology of personality is incisive, clean-cut, and omniscient. She simplifies and explains without qualifications. Mr. Dreiser is never sure, is full of qualifications, is, again, burdened by a feeling of inexplicable complexity. Mrs. Wharton has chosen to depict a back-wash in the stream of American life. Mr. Dreiser has chosen to get into mid-channel. Mrs. Wharton is a surviving voice of an age that has passed away, the heir of James and Howells. Mr. Dreiser is a prophet of the future.

Appropriately, Mr. Rascoe opens his monograph with a quotation setting forth the fundamentals of modern American society. He shows how Dreiser early felt the overwhelming significance of business. He threw himself into a detailed study of the situation and produced "The Financier" and "The Titan." Being a brooding intelligence, he was intrigued by the muddle of life and gave allegiance to a physico-chemical theory of conduct. He threw over a compartmentalized view of the world which accurately, in theory, labeled things right and wrong. His men are ruled by a will to power, and power includes power over women. He has constantly dealt with sex relations, and because of his amorality has refused to be conventionally catastrophic in his portrayals of reward and punishment. His novels have a great deal of the disorder of the life he sees. In Dreiser there is no imposition of an arbitrary framework—for it seems true that disorder is not arbitrary but actual. Mrs. Wharton runs to epigrams and figures of speech. Mr. Dreiser, though on occasion he writes with impressiveness, has an amazing record for inepitude and *cliché.* He is more impressive in totality than in detail.

Both of these writers, it seems to me, have reported their worlds accurately. Neither method is of absolute merit. There are no absolutes in art. But Mr. Dreiser's world is destructive of Mrs. Wharton's. Mr. Lovett says of Mrs. Wharton:

> She sees that in America, amidst the vast and impersonal forces of nature and the lives of self-sufficient and self-reliant pioneers, pride and dominancy patterning the animal to the [illegible] guard action.

The italicized words represent Dreiser's world in so far as it is militant industrialism. I believe Mr. Dreiser to be the more powerful and potentially the more enduring because he is the more decidedly, for one thing, in the main stream of American life.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Lord Raleigh

The Life of Lord Raleigh. By His Son, Lord Raleigh. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

THE Hon. William Strutt, third Baron Raleigh, is best remembered for his discovery of argon, a gas present to the extent of about 1 per cent in the air we breathe. During his life of seventy-seven years, however, he published "A Theory of Sound," which is the most scholarly treatise of its kind in the

English language, and more than four hundred original contributions to physics. He was the friend and intimate of Clerk Maxwell, Kelvin, and Helmholtz; and his reputation suffers only by comparison with these three giants. He succeeded Clerk Maxwell as Cavendish Professor of Physics at Cambridge, and was in turn succeeded by J. J. Thomson. Here again Lord Raleigh suffers by comparison: Raleigh was a great physicist, but Clerk Maxwell and J. J. Thomson were still greater ones.

When at twenty-three Raleigh graduated from Cambridge as Senior Wrangler a clerical relative urged on him the claims of "duty," by which was to be understood the normal public duties of a country squire or of a cabinet minister. Raleigh replied that he owed his "duty" to science; whereupon the clerical relative said something to the effect that to neglect the estate and state in order to follow scientific pursuits was a lapse from the straight and narrow path. The clergyman's opinion of science was evidently shared by the authorities at Cambridge, for at that time—1867—the only experimental course offered at the university was one in qualitative analysis—"test-tubing," as it is lovingly called by the undergraduates of today. From 1867 to 1925 is a far cry. The Cavendish laboratory for experimental physics is the most famous of its kind the world over. On any week-day you may find three Nobel prize winners, Thomson, Rutherford, and Aston, at work there. Even so specialized a field as bio-chemistry boasts of a building all its own. At Cambridge the blackboards are still filled with mathematical symbols as they were in Newton's day; but now largely as a preliminary means of developing some hypothesis to be tested out in the laboratory. When Einstein develops a theory dealing with the refraction of light rays as they pass the sun it is the Cambridge astronomer, Eddington, who verifies it experimentally. When Thomson develops his theory of the structure of the atom it is Wilson, a Cambridge physicist, who devises an ingenious experiment to photograph the track of Alpha rays as they shoot out of radium.

Raleigh at twenty-four was elected a Fellow of Trinity College. He was excellently equipped in mathematics, but knew little or nothing of laboratory work. Being a man of means, he set up his own laboratory, hired his own assistant, read Maxwell's papers on the electro-magnetic field, Helmholtz's on color vision, and the published researches of Stokes and Kelvin. These gave him the necessary impetus for experimental work, which he carried on unintermittently and unobtrusively for a quarter of a century.

The turning-point in his career came in 1894. An apparently inconsequential series of determinations dealing with the densities of gases led to a momentous discovery—argon, a hitherto undiscovered gas in the atmosphere; and subsequently to the unmasking of four other elementary gases in the air: helium, neon, xenon, and krypton. In his experiments Raleigh found that the density of nitrogen obtained from the air was slightly but consistently higher than that obtained from artificial sources. Writing to *Nature*, he said: "I am much puzzled by some results as to the density of nitrogen and shall be obliged if any of your chemical readers can offer suggestions as to the cause. According to two methods of preparation I obtain quite distinct values. The relative difference, amounting to about one one-thousandth part, is small in itself; but it lies entirely outside the error of experiment."

Raleigh's letter to *Nature* attracted the attention of Ramsay, professor of chemistry at the University of London. The London chemist had found that nitrogen is absorbed fairly readily by magnesium. This suggested to him that by first getting rid of the oxygen in the air and passing the remaining nitrogen over heated magnesium any other gas present in the atmosphere could be saved from absorption. The experiments fully confirmed the hypothesis, and the unabsorbed gas was isolated. In the meantime Raleigh himself arrived at the same result, using different means. He had repeated and extended an almost forgotten experiment of Cavendish, performed one hundred years earlier. Raleigh and Ramsay joined hands; they announced their discovery to the British Association for the Advancement of Science which met in the summer of 1894.

The scientists were skeptical. What! Could it be possible that the atmosphere so exhaustively studied by scientists for centuries contained a gas which had never before been isolated! They shook their heads, smiled the smile of doubters, spoke of faulty manipulation and hasty conclusion, and suggested more caution and less eagerness to rush into print. Ten years later, in 1904, Raleigh received the Nobel prize for physics and Ramsay the prize for chemistry.

I heartily recommend this book to all those wishing to obtain an insight into the achievements of modern science. The chapter dealing with the discovery of argon, naturally the longest in the book, excellently shows how great discoveries are made by geniuses. And the writing is non-technical throughout.

BENJAMIN HARROW

A Good Subject

The History of American Idealism. By Gustavus Myers. Boni and Liveright. $3.

MR. MYERS sets out to prove that "the American people are a nation of idealists." He asserts it is "the fact of facts." Now America's services to mankind, her leadership on various occasions, her permanent contributions to civilization are conspicuous and undeniable. Yet Mr. Myers would be more effective if he were more objective. He selects his facts, omits vast categories of others, and cuts and pastes his history most arbitrarily. Had he done so from a consistent point of view his book would be convincing as a piece of special pleading, a patriotic paean useful in its compilation of related facts. One gains the impression that two conflicting personalities contend for and alternately gain possession of the writer. In his preface he protests that he has written other books "showing the evils imposed on American life by organizations, groups, and particular classes," but that this book deals "with the American people as a whole."

In his earlier chapters Mr. Myers appears to be imbued with the spirit of his "other books," as when for instance he admits that the war with Mexico was "a black chapter in American history." On the whole the first fourteen chapters are interesting and informing, especially those dealing with the overthrow of aristocracy in the post-revolutionary period and the rise of the ideal of general education. Best of all are the chapters dealing with the rise of American art. In his last seven chapters, however, Mr. Myers is often naive. Thus he holds that the habit of "unrestrained imbibing" (for the Eighteenth Amendment is in his view one of the achievements of American idealism) is "the European custom transplanted here in settlement times." The implication therefore is that the American people are not wholly guilty. But while he blames Europe for various of our shortcomings he is indignant at the "misconception" of a Danish newspaper to the effect that "the American nation is an extract of European youth which melted together has produced a race of incomparable health."

In the chapter entitled Curbing Plutocracy we read: "With the slavery issue disposed of, the people of the United States could now begin to concentrate upon the aim to subjugate the powers of wealth and the ensuing corruption and oppressions." Yet later he confesses sadly: "True, no powerful magnate had ever been sent to prison; by the lavish use of money in hiring astute lawyers and finding refuge in a maze of legal technicalities, railroad as well as other masterful capitalists violating laws had contrived to keep clear of prison. But there was always a possibility that they might go there . . ."; and "Instead of being shaken by laws passed by both Congress and the

States, the trusts multiplied and their power hugely increased." But he concludes: "If the movement against the trusts was a failure there were associated national movements that achieved complete success." And he enumerates the income-tax, publicity for campaign contributions, and direct election of senators. Thus the American people curbed plutocracy. Polyanna substituted for Clio in this chapter.

Mr. Myers on the Spanish War is wholly original. Thus, in 1896 (two years before the sinking of the Maine), "from every part of the United States, North, South, East and West, from cities and villages and farms, came the thunderous demand that Cuba should be free and that the United States should employ its entire power to expel Spanish rule." Mr. Myers bestows high praise on our liberation of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines—he makes no mention of Nicaragua and Haiti.

Mr. Myers feels that the American people reached "an eminence of moral grandeur" during the World War and quotes President Wilson's earlier war declarations freely. One is permitted to infer that the world was made safe for democracy, that the rights of small nations were guaranteed from then on, and that the ending of all war, while not yet an accomplished fact, has been started on the high road to realization.

The basic error in Mr. Myers's approach to his subject is that his hero, "the American people," is ever a unity, one and indivisible, now and then defeated by its foreign heritage, by its predatory groups, by this, that, and the other thing, yet always idealistic and like Horatio Alger's heroes winning out in the end. That most progress in the United States, as elsewhere, has been initiated by political and social pioneers, lone voices in hostile wildernesses, battling courageously against odds and obstacles until the great mass was swung into line—this Mr. Myers fails totally to recognize. The abolition of slavery, equal suffrage, leadership in the world peace movement, and the like are to him achievements of an all-American phalanx.

Mr. Myers's subject is deserving of a less confused treatment. The book is dedicated to Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who receives in its pages more space than George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Wendell Phillips combined.

ERNEST GRUENING

Books in Brief

Studies from Ten Literatures. By Ernest Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Mr. Boyd is a mixture of historian, bibliographer, and reporter. The discrimination which he brings to his task saves him from being drowned by his material, but his material is voluminous. As a reporter he reveals a greater erudition in modern foreign literatures than is to be found in anyone else now writing in America. As a critic he has a distinct preference for the solid, realistic, intellectual, and sophisticated; he is the enemy of all cults, of sciolists, and of aesthetes. As a wit he brutally knocks down what as a rule is not deserving of much tenderness.

William Blake in This World. By Harold Bruce. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

This book is a mosaic of quotations cemented together by epigram and metaphor; Mr. Bruce is not content with supplying appropriate passages from authority, but peppers his own sentences with quoted phrases and even single words until our eyes are bewildered. Furthermore, the absence of footnotes deprives us of reference and leads to a valid suspicion that the author, or compiler, sometimes employs excerpts for purposes far from their original intention. The most valuable feature is a chronological chart of Blake's life, works, and acquaintances. A few dates here should be revised. The Marriage of Heaven and Hell should be assigned to 1793; Milton was begun in 1803; Jerusalem should be dated 1804-1827; and it should be noted that the illustrations to the Book of Job were not engraved until 1825. The list of works brings to our attention the fact that Mr. Bruce does not once mention in his text the Four Zoas and has almost nothing to say about several other important works.

America of the Fifties: Letters of Fredrika Bremer. Selected and edited by Adolph B. Benson. The American Scandinavian Foundation. $2.

Fredrika Bremer in her day was a highly regarded Swedish novelist, and a pioneer for women's rights. Today her contributions to the former field are forgotten and those to the latter field are antiquated. These letters of travel are, however, fresh, discerning, and valuable. No one who has delved into the intimate life of the New England authors can fail to appreciate her keen and sometimes caustic criticisms. Of Bronson Alcott she writes: "Alcott drank water, and we drank—fog." She saw the country clearly but with a dash of sentiment and a pinch of humor. The book is a first-rate document.

Drama

These Charming People

"THE GREEN HAT" (Broadhurst Theater) will subject to its severest test the hypnotic spell which Mr. Michael Arlen has cast upon the American public. Doubtless most of those who read the genuinely amusing book from which it was taken were never impelled to any intellectual analysis of its plot because they were sufficiently entertained by the fireworks which accompanied it and because they were carried along by the exuberance of the telling; but in making his play Mr. Arlen has deliberately chosen to discard the fantastic humor which protected him and to set forth in plain terms the pretentious vulgarity of his mind. The novel was a fantasy, sustained with remarkable verve; the play is a straight tragedy, tawdry in its conception and outrageously theatrical in execution.

Mr. Arlen's story of a sentimental nymphomaniac who justifies her wild career on the ground that she was deprived of her boyhood sweetheart and then, by way of atonement, picturesquely commits suicide just off stage is [illegible] as the play tells it, not by implication or by indirection but almost in chronicle form, it fails to carry much conviction. Yet luridness is by no means the worst of its faults; for it is conceived in the spirit of the flabbiest sentimentality and presents the most odious of all combinations—an oily lubricity still further contaminated by all sorts of slimy prattle about "clean eyes" and "purity." Whatever interest the play can arouse is an interest in spectacular depravity; whatever fascination the central character has is the fascination of accomplished harlotry; and yet she is always referring in a choked voice to "the beauty of pure love," while Mr. Arlen seems to be constantly whispering [illegible] "Charming people these, but in their hearts they too are longing for England, Home, and Beauty."

In a way the psychology of Iris March is true enough. Just as no one sets a higher sentimental value upon a "pure woman" than does a slightly aging roué, so too there are doubtless many hundreds of Iris Marches who love to romanticize themselves after the manner of Mr. Arlen's heroine and who would like to whisper, as she does: "I have a body which burned for love and with love I have burned it—but to no one but you have I ever said 'I love you.'" But to take her seri-

ously at her own valuation one must needs be almost an Iris March oneself, for however important purity may be there is surely nothing less important than a rake's idea of it. As for "womanly virtue," the world has always been full of charming ladies who got along very well without it; but they needed the strength of their convictions. To drop to chastity the tribute of a pious tear when one is on the point of changing lovers is not, as the Marches (and the Arlens) would have us believe, either noble or particularly pathetic. It is merely very vulgar.

There is always an audience for sentimental lubricity of the sort which "The Green Hat" purveys, provided only the thing is well enough done. The success of the movies is alone sufficient to prove that there is a considerable body of women who deserve the description which La Rochefoucauld ungallantly applied to the whole sex when he called them "rakes by impulse and prudes from necessity"; and they will flock to any entertainment which enables them to participate imaginatively in the delights of an amorous career while assuring them that the part which physical disability or moral cowardice has forced them to choose is, after all, the better one. But it is doubtful if "The Green Hat" is well enough done to succeed unless the mantle of its author's fame can be called upon to hide its defects. It is, to be sure, well acted, for Katherine Cornell seems to realize perfectly the intention of the character and Margalo Gillmore is, as always, charming, but its staginess exceeds all reasonable bounds. Only an audience thoroughly inured to the movies can regard with composure the spectacle of Iris, "hungry for roses," parading the cloisters of a nursing home clad only in a nightgown and a bouquet; and surely only the magic of Mr. Arlen's name could restrain a smile from the face of his auditors at the climax of the first act when Iris's brother (who, by the way, keeps constantly drunk in order to forget the world's lack of purity) says goodby to his sister. Touched by a sudden tenderness he kisses her neck. Then, flinging her from him, "You harlot! . . . God! but I'm thirsty," he cries, and rushes from the room. It is very strong—and a little beyond.

"Arms and the Man" (Guild Theater) is not, to be sure, one of the very best of Shaw's plays, for, an old prejudice of the theater notwithstanding, the best are those which are most thoroughly Shaw rather than those earlier pieces in which somewhat conventional situations are merely touched off with the Shavian philosophy. Yet for all that "Arms and the Man" is a thoroughly amusing play and the Guild is giving it a joyous revival. Alfred Lunt, in particular, has achieved one of the most perfect portraitures of his career, revealing hidden values in the role and making of Captain Bluntschli a richly human figure moving amidst the fantastic puppets who constitute the remainder of the dramatis personae. Lynn Fontanne also is charming, though she is, perhaps, a little too sophisticated for a Bulgarian maid even in a piece not remarkable for its realistic atmosphere and though she nowhere brings so rich an invention to bear upon the interpretation of her rôle. Henry Travers and Lionel Comery also exhibit great comic force, and Stella Larrimore makes a lively part out of Louka, the maid.

"All Dressed Up" (Eltinge Theater), a new farce comedy by Arthur Richman, deals with the effect of a wonderful drug which, secretly administered in cocktails, causes people to throw off the mask of control and to exhibit their real selves. It is ingeniously developed and funny throughout in spite of the fact that it never, unfortunately, escapes the somewhat mechanical air which its scheme entails. "The Jazz Singer" (Fulton Theater) deals with the son of a Jewish cantor who breaks his father's heart by becoming a black-face comedian. It has undoubted elements of popular appeal and some moments of real feeling, but for all the newness of his theme the author has a fatal penchant for the tried and true scenes of conventional melodrama.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Fight Against Fascismo

By GIOVANNI GIGLIO

AFTER the verdict which discharged for "insufficient evidence of guilt" Senator De Bono, Mussolini's ex-police chief, from the accusation of connivance in the murder of Giacomo Matteotti and other murderous plots against some leaders of the Opposition, two facts most eloquently characterize now the political situation in Italy, namely, the appointment of De Bono as Governor of Tripolitania—the most important of King Victor's colonies—and the deportation of Signor Donati, the accuser of De Bono.

These two facts, apparently, prove that the "constitutional battle" which the Aventine Opposition has been carrying on against the Fascist Government during the past thirteen months has utterly failed. But this failure does not necessarily mean that the Aventine Opposition is defeated. The distinction is not a sophism, for not only is the Aventine Opposition still the greatest bloc of anti-Fascist forces in Italy, but it is most likely to be strengthened, in the near future, by the adhesion of other political forces which it, by means of its uncompromising action, had caused gradually to break away from the Fascist army.

The fact is that the liberal forces headed by the former prime ministers, Giolitti, Orlando, and Salandra, instead of joining the Fascist chorus in proclaiming the defeat of the "Aventine," and instead of mitigating their anti-Fascist attitude after the verdict which, however incompletely and obscurely, acquitted De Bono, are at this moment strongly inclined to come to an agreement, and even to an alliance, with the constitutional elements of the "Aventine," and join forces with them in the anti-Fascist struggle. In fact, after the verdict acquitting De Bono, the annual conference of the Liberal Party adopted unanimously a powerful resolution against Fascismo and the Fascist Government, in which the latter was charged with diminishing the prestige of Italy abroad and leading her to financial and economic ruin.

An alliance of all constitutional parties, to include the Populars (Don Sturzo's party), the Democrats, and, possibly, the United Socialists (Turati's party) on the one hand, and the Combatants and the newly reconstituted Liberal Party, whose leaders are Giolitti (left wing), Orlando (center), and Salandra (right wing) on the other, is the latest proposal from the liberal quarters to the "Aventine," which is really significant after the failure of the "constitutional battle" of the Aventine Opposition. In fact, the proposal shows that loyal supporters of the Italian monarchy and of constitutional government in Italy are perfectly alive to and view with alarm the danger that the failure of the constitutional method in the struggle against Fascismo will, as many signs clearly suggest, thrust the anti-Fascist forces of the country into the sphere of the anti-constitutional parties, the Communists, Republicans, and Maximalist Socialists. As a matter of fact, the failure of the constitutional method hitherto employed in the anti-Fascist struggle by the Opposition has greatly influenced the mind of the Italian middle class and working class in favor of those parties which, like the Republicans and the Maximalist Socialists, have never ceased proclaiming, although unwilling to discontinue their membership of the Aventine bloc, that the latter's confidence in the constitutional loyalty of the King was misplaced, that the Opposition in the Senate was pure moonshine, that nothing but force can compel Fascismo out of power.

During the past three months the United Socialists have lost considerable ground to the Communists and the Maximalist Socialists in the trade unions, not only because they are less active, but apparently because the Italian workers have grown tired and are getting every day more dissatisfied with the cautious and wavering policy of their United Socialist leaders. It is significant that after the last metallurgical strike in Lombardy, Piedmont, Liguria, and Rome, which was abruptly called off, in spite of the splendid fighting spirit of the masses, by the United Socialist leaders of the Metal Workers' Federation, the latter have lost to the Communists the leadership of the Milan Branch and their influence in the shop-committees of the Turin Fiat Works, the most powerful industrial concern in Italy. And there are signs which suggest that the same spirit of revolt is brewing among the textile workers, whose will to fight out their wage dispute with the owners was recently ignored by their United Socialist leaders notwithstanding that the workers had decided by a two-thirds majority for a general strike.

I think it can be safely forecasted that the next phase of the anti-Fascist struggle in Italy will see a strong revival, among the workers and the middle class of Italy, of radicalism and republicanism, as a result of the failure of the constitutional method in the struggle against Fascismo. This failure, as already said, must not be interpreted to mean that the Opposition is defeated. Mussolini has only destroyed the confidence which the constitutional parties of the Opposition placed in the King, whom they believed a loyal guardian of the constitution. This will make the anti-Fascist struggle in Italy more bitter and more dangerous in the future. Even the most moderate elements of the Opposition frankly and openly admit now that Fascismo cannot be beaten by legal means, and that the struggle must be carried on otherwise. It is, however, improbable that the constitutional parties of the Aventine Opposition will accept the proposal of their Republican and Maximalist Socialist allies to extend the front of the anti-Fascist struggle so as to include the Monarchic positions. What seems most likely, on the contrary, is that instead of the present Aventine Opposition bloc there will be two opposition blocs in the near future—namely, an all-inclusive alliance of the constitutional parties and a united labor and republican front. The former will include the Populars, Democrats, Combatants, Liberals, and perhaps also the United Socialists; the latter will include the Republicans, the Maximalist Socialists, and the Communists. The sphere of action of the former group will be the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, and the defense of the constitution will be their platform, while the Republicans, Maximalist Socialists, and Communists will intensify and carry on their struggle without Parliament.

But the most decisive factor in this anti-Fascist struggle will certainly be the economic and financial factor. If Mussolini weathers the present financial crisis in Italy the problem of how to beat him will become more difficult for his enemies to solve.

De Bono and His Accusers

ON March 18 we published in the International Relations Section a manifesto issued by the Aventine Opposition, charging that "the group of culprits which was responsible for violence and death in the crimes most talked of today was centered very high up, close to the Government itself, and its leaders were among those who divided the daily bread 'salted with power,' and among the great electors of the parliamentary majority."

On June 27 Senator De Bono, Director General of Public Safety, was cleared by the Senate, acting as High Court of Justice, of many charges, including participation in the attack on Deputy Amendola; favoritism in the attack on Hon. Misuri; favoritism in the crime against Deputy Matteotti; prevention of the arrest of the assailants of Cesare Forni and participation in the seizure of documents relating to the crime; and membership in a criminal association known by the name of "Cheka," to which numerous crimes against persons have been ascribed. After which Senator De Bono was made Governor of Tripoli. His acquittal created a furore throughout Italy, and the Executive Committee of the Aventine Opposition at once drew up a second manifesto setting forth in detail evidence which the court had either thrown out or ignored.

With regard to the attack on Amendola it states (*Corriere della Sera*, July 16) that

> the High Court ignored the written confession of Ludovico Perrone, maniple chief in the militia (who led the attack), arguing that no trace of Perrone could be found and that Amendola himself (who had been attacked from behind) had not recognized Perrone's features in a photograph which had been shown him. And when the elder Vagliasindi had assisted in obtaining the written confession from Perrone, as well as another document confirming it (the Narbona letter), the court declared that Vagliasindi had merely had copies of these documents, and had not been able to say anything concerning the truth of their contents.
>
> Well enough: here is the testimony of Vagliasindi (examined before the presiding judge of the Milan Court of Appeal: Vol. I, Section 147): "The documents mentioned in the request just read to me were confiscated in the search made at my home in Gardone Riviera the night of December 30, 1924. . . .
>
> "I vouch for the authenticity and truth of these documents here as I did before the chief of police at Brescia, and I assume full and absolute responsibility for them. [illegible] waiting to produce them until I am convinced that justice will take its regular course and that the reprisals to which I have so long been subject exclusively for the above reasons will be stopped."
>
> But the examiners never ordered Vagliasindi to produce the original documents, notwithstanding the fact that he [illegible] would seem proper for the High Court to demand all the documents which were seized from me, because it can find other interesting things in them aside from those connected with the present examination." . . .
>
> The main part of the letter (Vagliasindi's confession) is as follows: "About the 20th of the month of December I was asked by Consul Candelori Mario, commander of the 112th Legion of the M. V. S. N. (Fascist militia), to which I also belonged in the capacity of maniple chief, if I would take part in a punitive expedition against a person who by his actions was opposing and interfering with the work of the National Government, blocking its favorable development. When I replied in the affirmative, pledging myself to this task, I was informed that the person in question was Hon. Amendola, who was to be beaten up.
>
> "I was impressed when the name of Hon. Amendola was given, but I was assured that His Excellency Mussolini also wished this to be done. Conversations followed with His Excellency General De Bono, who gave explicit orders that Hon. Amendola should only be beaten, and that even if he defended himself and fired at us, we should in no case fire at him, even at the cost of our lives." . . .

After describing the attempts that failed, the confession continues:

> "Then we decided to act, at the risk of being killed by him or arrested by others, which we did, on the morning of December 26, as reported in the papers, which, except for minor inaccuracies, gave the story exactly as it happened.
>
> "After this the conversations with His Excellency Hon. De Bono were continued, and the police were furnished by Consul Candelori and myself with clues expressly contrived to sidetrack the authorities in such a way as to give the appearance of interest and speed on their part in running down the guilty ones. In this way the thing was kept dark, and the investigation was closed for lack of evidence."
>
> After which (and in spite of the fact that it was confirmed by the testimony of Narbona on April 28, 1925) the High Court passed over altogether the fact that Cesare Rossi, in a tragic interview with De Bono on June 12, 1924, attacked the latter in the manner recounted before the High Court (Vol. II, Section 175 retro). "I confirm the statement made to General De Bono: 'The attack on Hon. Amendola was organized by you at the order of the President.'"
>
> Upon being further questioned, he replied: "The Amendola attack was organized by Hon. De Bono under orders from the President; but I do not know who carried them out. I am under the impression that it was done by Roman Fascist elements or members of the militia." . . .
>
> When Hon. Misuri was savagely beaten for a speech made in the Chamber a few hours before, the assailants were identified at once. The leader, named Bonaccorsi, member of the militia, then confessed. . . . Favoritism toward this man was one of the charges against Senator De Bono. The court acquitted him for lack of evidence, but charged him with having had Bonaccorsi imprisoned in Fort Osoppo June 5, when the court had ordered him to be sent there June 1; and with having permitted Bonaccorsi to leave Fort Oneglia [illegible] revoked.
>
> Some [illegible] are also brought to light in connection with the [illegible] murder by the testimony of Dumini. For instance:
>
> During his isolation Dumini wrote two letters to Finzi, in the first of which he says: "I see that I have been abandoned by everyone, and especially by those for whom I have sacrificed everything. So I shall defend myself, and I shall accuse if the occasion arises. . . . His Excellency De Bono made a statement in court which was not only false but very serious. He declared that I had confessed to him, not as to the Director General of Public Safety but as to a Fascist, that I had participated in the attack on the Socialist Deputy. Now, aside from the vile betrayal that he would have made in using a statement

made as Fascist to Fascist, I declare that De Bono's statement is false, because, knowing the antipathy he has for me and Rossi, I should certainly not have made any statement to him concerning my participation in the attack, even if I had taken part in it." . . .

From the examination before the High Court we learn that Dumini, after facing one of the first cross-questionings (in which he denied everything), added spontaneously: "Not only did I not make admissions of any kind regarding my participation in the act, but in the conversation with De Bono I now add that, before leaving me that night, he said these exact words: 'If you know anything, deny, deny. I want to save Fascism.'" . . . .

As for the Forni assault, it will suffice to recall that Cesare Rossi himself was accused of organizing it—and he did not defend himself—and that authorization was requested to proceed against Hon. Giunta (at that time secretary of the Fascist Party). This request was not granted. The official who requested it was punished: perhaps because he had not hesitated to report, with the request for authorization to proceed, that Cesare Rossi—when he was confessing the part he himself had had in organizing the crime—had said that he had become involved in the affair "after a brief talk with His Excellency the President of the Cabinet, who had expressed his wish that the party should prevent the penetration of Forni's dissensionism, especially in Milan." (Parliamentary Records: XXVII Legislature, No. 274.) And Forni was attacked as soon as he reached Milan. . . .

The court acquitted De Bono of the charge of "participation" (in the Cheka), but did not deny the existence of the Cheka. . . .

In the statement signed and sworn to by Senator De Bono in his own defense, we read that . . . "Marinelli declared that when he learned from Rossi of the President's proposal to get rid of Matteotti, he had been deeply impressed, and therefore, on Thursday of the following week, he had gone to His Excellency Mussolini to ask him if he considered it advisable to establish a kind of 'Cheka' to keep an eye on the opponents and hold them in check, with Dumini at the head. The President, according to Marinelli's statement, consented.

"After such a declaration I felt it advisable to keep silent. Later, I telephoned to the President, to whom I merely said: 'They are turning against you.' Hon. Mussolini, indignant, exclaimed, 'The cowards, they are trying to get back at me.'"

Rossi and Marinelli denied the truth of this account. But it was repeated even more exactly by Hon. Finzi in a testimonial examination reported by the examiners to the High Court. . . . "Marinelli, wishing to rouse them (De Bono and Finzi) out of their stupor, explicitly said that [illegible] was right, because ten days or so before they had been severely rebuked by the President of the Cabinet, and concerted them in violent terms, and said that the party had no political sense, and that after emerging victorious from a revolution and being in power, it was absurd that all the Opposition leaders were able to go about unhampered and carry on their work of defamation and abuse of all [illegible] in the party and the Government, and that the [illegible] with which the Opposition leaders had violently begun the battle in the first sessions of the Chamber showed a decadence in the fighting power of the Fascist Party and a renewal of the activities of its opponents which must somehow be broken up.

"Marinelli added that because of these reproofs of the President he proposed to form at once and finance with party funds a small secret body for acts of violence, at the head of which he proposed to put Dumini, and the President accepted." . . .

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Many further references to this "Cheka" are given, among them that of Rossi,

> who told the examiners of the High Court that before the Matteotti crime "the organization of a squadron of faithful ones had been decided upon by the old Directorate and sanctioned by the Dux of Fascism, who knew also that Dumini was a member of it," although at that time its organization was not fully completed. But Rossi himself explained that he advised going slow "in arresting elements which had been used on various occasions at the suggestion of the Dux," especially since "Dumini had been named by the President and accepted as one of the principal members of that organization, which, as De Bono and Finzi knew, was being formed for the defense of the party." . . .

The document closes with the words: "If, after this accusation, the answer comes once again in an excess of violence, which is merely a subterfuge, the Opposition groups, knowing they have done their task, will from now on rely upon the final judgment of the country."

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The Nation for October 14 will be the

Fall Book Number

and will contain an article on James Joyce by Edwin Muir, Ludwig Lewisohn's chapter in the series on whether an artist can function freely in America, and articles, verse, and reviews by Harold J. Laski, Henry W. Nevinson, Genevieve Taggard, Lola Ridge, M. T. McClure, Samuel C. Chew, James Rorty, Anna Louise Strong, H. L. Mencken, and others.

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JUST AS THE FRENCH DEBT COMMISSION was reaching Washington Governor Blaine of Wisconsin sent an emphatic telegram to President Coolidge asking that as a prerequisite to any financial settlement the President demand the ending of the wicked war in Morocco. All honor to Governor Blaine! We shall never be able to understand why American sympathy does not flow out to the gallant tribesmen who are holding their own in defense of their homes and their fields against two rapacious European Powers. Their war is as much a war of liberation as was our war of independence. They are manly people who were being deliberately shoved by the French out of their chief granary. They are now facing famine, but despite grandiose reports they have, with 18,000 men against 200,000, kept the French at bay, and they have permitted the Spaniards to move only a short distance from the new joint base at Alhucemas. Meanwhile all the Moslem world is watching the struggle which will have its repercussions from Gibraltar to Shanghai. The participation of American fliers helps to stamp us with the guilt of the French. It will be another indictment of the Western Powers when the inevitable day comes on which the Moslems will throw off the yoke of Europe.

HISTORY MOVES MORE SLOWLY in France than elsewhere. The outstanding figures of French politics fifteen years ago were Briand, Caillaux, and Poincaré. In 1925 they are still Caillaux, Briand, and Poincaré. Meanwhile Poincaré has served a term as Prime Minister, cemented the Franco-Russian alliance, retired to the comparative obscurity of the Presidency to watch his war, returned to the premiership to startle Europe with the invasion of the Ruhr, and retired again to await a new hour for trouble. Briand has steadfastly played his shifting role, slipping into power now with the Left and now with the Right. And Caillaux has played alone. Even when Prime Minister he negotiated with Germany alone, over the head of his Foreign Minister. During the war—after his wife's shooting of Calmette had thrown him into temporary retirement—he thought and worked alone for a "white peace." It was his loneliness which made it possible for Clemenceau, at the height of hate and power, to force an unwilling Senate to condemn Caillaux for indirect communication with the enemy. And today, though Caillaux holds the Ministry of Finance under Painlevé, he still acts alone. His success or failure will reflect credit or blame upon him alone. It is an extraordinary thing that the man called traitor in war time should today be France's chosen spokesman to the New World. Yet it is even more extraordinary that the alternatives to Caillaux are men who were old hands in politics when Baldwin and MacDonald were still unknown names.

THE ASSEMBLY of the League of Nations has met, talked, and adjourned. The ardent Geneva correspondent of the New York *Times* thus summarizes its session:

> The Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations ended its work today with three important accomplishments to its credit. First, it has brought about an agreement on the conditions under which a disarmament conference can be held and has ordered technical preparation to be made for such a conference. Second, it has agreed that a conference to study the economic maladies of the world which might lead to war should be held, and has ordered the Council to make an essential study for such a conference. Third, it has ordered commencement of the preliminary work essential to a conference for the control of the private manufacture of arms.

Which, translated into plain American, means that the League, first, gave up the idea of doing anything about disarmament now; second, decided for the present to do nothing about M. Loucheur's idea of working out a program for rationing the world in raw materials; and third, postponed action indefinitely toward controlling the international arms traffic. In still other words, it did nothing. This, the correspondent of the *Times* continues, "marks an important stride toward international understanding and good feeling."

ENGLAND, AS A MATTER OF FACT, was largely responsible for this negative record of the League. The British delegates opposed a conference on the arms traffic, opposed M. Loucheur's world rationing scheme, and were lukewarm about disarmament. The French were still more opposed to a disarmament conference prior to agreement upon a "security pact" including military guaranties; they

still believe in wars to end war. The whole performance, however, is and must remain a hollow sham until the League includes Turkey, Germany, and Soviet Russia in its ranks. What is a security pact worth which leaves Russia out of consideration? It would only make of the League an open alliance against Russia—and, to be sure, it has often enough acted as such. Until the passions born of war and revolution are sufficiently stilled to admit the great Powers of Eastern Europe into equal partnership, Geneva must continue to be a pompous stage drop, behind which France and England pull the controlling wires.

TO THE DELEGATES to the Interparliamentary Union, holding its twenty-third meeting in Washington, *The Nation* extends its welcome. They represent a fruitful endeavor to bring together the lawmakers of the nations—fruitful not because previous meetings have achieved concrete results, but because they have established a tradition of unofficial international friendship. These delegates are not, like those who confer in the League of Nations, appointed by governments to represent an official point of view. Any member of any party is welcome. In that provision for the expression of minority opinion this pre-war organization—nearly forty years old now—represents an advance beyond the Geneva organization. Its tradition of freedom for all shades of opinion represented in any parliament is, of course, broken by the American exclusion of Shapurji Saklatvala because he is a Communist. The discussions of the union have value precisely because they have permitted opposition as well as government spokesmen to meet foreign legislators, and we hope the delegates will find an opportunity to let our Government know what liberal Europe thinks of our so-called freedom.

THE SALVATION OF THE REPUBLIC is at hand and honest Americans may sleep soundly in their beds without fear of the bomb-throwing, job-snatching, whiskery, and unassimilable foreigner. Immigration figures for the past year show a drop of 68 per cent over 1923-24. While in the latter year there was a net gain of 630,107 aliens, the most recent report for the year ending June 30, 1925, reports a net gain of only 201,586. A number of countries did not fill the quotas allotted to them by our immigration laws: Czecho-Slovakia fell 17 per cent short of its allowance; Germany, 11 per cent; Great Britain, where live white Nordics almost as good as our American brand, 12½ per cent; Italy, 10 per cent; and Sweden, 6 per cent. More significant still, 27,151 Italians returned to Italy as against 6,203 who came to America. Other nationalities show similar increases in emigration from America, and in general they are South-European countries from which in former years the tide of immigration to this country has been heavy. What can be the trouble with the land of the free and the refuge of the oppressed? Can it be that our attempts at Americanization are not favorably received? Can it be that our attacks on foreigners are noted by the victims themselves? If next year's figures show a similar falling-off, our immigration will be somewhat less than nothing. What will happen then? Will superior white Nordics have to go to work in the steel mills, will they become intensive farmers in New England, will they take to the pick and shovel and other tasks now thought suitable only for hunkies? Perish the thought. It is all very well to save the country, but not at such a price.

HOW HAPPY THESE DAYS for Big Business! The Government, after spending months of time and much money to investigate the merger of two of the great packing concerns, has suddenly quashed the whole proceeding and announced that the amalgamation is quite legal. At the same time the Administration is openly letting it be known that it wishes the Interstate Commerce Commission to hurry up and approve the Van Sweringen railroad merger so that other roads can hasten the process of coming together. It is going to work for repeal of the income-tax publicity clause and to insist upon reducing the taxes of the very rich, which means many of those particularly allied to the large corporations. It wants to sell several government steamship lines to private corporations, and it has appointed, according to the daily press, one of the counsel for the Steel Trust to our embassy in Tokio, in succession to the late Edgar A. Bancroft. But there is one fly in the ointment. The Federal Trade Commission has dared to charge the Aluminum Company of America, of which the esteemed Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, is chief proprietor and backer, with being a monopoly and a violator of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act. This the company promptly denies. What an unfortunate lapse of taste for the Federal Trade Commission! Doubtless the President will ask for somebody's resignation. The commission is there, Mr. Coolidge has explained, not to hamper big business, but to aid it.

THE GOVERNMENT OF NICARAGUA is showing a new spirit of independence and self-assertion which promises to give it greater respect in this country and more stability at home. This was exhibited at a luncheon given to the Nicaraguan delegates to the conference of the Interparliamentary Union by Toribio Tijerino, Consul General in New York City. The delegates, including members of both major political parties, joined the Consul General in assuring representatives of the press that the long stay of our marines in Nicaragua had been unjustified and undesired by the people and that their departure last summer had been the occasion for general rejoicing—so much so, indeed, that the date of the going of the troops, August 3, had been set aside as a regular national holiday. Mr. Tijerino added that the recent dispatch of United States naval vessels to Nicaragua was unnecessary and had not been requested by his government. With her railways and her national bank once more in her own hands, Nicaragua seems to be on the way to better days. What is most needed now from the standpoint of more satisfactory relations with the United States is an adequate and impartial news service giving us the truth about affairs in Nicaragua. According to Mr. Tijerino, the present correspondents of the Associated Press in Nicaragua are the High Commissioner and the Collector of Customs, both of whom are minions of our Department of State and of the foreign bankers to whom the republic still owes money.

FIFTY YEARS AGO there were incarcerated in British prisons 10,000 persons serving sentences of penal servitude and 20,000 convicted of lesser crimes; at present, there are 1,600 of the former and 8,000 of the latter class, with 1,100 juvenile offenders in addition. This marks an extraordinary decrease in the criminal population during a period in which the population at large was increasing something like 60 per cent. The number of prison institu-

tions has diminished correspondingly from 13 penal-servitude centers in 1875 and 113 local prisons to 4 penal centers and 31 local prisons. The Home Secretary attributes this enviable record to several causes: better and more widespread education, an improved standard of living, the parole system, and a more enlightened treatment of prisoners during their incarceration. We in the United States, who have a very different series of figures to contemplate, have bettered our living standards, have extended our educational system, and have in some cases at least improved vastly our prisons and the treatment of prisoners. And still crime in the United States is on the increase and on January 1, 1923, there were in federal penitentiaries, State prisons, county and city jails and the like 108,939 persons, a percentage of the population three times as high as England's prison class. It is time that we began a scientific investigation of crime in the United States, that we took a look into our prisons themselves and into the conditions outside them which keep them full; the "bandit," the second-story man, the murderer, the "con" man, the get-rich-quick real-estate dealers, the lady adventuress—each can be explained by something in our national life. It is for us to discover what, and to start changing it.

SELDOM HAVE WE SEEN a more black-and-white exhibition of the idiocy and waste of our present industrial organization than the agreement among a majority of the wholesale flower dealers of New York City not to handle any outdoor-grown blossoms, chrysanthemums excepted, after October 1. As a rule field-grown flowers arrive in the city in abundance up to November 1, and the action of the wholesalers is expected to cut off asters, dahlias, and other low-priced outdoor flowers which bring to townspeople some of the gorgeous color of autumn in the country. The action of the wholesalers is frankly admitted to be in the interest of the owners of greenhouses. So that the profits of the latter on their investments may be larger the public is to be compelled either to go without flowers or to buy hot-house products at high rates. Probably the action of the wholesale flower dealers is in violation of both the State and the national anti-monopoly laws, but there is no prospect of any legal action in time to be effective. Meanwhile the agreement stands as a fine instance of the greed, incompetence, and tyranny of modern business.

THE ACTION of the wholesale florists is especially deplorable because already there is perhaps no city in the world where flowers are as scarce and as dear as in New York. Except at Easter time there are almost no flowers sold by sidewalk or pushcart vendors, and the regular shops do not sell wild blossoms at any season of the year. The prices charged make flowers an impossible luxury to the average New Yorker, who has to die in order to be surrounded with that kind of beauty. In many other American and in most European cities flowers are sold so generally and cheaply as to be within the reach of all. The long, gray London winter is brightened by blossoms for every month, while Paris has half a dozen markets given over exclusively to the sale of flowers, whence they find their way into every street. During the war there was a terrible hullabaloo in Paris because the street sellers tried to raise the price of a sprig of lily of the valley—which everybody wears on May Day—from two to four cents. The vendors had to capitulate. Unhappily New York City has no such spirit. "Say it with flowers," urge the dealers, but if anybody tries to it costs him $5 a dozen.

"MR. ZERO" has seldom done the vagrant and the unemployed a better service than he recently did them through the mere process of defining the terms by which they are popularly known. Among themselves they employ dozens of picturesque designations which would be unintelligible to the layman in his living-room. Laymen seem forever to be confined to three words: hobo, tramp, and bum. And these three words, say Mr. Zero and the International Welfare Association over whose meetings he presides, are sadly confused with one another in current speech. The standard dictionaries, even, are helpless before the task of differentiation. The "Century" dismisses a hobo as "a tramp" merely, remarking that the origin of his title is obscure. Mr. Zero insists that the difference between the hobo and the tramp is that while the first is a traveling worker the second is a traveling shirker. This, if not exactly in line with normal usage, is neat—and may go back to the original meaning of "hobo," which all dictionaries agree comes out of Western America. Upon the bum Mr. Zero is if anything too easy, for he lets him go as "a stationary shirker." The layman is nearer the historical truth when he prefixes the inevitable adjective "drunken." The word "bum" is a very old one, and one of its meanings—as a verb—is "to guzzle." The "New English Dictionary" traces it back to the year 1387 but says it is "not in polite use." The "Century" is more eloquent when it defines the bearer of the name as "a drunken loafer; one who leads an idle, dissolute life." At any rate few would quarrel with Mr. Zero's determination to remove the bum to a bad eminence; though it will be difficult for him to establish the existence of a very wide gulf between the hobo and the tramp.

THE DEATH OF ADA LEWIS, one of the best character actresses the American stage has produced, recalls anew the happy days when Harrigan and Hart were presenting their remarkable pictures of New York life—"The Mulligan Guards," "Reilly and the Four Hundred," "The Last of the Hogans," and all the rest of that admirable series of plays which in their artistry, their fidelity to life, and their incidental songs won the unstinted praise of the discerning. With Harrigan and Hart Ada Lewis for years portrayed the tough girl of the East Side with a skill that no one ever surpassed. When the end of that partnership came so prematurely Miss Lewis went to other fields—even to light opera—and always with success, in large part because of her training with the two men who better than any other actors understood and loved the life of a New York which has long since passed. It was the Manhattan of the Irish and the Germans, a handful of Jews, and not many colored people. But it had its songs, and its several quarters had their individual existences. To live in Yorkville or Harlem then meant taking a pride in those sections which few feel today. *The Nation* has long hoped that some day these notable plays might be revived in the metropolis, but with the passing of years, the loss of nearly all the old company, and the vast change in the metropolis itself, it becomes more and more doubtful whether the public would appreciate or understand these pictures of a past life and whether artists like Harrigan and Hart and Ada Lewis could be found to play in them.

The Failure of Prohibition

PROHIBITION—so far—has failed: it has reduced drinking, but it has increased lawlessness. That is the conclusion, already firmly fixed in the popular mind, which is confirmed by the advocates of prohibition themselves—in a report upon The Prohibition Situation published by the research department of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

With a singularly honest mind the Rev. F. Ernest Johnson has examined the statistics compiled to prove the failure or success of prohibition, and other data, and his conclusions are as convincing as any summary of so enormous a situation can well be. He finds that prohibition has been most effective in the working class; social workers are almost unanimous in seeing an improvement in working-class homes, but they also agree that there is more drinking among young people today than before the law was passed, and a far laxer attitude toward law enforcement. Prohibition reached its peak of effectiveness about 1920, and has been becoming slacker ever since—unless possibly the new attitude of Treasury officials is today effecting a slight turn for the better. Studies of crime, of hospital records, of death-rates from alcoholic diseases agree in revealing this backward trend. Records of savings deposits throw no useful light on the question; nor, on the other hand, does the size of the California grape crop indicate as vast an increase in wine-making as cynical anti-prohibitionists assert. The evil today lies primarily in bootleg whiskey, not in red wine, or home brew, or even in the scandalously increased consumption of "sacramental wine."

Business men are almost unanimous against the law—rather because of personal prejudice, Mr. Johnson believes, than because of reasonable study of the situation. Working-class sentiment is also strongly against it. The young people drink more than they used to—which he thinks part of a general loose tendency in which the automobile plays a larger role than the hip flask. One student in a conservative denominational college earned his way by bootlegging. "Certainly," the sage comment occurs, "the non-observance of the law by parents has a rather tragic effect on boys and girls." The government has been lax in enforcement, but Mr. Johnson—rightly, we believe—finds the major difficulty not in the weakness of officialdom but in the uncertainty of public opinion. Prohibition is a regime, he says, "at variance with the habits of the community, in the violation or evasion of which a very substantial part of the population is directly interested. . . . If infractions of the law incident to the retail traffic in liquor should continue on the present scale nothing but a sweeping change in public opinion can prevent the effectual nullification of the National Prohibition Act." And finally he declares:

> The crisis that has developed in the enforcement of prohibition calls for a frank facing of facts and a new assumption of responsibility. The federal government has announced a right-about-face in its enforcement policy. That is the government's task. It is not its task to change the minds of the people. Religion and education must do that.

There, we believe, Mr. Johnson puts his honest thumb upon the nub of the question. There is a vast improvement possible in law enforcement; but there is even more to be done in convincing people—rich men, poor men, judges, diners-out—that the law is worth enforcing. Prohibition will remain a failure if a great section—even if it be a minority—of the people does not want it. Bullying is not a convincing argument. The fact that the law is on the statute books, even were it better enforced, would not be enough. The anti-prohibitionists are lawbreakers, but they are not a criminal class. They are a substantial body of citizens who believe that an unrighteous law has been "put over," and who see no wrong in the drinking which the act seeks to stop. The task of education which culminated in the enactment of the Prohibition Amendment has never been completed.

The old prohibitionists have talked much of the new generation. "Yes," they have admitted, "the old drinkers still get their booze; but a new, drinkless generation is growing up which has never known the saloon and will not hunt out bootleggers." As this report shows, that is a dangerous and false complacency. The young people are drinking; a new generation is growing up with even less respect for the law than its parents had. And that is a condition which, unless remedied, means the breakdown of government.

Prohibition was not "put over" upon an unwilling people, but it received its large majorities in the hectic fervor of war time, and it is probable that it would receive no such sweeping indorsement today. *The Nation* is among those who believe that a considerable majority of the American people favored prohibition and still favor it; but it emphatically disagrees with those who regard disagreement with the law as a lesser form of treason. They are within their rights in agitating against it, and the arrogant attitude of the prohibitionists has powerfully aided their opponents. They are within their rights again in demanding a national plebiscite upon the question, and we believe that such a referendum would clear the air. In the long run, however, the question is not to be settled even by repeated counts of noses. A majority may well be wrong; if it is sure of its rights it will welcome discussion of its issue, meet facts with facts and argument with argument, and consider its duty incomplete until it has not only defeated the minority at the polls but convinced a substantial part of it as well.

And there we come back to Mr. Johnson's campaign of education. "The fundamental fact," he says, "is that a large part of our people are unconvinced with reference to the liquor traffic. The trouble is with the people more than with their government." That is why prohibition is failing—because the prohibitionists have concentrated their battle upon law enforcement, assuming that their task with the people had been completed by the Volstead Act. The government should give such support to the law as to prove finally whether prohibition can prohibit; the prohibitionists should return to their old task of proving that prohibition should prohibit. Mr. Johnson's pamphlet (which can be obtained at 105 East 22d Street, New York City, for 25 cents) should end a deal of ranting, obfuscating argument, but a long, long task of public education and discussion lies ahead.

Twin Military Evils

PRECISELY as was to have been expected, the Secretary of the Navy, the Acting Secretary of War, the leading generals and admirals who have testified before the Air Inquiry Board appointed by President Coolidge have expressed complete satisfaction with the present organization of their forces and have declared that nothing whatever was wrong beyond the fact that Congress was not giving them enough money. Thus it is more than ever apparent that if there are to be any changes they can only be brought about by outside pressure. Both the army and navy are plainly going to "pass the buck" to Congress, their favorite occupation, and to insist that if only more millions were given to them everything would be well. Their personnel and equipment are, they say, superb—the Air Board was actually told that America led the world in flying, although every sane student of the problem knows otherwise. And the complacency of Secretary Wilbur hardly seems shattered when now, on top of airplane, dirigible, and submarine disasters, we learn that he falsified the record, that Commander Lansdowne *was* opposed to the Shenandoah's last trip, and that the acting chief of naval operations, R. H. Jackson, on August 12 last overruled his recommendation in the following remarkable letter:

> Your recommendation to make the flight the second week in September has not been approved. By starting on September 2 the Shenandoah would fly over State fairs as follows: Columbus, Sept. 3; Des Moines, Sept. 4; Minneapolis, Sept. 4; Milwaukee, Sept. 5; Detroit, Sept. 5. This includes all the State fairs except that at Indianapolis.

This proves beyond question the charge of politics made by Mrs. Lansdowne in her first outburst of grief, which she subsequently modified under official pressure. What has naval flying to do with State fairs?

Politics and conservatism—these are twin evils of the military and naval services, and they have been so in Great Britain and the United States from the beginning of military history. Let us take some historic facts about the navy. Was the Monitor actually a government vessel when she steamed to Hampton Roads? She was not. Despite the fact that it was known in Washington that the Confederates were armor-plating ships, the Monitor had to be forced upon the Navy Department and had actually not been definitely accepted when she stopped the victorious career of the Merrimack. Throughout the war the heaviest fighting thereafter was done by the Monitor, but when the war was over the Navy Department discarded this remarkable invention chiefly because of the lack of modern ventilating equipment and the fact that there was little deck space available in a sea way and none on which to parade the marine guard. When the war was over it sold to foreign countries its most modern monitors, forgot all about the Confederate invention of the submarine, did not bother further with torpedoes or mines, and let twenty-five years go by before really beginning to experiment with any of these instruments. Yet in the World War the Allies were compelled to build monitors. We invented the submarine sixty years ago and the modern submarine, too, but this boat was taken up and developed in England and Germany far in advance of any action by us. In 1915 the head of the submarine division of the Navy Department appeared before the House Naval Committee and demanded larger submarines on the ground that the Germans had them. On cross-examination it appeared that the only knowledge of these submarines in the possession of the Navy Department was the testimony of an American boy who had served briefly on one. We invented the airplane, but in its uses we have been far outstripped by the European Powers.

As for the inevitable demand for larger appropriations, that is of course the invariable outcome of every maneuver and every inquiry and every other happening affecting either army or navy. Yet there is hardly a business organization in the world as loosely or as uneconomically managed as is the army. Here are two concrete examples. Since the removal of the troops who were the custodians of the Yellowstone National Park the present admirable civilian management has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars in expenses besides giving far greater efficiency. Take the case of Colonel Mitchell. He gave his final provocative statement to the press and announced that he knew it would lead to his court martial. There was no mystery about it; he openly said that he was going to give the interview and then gave it. The War Department could not be satisfied with that. It could not send him a wire; it could not even ask the general commanding at San Antonio, nor the lieutenant colonel and assistant inspector general on duty there to inquire of Colonel Mitchell whether he was correctly quoted. It had to send a colonel and an assistant inspector general all the way from Washington to San Antonio and return to find out officially what every man knew—at a cost of hundreds of dollars for railway fares and subsistence! There you have the evil at its worst, and that is why the presumption of being in the right is always on the side of men who finally kick over the traces and insist upon "starting something."

'Twixt Wood and Water

TWENTY years ago there was no such thing as fancy diving. There were stunts only. To be sure one tried for a reasonably symmetrical standing front dive, but all other configurations were somersaults which ended in a grand splash, front and back sittings on the board, leapings, jumpings, with arms and legs spread to the four winds; dares and the taking of dares. There were probably not a dozen well-articulated spring-boards in the country. As why should there be? Any old plank that protruded over eight feet of water was good enough for the convulsions of the era.

Then came Annette Kellerman. With her canvas tank on the vaudeville-circuit stage, and her board that was a board, she made the youngsters' eyes pop from their heads and set many a swimming coach—already upset with this strange new stroke, the crawl—to dreaming. As diving goes today, Annette's repertoire was limited and still burdened with vestiges of stunts—as in her "standing, sitting, standing" dive. But who can forget the lithe grace of that superb body as it turned like a leaping salmon in the "half twist"? Stunts, yes, but also, and almost for the first time, beauty—authentic and challenging. Heaven knows how many youths and maidens retired to their chosen swimming holes, and on boards decrepit and stubborn tried for the first time to get some lilt, some form into that second and a fraction between wood and water.

Ever since, the soul of Annette has gone marching on. At pool after pool, the crazy flopping stunts give way to coordination and an aspiration for grace and form. As the body cleaves the air, one watches for entirely different sorts of things than one watched for a generation ago. In 1900 it was: Will he get in without landing flat on his back? Bravo! He did. In 1925 it is: Not enough arch, the toes are not pointed, but the line of the head is good.

Perhaps in competitive diving some of the earlier joyousness has been squeezed out in the grip of a relentless ritual. There is beauty in plenty, but it is all so terribly serious. Judges now score for five distinct parts of every running dive: (1) Attention—the position of the body just before the attack; (2) the run on the board; (3) the "take off," or leap from the board; (4) the flight through the air; (5) the entry into the water—to the disappearance of the toe or the finger. Number four, the flight, is still the matter of major importance, but failure to meet the other standards is a heavy handicap in competitive scoring. Perhaps the board ritual is overelaborate, with its arms just so, and its chest just so—but who shall standardize a human body when it has launched itself into the wild free air? Ah, then must the diver save his own soul, wring his own shrill beauty from a dizzy pit of nothingness! How many stand, hands on hips, fingers down thighs, head up, body like an arrow, three paces from that dread end of oak, only to sag the arch in the air and "kick buckets" as the ankles slide beneath the surface. A shambling figure on the board is surely not to be tolerated, but it is the air, ye leapers, the air, where you must face your God!

In competitive diving, and in the hearts of all who see in the art an outlet for creative beauty, it is no longer the difficulty of the stunt which claims first consideration but rather the flow and coordination of the body. And it follows—as in dancing—that women by and large are better divers than men. Knotted muscles tend to hinder rather than to help. In the "swan" we have a body launched into nothingness, *up* rather than out, to hang poised and still for an eternal segment of time, six feet above the board, back arched, head up, legs sewn together, arms flung wide and true—then the swift, breathless rush to the water, tilting the body to perpendicular and bringing the arms to the front, the middle finger the first to touch the surface, the curved toe the last to disappear. A beautiful thing to watch, but how to be compared with the flying beauty in the doer's heart? There are "jack-knives," front and back, and there is the regular back dive, so easy in theory, so immensely difficult in practice. Up, not out, you beginners, with hands on hips until the climax of height is reached, and then the arms flung backward and the great curving arch as the body goes from sky to sea.

For elective dives in competition one can take Miss Kellerman's half twist; the heady "half-gainer"; the once and one-half somersault, which ends in an arched front dive; the handstand from the board's edge. Difficult some of these dives are, but no hint of difficulty must appear. The body line must never be broken with striving; each movement must flow into the next like chords in an anthem.

Youth may be wild, skirts top the knee, parsons may roar, but surely degeneration is not the word to apply to youngsters who throughout the length and breadth of the land are diving and learning to dive with a mastery and a beauty which no previous civilization has ever approached.

The Third Poet

IT takes some effort now to remember that the man whom most persons agree upon calling the third English poet had nearly as much difficulty with his public as Walt Whitman had with his. Wordsworth was scorned and ridiculed at the very height of his career; as he descended the long slope of his later, less inspired days he found true followers, and was indeed proclaimed by most competent judges to be great; but it was not until three decades after his death that a bold and influential critic demanded for him the place among British poets which he now securely holds. Matthew Arnold performed no more valuable service as a critic than that which he performed when in 1879 he went to the trouble of selecting from Wordsworth's grotesquely uneven works, abruptly elevated him to a rank far above Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and defined his quality.

If in defining Wordsworth's quality Arnold did not say the last utterable word the fault lay not with him. He went as far as it was possible to go, in a day when the ideas of Wordsworth still cast their spell, toward disengaging his poetry from his philosophy and insisting that the first was all but supreme on its own account. One would go farther today. Arnold still found it necessary to say in recommendation of his hero that he was a true artist because he dealt in truth; that he was great because he operated at the center of existence; that "his superiority arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas 'on man, on nature, and on human life.'" One shies today at the declaration that Wordsworth's subjects and ideas were "true"; true to whom, and of what? One is not so sure now just where the center of existence is, or sure, even, that it is important to know where it is. And one is likely to be distrustful of ideas. No, if one is the "disinterested lover of poetry" whom Arnold preferred above the mere "Wordsworthian" one is likely now to go the whole way and say that Wordsworth belongs in the company of Shakespeare and Milton, and in their company alone, because of the sheer poetic art which he lavished upon his two or three dozen best pieces. It might be comforting to be able to agree with Arnold that poetic art consists, among other things, in applying noble ideas to life. It would be most enlightening if any critic could prove that Wordsworth was a greater poet than Byron because he had a profounder nature. But both these things are as impossible as unnecessary.

To a seasoned reader of English poetry, to one who goes back over the familiar ground again and again and again, Wordsworth will inevitably emerge abreast of Shakespeare and Milton by virtue of the incomparable felicity with which he wields his language. The test is in the rereading. As Shakespeare takes the breath with passages one thought one already knew too well, as Milton moves the blood with harmonies not at all subdued by repetition, so Wordsworth consistently surprises his most intimate acquaintances by the power which leaps from his lines. It is not a quiet power, as is so often said. And it seems to have nothing to do with the thing being stated. Wordsworth undoubtedly thought so, for he would state the thing again—not so well—and assume that he had succeeded again. A lesser philosopher than he knew, he was also a greater artist than he knew. Quite by accident, perhaps, he is one of the most magical of modern poets.

Seven Years After

A Letter and Its Answer

By DABNEY HORTON

New York, August 1

Dear D——:

Come with us over to Morocco this summer to enlist in the French Aviation Corps again to fight against the Riffs. They won't put us in the Foreign Legion as *simple soldats* at five sous a day this time; we're to be all lieutenants under Mike Sweeny in the Army of the Sultan of Morocco. The Sultan never had an army before, the French wouldn't let him, but he'll have one now.

We sail for Bordeaux in two weeks, and they give us two weeks with pay in Paris. It sure will be great to swell around Maxim's again. I hear Henri's has reopened. Do you remember the day the Old Man gave the dinner for Lena Bogardi and we made anti-aircraft ammunition out of olives and the chandeliers were Gothas?

I suppose you are broke as usual; we all are, but you won't have a cent to pay except your fare to New York, and maybe I can wangle that for you. The steamship companies will be glad to take us over free, though I suppose they are really sticking the French Government for it. Jimmie is going, and so is the Duke, about half a dozen of us in all.

There won't be any particular danger about this proposition. We heard that the Riffs have got hold of a couple of old-school Fokkers from some place and are trying to fly them. If they dare to fly them after we get there we'll simply make clay pigeons of them. You can land a plane almost anywhere in that part of Morocco, except up in the little foothills where these darned little Arabs live in their dug-outs.

It would be great sport to be taken prisoner, though. The Riffs don't dare do a thing to their prisoners because the French have got two or three villages full of their relatives and they know jolly well what would happen to them if they started anything.

So drop whatever you're doing and come along. We've got a place all saved for you. You won't get another chance like this as long as you live. Just think it over; no other fighting planes dropping down on your back, no anti-aircraft, and no more being bullied around by a bunch of dumb French non-com flying instructors! You can pick up your flying again in a day or two. This is going to be just one big picnic, with martial music. Manon, les' go, as you used to say.

Yours in red britches,

G——

Keokuk, Iowa, August 5

Dear G——:

Before I got your letter asking me to go along to Morocco with you and be a little tin hero again I'd already seen an account of the proposed junket in the Sunday newspapers, with photographs of you and the Duke and Jimmie. Pardon my mentioning it, old fellow, but you looked a little bit fat in that photograph, a little too much like the arm-chair strategists in the caricatures and too little like the nervous-eyed kid I went to France with nine years ago to join the Lafayette Flying Corps.

And I see you fellows are using the name Lafayette Flying Corps to identify yourselves by. Well, that's the American of it! Everything must have a good, snappy name or slogan. But why don't you call yourselves the Young Sultans or the Houris' Own, as you're nominally enlisted under the Sultan of Morocco, whoever he is? Don't you get a free pass to the Mohammedan heaven if you get bumped off or poisoned by those funny things they drink south of Sidi Bel Abbes? Wouldn't you look queer up there in Mohammed's Paradise when you can't speak a word of Arab!

I'm surprised that they don't make you any more than lieutenants. Some of the boys that formed the Kosciuszko Squadron to help the Poles against the Bolos in 1919 were made captains; and that Brooklyn kid that went over to run the Esthonian Flying Corps to straighten out some other cafe quarrel was a colonel. You chaps under the Sultan ought to be generals at least. The lower down you get the higher rank they give you. As for the glory—well, I was very much tickled with my own little Croix de Guerre, until I saw in the paper that Foch had decorated a lot of Red Cross dogs with the same medal. But, then, the French like dogs.

Fighting those Arabs with airplanes seems pretty poor sport to me. About as much sport as bombing fish in the Oise after the armistice. But we used to eat the fish. Just what are you going to do? There won't be any fighting planes to meet, nor any anti-aircraft guns to dodge. The Riffians don't build villages big enough to hit or compact enough to scatter. From what I've heard of Arab villages, the only way to get rid of them is to stop up the entrances to the holes and then drop poison down the burrow, as the farmers in Iowa get rid of ground squirrels. You can't do that in the air.

I don't believe that the roaring of your motors is going to frighten those little riding monkeys either. A lot of them fought with us in the Big Affair and that's why they're making trouble now. They've learned how to shoot from the saddle with modern rifles. Personally, I've always had a fondness for those little fellows, riding along so merrily under those inordinately large, handsome turbans. And their bugle music, ending with a wild flourish and upthrow of the elbow, makes my blood tingle yet. There was a regiment of them at Verdun, and I used to slip over and drink coffee with them. They made wonder-

Really, if I didn't have a good job, and a family to look after—I mean to look after me—I'd accept a good offer to go over with you. But we'd separate at Bordeaux and I'd go over and fly with these same little Arabs. That might be a sporting proposition. But otherwise I reckon I'll stay here in Keokuk.

I don't want to hurt your own feelings when I say that I'm not sure that all the youth and good looks of America is with you in this escapade. You say Jimmie is going. I hope they don't have any bombing expeditions. Do you remember the day when he went out with a load of ninety-ones? He dropped them all at once and the machine nearly turned a somersault with the release of 500 pounds weight at one shot. Jimmie nearly turned a somersault, too, when he landed at camp and found that what he took for a little German town was dear old Bar-le-Duc, where the jelly comes from, and where Madame Jeulin used to scrub my back with a brush and hot water whenever I came in on leave.

Isn't Steve going along? I thought he was a real dare-devil. At least he got into the Sunday supplement with a yarn about being a volunteer to test the upper atmosphere by being fired out of a rocket. I believe he later repudiated it after a couple of bromo-seltzers. But it was a good yarn.

It strikes me that this expedition is just another good yarn. But it isn't as good a yarn as the one we went as pals in the first time. I suspect that this will consist of a big banquet in New York, several more after the twelve-mile limit is passed, much swaggering around Paris and Henri's bar, a big reception at the Prefecture in Sidi Bel Abbes. After that, a few weeks of country-club life and occasional gipsy flying with an army background. When you get home again, if home still appeals to you, you will puff out your chest as we did shortly after the armistice and tell the home folks about it. But this time it won't sound the same; it won't ring true.

And so, in the expressive language of Abe Potash: "You'll hafta 'scuse me, for I got it business I should attend to."

Wishing you the best of luck and a joyous hereafter in the Mohammedan heaven,

I am, as ever,

D——

The Adventurers' War in Morocco

By M. M. KNIGHT

MAN-HUNTING has always been the big-game sport *par excellence* of the world. For example, American ambulance drivers, youngsters ambitious to fly, and even infantrymen for the Foreign Legion sought adventure in France between 1914 and the time when such conduct became compulsory. Many who frankly went in to see the show honestly believed at a later date that their motive had been to save the world for or from this or that.

Yet the American volunteer contingent in France was not strictly a group of adventurers. Most of the men had never made war before. There is a vast difference between the man—every other one you meet—who thinks from a distance that he would like to try war once and the much scarcer type which knows war and still yearns for it. Out of the twenty-five million or so who fought the World War came enough trained and self-discovered adventurers to run the nineteen smaller conflicts which immediately ensued. Death has removed some of these professional warriors, but Europe's economic doldrums have added to their number many who have no great objection to peace, if it would only yield them a living.

But even the Moroccan war enlists some home talent—men who have to fight, which makes it impossible to separate the willing from the unwilling. For example, the Riffians.

Your Riffian is a white man, burned reddish brown by his pitiless sun. To the original Berber stock, which inhabited these mountains before anybody in the world had learned to write, has been added Phoenician, Greek, Roman, Germanic Vandal, Arabic, Jewish, and heaven knows what other blood. The amount of new blood arriving in any one period has not been large enough, however, to change Berber civilization much. Rather have these people been driven back into their Riffian and Atlas mountains and made more conscious of their own ways. While they are proud, often fanatical Mohammedans, other Moslems look upon them as heretics. This is because they cling to an older fabric of laws and customs, far more like those of Europe than is the case with their stricter coreligionists who follow the Koranic law.

None of this is visible to the enemy, any more than is the Riffian's person. He has hunted and shot all his life in these hills or in the higher mountains to the northward. Often clothed only in a brown robe, the jellaba, and his thick-soled slippers, he melts into the landscape and can move for miles without being seen by his quarry—human or otherwise. In the hood of his one garment are parched grain or a loaf of bread, a few dried figs, a bottle of oil, and a hundred or two of cartridges to fit his modern repeating rifle. If you show your head within a quarter of a mile of him he will fire once, and the bullet will usually go through the foolish object aimed at. Fly over him with an airplane, and you will probably come back—if you come back—with a hole or two somewhere in it. He has shot down more than a score of Frenchmen who thought from World War experience that they could fly over riflemen with impunity.

His intermediate officers are largely adventurers. At the top are the two Krims, brothers, and their immediate following of Riffian nationalists. They have wisely availed themselves of European adventurers, skilled in the technique of war, who train the lieutenants and "non-com's." Some of these foreigners are Turks, eastern Arabs, Egyptians, or Hindus, nationalists and Mohammedans with scores to pay as well as adventurers. Some are deserters from the French Foreign Legion, which is mainly German. Undoubtedly there are some Germans who have not been in the French service.

"If you are captured by Riffian regulars," the French officer will tell you, "you will be well treated. But if you should fall into the hands of some of Krim's partisans, there is no telling what may happen to you." No doubt many joined the Riffians because they seemed to be winning, and the chances for pillage would be excellent while

this continued. The Jebala tribes themselves, Krim's great allies in the west, are not always so nice to their prisoners, some of whom have been taken apart with barbaric ingenuity. There may be something in the French explanation that prisoners are of no use to them, whereas Krim can afford to handle his like fresh eggs because of their ransom and hostage value.

It is well to have some soldiers so thoroughly hated by the enemy that they will never allow themselves to be captured. These Berber mountaineers have hated the black Senegalese for centuries, since the great Sultans began importing them to keep order at home and to extend the frontiers. France inherited this scheme with her North African possessions. Senegalese are particularly valuable for holding outposts. We need not be censorious about the custom of wearing amulets of ears and noses. As to their preference for knives over bayonets, that is a technical point on which many North Africans, on both sides of the front, agree with them.

We may pass lightly over the French-trained Moroccan and Algerian troops which are bearing the brunt of the struggle from the south side. There is not much adventure in it for them—from the war standpoint, they are almost Europeanized. Their French officers are largely professional warriors, willing to take a dirty job rather than rust out. Decorations and promotions are the chips in this game, and they are more plentiful where there is trouble. Nobody need begrudge a French post-commander, with Senegalese under him, whatever honors and emoluments he gets out of it. At Ain bou Aissa, in the beginning of August, fifteen Senegalese under a native sergeant cut their way out after a shell had exploded the magazine. Of the lieutenant, who had been wounded already, no trace was found by the relief column.

For these officers and the other Europeans—notably the Foreign Legion—the summer climate of this war zone is literally hellish. The Riff range cuts off any Mediterranean breeze, but collects the sirocco or hot desert wind. Oftentimes the thermometer climbs to 115° or 120° in the shade. The desert wind, much hotter still, does not always die down even at night. Where the Riffians have artillery, holes and ditches must be dug outside the post, behind barbed wire. Crawling about these for weeks under a broiling sun, without water to wash or shave, their clothes cut to ribbons and crawling with vermin, even the officers come out looking like savages.

No group is more interesting for one evening than the Foreign Legion. While those at the front are fearfully busy or dog tired, the units resting near some city in the rear can be interviewed at leisure. To avoid the constraint of a visit to their crowded camp, where there is unlikely to be any public room except the packed and noisy sutler's store, it is perhaps simplest merely to go into the tenderloin district in the evening. These quarters of cities in French Morocco are safe and orderly. Two or three journalists can drop in unobtrusively and see what might be called "the Legion at tea."

Legionnaires have little money, but dancing is free. One will be guiding some obvious person with all the grace of a royal ballroom, oblivious of the cracked notes of the phonograph or tin-disk music box. Another will whirl his partner about with almost American abandon. It is easy to collect half a dozen at a table and please the management at the same time by buying a couple of dollars' worth of beer. On the whole, the Legion is quiet and well mannered. One Dresdener of thirty-five speaks almost gaily of life before the big cataclysm of 1914. His voice and manner betray his gentle upbringing. The Berlinese next to him tells quite casually of their awful marches and the number of their dead—more than half. Their language, he says, is German, but it is a binding custom that no man shall understand a word of it if pronounced by an officer. They do not hate the French, nor do they "love France," who, they think, might make their lives a bit less hard.

Oftentimes the women have stories quite as interesting as those of the soldiers. Some will have been with the "B. M. C." (literally, official army camp women) near the front, undergoing dangers and hardships comparable to those of the men they are sent to divert. I remember one village of them near a headquarters camp, on top of a barren hill, where the heat was terrible even at six in the evening and there was only a liter of water a day per person. The natives did not seem to mind it, but the Frenchwomen, like the European soldiers, were often ill simply from the heat. I was told that in this service, as in the Legion, the eyes of law and order are closed to faults committed at home, it being considered sufficient expiation to serve one's country on the far-flung frontiers.

The American Air Squadron (some unkind New Yorker has called it the "Hot-Air Squadron") is another case of men who fight because they want to. All having seen at least one previous war, we might perhaps speak of them as the pure, high type of adventurer, as distinguished from the callow youth with hankerings. Personally, the ones I met were fine fellows, boon companions for an evening. Nevertheless, this thing of advertising them as the "American aviators" has a serious side, as the State Department has found out. It makes us partisans in the war, whether we like it or not. Their excuse, as given in the Associated Press dispatch of September 21, is worse than none at all from our point of view. The very fact that they have taken no oath of allegiance to the Sultan and signed no enlistment papers means that they are fighting as Americans, with a special status as such. Let them fight if they feel like it. If we must have wars, the ideal situation would be to have them waged by those who like them, by the same stroke relieving civilian life of a lot of its enemies and problems. But let us make them enlist, and stop wearing any name, insignia, or mark which might tend to commit those who don't want to be committed.

Perhaps it is a curious mentality which seeks to classify one war as more barbarous than another. "How terrible!" exclaimed a French woman, when she heard of the commandant at Ain Maatouf, conducting the defense for seventeen days from a stretcher after he had been shot through both thighs. Yet he had anti-tetanus serum, dropped from an airplane, and all the disinfectants and bandages he needed. A Spanish dispatch gloats over a battle in which five hundred Riffians were alleged to have been killed, adding that a thousand more died for want of medical attention. This is the atrocious thing about the blockade. How can any nation which wishes to be thought civilized cut off doctors and medicines from any people? Few are without guilt in this particular, but would not some good come of making it an issue every time that it occurs?

The Menace of British Empire

By SHAPURJI SAKLATVALA

[This article was written by Mr. Saklatvala, member of the British Parliament, as explaining his views to Americans in advance of his expected visit to the United States as a delegate to the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union. The action of our Government in refusing to grant him entrance makes his views doubly interes

MY chief crime is my strenuous opposition to British imperialism and my steady insistence—which is gaining growing support in Great Britain itself—that the world has reached the stage when the British Empire must be dissolved in the interests of world peace, human happiness, and especially for the preservation of at least that standard of life which the masses in the Western countries have so far reached after a struggle of nearly two centuries, not unaccompanied by enormous sacrifices. The last war is held up as a cause for the rapid wiping out of the standard of life in Europe, but on a closer analysis of facts and operative causes I unhesitatingly attribute this catastrophic result to the powerful imperialism of Great Britain. I am not opposed to Britain's sway in my country or elsewhere on a narrow nationalist basis of conceit or malice, but on the far broader basis of saving for human life what human effort has so far achieved. My bolshevism leads me to struggle along such lines where the highest results achieved by any group of workers—who are essentially the majority in all countries—are made applicable to all the weaker groups. The inevitable, even if pretending to be unintentional, tendency of British imperialism is to search for the lowest practicable standard of life and make it applicable to groups of workers with better standards by all the weight and gravitation of modern commercial competition.

As I have officially stated in the House of Commons it is a pity that the voluntary association of Australia and Canada with Britain is designated under the all-covering tern. of British Empire along with the enforced subjugation of India, Egypt, Africa, South China, etc., and naturally my remarks apply to these latter only.

I take the view that if genuine self-rule is in the hands of the Indians and if there exists a genuine Indianization of the Indian army, no Indian will be so despicable, just as no Britisher would be so despicable, as to say that he would hold that country and that army for the benefit of some people other than his own. The talk of the constitution and the alteration of the constitution, of a ten-year limit or a fifteen-year limit, these are nothing but details in the art of governing another nation by a sort of hypnotization. I tell my Indian friends, as I tell my British friends, that the same principles of life are in every European or Asiatic nation.

The world wants peace not through sentimental piety but because the world needs peace. Britain points her hypocritical finger to Aldershot Barracks and claims to be a model of self-restraint in the number of her army. But the British raj in the East first means her capacity to produce three to four million colored troops as gun-fodder on any battlefield at any moment. France is following her footsteps with her black regiments. What European or Asiatic country dare to disarm with equanimity in the face of this possibility? Every industrial workshop in Britain has proved to be convertible into a most effective arsenal, and during the last war Britain was able to arm seven million Allied troops.

Then comes the danger of British imperialism in peace time more devastating than in war. Her coolie labor, her Negroes, Hindus, Chinamen, and Mohammedans working in mines, docks, railroads, factories, and as individual craftsmen, and her hundreds of millions of enslaved and animalized peasantry tilling cotton fields, wheat fields, rubber, and tea plantations. They go to destroy hourly the life of nations in the West. Miners in Africa, India, China under range of British naval and aircraft guns are bringing coal to the surface from a dollar to a dollar and a half at the pit-mouth. Then German miners under military defeat and reparations are reduced to this coolie level by the law of competition. Then by the same law British miners themselves have to succumb to it, and if they tamely did so, the American miners must fall next. British imperial masters have erected seventy-five jute mills in Bengal, where average wages in the spinning department are five shillings per week and double that in the weaving department. Inevitably the Scotch lads and lasses in Dundee have to grade down to this level, which means the auction of souls of many innocent girls to keep themselves alive. How long will the American jute workers keep out of danger? British ships are repaired and painted in Bombay, Colombo, Hongkong, or Calcutta for twenty-five cents a full day of ten hours. What is the value of Western workers struggling to establish a minimum living wage in their countries? British patriotism, both of the Conservative type as well as of the right wing Labor type, talks glibly of "our Empire" and of the sunshine houses at Wembley, where the world is asked to see how Britain can soon produce all British raw materials, cotton for instance. America can give sufficient cotton to Britain, but the soul of British royalty-loving and aristocratic merchants loathes the idea of having to pay the American cotton-grower his comforts of life. Therefore they look to Sudan, Rhodesia, Mesopotamia, central India, and southern China, where a few hundred millions of humanity are enslaved and work in the fields for ten cents to twenty cents per day, to be the lands that will produce all-British cotton. Then will follow the effective downfall of the American standard of life. And where cotton begins to grow well, and Britain rules at the same time, spinning mills do not take long to raise their heads. Labor on twenty cents a day is spinning and weaving in the East, under the benign British protection in over thirty cotton mills. Another 300 more, with long-staple cotton growing in their backyard, and Europe and America will cease to work except on a coolie basis. Such are the glories and blessings of the British Empire and the Union Jack!

I shall not conceal the satisfaction with which I am looking forward to this visit to your great country, of which one of my brothers is a citizen, not that I aspire to alter or modify your noted institutions, which I am not yet closely acquainted with, but because I shall get my first opportunity in life to study them first-hand.

The Man Whom Coolidge Fears

By RENNIE SMITH

SAKLATVALA has, in Great Britain, two kinds of uniqueness. He is the only representative of communism on the floor of the British House of Commons. He is the Communist Party there in his own person; he is his own whip, his own office boy. He is also the only Indian in Parliament.

For the moment it is Saklatvala the Communist who is on the stage. That it is the Communist who is on the stage is largely of Saklatvala's choosing. But the world should understand, as he himself should understand, that it is not as a devotee and an exponent of the Russian doctrine of force that the core of his personality is revealed. Saklatvala is an Indian at a most critical stage of India's history. Saklatvala is an Indian—a lonely Indian—in the British House of Commons. The real man, the essential life-force and qualities of Saklatvala, can lie only in interpreting to one another and influencing these two great civilizations of the East and the West. He has the chance, such as has no other man in the British House of Commons, of assisting and guiding the great movement for the political and economic freedom of India. If he ends in tragedy it will be because Saklatvala the Communist has eaten up Saklatvala the Indian.

The moment he enters the House of Commons he is a man apart. His pale, tanned skin, dark eyes, protruding nose, the dark color of his hands when he throws them out in declamation, all these mark him as a member of another race. He is the circumference of the empire drawn into the center. He is India, ironic, mocking; he is India, hating, passionately appealing and declaiming—there in the heart of London.

The first thirty years of his life were spent in India, with Bombay as his birthplace. Rich family connections; ample opportunities for widest culture; he is in no sense by his ancestry and affiliations a proletarian. Through relations on his mother's side with the Tata family, which has developed in the last forty years a great iron and steel enterprise in India, he was able in the course of his own activities to share in the early stages of industrialism in India. He was able to watch the migration of British capital to India; to see railways established, to see the beginnings of modern forms of large-scale production, to see all the first fruits of urbanization and industrialism on a vast and complex Indian population.

With a mind hypersensitive to human suffering, the iron entered his soul as he contemplated the new capitalist cities of the East, and especially his birth city. Those who wish to appreciate the last touch of his bitterness, his invective, and the depth of his rebel temper must absorb for themselves the knowledge of how child labor has been treated in the factories of Bombay, how women fare, how wage-earners are housed and treated in the production of industrial wealth. Such knowledge begets charity. It yields a new understanding for the wounded spirit which lies behind wild utterances, behind the demoniacal torrential speeches that flow from him at times like a volcano in action.

It is twenty years since he first came to London and made it his home. His wife is English and brings the benefit of an English climate into his Oriental and rebellious temperament.

During this whole period in London Saklatvala has entered into the full tide of workers' politics; he has championed the cause of the Indian worker; he has encouraged Indian trade unionism; he has brought the whole story of low-grade living among the inarticulate masses of India steadily before the notice of all who would pay attention to him; he has taken his position on the extreme left in his advocacy of the cause of Indian freedom.

It is many years ago since first I heard him speak in an annual Independent Labor Party conference. His plea was for an international outlook. With strong, incisive words he insisted that the standard of life of the British worker was determined not on the banks of the Thames but the Ganges. The condition of the Indian worker was the inescapable self-interest of the British worker. It was hung round his neck like a millstone. Such a theme I heard coming from the mouth of a thin, wiry man, with long, clever fingers; a man dipped in a poet's flame of eloquence, enriched by sincerity, made somber by indignation. At the same time, something fanatical, authoritative, hard, and, as the Germans say, *entweder-oder*. That is the man as he first impressed me. Here was a burning core of truth poured out of a rich, cultured, musical, and rebel nature—a premature force (in one aspect) of the world's mind and conscience. At the same time an uncomfortable man to listen to. An eloquent man, rather than a logician. His eloquence runs away with him. That is why his recorded speeches contain so many contradictions.

Since those early years I have met him often, heard him speak often. In the House it has been his practice in this session to emphasize his representation of the Communist Party. He puts out of his way to do it. I have fancied that his rebel spirit finds some spiritual satisfaction in this emphasis upon his communistic loneliness in the House. The House has a reputation for fair play. The House tends to empty when Saklatvala speaks. It does not suffer him gladly. The House has a deep aversion to what is called the hurling of brick-bats, demagoguery, and sob-stuff.

That is the man who is refused admission to the Interparliamentary Conference at Washington. As a Communist he can make no reproaches. His own philosophy is put across him. But the world of man lives and thrives by other forces than the dialectic of force. It has other dialectics than the prevention of individuals from going down to the sea in ships. It has other methods than the stopping of human mouths with the deadly dust of unintelligent ages.

In the meanwhile I like to consider that one of Saklatvala's qualities is his power of silence. There dwell in him, too, the powers which have given the world the distinguished succession of Indian mystics. I should like to hear the melodies, the dreams, and the thoughts of which his silence is composed.

Poincaré's Guilt in the War

By HARRY ELMER BARNES

THIS article is intended as a specific and explicit reply to M. Poincaré's pronouncements upon war-guilt in the October *Foreign Affairs*, and not as an attempt at a systematic and logical resummary of the question. An understanding of this fact is necessary in order to explain the order and sequence of the material, which would be far different if we did not contemplate a point-by-point refutation of the distinguished French statesman.

> *Is it possible that the power of a lie is even greater than it is pictured as being in the fine book of the Norwegian novelist, Johan Bojer? Its power sometimes disheartens those who seek to defend and bear witness to the truth. Those who have been closely connected with great events and who remember them in their minutest details feel that the truth must be obvious to any fair-minded person. But when they see the imagination of some and the dishonesty of others distorting facts out of all semblance to reality they feel inclined to withdraw into themselves, to give up counting upon the mind to refute such calumnies, and to wait for time in its wisdom to reestablish the balance. This is a mistake. For falsehood is thus given an opportunity to outdistance truth and legend is allowed to take the place of history.*—RAYMOND POINCARÉ IN "FOREIGN AFFAIRS," OCTOBER, 1925.

Poincaré fires his opening guns by citing the views of Richard Grelling, Maximilian Harden, and Prince Lichnowsky in favor of the view of German responsibility for the war, and in charging that the revisionist historians are consciously or unconsciously victims of German and Soviet propaganda and dishonesty. Richard Grelling at the outbreak of the war published a savage attack upon the German Government as responsible for the war, entitled "J'Accuse." Having committed himself in a violently dogmatic fashion to the question of German guilt before any of the valid documentary evidence was available, he had neither the honesty nor the scholarship to look into the question and revise his views, but, like M. Poincaré, has rehashed the dogmas of 1914. His recent book has been pulverized by Count Montgelas. Likewise, Harden established his reputation for a generation upon the basis of being a "Kaiser-baiter"; like Grelling he has a vested interest in maintaining the thesis of German guilt. No one suspects him of competence as a historian of war-guilt. Lichnowsky's views were expressed between 1912 and 1914, when he could possess none of the cogent evidence since uncovered, which establishes the Franco-Russian guilt. The question of war-guilt, however, cannot be settled by the opinion of any single man, but solely by recourse to the authentic documents. Poincaré would scarcely be pleased to have the Crown Prince cite the opinions of Gouttenoire de Toury as those of the one "honest Frenchman" whose views could be accepted as absolutely definitive on the question of war-guilt.

The allegation that the revisionist scholars have either been duped by or have consciously sold themselves to the propaganda of Germany and the Bolsheviks is ridiculous. Revisionist scholars worthy of the name have founded their reconstructed views not upon controversial publications but upon the authentic documents in the foreign offices of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Poincaré would lead the uninformed reader to believe that the basis for the reconstruction of our views on war-guilt is the polemic pamphlets of Lenin, Trotzky, Bela Kun, Ludendorff, Von Tirpitz, and the Kaiser. In fact, the German documents were published not under the auspices of the friends of the Kaiser and his regime but by their enemies, who enthusiastically hoped to prove thereby the guilt of Austria and Germany. If the German documents had been garbled at all they would have been garbled against the German monarchy and Austria and not in such a way as to favor the white-washing of Germany. The German documents were edited by scholars from both the progressive and conservative camps in Germany, and no reputable authority has ever questioned their authenticity. The same holds true with regard to the Austrian documents; no serious question has ever been raised as to the competence, thorough scholarship, and honesty of their editor, Dr. Roderich Gooss.

Poincaré's case against the Russian documents is even weaker. We have, in the first place, the Siebert collection, which embodies the exchanges between London and St. Petersburg from 1908 to 1914 and was compiled by an aristocratic landlord years before the Soviets came into authority. The first two important editions of the exchanges between Paris and St. Petersburg were both made by Frenchmen, namely, by M. Laloy and by M. Marchand, the latter of whom prepared the "Livre Noir." Subsequently another edition of the Russian documents was prepared by a German scholar, Professor Stieve. No important discrepancies are to be discovered in these separate editions, and no informed scholar suspects forgeries or other garbling. What has been proved, however, is that the Russian "Orange Book," published in 1914 to clear the French and Russians of the charge of war-guilt, was most notoriously garbled, leaving out or distorting the incriminating evidence against Sazonov, Izvolski, and their French collaborators. If M. Poincaré believes that these Russian documents describing the Franco-Russian relations are inaccurate and misleading, why did he not throw open the French archives so that the allegations in the "Livre Noir" might be discredited? Why did he find it necessary, moreover, to have the French "Yellow Books" officially edited, with the damaging sections deleted? Why did he not turn over this task to reputable scholars? These questions become daily more pertinent and relevant since England has given consent to the publication of her pre-war archives under the editorship of the distinguished scholars G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley.

Poincaré appears to derive great satisfaction from a speech of former Premier Herriot in the Chamber of Deputies, contending that there is nothing in the "Livre Noir" in any way establishing even partial guilt on the part of France with regard to war responsibility. Certainly no scholar would accept a political speech as a verdict upon the facts of history, least of all that of a French politician before the Chamber of Deputies. Let us see how a perusal of the "Livre Noir" affected a distinguished scholar, the late Baron Serge Korff, himself a vigorous enemy of the Bolsheviks:

> We find [says Dr. Korff] new light thrown upon the pre-war attitude of France, strangely but constantly connected with one big name—Poincaré. Pichon, Barthou, and many other familiar names are frequently mentioned, but none seems to have played any such prominent role in the building up and strengthening of the Franco-Russian alliance as Poincaré; and besides, with a very evident object—steady preparation for the coming conflict with Germany. The reader will put aside this volume with the inevitable conviction that Poincaré long before 1914 had one idea on his mind, the war with Germany. These documents give a most vivid picture of the French pressure exerted on Russia with that one object in view, a war with Germany. At times the Russians were even losing patience with the French, so little did the latter mind the Russian interests; they were willing to lend the Russians money, but only on condition that Russia would increase her army and build new strategic, but otherwise quite useless, railways.

From *l'Humanité*

WAR

Those who desire detail and documentation in regard to this charge by Dr. Korff may well consult the excellent, if severe, book of Gouttenoire de Toury, "Jaurès et le Parti de la Guerre."

Rhetorically once more Poincaré pleads that the very fact that a great number of nations were allied against the Central Powers proves that the latter were necessarily in the wrong. This assertion breaks down when one inquires why these various countries joined the Allies. Their action was determined by the relative advantages of prestige, territory, or spoil to be obtained by entry into the war. Even the United States did not come into the war because of what Germany did in 1914 but because of her subsequent actions.

Poincaré seeks immunity in the allegation that President Masaryk has contended for the superiority of the French system of government as over against the German system of 1914, and has alleged that France was characterized as much by a love of peace as was Germany by a desire for war. The point at issue, however, is not the relative excellence of the French republic or the former German monarchy—a debatable matter—but the military policies and aggressive acts prior to August 3, 1914, which brought on the war. French statistics show not only that in the spring of 1914 the French were possessed of a larger army and a better military equipment in proportion to their population than was Germany but that the French army and equipment were greater than the German, in spite of the fact that Germany was nearly twice as populous as France and surrounded by powerful enemies. And France was not scared into the army bill of 1913 by Germany, as France's bill was drafted before the French knew the nature of the impending German army act. Further, Poincaré's reference to the constitutional procedure of France and the responsibility of the Cabinet to the Chamber possesses no relevance in the matter of war responsibility in 1914. Whatever the theory, in the crisis of 1914 Poincaré's Cabinet did not consult the Chamber of Deputies at all. Poincaré persistently refused to submit the question of the determination upon war to the Chamber; he and his Cabinet took full personal responsibility for the decision, and after the war was on they relied upon the censorship, war psychology, and the assassination of Jaurès to induce the Chamber to approve their action. In the matter of the decision upon war in 1914 the action of Sazonov and the Czar was in no sense more irresponsible and autocratic than that of Poincaré, Viviani, and Messimy. And from 1912-14 many millions of francs were supplied by the autocratic Russians to lubricate the constitutional machinery of liberty-loving France. As to "open diplomacy" in France, the French Chamber in 1914 was not yet aware of the terms of the Franco-Russian agreement of 1891-93.

With respect to 1870 and the German peace terms Poincaré at least frankly admits that Prussia was not solely responsible for the declaration of war. But it is absurd to hold, as does Poincaré, that the Republicans never cherished the hope of revenge or of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine by force. In fact, in an address to university students Poincaré frankly declared that "I could not see for my generation any reason for existing unless it were for the hope of recovering our lost provinces." Certainly one as familiar as M. Poincaré with European politics and international relations could not have supposed that they could have been recovered except by force. Surely, Poincaré can scarcely believe that none of his American readers have ever witnessed the ceremony of draping the Strasbourg statue in Paris.

The high point of Poincaré's demagogy and rhetoric is to be found in his calm assumption that by definition the Triple Alliance and all other German negotiations were offensive, while the Triple Entente and all international agreements of any members of the Entente were purely pacific and defensive, designed to "free Europe and the world from German domination." How about the Franco-

Italian and Anglo-Japanese alliances? If Franco-Russian relations had been purely defensive France would not have had to go to war against Germany in behalf of Russia in 1914, as it was Russia which took the initiative in mobilization. As to his assertion that the "Yellow Books" contain all of the Franco-Russian understandings, the burden of proof is on him until France throws open her archives. In fact, in several cases scholars have already been able to discover damaging documents which have been excluded.

Poincaré's interpretation of the Morocco disputes is equally remote from the facts. German manners in both 1905 and 1911 are certainly open to question, but that Germany had both moral and legal right on her side cannot be doubted. In 1905 she gave notice that Northern Africa could not be partitioned without taking some notice of German rights and interests, and in 1911 she protested against violations of the Act of Algeciras by France and Spain. Judge Ewart, after a careful examination of all the evidence, including that recently set forth by Thayer and Bishop as to the part played by Roosevelt, concludes:

> Germany was within her rights in insisting in 1905 upon a reference of her dispute with France concerning Morocco to an international conference. President Roosevelt was of that opinion. He warmly congratulated the Kaiser on his success in that regard. And the result of the proceedings of the conference—the Act of Algeciras—was to a large extent a declaration in favor of the German contention for international equality in Morocco, and a denial of the claim of France and Spain to exclusive domination.
>
> French and Spanish military operations in 1911 were subversive of the chief principle of the Act of Algeciras, namely, "the sovereignty and independence of His Majesty the Sultan." France so regarded the Spanish actions, and Spain so regarded the French. Germany, as a party to the act, was within her rights in objecting to these proceedings.

The contention that France was always a restraining and moderating influence upon Russian activity in the Balkans and Turkey is belied by a large mass of incontrovertible documents. From 1912 to 1914 Poincaré worked hand in hand with Izvolski in encouraging the growth of a strong and alert Russian interest in the Near Eastern question. By 1911 Izvolski had become convinced not only that the securing of the Straits should be the pivotal element in Russian foreign policy but also that they could not be obtained [illegible] strain Russia in the Balkans only when it seemed possible that France might get involved in such fashion that the crisis would not be capable of exploitation in the interest of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. Poincaré was for peace in 1912 because the Russians were not prepared for war and the French people had not yet been converted by the bribed press to a grave concern over the Balkans. On the other hand, France frequently urged Russia on to more vigorous and challenging policies than the Russian Government was willing to undertake on its own initiative. Sir Edward Grey worked for peace in 1912-13 by the same methods he refused to follow at Germany's suggestion in 1914. Poincaré says nothing of the decision of the Russian Crown Council in February, 1914, to await an imminent world war in which to take the opportunity to seize Constantinople, or of the Russian bribery and encouragement of Serbian officials and plotters.

From "Vie Nouvelle"

Joseph Caillaux

Perhaps the most inevitable, but also the most discreditable, phase of Poincaré's lame defense is his attack upon the departed Izvolski. The absent are always wrong, and the dead are very absent. He ridicules Judet's edition of Georges Louis's diary as being "dialogues of the dead," but he does not hesitate to indulge in a monologue at the expense of the dead. Poincaré gives the impression of himself as a person unwillingly dragged about by a man whom he hated and whose policy he opposed. Professor William L. Langer, bibliographic editor of the very journal in which Poincaré's article appeared, happens to have worked over Stieve's edition of Izvolski's communications to which Poincaré refers his readers, and concludes:

> But the gods were with Izvolski and against humanity. Everything changed as in a dream when, in March, 1912, Poincaré succeeded to the premiership. It was a disastrous event, for Poincaré, convinced of the inevitability of war with Germany, agreed entirely with Izvolski that the Entente must be strengthened and that the Central Powers must be shown that the days of their dictation were over. After the first conversations with the new premier, Izvolski felt like a new man. . . .
>
> The story is a long one, and not very edifying. Poincaré seems to have disliked Izvolski personally, and both appear to have distrusted each other. But in political matters they made an ideal team. There was no divergence in their views. And so they were able to cooperate, supporting and assisting each other in the attainment of the "great solution." Together they intrigued against the pacific French ambassador at St. Petersburg, Georges Louis, and Russian funds were put at the disposal of Poincaré and Klotz to enable them to silence the opposition and even to bring about Poincaré's election as President. And where they could not cooperate they supplemented each other. It was Poincaré's opposition that wrecked the agreement between England and Germany and it was Poincaré who effected the naval agreement between England and Russia in 1914, after Izvolski had already brought about the Russian-French naval pact of 1912.

Poincaré not only "put up" with Izvolski personally; he also cooperated with him in "putting up" several million francs of Russian money to bribe the French press to carry editorials or news designed to convert the French people to the support of the new and aggressive Franco-[illegible]ian policies in the Balkans. Izvolski wrote to Sazonov concerning his interview with Poincaré in July, 1913:

> From this interview I was convinced that M. Poin[illegible] in accord with us, considers the moment has finally arrived to realize the century-old aims of our traditional policy ("réaliser les aspirations séculaires"), and thereby restore the European balance of power by the return of the stolen provinces of Alsace-Lorraine.
>
> He anticipates the greatest difficulty on the part of the social radicals who are averse to any war, primarily on financial and business grounds, but especially to a war which begins in the Balkans. This party has very capable leaders: Caillaux, Herriot, Painlevé; it has at its disposal a considerable number of Deputies and newspapers.
>
> M. Poincaré believes with me that for this purpose a very great sacrifice on our part is

necessary. I scarcely dare name the amount, namely, 3,000,000 francs, of which 250,000 francs alone is for the *Radical*, the organ of Senator Perchot.

When we take into consideration how insignificant such a sum is in comparison with the world changes which we expect to bring about thereby, perhaps you will undertake to submit this suggestion to the Cabinet for immediate action.

Poincaré suggests that Izvolski grossly misrepresented him in the communications published in the "Livre Noir." But why, then, did not Poincaré vindicate himself by ordering the publication of the French documents? Poincaré's attempt to dispose of Georges Louis's damaging revelations is as disingenuous and unconvincing as his assault on Izvolski.

Perhaps the most striking sentences in the whole article mark Poincaré's admission that, after all, the real causes of the outbreak of the war must be sought in the events after the assassination of the Archduke. "I do not claim," he says, "that Austria and Germany, in this first phase [July, 1914], had a conscious thought-out intention of provoking a general war. No existing document gives us the right to suppose that, at that time, they had planned anything so systematic." This is ungracious to Poincaré's friends like Simeon Strunsky, who have rather grudgingly admitted that while France and Russia precipitated the war in August, 1914, they were justified in doing so because of what Germany had brought them to in the period from 1905 to 1914. Now Poincaré admits that what happened prior to the last days of June, 1914, is, after all, irrelevant. Poincaré even concedes that there was no Potsdam Conference.

Poincaré's presentation of the events of the last fatal month begins by a footnote implying that Renouvin's recent book is a vindication of his article, something grossly misleading. In stating the circumstances with respect to the Serbian crisis he gives no hint whatever of the long-continued and menacing Serbian intrigues against Austria, of the German restraint of Austria in 1912-13, or of the most crucial fact of all, namely, the full official Serbian complicity in the plot for the murder of the Archduke. He does not admit at any point that Austria had a legitimate grievance or that past Austrian experiences with Serbia constituted grounds for Austrian skepticism as to the reliability of Serbian promises.

Poincaré severely criticizes the Kaiser for giving Austria a free hand in regard to Serbia on July 5, but this is exactly what Poincaré soon gave to Russia in regard to the same issue. And while the Kaiser actually disapproved of a punitive war believed essential to the continued integrity of the Dual Monarchy, Poincaré encouraged the aggressive intervention of Russia in a situation which did not concern her safety or integrity, and, if persisted in, was bound to involve all Europe in war. When the Kaiser saw that this proposed local war was likely to endanger Europe he put the strongest pressure upon Austria to desist and negotiate with Russia; when Poincaré saw that the Russian action threatened war he urged Russia on to more rapid and far-reaching military preparations. Poincaré's assertion that Germany favored the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia is flatly false. Whether rightly or wrongly, the Kaiser and his Chancellor believed the Serbian reply a satisfactory basis for negotiations and they strongly criticized the opening of hostilities.

Poincaré's picture of the German attitude from July 28-31 is wholly misleading. He denominates the vigorous German pressure to restrain Austria as "a slight change in attitude just at the end." Poincaré falsifies the situation further in declaring that on the 30th Germany relinquished her pressure and once more favored war. The German pressure on Austria grew stronger on the 30th and 31st, and at the very end Austria unwillingly agreed to negotiate with Russia, but the possibility of peace had been destroyed by the premature and unjustifiable Russian mobilization which France had encouraged. Poincaré's statement of Bethmann's attitude toward the telegram of George V is grossly inaccurate.

Sophistry, error, and evasion exude from every sentence of M. Poincaré's discussion of the Russian and French mobilization and the question as to whether Russian mobilization was equivalent to war. He represents the Russian mobilization as essential to the very safety of the Russian Empire. It was in no sense so. Even Sazonov admitted that he was convinced that Austria did not contemplate territorial aggression at the expense of Serbia; yet if she had done so Russia could with little propriety have objected, as she had been willing to suggest the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908 when she expected to gain something at the expense of Serbian aspirations. There was no threat directly at Russia at all. Germany had not mobilized in any way, and Austria had merely mobilized twenty-two divisions against Serbia. But as early as July 29 Russia mobilized fifty-five divisions directly against Austria. The only thing which was menaced by the Austrian intervention in Serbia was the greater Serbia program of Russia and France. Months before the murder of the Archduke Sazonov had become convinced that Russia could get the Straits only through war, and 1914 was the year of all years for the war from the Franco-Russian viewpoint, as the success of the Anglo-German negotiations in June, 1914, seemed likely to reduce England's interest in the Triple Entente.

Mathias Morhardt has shown by quotations from their writings that not only Generals Obruchev and Boisdeffre, who concluded the Franco-Russian military convention in 1893-94, understood clearly that Russian general mobilization meant war but that Alexander III, Nicholas II, William II, George V, Poincaré, Dobrorolski, Paléologue, Viviani, Sir Edward Grey, and Lloyd George were equally clear and certain that it did. Far from determining upon war before knowing of the Russian mobilization, as Poincaré asserts was the case, the German Government did not declare war even after it learned of Russian mobilization, but endeavored to induce the Russians to suspend mobilization. Under the circumstances of the Russian prior mobilization against Germany, France was not obligated by her agreement with Russia to come to the aid of the latter, and hence it would not have been necessary for France to "tear up her defensive alliance." What actually held France in line with the aggressive Russian action were Poincaré's promises to Izvolski before 1914, his unqualified promise of French aid on his St. Petersburg visit, and the secret French encouragement of the Russian preparations and mobilization after he had returned to France. Poincaré is doubtless right about the impatience of Moltke and the German General Staff, but he openly confesses the same impatience on the part of

General Joffre and the French General Staff. Poincaré makes much of the formal German declaration of war in 1914, but he says of 1870 that "it is vain to say that it was Napoleon III who declared war."

Poincaré's case for France's desire to delay and defend herself against German aggression does not hold water. The fact that the German ambassador at Paris could report on July 29 that peace was honestly desired in Paris simply shows how successful Poincaré, Viviani, and Messimy had been in deceiving him. The French authorities knew that Russian mobilization meant inevitable war; they knew that the Russian preparations were proceeding and mobilization was contemplated; and they knew that if forced into war Germany desired only a defensive war against Russia. Yet the French authorities made no effort whatever to restrain the Russians, but secretly urged them to speed up their preparations. But the most damning element in the whole case against France is to be found in the date of the official French determination upon war. Of this there is no doubt. At 1 a.m., August 1, Izvolski sent the following telegram to St. Petersburg:

> The French War Minister informed me, in hearty high spirits, that the Government has firmly determined upon war, and begged me to indorse the hope of the French General Staff that all of our efforts will be directed against Germany, and that Austria will be treated as a *quantité négligeable.*

This decision must have been arrived at some hours before Izvolski reported it to his home government, but even his telegram was sent sixteen hours before Germany declared war on Russia and two and a half days before Germany declared war upon France. *France was, thus, the first country in Europe decisively to declare itself for war in the diplomatic crisis of 1914.* Poincaré makes much of the refusal of the French Government to grant Joffre's original request for mobilization, which Izvolski explained to Sazonov thus:

> It is very important for France on account of political considerations relative to Italy, and most especially England, that the French mobilization should not precede the German one but form an answer to the latter.

Even Poincaré does not dare to assert that the French military preparations were not proceeding rapidly in secret in spite of the temporary withholding of the formal order for mobilization.

It is most astonishing that Poincaré should once more bring up the ten-kilometer withdrawal order of July 30 as a proof of defensive policy on the part of the French authorities. This has been riddled not only by historians but by both Viviani and Messimy. Poincaré asserts that this withdrawal order was a weakening of French military strength and was vigorously opposed by the General Staff. Both Viviani and Messimy denied this explicitly in speeches before the French Chamber on January 31, 1919, and Viviani admitted that diplomatic considerations were solely responsible for the withdrawal order. Messimy also informed General Joffre explicitly on this point in a telegram sent to him on August 1 at 5 p.m. These "diplomatic considerations" were the creation of a favorable impression on England, Italy, and the French people themselves by endeavoring to demonstrate that France was contemplating a defensive war.

M. Poincaré's "gates of hell" may not prevail against the fabric of Entente mythology and propaganda, but the much more relevant and substantial documentary facts of diplomatic history not only will prevail against them; they have already done so.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is happy to announce that, contrary to common rumor, romance, even in a materialistic age, is not dead but alive and flourishing. In Italy a royal princess weds, with appropriate ceremony, a royal prince. Her train is four yards long and is borne by two little girls with golden hair; a king, two queens, and innumerable princes attend the marriage; twenty carriages of flowers do homage to the happy pair; the chapel in which the ceremony is performed is lighted by fourteenth-century candelabra, and the bride and groom kneel on crimson cushions before six crucifixes at the altar. These details, while unimportant to some, are of moment to the Drifter because they prove either that newspaper reporters are more given to reading fairy tales than he would have supposed possible or that a king and queen, in arranging the marriage of their daughter, are well enough versed in the tradition of fairy lore to do the thing up properly. It is only necessary to add that the young man who was in this case to win the royal princess, though himself a prince, is without either goods or kingdom, and the tale is complete.

* * * * *

THERE are those who do not look for romance in present-day Russia. But even there a fairy godmother has spoken; the Soviet Minister of Education has issued a decree abolishing all homework for school children henceforth. The Drifter well remembers the ogre of homework which the Soviet Government has now so obligingly slain; he recalls certain notebooks in which, in a painful, round hand, he wrote over and over some word of three syllables, some meaningless sentence, some simple problem in arithmetic; he remembers the gold stars for excellence which dotted some notebooks, although conspicuously lacking on his own. How welcome such an official order as that of the Soviets would have been to him in those days. If, as he sat licking his pencil under the lamp and from time to time making damp, deep marks on the lined page before him, he had heard such a release pronounced for him he imagines that the world could barely have contained his joyful spirit. That the same joy is rising in the breasts of Russian boys and girls he cannot doubt. Homework is not a national matter; it is as abominable in one language as another. To abolish it was certainly as important as the slaying of the Gorgon by Perseus, or as any number of fire-breathing dragons disposed of in a suitable manner by the proper hero.

* * * * *

FINALLY there is romance in the United States. We are not all given over to porcelain bath-tubs and the radio; there is at least one American citizen in whose heart trust in his fellow-men burns like a fire. William H. Anderson is in need of $45,000; he requires this sum not to further any great national movement but to free him "from personal burdens" which hinder his life work. And what does Mr. Anderson, this incurable romantic, do in

such an emergency? Why, he does what any believer in fairy godmothers would do. He appeals to the public; he requests manna from the skies; he, in short, sends out a circular to whom it may concern asking that sufficient sums be sent him to release him from this unwelcome obligation. Who shall say that the manna will not fall? There will be ravens, there will be water from the rock, and the way out of the wilderness will be opened for him. The Drifter does not doubt that this touching faith will be rewarded. Romances must have their happy ending.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Palestine or Russia?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your columns being always open to anyone who pleads in a good cause, you will perhaps permit me to voice a warning of the most tragic import in a matter that concerns the fate of an entire people.

My morning paper brings me, through the Jewish Telegraph Agency, the news that the Joint Distribution Committee of American Jewry proposes to raise $15,000,000 for the assistance of Jews in Russia and other European countries. The Telegraph Agency adds a brief interview with Mr. Louis Marshall. I must take this interview as it is reported. In it Mr. Marshall is quoted as saying that this great drive will not interfere with Zionist activity in the United States but that he objects to the claim of the American Zionists that Palestine should have priority, on the ground that no benevolent activity has the right to a monopoly.

I am not a member of the Zionist organization. I have never paid my shekel and I don't think I ever will. I want to keep both my mind and my hands free. But after a fairly long and fairly thorough study of the Jewish situation in both Europe and Palestine I feel it my duty to protest with all possible vigor, with all possible urgency against the investment of one penny of Jewish money anywhere except in Palestine. No more disastrous, no more tragic error could be made. I am not impugning the good faith of the Soviet authorities in their scheme of settling Jewish farmers on Crimean lands. I impugn the conscious good faith of no one. I assert that there is no hope in Europe. It does not matter whether the regime is a red tyranny or a white, a capitalistic oligarchy tinged with monarchism as in Germany or a military despotism masquerading as a republic; it does not matter who are the "ins" or who are the "outs." At the first sign of popular tumult, whatever its cause, whatever its character, the people, whether in Soviet Russia or elsewhere, will rise up and smite the Jews. Promises count for nothing, the good faith of liberals is powerless, treaties are scraps of paper. If these Jews of today are not slaughtered, buried alive, crucified, shot, their children will be tomorrow. To spend one penny on keeping a Jew in Eastern or Central Europe is to subsidize murder. Palestine is not one form of benevolence among others. It is not benevolence at all. It is the only hope, the only duty, the only salvation.

Yesterday they pulled the beards of all the Jews on the streets of Riga; today they acquitted *Hakenkreuzler* in Silesia for destroying a synagogue. The Poles have made a gesture of peace. They want an American loan. If they get it they will reverse the gesture. If they don't get it they will blame the Jews. In Germany prices are rising. The people are told to smite the Jews. If France is other-minded, why does she not speak one word to curb the bloody Poles? If Italy is other-minded, whence these intrigues that seek to cripple us in the Near East? A thousand details could be gathered daily, nay hourly. And let not my American friends believe that there is or can be an exception. There is none. Did they themselves believe that the gates of America would ever be closed on the distressed of Israel? And if that could happen, what do they expect of Europe?

The causes of the hopelessness of the European situation are intricate. Yet they are clear when once they have been grasped. Christianity has never changed the real character of the pagan world. There are a few instinctive Christians everywhere and there are numerous Gentiles among them. But the broad masses of mankind are pagan barbarians, delighting in war and force, diverted by slaughter, instinctively wreaking irritation, discontent, or the mere playfulness of drunkenness on the weaker, the pacific, the minority, the different. To imagine that they have either gallantry or honor is as gross a superstition as to suppose that war can be anything but gruesomely relentless. Wherever the Jews must remain a small minority among a European people, there is no security nor health nor hope. The excuses of the majority differ from century to century. The Jew is not a Christian. The Jew is not an Aryan. The Jew is not . . . The Jew is . . . An inextricable mass of lies and self-deceptions. The Jew is in a minority. The Jew is a Jew. He has been murdered; he is being murdered; he will be murdered. There is no hope.

No hope—except in Palestine. We have the pledged word of the nations; we have the pledged honor of Britain that *there* we may some day become an effective if not an actual majority. With $15,000,000 we could come within sight of our goal. Crimean villages may be overrun by another Petlura or Denikin. Do our American Jews not remember that trail of blood? They have not seen, as I have, the children in Palestine who saw their fathers and their brothers buried alive. They have not seen, as I have seen, the whips and scorpions of Poland and Hungary. With $15,000,000 for Palestine we could so fortify and accelerate our work and make it so effective for the welfare and the civilization of the whole of the Near East that Britain may be tempted—as she needs but to be tempted—to include within the limits of the promised homeland the great and scarcely peopled tracts of Trans-Jordania with which our historical connection is hardly less clear than with the country from the Jordan to the sea. With $15,000,000 . . . But my imagination is staggered. For I can see Nahalal in the valley of Jezreel multiplied an hundred times, or Balfouria, or the lovely suburbs at the foot of the glory of Carmel. It was a Jew who said: "Man does not live by bread alone." He lives by an immortal and inexpugnable idea. The Crimean settlements will not flourish even while they are undemolished by Cossack or Tartar. There will be no health in them. It is useless to give bread to the Ghetto of Vilna. The bread will wither in the mouths of them that taste it. There is an idea alive today—an inspiration, an unquenchable, indomitable hope. Its name is Eretz Israel. I see outstretched hands of millions—stretched out not after the sour bread of charity, not after the cold clods of an alien and forever embattled land, but after the peace of Jerusalem and the excellency of Carmel.

Vienna, September 5 LUDWIG LEWISOHN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A momentous gathering of American Jewry concluded a two-day session in Philadelphia on Sunday September 13. Leaders of all shades of opinion, radical and conservative, Zionists and non-Zionists, were present to consider the plan worked out by Dr. Joseph Rosen, representative of the Joint Distribution Committee in Russia for the last four years, for the settlement of thirty to forty thousand Jewish families in the Ukraine. It was at Dr. Rosen's suggestion that the J. D. C. had in 1924 allotted $400,000 as an experiment for settling 1,000 families on some of the most fertile land in southern Russia. Five thousand families were actually placed on some 500,000 acres of land furnished gratis by the Soviet Government. The success of this

effort convinced Dr. Rosen of the feasibility of widening and extending this back-to-the-land movement. Of the 3,000,000 Jews in Russia 70 per cent are without means of earning a livelihood, in large measure because of the government policy of restrictions on private trade. Now that immigration to the United States is practically shut off, the hope of Russian Jewry, he felt, lay in removing as large a number as possible from the cities and towns to the land. This would make them economically independent and at once confer complete citizenship rights upon the settlers with three years' exemption from taxation and military service.

There was manifest at the national conference, held to raise $15,000,000 in three years to carry out Dr. Rosen's plan, a division of opinion as to its wisdom. Objection came principally from Zionists who feared that it would deter immigration to the Jewish homeland and in withdrawing financial assistance from the Zionist cause. The issue was squarely joined between the Zionists led by Rabbi Stephen Wise and the proponents of the plan led by Louis Marshall, who met the objections raised and the fears expressed concerning the attitude of the Soviet Government. On the assurance of the J. D. C. leaders that there was no intention to discourage the resettlement of Jews in Palestine, and that they were united with the Zionists in the upbuilding of the Jewish homeland, Zionist opposition to the Rosen plan was withdrawn.

Philadelphia, September 14 BENJAMIN GLASSBERG

French Colonies and Debts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The cession of lands by France in connection with the liquidation of the war debt is not brought to your attention as a new thought—as you know it has been discussed both in French and American publications—but as an expression of a growing consciousness of many Americans of our need of larger tropical colonies for the production, under our own flag, of a larger part of our rapidly growing imports from the tropics and the need of naval harbors in the Pacific in relation to the Panama Canal and for better communications with the Philippines. In this connection let us consider the colonies held by France and how much territory she acquired as a result of the war. The area of the French colonies is approximately:

In Asia	[illegible]	square miles
In Africa	5,245,725	" "
In America	33,165	" "
In Oceania	[illegible]	" "
Total	[illegible]	" "

The territory acquired by France from Germany as a result of the war is:

In Africa	290,400	square miles
[illegible]	[illegible]	" "
Total	[illegible]	" "

For comparison let us also recall that France proper has an area of 212,660 square miles and a population of a little more than 39,000,000, practically at a standstill; the United States, including Alaska, an area of 3,560,920 square miles and a growing population of more than 112,000,000; and that the tropical colonies of the United States including Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, Samoa, the Panama Canal Zone, the Virgin Islands, and the Philippines have a total area of 125,365 square miles.

With the large colonial empire indicated in a previous paragraph, for which she has not the population nor the financial [illegible] for development within a reasonable period, it would appear that France, without suffering any loss of national [illegible] or wounds of future conquest, in the mutual advantage of both contracting countries might cede part of her colonies to the United States as part payment of her debt. I refer to the following countries:

French Guiana	32,000	square miles
French West Indies	1,665	" "
French Oceania	1,520	" "
New Caledonia	7,650	" "
Madagascar	228,000	" "
Total	270,835	" "

For these lands the United States could afford to pay a liberal price, the acquisition of which would enable this country to grow a large part of her imports of tropical vegetable products which now amount to approximately $1,500,000,000 per annum. Again, by the possession of the Marquesas and the Society Islands she would gain control of excellent harbors of great strategic importance in relation to the Panama Canal and strengthen her communications with the Philippines. Their value as colonies to France is negligible from whatever point of view. The advantage accruing to France from this arrangement would consist not only in relieving her of direct payment with attendant financial strain, but the cession of these lands would strengthen her finances by lessening her administrative expenses, which exceed the revenues by a considerable margin in most of her colonies. Finally, as a recognition of the value of American intervention, without which France probably would have been reduced in area and lost part of her colonies instead of adding thereto and sharing in the indemnity paid by Germany, the cession of these lands would cement the traditional friendship between the two great republics which may stand her in good stead in another war—and France still would be in possession of a colonial empire of 5,327,000 square miles, most of it contiguous territory within easy reach of the mother country. In its bearing upon the future the arrangement indicated might well rank in importance with the Louisiana purchase, without which the United States would not have been the deciding factor it was in the last war.

Rochester, Minnesota, September 21 P. J. WESTER

The Massacre of the Innocents

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three hundred children are killed every year by automobiles in the City of New York. In Chicago 250 are killed annually. Thus we have a total of 550 children killed every year by automobiles in these two cities alone. By a simple calculation we may estimate that more than 7,000 children perish annually in this horrible manner in the whole of the United States.

How many children did King Herod slay in the massacre of the innocents?

What should we say if the Turks were to massacre 7,000 Christian children every year? What should we say, and do, if the criminal classes in the City of New York murdered 300 children every year?

Have we no pity? Are we Christians? Are we civilized?

It is a recognized fact that more than half of the automobile fatalities are due to excessive speed. At least half of these children might be saved from an agonizing and dreadful death, from extinction in the very beginning and dawn of their existence, by automatically limiting the speed of all automobiles to a point more consistent with public safety (say twelve miles an hour). This is in our power, in the City of New York, at least. Let us ask for a city ordinance requiring that every automobile in the City of New York shall accept and use a speed controller, limiting its speed automatically to a maximum of twelve miles an hour. I am aware that such a city ordinance would interfere with the amusement of speed lovers; but I maintain that human life should have the precedence.

Chicago, September 9 BERTRAND SHADWELL

Books and Plays

Ironies

By WYMAN SIDNEY SMITH

These are the smooth bent pins of life—

That we shall love and not be loved,
And see love killed by the mere turning of a rose petal;
That we shall live and miss ambition by a penny;
That we shall gain life's secret
And lose it at an evening's argument;
That we shall dream and see a thorn
On an old rose bush prick the dream.

Some lose their lives because a pulley slips;
In other days the dew made climbing dangerous,
Or wind dropped cocoanuts on heads from high palm trees.

Accidents?
How so?
Ironies are monkeys in us still.

The Lineage of Printing

The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward. By Thomas Francis Carter. Columbia University Press. $7.50.

The Literature of Papermaking, 1390-1800. By Dard Hunter. Chillicothe, Ohio: The Author. $30.

THE history of our civilization might be written in terms of the development of printing. For our civilization is essentially a book—and periodical—civilization. After the fashion of the Sultan who is alleged to have pronounced, following a most incredible story by one of his courtiers, "Now *that* I believe, because I read something of the sort in a book," we reverence the printed page. In America at any rate we have exalted literacy above all virtues. Yet in spite of our devotion to the printed word we have given inadequate attention to its history. To the relatively scanty literature of the subject Professor Carter and Mr. Hunter have made two notable contributions.

For his work, the first Occidental history of Chinese printing, Professor Carter has tapped the resources of the globe. Archaeological researches, hundreds of books in Oriental languages, and personal conference with scholars in all parts of the world furnish the sound basis for a volume which carries its learning lightly, is filled with human interest, quiet humor, and illuminating illustrations, and is informed with that sense of the vital unity of all human affairs which alone makes scholarship a living thing. Its method affords a lesson to the research scholar on the one hand and to the entertaining but inaccurate writer of special articles on the other.

Professor Carter brings to Occidental readers new and striking personages in the history of printing: Ts'ai Lun, who in the second century A.D. invented paper, making it from bark, hemp, rags, and fish nets; the Empress Shotoku, who gave enormous impetus to printing by having a million charms printed in order to prolong her life but who died while the last of the charms were being made; Wang Chieh, the first known printer of books, a work of his having been found with the date 868; Fêng Tao, the prime minister under whose direction the Chinese Classics were printed in 130 volumes between 932 and 953; Wu Chao-i, responsible for making literature available to the common people; Pi Shêng, the first experimenter with movable type. Figures like these emerge as builders of a cultivated civilization while most of Europe was in barbarism.

As to the possible line of descent from Chinese to European printing, Professor Carter finds the transmission of paper across Asia into Northern Africa, and then to Spain by means of the Moors, unquestionable. Also there is every probability that European block printing, first found in playing cards and image prints, came from China. There is only a mere possibility that the movable type of China and Korea—not so important to printing there because of the form of the languages—actually influenced European typography. Professor Carter believes, however, that reports of travelers as to the great diffusion of books in the Orient must have been a marked incentive to typographical invention in Europe.

Of as great significance as the facts in the book are two deductions. One relates to the parallelism of the human mind in East and West. As the author says, refuting popular notions of mysterious inscrutability in the Orient, "Given similar conditions, the two ends of the world have done similar things." An amusing concrete example is found in the fourteenth-century Chinese woodcut entitled Beauties Who from Dynasty to Dynasty Have Overturned Empires. The other deduction concerns the religious motive as everywhere the impelling cause for the advance of printing. The earliest printing in practically every country has been religious printing. It is a commentary upon human inconsistency that the very forces which have invariably stimulated the means of expanding human knowledge have frequently, as in our day, striven to prevent the dissemination of fact and opinion.

Mr. Hunter's contribution is a companion piece to his earlier volume, "Old Papermaking," which was the first book ever prepared exclusively by one man, from the writing of the text through the designing of the type, the making of the paper, the composition, and finally the press work itself. His new work, prepared in the same way, is an equally beautiful piece of printing and an equally sound pioneer study. It lists the seventy European and American works from 1390 to 1800 which deal with papermaking. The title-pages of the more important volumes are reproduced, each on paper as nearly like the original as possible. Moreover, the books listed, many of which are extremely rare, are described and summarized with so much insight and selective ability as to turn bibliography, dullest of subjects, into pageantry.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

A Great Physician

The Life of Sir William Osler. By Harvey Cushing. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. $12.50.

SOLIDLY grounded in science, alive to the social implications of the medical discoveries of his day, and gifted with a compelling charm, Sir William Osler exerted an influence on the medical profession that has been equaled by few characters in the history of medicine. Born in 1849 of pioneer parents at Bond Head, Upper Canada, he early exhibited an exuberance of spirit combined with a certain roguishness and ingenuity. "Father" Johnson, his teacher at Weston, Ontario, was an omnivorous naturalist interested not only in the gross behavior of his young students but likewise in the microscopic appearance of whatever chanced to cross his path—whether delicate aquatic larvae or the molar of an old cow killed on the railway track. It was Johnson who first fired the imagination of William Osler and developed in him that power of observation which involves something more than seeing.

It is not wholly surprising that Osler, the son of a clergyman and the favorite pupil of Father Johnson, entered Trinity College with the expectation of following the ministry. There, however, he fell under the dominant influence of James Bovell,

dean of the Institute of Medicine and professor of natural theology. Although Bovell was in the process of changing from medicine to the ministry his pupil at the age of twenty ferried in the reverse direction. Bovell became Osler's spiritual father: "I will honor as my father the man who teaches me the art."

Two years abroad in the clinics of London, Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and Munich successfully cross-fertilized Osler's mind so that on his return he was well equipped to assume the duties of professor of pathology at McGill. Charming in manner, prodigious in energy, enthusiastic in his work, he soon became the leader of a scientific renaissance. In 1884, at the age of thirty-four, while revisiting Europe he accepted a call to the professorship of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia as in Montreal Osler proved "a potent ferment," developing teaching in the wards and arousing the spirit of research in the laboratory. Then with the creation in 1889 of the Johns Hopkins Medical School he was called to Baltimore as chief.

The Baltimore years proved to be the flowering of Osler's career. Firmly grounded in the fundamentals of medicine, in love with his work and beloved by his students, he was also a prolific writer, turning out in those days a great proportion of the seven hundred and thirty titles of his bibliography. Osler realized his greatest joy and chief pride, however, in reviving the old-fashioned method of bedside instruction on the wards. As he once said: "I desire no other epitaph than the statement that I taught medical students in the wards." His depth and breadth of learning found even fuller fruition in his "Text Book of Medicine," a work that has been the unquestioned standard in the field ever since. The crisp style, the humble confession of the gaps in medical knowledge, the precision of thought helped to intrigue the interest of the Rockefellers in medical matters and played no small part in the evolution of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research.

But greater than his tangible work was the impalpable effect of Osler's engaging personality on the medical profession of his day. In a period of momentous scientific advances he immediately perceived the full implications of recent discoveries with regard to tuberculosis, syphilis, malaria, and typhoid fever, and possessed the personality and literary ability to enliven the profession to its full social duty.

Such prodigious expenditure of energy took its toll, however. When, therefore, the call to the Regius Professorship at Oxford came Osler seized the opportunity to limit his consulting practice and to devote his attention to the more scholarly aspects of medicine. He was not wholly successful in this, for his talent for leadership was inevitably recognized and utilized to the full. So widespread was the affection in which he was held that virtually every possible honor of the British medical profession was bestowed upon him. His home in Oxford, appropriately nicknamed The Open Arms, was constantly filled with English and American guests. On December 29, 1919, died "one of the most greatly beloved physicians of all time."

Such is the story which Dr. Cushing unfolds, or rather allows his subject to unfold, in fourteen hundred pages. For Dr. Cushing has entirely effaced himself, utilizing Osler's letters, Osler's speeches, and Osler's acts to construct a mosaic which is virtually autobiographical in nature. In fact, he has almost exceeded the limits of commendable modesty. That his scholarship and medical eminence were not the only grounds on which the biography of Osler was intrusted to him is indicated by the touching last chapters of the book.

It is interesting that in an age characterized by profound discoveries Osler, who made not a single fundamental contribution, should nevertheless be one of the great medical figures. His gifts were of the clinic rather than of the laboratory. Probably no physician of his day was more learned in the structural basis of disease, but he utilized his pathology to fortify a rare clinical acumen. The stern sense of reality engendered by his early training never allowed him to become a therapeutic faddist.

The work is bulky, but as a cyclopedia of Osleriana it will form an invaluable source book not only of the man but of the medical generation which he tends to symbolize. The excellent index and page headings will greatly enhance its value. The work is illumined by Osler's never-failing wisdom and charm, his sharp wit and gentle humor, and it is everywhere informed with Dr. Cushing's own literary skill and devotion to a great task. The "Life" constitutes a noble memorial. A biography, however, that will critically evaluate the contributions made by Osler to the science and art of medicine has yet to be written.

HERRMANN BLUMGART

The Long Journey

Wanderings. By Robert Herrick. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IN 1895 Robert Herrick, then a young American idealist, published his first essay in fiction. Since then he has come a long and sorrowful journey, marking in novel after novel the stages of his increasing bitterness and disillusion until now in three of the four short novels which constitute "Wanderings" he has reached an ultimate pessimism. None of his works has achieved absolute greatness, none is sure of a permanent place in American literature; and yet, taken together, they form an impressive record of the life of a man who has spent his years in a serious effort to understand his age and who has found it less and less good. Their pages contain many an accurate picture of American life, many a shrewd comment upon it; and between the lines may be read an even more interesting story of the gradual embitterment of a passionate personality.

Mr. Herrick was never, to be sure, a facile optimist. Endowed with an austere, almost puritanical passion for rectitude and integrity, he was never one to see in the growing power and wealth of his country any palliation of the questionable means by which this growth was furthered. In novel after novel he described the rise of some business or professional man and set down with grim honesty the details of the bargains which he made. He never failed to show how commercial success was purchased at the price of sharp dealing or how professional advancement was achieved at the expense of professional integrity; and he never failed to make clear his opinion that, considered as a whole, the history of his generation was a history of the process by which honor, intellectual honesty, and the feeling for spiritual values were bartered for wealth, position, and power. Yet the sharpness of this criticism was, as such sharpness generally is, but the corollary of a passionate belief in the possibility of those things whose absence was so resolutely pointed out. Born of an idealism, Mr. Herrick's criticism revealed by the very vehemence of its protest against one tradition of life its belief in the possibilities of life itself; and he was, by the very fact that he chose usually to deal with sociological themes, constantly confessing his faith in mankind, since to discuss the evils of a social system is to assume that human nature is itself somehow capable of the good, the beautiful, and the great.

Step by step, however, his bitterness has grown. With increasing disgust he has watched the spectacle which his age affords, and his disillusion, growing deeper and deeper, has led him to question not merely his country and his time but existence itself. "Wanderings" is for him a new departure because it is the first of his major works in which his theme is not primarily sociological; in it he turns his back upon society and its problems, gives up, as it were, any hope of finding an adequate explanation of life's acrid flavor in the study of institutions and traditions, and gives himself to the analysis of characters and emotions which are operating in a social

void. In these new stories his heroes have, like himself, surrendered the attempt to live in any close association with their fellows. They have abandoned the market-place and the street in the hope that in some remote and primitive corner of the world they could live uncorrupted lives, but even there they find existence inevitably bitter. Specifically, the stories deal, in a mood not unsuggestive of D. H. Lawrence, with baffled passion, with the inevitable frustration of that desire for complete understanding and complete union which produces the agony of love, but they have more than this specific significance since they constitute for Mr. Herrick a new order of problems and mark his acquiescence in a genuine pessimism. His stories have generally, it is true, been stories of dissonances, but here for the first time he devotes a volume to the study of dissonances which are unresolvable because of something inherent in life itself. Ceasing to be a sociologist who believes that it is in society that man can find the chief source of his mystery, he has become a psychologist intent upon understanding the profounder predicament in which the gods placed him when they fashioned him as he is.

This long journey which Mr. Herrick has come is the same which is commonly made by both races and individuals. They begin with the feeling that their lives or their societies have merely gone strangely and temporarily wrong; they are sure that they may somehow be made to go right as the lives or the societies of other times have gone; but as their criticism penetrates deeper and deeper, as they proceed from disillusion to disillusion, they come upon those dissonances which no manipulation can resolve, and whether they accept them with the wail of Thomas Hardy or the shrug of Anatole France they feel in them rather than in the details of time or place the real materials of philosophy and art. If in recording this journey as he made it Mr. Herrick has failed of the absolute greatness which he seemed as a young man to promise it is because, I fancy, he has not been completely frank nor told quite all he had to tell. Almost from the beginning there was in him a bitterness which his study of American society did not wholly explain, some more personal pain which helped bridge the gulf between the disappointed idealist which he was and the embittered recluse which he has become. Doubtless pride and delicacy have restrained any impulse to portray more intimately his emotions, and these are understandable things, but he has paid a price for his fastidiousness. His books, always interesting, seem always not quite complete expressions of the mood which produced them.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Talking of Taxes

Taxation and Welfare. By Harvey Whitefield Peck. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Public Finance. By Harley Leist Lutz. D. Appleton and Company. $4.

The Economics of Taxation. By Harry Gunnison Brown. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

The Taxation of Unearned Incomes. (Second edition.) By Harry Gunnison Brown. Lucas Brothers. $2.

The Social Significance of the Inheritance Tax. By Eugenio Rignano. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

THE flood of tax books continues unabated. How high ought taxes to be? As low as possible, says the practical business man. As high, says the impractical theorist, as is required for the best division possible, from the standpoint of welfare, between public and private spending. Recent British studies suggest more public, as opposed to private, expenditure. Mr. Peck's interesting and useful volume is a reasoned attempt to show that state expenditure should increase faster than national income. Taxes, generally speaking, ought to rise, and ought, in the general interest, to be paid increasingly by the rich.

Mr. Lutz has added another to the long succession of dreary general texts on public finance. On the whole, it is one of the least bad of the lot, and it is likely to prove very useful to harassed teachers in this parched field. Safe and conservative in point of view, and traditional in arrangement, it brings the available information down to date, besides settling, by rather pontifical pronouncement, various questions which might otherwise occasion the student hours of troublesome thinking. It is always helpful to have difficult problems settled right.

Mr. Brown's two books are of a different sort. "The Economics of Taxation" is a careful deductive study, from the standpoint of fairly orthodox theory, of the incidence of taxes. A clear, excellent, and straightforward piece of work, it might well be commended to Secretary Mellon and those other obscurantists who cheerfully and invincibly believe that the consumer pays the tax, anyway. For lack of clear thinking, as Mr. Brown points out, much tax discussion is pure obfuscation. Not till we know who ultimately pays the various taxes can we decide which ones we want, on the basis of the results we hope to achieve. The question of what taxes are preferable Mr. Brown rigidly and properly excludes from this book; but in "The Taxation of Unearned Incomes" he gives scope to his predilection for a tax on land rent (or value) as the chief source of government revenue. It was full time for some competently equipped economist to take up the cudgels in behalf of the economically tenable parts of Henry George's doctrine. Mr. Brown has done it with zeal, and on the whole with skill. Of course this puts him outside the fold of the safe and sane economists, and the vigor of his onslaught has already occasioned some little fluttering in the academic dove-cotes. But say what we may, land does differ significantly, for purposes of economic analysis, from factories and railroad trains and other things that men make. The true economic scientist, then, if he is going to devise tax systems, must take account of those differences, and not simply foam at the mouth every time the single tax is mentioned.

By the same token, Mr. Brown ought not to foam at the mouth every time he mentions the socialists. Notwithstanding his lame defense of inheritance in pretty much its present length and breadth, his objections to private receipt of income from land rent lie almost equally against private receipt of income from interest on inherited capital. He has not demonstrated, and cannot demonstrate, that such receipt performs an essential economic function in the second case any more than in the first. The right of transmission to descendants, says Mr. Brown in effect, is essential to capital accumulation. So be it; but even though I will not save except for my children, yet even so it is unnecessary for their descendants to reap five per cent per annum to all eternity on the fruits of my abstinence. So comes Mr. Rignano with the ingenious suggestion that inheritance taxes be graduated, not only, as at present, according to size of estate and degree of relationship of beneficiaries, but also according to number of testamentary transfers of the various parts of the estate. At a man's death, what he has accumulated himself might be subject only to the present tax; his father's accumulation, which the man has inherited, might pay 50 per cent, his grandfather's, which has already been twice inherited, say, 100 per cent. Under such a scheme I can leave property to my son untroubled, and he can hand on half of it to my grandson; but my great-grandson must work for his own living, unless my son and grandson in their turn work and save for him. It is an ingenious turning of the tables on those who maintain that we cannot interfere with inheritance without discouraging work and saving. The device has difficulties enough; yet any plan of this sort offered to the American public with even the carefully guarded blessing of as wise and cautious a scholar as Professor Seligman deserves the attention of that great body of students who wish to preserve the benefits of private management and initiative and who yet realize the incompatibility of political democracy with cumulative economic inequality.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Circumstance and Character

Sex and Civilization. By Paul Bousfield. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

"THE condition of the sexual energies in civilized society, as it affects the relative position of men and women, and especially our conception of masculine and feminine ideals" is the object of his investigation, Dr. Bousfield tells us. And so, half a century after John Stuart Mill wrote shrewdly that we could predicate nothing about women's innate mental traits and emotional attributes until we had carefully studied the laws of the influence of circumstances on character, one of the first beginnings of such a study is made.

Whether the individual reader will think it fortunate or otherwise that so much of the pioneering work in this important and curiously neglected field should be done by scientists who are frankly preoccupied with one only of the various motivations of character, and are concerned to elucidate and extend theories so highly debatable as some of those grouped under the general heading of psychoanalysis, he cannot fail to recognize the valuable contribution they offer. Perhaps the best way to describe the impression this book has made on me is to confess that although it often seems irritatingly diffuse and didactic, and although many of the psychoanalytic tenets adduced as the basis of the feminist argument do not gain my belief (the castration complex in particular seeming to me fantastically untenable), the book has won half a dozen rereadings from me in the last few months.

Among the various speculations it starts, possibly the most interesting is started by Dr. Bousfield's central theory as to the creation of sex traditions—suggested in part, as he candidly explains, by Dr. Beatrice Hinkle's previously published statement that instead of thinking of people according to sex she had substituted type, and in part by the Vaertings's theory of the dominant sex, but nevertheless his own. Certain attributes and qualities, he says, come at a given time and place to be considered as belonging to the sex then dominant. When the male sex happens to be dominant, these qualities are called masculine; when the female sex is dominant the same qualities are called feminine. Since the male has now been dominant in Europe for many centuries, the qualities that have therefore come to be called masculine seem to us innately masculine. The theory is open to the objection that the Vaertings eventually may not be sustained in their thesis, but nevertheless it has positive value. I rather fancy that Dr. Bousfield hit upon the valuable core of this notion as a result of personal observation and speculation, and that he thereupon quite unnecessarily buttressed it with an elaborate and possibly not entirely sound anthropological argument.

One of his most valuable contributions he shares with Dr. Hinkle, the discovery that the attempt on the part of many individuals to have, or to pretend to have, the characteristics quite arbitrarily assumed to belong to their sex, and only those, has been productive of much unfortunate warping and straining, and so of individual unhappiness and social waste.

His main argument is equally valuable. The repression of sexual instincts dictated by society to girls, he says, often results in an unconscious and diffused sort of sexuality that saps their energy and results in sexual perversions which may involve permanent maladjustments. It will be remembered that Freud, and in fact the generality of untechnical writers as well, believe this diffused sort of sexuality to be as normal in women as it would be abnormal in men, and therefore one of the marks, as one of the causes of their inferiority. Dr. Bousfield makes out a vigorous case for its being abnormal, with the corollary that therefore the physical inferiority resulting from it is artificial. The book is of interest to the layman, and it is indispensable both to the analyst of human behavior and to the feminist.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Books in Brief

The Secret of the Coup d'Etat; Unpublished Correspondence of Prince Louis Napoleon, MM. De Morny, De Flahault, and Others, 1848-1852. Edited with an Introduction by the Earl of Kerry and a Study by Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Karl Marx once said of the coup d'etat of 1851 that it was perpetrated "in order to pay off the debts of the Bonaparte family." Marx, however, wrote just after the coup d'etat and based his judgment on little more than a prejudiced suspicion that the numerous studies written since his time have not confirmed. This collection of letters—which parades under an entirely misleading title—exchanged principally between the Count de Flahault and M. de Morny, two important participants in the coup d'etat, lends no further evidence in support of Marx's contention. And yet one rises from the reading with a feeling that the proponent of the materialistic interpretation of history was right. Flahault and Morny, father and illegitimate son as they were, expressed themselves much more candidly in their letters to each other than in statements intended immediately or ultimately for the public ear. One hears, therefore, amidst all the usual cant regarding the saving of society, love of country, and fidelity to a cause—in which both gentlemen undoubtedly considered themselves thoroughly sincere—the occasional chink of silver and the rustle of banknotes. The true secret of the coup d'etat will be revealed only when we learn more about the actual motives impelling the various conspirators. It may be that the intuitive insight of Marx revealed to him what the scientific incumbrances of historians have concealed from them and that he alone perceived the secret of the coup d'etat. But it may be, too, that there was no secret, after all, and that the coup d'etat was nothing more than its historians have maintained.

The Scientific Study of Human Society. By Franklin Henry Giddings. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

In his latest book Mr. Giddings elaborates his fundamental thesis that society can be studied scientifically through an analysis of what he calls "societal patterns and societal variables." With an understanding of the patterns and the variables he couples case-counting and the statistical method, and especially dwells on the significance of casual groups and their relation to the fundamental patterns. Despite the fact that this is essentially a technical book for serious students of sociology, Mr. Giddings has not escaped from giving a number of acute generalizations on present-day society. For advanced university courses the work should prove a valuable text, and all students of society will find it a definite contribution to the methodology of their field.

Drama

Second Flight

TIME and circumstance conspired to aid Messrs. Anderson and Stallings in achieving their first great success. Circumstance saw to it that one of them should be sent to gather his material in pain and peril, while time prepared the moment of robust cynicism which served to generate their mood and to prepare the understanding of their audiences. They themselves are doubtless fully aware of the fact that whatever god looks over the fate of playwrights made an important third in their collaboration; and it was not, for this reason, to be expected that in their second effort they should be able to begin where they left off before. "First Flight" (Plymouth Theater) is, indeed, no unqualified success, for it lacks the force and the speed as well as the timeliness of

"What Price Glory"; yet it is no discouragement to those who look to its authors for many important contributions to the American stage, since it shows that they are, even when unaided, capable of breaking new ground. Their play is not great, but it is the first native historical drama which is neither merely a stately tableau nor a mildly galvanized wax-works.

Taking Andrew Jackson as their hero they have managed to escape the curse of dignity which falls upon nearly all who attempt to treat a historical personage, and they have sought to capture the peculiar atmosphere of his times in the full realization that it had nothing to do with the stateliness of history. Somehow they have managed to grasp the fact which ought to be obvious to every one who can read, but which somehow no writer has ever fully grasped—the fact, that is to say, that the dominant characteristic of the remoter States of the American Federation was simply the grotesque melange of barbarism and dignity which the spectacle of their life afforded. Actually, the citizens of these communities were inhabiting a wilderness, actually, their family estates were, in many cases, at least, the rude dwellings of frontiersmen, and their customs were those of any savage community where personal prowess is the deciding factor in any dispute. But because they had lived for no more than a generation or two in these primitive conditions they had not wholly forgotten the traditions of another life. They pretended that settlers who had lived for twenty years in the same spot constituted a landed aristocracy; they spoke of the blackleg lawyer who had read a few books in the intervals of coon hunting as though he were a second Blackstone; and they began with the ceremony appropriate to a court ball a dance in a log cabin which would end before morning in a free-for-all fight. Oratory rolled from their mouths in such sonorous phrases that the leader of an Indian raid became, as his health was elaborately drunk in corn liquor poured from a jug, second only in generalship and historical importance to Hannibal himself; and oratory was a habit of life as well as speech. By the license of rhetoric the Free State of Franklin was transformed into an ancient and sovereign Power comparable in wealth and polish at least to France in the days of le Roi de Soleil.

Perhaps there was nothing ever quite like it before, perhaps no such band of courtly backwoodsmen ever existed in any other community, and certainly nothing else in all the history of America was quite so uniquely picturesque. No historian could ever do it justice: he would be too grave. No patriot could ever really picture it: he would be too much impressed. But someone with enough gusto to enjoy its vigor coupled with enough irony to relish its contrast could make it something superb, and the authors of "First Flight" have—well, come close enough to suggest that they may sometime be able to realize the opportunity which they deserve great credit for having at least perceived.

Their evocation of the atmosphere is excellent and their drawing of character, while not so distinguished, highly satisfactory; but there is in the action of the play an unmistakable drag, which is, perhaps, the result simply of the fact that in their eagerness to treat only a single, self-contained incident the authors have not allowed themselves sufficient material. Actually their story ends at the close of the second act, and they are faced with a good three-quarters of an hour to fill. The average playwright, I fear, would have given us an Inaugural Ball in tableau or something almost as banal, and though the present authors have done nothing quite so bad as that they have, nevertheless, sent the young Jackson back for an extended love scene which is not only tame but which involves, also, a disastrous change in mood from the roystering to the sentimental. On the whole the play is one which presents many points of interest to the critical spectator, but it is not a "good show."

"The Vortex," first of three plays by the English actor Noel Coward to be produced in New York this season, revealed itself at Henry Miller's Theater as a thoroughly interesting piece which begins as satiric comedy and slides almost imperceptibly into something very near tragedy. The material which it employs is actually rather slight, it might easily have become entirely trivial, but there is a dexterity in the handling which keeps it always alive and always engaging. What Mr. Coward has to offer is not profundity and not any remarkable strength but a certain freshness of personality which he is able to communicate not only through his acting but through his writing as well. Both the character of the humor and the method by which the tale is gradually unfolded reveal a touch sufficiently individual to impart to each a freshness too slight to analyze but sufficient to make the play stand out among the usual banalities of the theater. "The Vortex" is, indeed, among the two or three plays of the new season indisputably worth seeing.

"The Pelican" (Times Square Theater) provides Margaret Lawrence with a series of situations of the sort in which emotional actresses always delight. The playwright has seen to it that the heroine of the drama, a much enduring mother, shall be called upon to make an impressive series of sacrifices and, though it is pretty obvious that most of them should never have been made, she is given every opportunity for noble suffering; and such, I take it, was his chief purpose.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

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Evenings (except Monday), 8:30 sharp.
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30 sharp.
The Grand Street Follies of 1925
All Performances—Orchestra, $2; Balcony, $1.50.

BAYES Theatre, 44th St., W. of Broadway. LACKAWANNA 6745
EVENINGS, 8:30 MATINEE SATURDAY, 2:30
The Yiddish Art Theatre Players in Maurice Schwartz Production of
A Biblical Drama by Paul Heyse
King Saul
Complete Synopsis in English with Program

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V. F. Calverton
"Social Interpretation of American Literature"
Fridays, 8:30 P. M., Oct. 2 to Nov. 6
Joseph M. Osman
"The Psychology of Personality"
Tuesdays, 7 P. M., Sept. 29 to Dec. 22
Marius Hansome
"A Critical Approach to Sociology"
Tuesdays, 8:30 P. M., Sept. 29 to Dec. 22

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International Relations Section

British Labor and the Empire

By L. HADEN GUEST

I

AT the 1922 and 1923 general elections in Great Britain very little was said of the empire from Labor platforms and when Labor came into office in 1924 it found itself confronted with the test of the governance of a world dominion. It is true we had men of knowledge and experience in empire affairs in our party and we conducted an empire policy at least as well as, and in some ways better than, other parties in the state. The Labor Government's scheme for migration to the dominions, its administration of tropical dependencies, its understanding of the greatness of the problems of empire politics showed its fitness for government in no uncertain way. But the Labor Party did not have a generally agreed upon and accepted empire policy, a policy which would help us to apply to the empire as a whole ideas of the same general order as we have applied to our own policy in home affairs. That policy we are now setting out to create, and interesting steps can be traced in the annual reports of the British Labor Party for 1923, 1924, and in the agenda for the annual conference in 1925.

In the 1923 report there is some vigorous language about imperialist exploitation of lands overseas; in the 1924 report there is the record of an important resolution of bulk purchase of food, largely from the dominions, moved and seconded at the 1924 annual conference by George Lansbury, M.P., and Tom Johnston, M.P. But in the preliminary executive-committee resolutions for the annual conference in 1925 there is presented for the first time a series of resolutions dealing comprehensively with the Labor attitude on empire policy from the point of view of a democracy in control.

II

The first attempt to gather together a conference of Labor parties in the British Commonwealth of Nations was made in 1924, but so few delegates were able to attend that only a series of informal meetings and conversations took place. But this year, 1925, a conference met on July 27 and the five following days in the rooms of the Empire Parliamentary Association, Westminster Hall, London. Its agenda included the discussion of migration within the empire, the Geneva protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes, international labor legislation and the question of the ratification of the eight-hour day, anthrax, white-lead, and other conventions, inter-dominion trade relations, including, of course, trading relations with Great Britain, conditions of Indian labor in British colonies, and industrial legislation and labor protection in mandated territories. Representatives from Australia, Canada, South Africa, Newfoundland, Ireland, India, and Palestine were present, a fraternal delegation of the International Federation of Trade Unions, and strong contingents from the executive committee of the national Labor Party, the general council of the Trades Union Congress, and the Parliamentary Labor Party.

The fact that this conference met in the year of the twenty-fifth British Labor Party Conference gives an indication of the rate of growth of labor as a political power in the empire as a whole. How often the conference will meet in future years is undecided, but it has already been determined to make such conferences periodical, and a resolution affirming this principle appears on the preliminary agenda of the British Labor Party Conference for September. What the influence of such a conference will be also remains for the future to determine, but with Labor taking an increasingly important share in the dominions and in India, with a growing recognition of the first-rate importance of labor problems in the mandated territories and in the dependent empire it is certain that there exists a great role for this conference to play in the affairs of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Politically these conferences link up the Labor parties of the British Commonwealth of Nations more closely with the general labor movement of the world and with one another, but their main work, of course, is economic. They face one of the greatest difficulties in the economic organization of the world as a whole—the conflict of the standards of life of white and colored labor.

It is possible to have a policy of a white Australia. It is not possible to have a policy of a white empire without cutting the empire in pieces. What the solution of the conflict of standards of life will be, or whether there will be any solution, is, of course, not possible to say. But at least we are working toward a solution when Australian experience meets the South African. In South Africa the demarcation of work between white and black, the "color bar," and race questions are in the very forefront of political and social questions. This problem of the conflict of differing standards of life has forced itself to the front of British Labor politics also. During the present session of Parliament the Parliamentary Labor Party has appointed a special committee to consider its policy toward "sweated goods." The practicability of the exclusion of goods made under sweated conditions is being carefully considered. Similar economic reasons have forced on the British Labor Party the consideration of the policy of imperial preference, and a recent division in the House of Commons when nineteen members voted for imperial preference and twelve others, compulsorily absent, expressed their support of the principle shows how acute the question has become. Among those supporting were Mr. J. H. Thomas, Labor Colonial Secretary, and the Clydeside group, including Mr. Wheatley.

One result of the conference will inevitably be the broadening out of the conception of Labor throughout the empire. It is recognized that it is necessary to have not a British policy or an Australian policy or a Canadian policy but a policy for the British commonwealth as a whole. And it is no longer a question of theory or of some far-distant date. In 1924 a Labor Government was in office in Great Britain, at an early date a Labor Commonwealth Government will be in office in Australia, in a year or two more a Labor Government may again be in office in London—presumably aided by an effective majority. That is to say, in a few years—and a few years more or less are of no great importance to the historical and political significance of the event—Labor will be in power over the

British commonwealth as a whole, and in effective power because backed up in Australia, in New Zealand, in Canada, in South Africa, and other regions of the empire either by majorities supporting governments or by strong minorities vitally influencing opinion. Labor ruling the whole dominion of the British Commonwealth of Nations will have to face the most difficult tasks of the world, for all the great problems the world is called upon to face are found within the British Empire. Labor has been preparing for this task for many years. The problems of the government of Indian have been as much the subject of earnest thought as the problems of the government of Great Britain. In the impending discussions of Indian policy it is certain that Labor will take a leading share. The same consideration applies to the problems of the tropical territories in Africa, where over 300 different black races, speaking widely separated languages and with customs ranging from cannibalism to complex Moslem civilizations, present a bewildering array of detailed tasks. Nor must we forget the tasks of empire in the West Indies or in South America or in the East Indies. And to the preliminary consideration of these great responsibilities Labor in Great Britain is now calling into conference Labor in the dominions. Truly a change from the time, twenty years ago, when those of us who are now working in the great world-wide movement were standing on orange-boxes or borrowed chairs at street corners speaking of the need of the industrial and political reorganization of the workers for the bringing about of socialism. There was truth in our words and a power greater than we knew.

III

When the Labor Government found itself in office in 1924 and in a difficult position representing a balancing minority, we were at once faced with tremendous tasks. But our line of approach to our tasks was in most cases quite clear—on foreign policy we were in no doubt, in industrial affairs our line of action was clearly mapped. But with regard to the British commonwealth as a whole our policy was not sufficiently determined. The problems of a world-wide federation of nations demand closer study than any party has yet given them. Despite flag-wagging and sentiment the Conservatives and the Liberals were as uncertain of this policy as Labor. Nor could this be otherwise. For example, the problems of tropical Africa are only fifty years old, the problem of Kenya is only ten years old. And not before the Labor Government came into office was a special commission sent out to East Africa to study conditions on the spot and to report on policy. Mr. Ormesby-Gore, the Conservative, Major Church, the Labor, and Mr. Linfield, the Liberal representative, went to East Africa, and their report is a historic document of great interest and one which will have an important effect on policy.

The reaction of Labor in facing unknown problems was to demand knowledge. And while the commission in East Africa did its work and a delegation visited South Africa and later on Jamaica, the Labor members in the House of Commons especially interested in empire affairs joined together to form a group for study and discussion called the Labor Commonwealth Group. We elected Mr. Royce, Labor M.P. for an English agricultural district, as our first chairman, but he unfortunately died when governor-designate of Tasmania. On his death George Lansbury was elected chairman. The present writer has been secretary of the group since the beginning. From small beginnings the group has grown to over ninety members in a party of 150, and our discussions have ranged over Canadian, Indian, South African, and Australian affairs, with latterly a very great deal of attention being given to the consideration of imperial preference and possible socialist alternatives to fiscal preference. This intensive study of empire affairs has already exerted great influence in the Labor movement in this country and it has exerted it by the spread of knowledge and the force of facts. At an early stage the group expressed a strong view in favor of the setting up of the Imperial Economic Committee and influenced opinion in the parliamentary party very considerably. When the imperial-preference resolutions came up for discussion in the 1924 Parliament during the Labor Party's term of office five members of the group, including myself, supported preference against the front bench, which was free trade. This year the division of opinion was more pronounced, so that the vote on the imperial-preference resolutions in the budget was left as a free vote.

The significance of this vote will be misunderstood if it is thought to indicate an opinion in favor of taxation preference in principles. What it means is, first, a sincere desire to cooperate with the dominions, and, secondly, a desire to do the one thing possible at the moment to help the dominions. A full alternative to preference is not yet worked out. But it is intended to give by organization of marketing facilities, by cheapening of transport, by bulk purchase and similar measures assistance to the dominions of even greater financial advantage than those given by preferential duties as such.

There is now in the Labor Party as a whole an overwhelming support for the policy of closer economic and political relationship with the dominions. Those members of the Labor Party who opposed preference as well as those who supported it made this abundantly clear. Such matters as exclusion of "sweated goods," licensing of imports, and financing of "pools" have all come up recently for earnest discussion inside the Labor Party. And while these things are not taxation preference they are equally certainly not free trade in the old sense.

In the internal affairs of Great Britain the rise of the Labor Party has meant the transfer of attention from the shopkeepers' and consumers' to the producers' point of view. No member of the Labor Party in Great Britain would tolerate bad conditions here on the ground that a change would cause a rise in prices.

While the party remained to a certain extent ignorant of conditions of production in other countries it was possible to concentrate attention only on cheapness of imports without respect to what that meant elsewhere in the world. Labor has, of course, always been against sweating in every part of the world and vigorously protested against it. But now Labor recognizes the need for organizing against it, and whether by tariff preferences or by more complicated and more thoroughgoing methods is the only question in dispute.

Certain older members of the Labor Party who have got themselves stuck in well-marked ruts of thought consider that the new move in the Labor Party toward dominion coordination is a sign of decadence. Younger members believe that the new movement is an attempt to apply

the ideas of socialism to a great problem of world-organization. Some of us even cherish the hope that in the years to come when Labor is in power over all the great British Commonwealth of Nations we may be able to lead the world in the solution of those urgent questions of the conflict of races and standards of life which menace our future.

As David Kirkwood said in the House in the last preference debate: "If we cannot understand those in the world who are our own kith and kin, how shall we understand those who are not?" But if by knowledge, intelligence, and good organization we can lead our own commonwealth to security, to high standards of life, and to peace, we shall be able to make the better contribution to the solution of the whole world's problems.

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The Fall Book Number

of The Nation

will contain an article on James Joyce by Edwin Muir, Ludwig Lewisohn's chapter in the series on artists in America, and articles, verse, and reviews by H. L. Mencken, Harold J. Laski, Henry W. Nevinson, Genevieve Taggard, Lola Ridge, M. T. McClure, Samuel C. Chew, James Rorty, Anna Louise Strong, and others.

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THERE ARE LETTERS which make an editor's life worth living—letters which show that his shots have hit their mark. Evidently *The Nation's* recent comments on California Justice stung:

California State Prison
at San Quentin
Office of the Captain

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Very truly yours,

CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON
E. J. HOBBS, Captain of the Yard.

San Quentin, September 30

Mooney is "Tom" Mooney, who, to California's everlasting shame, has been in jail for ten years on evidence proved false; Schmidt is under life sentence for participation in the MacNamara affair; the three others are I. W. W. prisoners convicted under California's law which makes mere membership in that organization a crime. All three are suffering for loyalty to their class. And now California's prison czars will not let them read a magazine that dares say so. Are there Californians with the will and determination to stop this petty tyranny?

CAILLAUX'S FATE rests today, as so large a share of the world's destiny does, in the hands of the international bankers. Is his five-year agreement sufficiently satisfactory to induce them to lend large sums to bankrupt France? If the answer is Yes, doubtless the French Parliament will give its assent; probably the American Congress would reluctantly approve the settlement if its temporary character were underlined. If the bankers refuse to hazard their credits Caillaux is again in the pit of ill-fortune. No one can feel very happy at the outcome. Mr. Coolidge, who last summer talked of a settlement with France on the lines of England's 62-year 3½ per cent debt settlement, must feel chagrined at emerging with only a promise to pay 1 per cent interest for five years. Winston Churchill, who cleverly made England's settlement with France conditional upon America's agreement to accept the same terms, is left very much in the lurch with his British public. Caillaux goes home with his hands almost empty, able only to plead that he made the best offer France had yet made, and was refused. What the bankers think is still a mystery.

THE ROOT DIFFICULTY about these negotiations lay in the existence of the transatlantic telegraph and mail system. It is today almost impossible to humbug two peoples at once. Mr. Mellon, proclaiming the vastness of the annual payments offered by M. Caillaux, might have fooled America into believing that he had obtained a great victory and won substantial payments, but his claims of victory would at once have been cabled to Paris and pounced upon by M. Caillaux's political opponents. M. Caillaux, on the other hand, might have juggled the same figures into the appearance of victory for himself, pointing out how trifling these sums were when translated into interest on the capital involved, but the American press would have printed his

paeans the next morning in type so large and black that it would have doomed the settlement in Congress. Doubtless, left to themselves, Messrs. Mellon and Caillaux could have come to an understanding, but while the American people demand payment in full and the French people feel that any payment is more or less blackmail public agreement is impossible. Only one solution suggests itself—a sort of Dawes Plan by which neutral experts assess France's capacity to pay. Would France permit that? Does America want it?

WHAT IS A PARTY? Is it a boss in Washington or New York, or the people who have voted and vote its tickets? That is the question which Senator Butler and the Republican chiefs in Washington must face in deciding whether they will cast out "Young Bob" La Follette, fresh from a three-to-one victory over the Coolidge Republican in the Wisconsin Senatorial election. The Republican voters of Wisconsin want La Follette. The Administration moguls hate him. Because he bolted the party last autumn to manage his father's Presidential campaign they may feel safe in consigning him to outer darkness and refusing to recognize him in making committee appointments. We rather hope they do, for *The Nation* wants to see Western insurgency crystallized into an independent political party, untrammeled by any association with either of the old-party organizations. But from the point of view of their old party the chiefs had better think before they act. Some of the conservatives of today were Progressive bolters with Roosevelt in 1912. Borah and Norris, accepted as Republicans, are just as independent as "Young Bob." If the Coolidge chiefs establish the principle that no one with opinions of his own can be a good Republican they may wake up some day to find themselves in large sections of the West without any party at all.

SOMETIMES THE DEAD refuse to stay buried, and the odor of rottenness leaks up through the soil. It is so with the Wood candidacy of 1920. Leonard Wood, historians will recall, had Presidential ambitions, and a gentleman named Procter sought to buy the Republican nomination for him. "Colonel" Procter, it seems, was a business man, and thought he could advertise Leonard Wood into the Presidency. He found others who agreed with him to the extent of helping underwrite a million-dollar fund—$1,120,000, to be exact—which was used in the vain effort to "sell" Leonard Wood to the Republicans. His fellow-underwriters left the colonel to pay the bills; and to recover from them he has had to resort to court proceedings. These have revealed not only the vast sums wasted, but also the fact that Colonel Procter and his associates deliberately lied to the Borah committee investigating campaign expenditures. What protection has the public against such unscrupulous millionaires as "Colonel" Procter? It is no particular consolation to think that Harry Daugherty, chumming with the "boys" in his hotel bedroom, outwitted Procter and won the nomination for Warren Harding. The only real consolation is the thought that the event exiled Leonard Wood to the Philippines; and that, for the Filipinos, is no consolation at all.

SAKLATVALA, barred from this country by Secretary Kellogg, had such an audience at the meetings of the Interparliamentary Union in Washington as the Parson in the flesh could never have obtained. Men who would have crossed the street to hear him speak until a foolish government ban made him famous pored over his speeches and denounced the wrong done him. Britain's fierce fears for her rule in India became manifest as Saklatvala alone could never have made them. But there was another shadow over the sessions of the union. Two delegates sat in the sessions as representatives of Haiti. The State Department welcomed them as it welcomed the delegates of real parliaments. But who were these men? Whom did they represent? Haiti has had no parliament since Smedley Butler, gun in hand, put an end to Haitian self-government in 1916. Our Government, acting through puppets of its own making, rules Haiti without the pretense of democracy. Although even the constitution which Franklin Roosevelt wrote for Haiti nearly a decade ago provides for elections, we have not permitted Haitians to vote. The reason is simple: an election would show the people of Haiti overwhelmingly opposed to the tools of Washington whom our marines keep in office. It was that false Government which sent representatives of a non-existent parliament to misrepresent Haiti in Washington.

LORD GREY'S STORY of a secret memorandum in which President Wilson, through Colonel House, pledged his aid to the Allies as early as February, 1916, adds to the mystery which none of Woodrow Wilson's admiring biographers has yet penetrated. When did Wilson make up his mind to go into the war on the side of the Allies? There is the story, familiar to the Washington correspondents, of the "sunrise conference" in which Wilson sought to persuade Claude Kitchin, Champ Clark, and Senator Stone to turn the Democratic Party warwards at about the time of the House-Grey memorandum. All of the participants are dead, and the stories they are said to have told their friends differ somewhat. If it be true that, all through the campaign when "He Kept Us Out of War" was his party's slogan, Woodrow Wilson was planning to sweep his country into war, that even before the campaign he had made preliminary attempts to win the necessary support—then Woodrow Wilson deserves rank as one of the great conspirators of history. But can it be true? How can that be reconciled with the evident sincerity and moral passion of the "too proud to fight" and "peace without victory" days?

THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD was a creation of the war, and what took place under it stands out in memory as perhaps the most glaring record of waste, incompetence, and fraud of the period. The organization seems never fully to have recovered from the debauching environment of its birth, and remains today as the principal incubus of the Coolidge Administration. The trouble does not seem to be primarily one of either personnel or method, but largely of morale. We are not prepared to take sides in the quarrel between the Shipping Board and the head of its Emergency Fleet Corporation, Admiral Palmer. We do feel that the quarrel emphasizes the unsatisfactory character of the present organization and we would welcome a change toward simplification and economy. If the Administration is committed to selling the government fleet as rapidly as possible, there seems to be no reason why the task could not be turned over to a bureau in the Department of Commerce, with a great saving in personnel, friction, and expense. The

Shipping Board is right in calling attention to the extravagance of the organization of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with Admiral Palmer getting a salary of $25,000 and five vice-presidents receiving $18,000. But isn't the Shipping Board itself living in a glass house?

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, in the conduct of his many affairs, has succeeded uncommonly well in stifling public criticism. The Turin *Stampa*, rated the second greatest newspaper in Italy, has recently been suppressed for criticism of the army; the powerful *Corriere della Sera* has been rendered harmless and will probably suffer the confiscation of its valuable plant and offices. Indiscreet foreign correspondents have been sent home or have had their mail rifled—James Murphy, writing articles to *The Nation* from Rome on Fascist syndicalism, found that only the first of his articles ever reached America and that checks and letters sent him from London in payment for other articles were confiscated. But from an unexpected quarter criticism has come; and a good Fascist, with all the best strong-arm methods at his command, does not quite know what to do about it. The *Osservatore Romano*, official newspaper of the Vatican, came out recently with a sharp criticism of Fascist terrorist tactics.

SEVERAL FASCIST PAPERS replied and were answered with even more indignation and no apology. The Vatican newspaper denounced the Fascist use of force, and deplored instances of violence toward certain Catholic clubs and organizations. In vain the Fascisti have protested, citing Christ's routing of the money-changers from the temple as precedent for violence in the name of righteousness. The Papal organ remains firm and will not remain silent. An ordinary newspaper would be suppressed at once. But it is suspected that the Pope himself, a man of reason and sound judgment and well-versed in politics, is behind the attacks. No one knows just how far it would be legal, or expedient, for the Government to go in such a case. The Vatican itself enjoys territorial immunity from government control; the question is whether its newspapers are included in this immunity. A perplexing question for a simple Fascist; and one likely to become more disturbing.

IN A RECENT ISSUE of *The Nation* we commented editorially upon the fact that a pamphlet which we had received setting forth the achievements of the George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tennessee, contained no reference to its stand upon the evolution question. Since then we have received a copy of the *Peabody Reflector* for November, 1924, which contains a message from the trustees of the college as it was delivered to the graduating class by the Rt. Rev. H. J. Mikell, D.D., and we are glad to be able to record that in referring to the impending agitation it frankly states a complete belief in the facts of evolution. Peabody College at least was not afraid to let it be known on which side it stood, and it deserves the recognition due its sincerity.

THIS YEAR, as in other recent years, the numbers of students applying for admission to American colleges has enormously increased; and the rate of increase is itself increasing. The colleges are building dikes—academic and sometimes social—to hold back these floods of young Americans. Some of the rejected candidates for the Eastern colleges go home to play golf and help mother around the house, or to play golf and help father in the store. More of them wash back into the flooded confines of the State universities, determined to go to college even if Yale or Vassar turns them away. This rising tide of would-be college men and women is at least as much an indication of national prosperity as of a lust for learning; and among women it doubtless coincides with the growing demand for freedom and a profession. But it cannot be met merely by restrictions. If certain colleges choose to limit their numbers and use the pressure from the outside as a lever to hoist their own standards of scholarship, this should be allowed. But other colleges must be built to take care of those who want to go and are prepared; and the State universities must continue their interesting experiment in heterogeneous wholesale education. What cannot be allowed are barriers of race or color or class, and tests to determine manners and morals rather than mind and training.

WHEN AT FIFTEEN, Marion Talley amazed the leaders of the musical world by the power and range of her voice, *The Nation* welcomed her as a prodigy who was not to endure the traditional path of prodigies. No unhappy years of poverty and exploitation were to be hers. At fifteen she had proved her voice, and already had ample funds to cultivate it as it should be cultivated. For this good fortune she was indebted to Kansas City, long the butt of effete Easterners who wished to deride the uncultivated West. Kansas City had put up the money; she was taking care of her own. Now that Marion, having attained the age of 18, has a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company and is to sing this coming winter, Kansas City can sit back and wait for the debut, conscious of a task well performed. When the date is finally announced on which Marion is to sing, one suspects that there will be a prodigious activity on the Missouri, a refurbishing of opera hats, a vast purchasing of gowns and cloaks, plans for trips East, and a sold-out house in New York. Kansas will continue to stand by. Marion is fortunate in her choice of a native town; and evidently Kansas City is as happy as its prodigy.

IN LÉON BOURGEOIS [illegible] great survivors of pre-war days. Bourgeois was never a dramatic, combative figure like Poincaré or Clemenceau or Caillaux, but for forty years he had drifted in and out of office [illegible] ministries. He had not been prime minister for [illegible] turned to him as a *premier ministre en disponibilité*. Never a commanding force, he none the less stood head and shoulders above most of his colleagues in one respect: [illegible] Hague peace conferences he consecrated himself to the idea of international arbitration. Almost alone among French statesmen he was genuinely devoted to the conception of the League of Nations, echoing President Wilson's pronouncements in war-time and championing the cause against the dominant cynicism of Clemenceau. At Geneva his was a voice universally respected, a voice that expressed a principle rather than the passing mood of a group of politicians in office.

In Chinatown and in China

INTO the Chinatowns of Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and other cities the police swooped again and again last month, smashing down doors, arresting thousands of peaceful Chinese waiters, laundrymen, merchants, and laborers, jailing them without warrant, surrounding theaters and emptying them, firing revolvers at those who tried to escape and making every visitor show papers to prove his right to existence, leaving broken homes open and unguarded—and when this epidemic of lawlessness was over the police and federal agents announced that they had been acting in the name of law.

"I have put the federal Government in Chinatown and I am going to keep it there," said United States Attorney Emory R. Buckner, in New York, after violating in the most outrageous fashion the elementary principles of law upon which this republic is founded. His agents had just, without the slightest shadow of legal authority, told some hundreds of Chinamen whom they had illegally arrested and then released that if they found them in Chinatown again after nine o'clock at night their certificates would be revoked and they would be deported. Since the hateful days of Mitchell Palmer there has been in this country no such sweeping and utterly outrageous abuse of power.

Possibly the police went further in Cleveland than elsewhere—probably not, for the "heathen Chinee" has always been treated as a person without rights in this country. Russell T. Herrick, telegraph editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, describes elsewhere in this issue the brutal lawlessness of the Cleveland police and the stout stand for law and order made by two brave Cleveland judges. So strong was the reaction in Cleveland that three members of that "hard-boiled" tribe, the newspaper reporters, sat down after hours and wrote indignant accounts of the affair to *The Nation*, only one of which, unfortunately, we are able to print. It may be, we say, that the police were worse in Cleveland than elsewhere. Certainly we know of no "director of public safety" in any other city who has had the effrontery to say, as Cleveland's Mr. Barry did:

> Some of these Chinese [at the time, in his own words, he had "every Chink in the city" in jail] know who committed that murder and we're going to keep them all in jail until they tell. Not a Chinese restaurant or laundry will be permitted to open in the city until we get the information we want.

For brazen, downright anarchistic defiance of the law, that goes beyond any expression which we have noted in other cities. But the newspaper accounts of the raids in New York City seem to us sufficient to warrant the removal of several federal and municipal "law officers," and not a newspaper in the city has peeped a protest. After all, Chinese in America are only "Chinks." It is different with Americans in China.

In New York City, after a series of minor raids, the police started in earnest on September 14. That evening federal agents drew a cordon about Chinatown, stopped every Chinaman on the streets and made him show credentials, searched every house in Doyer and Pell streets and the Chinese part of Mott Street. They surrounded two theaters where Chinese plays were in progress, and ordered the audience to get up and march out. When one man stepped onto a fire escape the police fired at him. More than a thousand Chinese were examined; 600 were taken to the Federal Building for appearance before United States Commissioner Cotter, and 134 finally sent to the Tombs to be held for deportation. Most of these were seamen who had come here during the war, when the demand for cheap Chinese labor was intense, and had overstayed their leave. Some of them said they had tried to return but had been unable to find berths. That there is some truth in their claim is evidenced by the statement of the authorities that it would be months before they could find ships to take the deportees back to China. "Most of the 206 Chinese ordered deported by Commissioner Cotter will remain at the immigration station on Ellis Island for months," the *Times* reported, "before they can be started on their way back to China. They have expressed a willingness to return as seamen and the Government's difficulty will be in finding berths for them." No evidence was announced to show that any of the men examined or held was in any way connected with the Tong murders which were the official excuse for this official lawlessness. It was simply a fishing expedition.

On September 18 a Chinaman was shot dead in Mott Street. Using that as an excuse the New York police, acting under the leadership of the federal district attorney, broke loose again. Once more they put a cordon around Chinatown, arresting men en masse and holding impromptu hearings on the sidewalks. They did not pretend to have any warrants; again they went on a fishing expedition in defiance of the law. Vague rumors of captures of "hatchets, pistols, and knives" were given to the newspapers, but no arrests were made for illegal possession of weapons. As before, the arrests were indiscriminate and most of those taken into custody had to be released. In both of these raids, according to citizens of Chinatown, the police broke doors without waiting to knock, and neglected to leave guards when they had removed the inmates, so that Chinese returned from custody to find that their homes had been sacked. Naturally these Chinese, cowed by official lawlessness, hesitate to bring further police ill will upon themselves by starting damage suits; but it is to be hoped that American citizens will step forward and insist that they be given the redress to which they are entitled. A policeman should be no more immune from prosecution for illegal action than any other citizen.

On September 4 the American Government joined the other benevolent Western Powers in sending a note to the Chinese Government. One sentence of it read:

> The Government of the United States desires to impress upon the Chinese Government the necessity of giving concrete evidence of its ability and willingness to enforce respect for the safety of foreign lives and property and to suppress disorders and anti-foreign agitations which embitter feelings. . . .

In the light of our own inability to protect Chinese in the United States—or, worse still, of our official intention not to give them the equal protection of the laws, the wording of that note is either an insolent joke or mere hypocrisy. It would seem appropriate for the Chinese to demand extraterritorial rights for Chinese in the United States.

Lives and Times

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print a list of important fall books and a glance at it reveals no falling off in that renewed interest in biography which began to show itself several seasons ago. Doubtless Mr. Lytton Strachey deserves a considerable portion of the credit which he is generally given for this state of affairs since he did invent a new style and demonstrate the possibility of making biography a best seller; but the phenomenon is too large to be explained by the influence of any one man even though he be as clever as Mr. Strachey certainly is. The primary fact is neither "Eminent Victorians" nor "Queen Victoria," but that natural human appetite for life which for several decades had been fed upon a starveling diet of bulky but unnourishing biographies in the conventional two volumes. People were accustomed to complain that there was no interest in biography when the primary fact was simply that there were few really interesting biographies.

For some reason or other the famous Victorian compromise gave way in every other department of literature long before it ceased to be the generally asssumed basis for biographical writing. The new drama, the new novel, and the new poetry had accustomed people to a changed attitude toward the facts of life. Realistic, frank, iconoclastic, and disrespectful, the current imaginative works nourished a generation which had no respect for reticence and scant faith in the decorous legend; but biographers continued to observe the proprieties, to suppress the unheroic detail, and to tell no more than they thought should be told. They set up plaster images for the admiration of an age that was not afraid of flesh and blood and they forfeited the respect of a generation which wanted the whole truth. People did not, as a result, lose interest in life but they did come to believe that they could find more of it in those books which pretended to be merely fiction than they could in those which called themselves true.

Under the new dispensation, however, the liveliness and the impudence of the contemporary novel have invaded the field of biography, and as a result readers are buying Lives and Times as eagerly, almost, as they are buying fiction. Nor can it be said that there is any great tendency toward standardization. The fall list includes a variety ranging from Ida M. Tarbell's "The Life of Elbert Gary" to Charles J. Finger's "Romantic Rascals," and from Louis P. Lochner's "Henry Ford: America's Don Quixote" to Katherine Anthony's "Catherine the Great" and Mary Agnes Best's sketches of quaker personalities called "Rebel Saints." But perhaps on the whole the most interesting tendency of all is that to explore our national past in a manner not always too gravely decorous. Thus Thomas Beer describes various American figures in "The Mauve Decade," Don C. Seitz discusses some "Uncommon Americans," and Samuel Wandell and Meade Minnigerode devote two volumes to Aaron Burr, while Herbert and Edward Quick undertake to present "Steamboating on the Mississippi and Its Tributaries."

In biography as in every other branch of literature it will probably be found that those books will do most good which least solemnly undertake to do anything of the sort. Writers of school histories and those who have the schoolmaster's idea of the dignity of history and the duty of presenting the noble ideal have succeeded in defeating their own purpose. The general reader goes uninstructed because he will not read them, and the schoolboy, forced against his will to read what he will later forget, learns no lesson, perhaps because he quite understandably sees no connection between the impeccable patriots of his schoolbooks and the fallible men who inhabit the world he lives in. But those who write with no end but to present truth interestingly succeed in imparting whatever lessons the past may have to teach because, first of all, they are read, and because, also, they are believed. Doubtless they will bring many heroes down from their pedestals, and doubtless too they will remove a good deal of glamor from various times as well as various lives, but for some reason or other the beautiful idealization has ceased to have the ennobling influence which it is supposed to have had upon other generations. We, at least, learn nothing from times which are not critically surveyed or from those heroes who do not consent to come down from their pedestals.

We have acquired a new interest in our national past but we have acquired at the same time a new contempt for our national legend. We are, if anything, a little too anxious to see the funny side of our ancestors and a little too eager to suspect the worst when we have to deal with the principles and motives which animated the great of history; but at bottom our sense is sound. We are, on the whole, right in assuming that it is from the contemplation of things as they are and not, as the older moralists used to fancy, from the contemplation of things as they ought to be, that we learn our lessons.

Russia—Guest or Ghost?

CHICHERIN sleeps in Berlin while the British, French, and German delegates discuss security at Locarno, but his shadow stalks wherever his Western neighbors meet. Wild rumors of Russian attempts to sabotage the proposed agreement fill the columns of the newspapers, and an uneasy sense of insecurity dominates the gentlemen who have come together to establish Europe's security. "What will Russia do? What is Chicherin up to?" are questions on every lip.

And why not? The Allies, after six long years of futile palavers, have at last come to the obvious, commonsense conclusion that in planning the security of Europe they must take Germany into consideration. Guaranties must be mutual; Germany must be protected as well as France; she must be treated as an equal and given the same promises as are exacted of her. Those kindergarten lessons are proclaimed today in every French newspaper, where only a year ago the Poincarist mood of ultimatum and compulsion still ruled. The Prime Minister of France has publicly proclaimed that "Franco-German reconciliation is like the keystone of European civilization," and no man denies him. But although Germany is at last admitted to the inner councils Russia is still left out, and the arguments which apply to Germany apply equally well to Russia.

It is Western Europe's fault if the uninvited Mr. Chicherin fills the security conference with alarm. He frankly regards the proposed security pact as a British plot directed against Soviet Russia; and the English have made no effort to unconvince him. It is, he says, a mutual security alliance among the enemies of Soviet Russia, and

he suspects secret understandings regarding possible military action against the incubus in the East. Perhaps he is all wrong; possibly there is a substantial germ of truth behind his suspicions. In any case, left in isolation, it is natural that he should endeavor, both in Warsaw and in Berlin, to make his own agreements for the safety of his country. Stresemann has just negotiated a commercial treaty with him—through which some of the American capital recently lent to Germany will find its way into the forbidden land of Russia—and Poland appears to have listened to Chicherin with a new friendliness.

That, too, is natural—and well. A year ago France was insisting upon the right to send troops across Germany in order to defend Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. Germany naturally refused this invitation to become a sort of second-hand battlefield. France has not yet withdrawn her demand, but the new amicability of her prime minister indicates that she has lost interest in her old military program. So Poland feels deserted and joins eagerly in conversations with her Eastern neighbor—a simple act of common sense, however disturbing to the dovecotes of Allied diplomacy.

Germany, meanwhile, basks in a new sunshine. Courted by Russia, she can afford to be coy with France. The Locarno conference is largely of her making; its program is essentially her program; the Allies have refused her demand that the question of war guilt be reopened courteously enough, on the plea of avoidance that a security conference is not the proper occasion. The vistas seem magnificent.

But those who have followed the negotiations of past years, who recall the reiterated reports of brilliant progress, will smile a little sadly at the new communiqués. For until Russia is a guest, not a ghost, at these conferences they cannot move much further than their predecessors.

The Trustification of Germany

ALMOST simultaneously come reports from Germany of proposed industrial amalgamations in steel, in oil, in chemicals. Prince Donnersmarck, an intimate friend of the ex-Kaiser, is said to be the dominating figure in a combination of steel firms in Upper Silesia. Five great companies are mentioned: among them Otto Wolff, August Thyssen, and the Rhein-Elbe-Union. Three or four years ago Hugo Stinnes made a special trip to Italy to consult Judge Gary as to the feasibility of a German steel trust. Stinnes died before his dream came true, but who knows if, hard in hand, he is destined before long to look over the rim of heaven and see it realized. It was Stinnes, furthermore, who proposed for our inspection the plan for a "vertical" trust, controlling a commodity from natural resources to finished product. Meanwhile, most of the erstwhile Stinnes oil properties, the Haniel-Rieb[illegible] Petroleum Gesellschaft, Deutsche Erdöl, Rumpler Werke, and perhaps others are rolling their way toward a loose confederacy in oil. And certain great chemical companies headed by the powerful Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik are following suit in the chemical industry.

The reasons behind the move are the usual ones. Consolidation means fewer overhead expenses, separate advertising, separate sales agencies, over-diversification of products to meet all markets. Consolidation means standardization; specialization—"each firm being allotted certain types of manufacture for which it is best fitted from the viewpoints of geographical location and other factors which figure in determining selling prices and profits"; the combination of importing, sales, and distribution agencies; and the elimination of the great burden of competitive overhead costs. If prices can be maintained or not greatly lowered, operating costs will be so reduced under a regime of consolidation that profit margins, even on the basis of an inflated capitalization, will reach heights hitherto unknown.

Out of the same relentless logic the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company were born and nourished. Even as we strive to copy the superior technical efficiency of the Germans in treating materials, they are copying America's superior technical efficiency in floating financial consolidations. Which raises again the problem whether, from the point of view of the wayfaring man, industrial monopolies are good things or bad things. They are obviously bad—as all the yeomanry of trust-busting have pointed out—in being greedy, rapacious, labor-baiting, corruptors of legislatures, staunch maintainers of the principle of all the traffic will bear. They are also obviously good—as the trust-busters have failed to point out—in eliminating a large margin of industrial waste; in attempting to coordinate production to demand, to steady employment and prices; in balancing the industrial load. In regions where competitive salesmanship has reached the dizzy heights known in Western civilization, a good tight monopoly is one of the greatest cost reducers ever heard of. Even if the monopoly grabs the lion's share of the margin brought about by such economies, the public may still receive substantial benefits in steadier and sometimes lower prices, to say nothing of the benefits of standardization and a dependable supply. Furthermore, if and when the public, through the agency of government, or cooperative associations, or industrial unions, is ready to regulate or control the means by which it is sheltered, fed, and clothed, the transition from the basis of a trustified industry is immensely less complicated than from the basis of competitive industry. A good share of the necessary technical coordination has already been accomplished.

And there we are. The personnel, the arrogance of the private trust is usually intolerable; the appalling loss, leak, and friction of the dog-eat-dog performance of competitive industry are also, and increasingly, intolerable. It will take more astute and more unprejudiced economists than we have produced to date to say where the balance lies. Other things being equal, one would suspect that the passage of German industry through an era of monopoly would tend to be rather less of an evil and more of a benefit to the underlying population than has been the historical course in America. Of course other things are not equal today. Germany's speculation period, reaching its frenzied climax in the days of the Ruhr invasion, left her trade unions powerless and her workers on the bare subsistence level. The Dawes Plan, which has stopped the financial madness, is a program of salvation by business. But the Germans—with no windy visions fed on unlimited natural resources and on an unlimited alien population to exploit—have, after all, some sense of state. It is just possible they may realize the benefits of industrial coordination, while keeping their kings of steel and oil and chemicals from the manners and policies which have distinguished their compeers in this republic.

The Police Run Wild in Cleveland

By RUSSELL T. HERRICK

[The recent wave of official thuggery against Chinese in America, discussed in an editorial article on page 398, possibly reached its crest in Cleveland. On the other hand, it is evident from the account below that, contrary to experience elsewhere, there was a considerable reaction of indignation on the part of the public. Cleveland was the largest city to cast a majority of its votes for La Follette in 1924.]

ABOVE Cleveland's Chinatown rises the gray spire of what Cleveland calls affectionately the "Old Stone Church." There, many years ago, worshiped John Hay and there, presumably, he imbibed some of the lofty idealism that led to the enunciation of the Open Door in China.

If the spirit of John Hay lurks over the old church, this is what it has seen during recent days:

Six hundred and twelve Chinese, old men and children, merchants and laundrymen, laborers and students, arrested and thrown into jail without warrant or other legal process.

More than 100 Chinese business places peremptorily closed by police action; scores of Chinese shops and dwelling places broken into by these same police.

This "round-up" that out-Palmered Palmer in the weird days of the Red hysteria that followed the World War was carried out under the direct orders and supervision of the Director of Public Safety and indorsed by the City Manager of the fifth city of the United States. It was explained as a necessary police measure to punish the Chinese of Cleveland for allowing one of their number, Yee Chock, to be murdered on September 22.

Yee Chock, an obscure member of the Chinese community of Cleveland, was found slain in a Chinatown tenement, his head nearly separated from his body. The cry went up: "Chinese tong murder," and the police department, under the orders of the Director of Public Safety, Edwin D. Barry, rolled up its sleeves and waded in.

Practically the entire available police force was put to work "cleaning up" Chinatown. Chinese laundrymen were pulled from behind their ironing boards; waiters and proprietors of eating places were taken away from their tables. The Chinese population of the city was dragged to the police stations. Pedestrians were taken up on the sidewalks, even students at Cleveland institutions of learning were swept up in what the headline writers like to call the "drag-net."

Barry was busy and boisterous.

"The Chinese know who did this murder. They won't tell us. We'll keep them in jail until they do. They defy us, but we'll break the rule of the tong," the Director of Public Safety is reported as saying.

For nearly two days the "round-up" continued. The Chinese overwhelmed the cell space at police headquarters. The "bull pen" was so crowded that many of the prisoners were forced to stand up all night. Among these all-night standees were several old men.

It was announced that all those arrested would be fingerprinted and examined as to their right to be in the United States. The intimation of the newspaper stories on the day following the raids was that scores and possibly hundreds would be deported as having no legal right to be in the United States. Yet on September 26, five days after the beginning of the outbreak, all but thirteen had been released, and these thirteen were held merely for "further investigation" by federal officials.

That all Cleveland is not as Prussian as the heads of its police department was evidenced the days after the raids, when protests began to pour in. Two judges before whom habeas corpus proceedings were brought denounced the police action as high-handed and ordered the release of the prisoners. Police prosecutors frankly admitted that there was no legal ground upon which the great bulk of the prisoners could be held.

Perhaps the most effective protest came from the pastor of the Old Stone Church, the Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, who in an open letter to the City Manager, William R. Hopkins, expressed his indignation at the wholesale flouting of the constitutional rights of a considerable group of Cleveland's citizens. He pointed to the fact that for thirty years his church had been conducting a Sunday-school class for Chinese and that it once numbered John Hay in its membership.

"Shall the city that claimed him [John Hay] as one of its most illustrious citizens allow itself to be belittled by such work as was done yesterday?" he wrote.

Yet the police are sticking to their guns. Barry, replying to Dr. Foulkes, declared that the Chinese of Cleveland had been warned to keep the peace. He construed the murder as a defiance of this police order.

Some months ago there was a shooting in Chinatown, laid to the tongs. Shortly thereafter representatives of the Hip Sing and On Leong tongs were called to a peace meeting in Barry's office. They were duly admonished to be good and to live [illegible].

After the courts had ordered the release of all the prisoners who brought habeas corpus proceedings the police relented and allowed the restaurants to resume business, but refused them their dance permits, which many of the larger ones had had for several years. Saturday was approaching when Cleveland must have its week-end shirts and collars, and the laundries were allowed to get busy again. There has been a considerable financial loss to Chinese business interests and there is talk of suits against the city. In some instances Chinese laundrymen when ar[illegible] They left the fires in their laundries going. They were kept over night at police headquarters and at least one fairly serious fire resulted. The interiors of several other laundry shops were badly damaged by steam.

Protests to the Chinese Legation and a request to the Department of State for an investigation and report have taken the quarrel outside of Cleveland. China has no marines to land, as would have been done had the situation been reversed, but possibly the Cleveland incident may prove one more obstacle to the cause of peace in the Far East and better understanding between the white man and the yellow.

Sweet Land of Liberty

A GOOD bird's-eye view of the state of civilization in the United States is found in the monthly reports of the American Civil Liberties Union. What follows is a condensation of the bulletin for August:

Lynchings

Mississippi. Sidney Townes, a wounded insane Negro, held for murder, was taken from Sheriff Front at Scobey on August 12 by a mob of 100 men and lynched.

Missouri. Miller Mitchell, Negro, was taken from the city jail at Excelsior on August 7 by a mob of 500 men and lynched. He was charged with assault upon a white woman.

Mob Violence and the Ku Klux Klan

North Dakota. One hundred and eighteen members of the Agricultural Workers' Union No. 110, I. W. W., who had been arrested for riding freight trains en route to the harvest fields, were turned over to an armed mob on August 25 by Sheriff Rose of the Cass County jail and deported into Minnesota.

Massachusetts. Five men were shot in a riot after a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan at the Libby Forum, Framingham, on August 10, when anti-Klan groups attacked the dispersing Klansmen. Seventy-five arrests were made.

Maryland. On August 17 a mob of 500 white residents of Baltimore forced Samuel Krayer, a white landlord, to refund the rent of a house on Lamont Avenue to a Negro family and compelled the family to leave.

Michigan. Dr. Alex L. Turner, Negro graduate of the University of Michigan, and three other Negro families of Detroit were evicted from their homes recently and their furniture smashed by a mob of white people.

New York. M. M. Robertson, a real estate agent, and five others were indicted by the Richmond grand jury on August 28, charged with conspiracy to coerce Samuel Brown, a Negro postman, and his wife, a public school teacher, to leave a white neighborhood in Staten Island.

Louisiana. Lured by a fake telegram, an unknown young woman was tarred and feathered by a mob of women in the yard of the Tremont Lumber Company at Enos, Jackson Parish, on July 27, and ordered to leave town. She had been attacked similarly two weeks before for alleged immorality.

New Jersey. In a riot which ensued when Italian Fascisti raided an anti-Fascist meeting in Newark on August 10 [illegible] persons were hurt.

Criminal Cases

Kentucky. Bruce I. Susong, managing editor of the *Kentucky Post* at Covington, was arrested in July charged with violating the new "gossip law," on complaint of Mayor O'Donovan and City Auditor Murphy, whose administration of city finances he had criticized.

Pennsylvania. Four members of the Young Workers' League were arrested at Philadelphia on August 9 charged with distributing seditious literature, which consisted of circulars protesting against the expulsion of Samuel Miller from the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Camp Meade.

New York. Charles S. Sumner, superintendent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, accompanied by a detective, raided the Craftsman Bindery Company in New York City on August 18 and seized on a search warrant 680 copies of "My Life" by Frank Harris. Jacob Sidowsky and Harry J. Lebovits, employees, were arrested charged with printing an obscene book.

Illinois. Police raided the offices of the Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America at Chicago on August 15. Of the members arrested 14 were held on charges of conspiracy to intimidate strike-breakers, on complaint of the International Tailoring Company.

Connecticut. William Simons, organizer of the Workers' Party, was arrested for selling the *Workers' Monthly* at a picnic at Derby, on August 16, and fined $10 and costs for "peddling without a license."

Arkansas. On complaint of the Greenwood Coal Company, Gomer Jones, vice-president of District No. 21 of the United Mine Workers of America, and S. A. Robertson, another official, are cited to appear in the Chancery Court at Fort Smith, for planning a parade in violation of a 1917 injunction.

Civil Cases

Illinois. Judge Hugo Pam of the Superior Court of Cook County on August 10 upheld the constitutionality of the recently enacted anti-injunction act of Illinois in refusing a blanket anti-picketing injunction to the International Tailoring Company of Chicago against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

New York. An injunction against peaceful picketing by members of the Retail Shoe Salesmen's Union of New York City was issued in July by Supreme Court Judge Tierney.

Ohio. The Butcher Workmen's Union of Cincinnati are appealing to the Ohio Supreme Court against an injunction issued by Judge Roettinger of the Hamilton County Common Pleas Court perpetually enjoining them from picketing. The president and the union were fined $100 each for picketing.

West Virginia. Van A. Bittner, organizer, and a number of officials of the United Mine Workers of America were served notice of a permanent injunction which had been issued in 1924 restraining their union from organizing in Logan County, on their arrival there on August 25. Later they were ordered to leave town by a committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

Pennsylvania. Judge E. C. Newcomb, of Scranton, in issuing an injunction recently restraining Meat Cutters and Butchers' Union No. 111 and E. F. Grady, organizer of the American Federation of Labor, from picketing the market of Frank Carr, defined the attempt to unionize a plant as "an unlawful purpose."

Academic Freedom

New York. The dismissal six years ago of Benjamin Glassberg, a teacher in the Commercial High School of Brooklyn, for alleged radical opinion was sustained by the State Board of Education on August 11.

Professor Manley H. Harper, head of the Department of English and director of the summer school, and Professor Harry B. Smith, his assistant, in the Geneseo Normal School, are appealing to Commissioner Graves against their dismissal, without a hearing, on vague charges of radicalism.

New Jersey. Professor A. R. Ackerman, teacher of mathematics and general science for three years at the Phillipsburg High School, who was requested on May 13 to resign because of "inferior work," is demanding a hearing of the State Board of Education. He insists that his political views are the real reason.

Iowa. Professor Aldena Carlson, head of the English Department of Ellsworth College at Iowa Falls for four years, was dismissed by the trustees at a recent meeting for "unpatriotic activities" in the La Follette campaign.

Ohio. A temporary injunction restraining the Board of Education of East Liverpool from permitting teaching of the Bible in the public schools was granted by the Common Pleas Court on August 22 on application of R. H. Perry, taxpayer.

Words for the Chisel

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

The moss will creep upon your name
And fill the cleft of mine,
And scraggly grasses grow and frame
The granite's oblong line.

This unsubstantial air we cleave
To rear us massive form
Will aid the moss, the viney weave,
The little clumsy worm

Within whose body all the crust
Of earth is powdered so
Often—with such patient lust
Against such passive woe.

Bird Music

By JAMES RORTY

The singing of birds is as certain as the long
Stroke of the March rains on the waning snows
Of winter; when the white-throat's quiver of song
Is shaken on the wind that blows
A rippled path upon the thawing lake,
Halt if you will that clear annunciation, hush
If you can the peepers' chant, or push
Back in the twig the tender-strong
Pink buds of the willow.

Earth that awakes in leaf and flower needs
Voices no less; there is a potency that breeds
Blue-birds upon the misty air,
Flying and calling; in that slow
Ecstatic warble I can hear
Earth melting and the flow
Of climbing sap, and the incessant sound
Of seeds that whisper underground. . . .

As mutely as an April dawn
Flowers the sky, the cherry boughs
Leap into blossom; the new leaves are born
Into the sunlight without sound. . . .
This silence is the living seed
Of music planted in the ground
Or drifting, falling
Out of the air with the oriole's calling.

Now in the summer do I find
Myself according with the simple, blind,
Triumphant logic of the pines that rear
Gray shafts of certitude and power
From earth to heaven; here
Music is constant as the light, and strong
As that blue curve of mountain; hour on hour
The vireo's song is woven on the green
Hush of the forest. . . . Summer is a bright
Stain on the cloak of silence thrown
From star to star, from night to night;
Nothing shall fade it; forever sown
On the face of darkness, the late gods who reel
Beneath the sleet of frozen worlds shall feel
A flutter of brave immutable wings. . . .
Fire in the ice . . . silence that sings.

Contemporaries

By LOLA RIDGE

Still Water

I know you flower darkly, and perceive—
As one eavesdropping on your silences
That hold as sluggish waters in duress
Their huddled lilies—the dream-shapes you weave
As gaudy as your hair—avowals spun
To match its golden candor where light clings
As light might to a crocus or such things
As share the mother favor of the sun.

Pit-patter silver, little feet of rain
Soft on our skylight, whence the night—alit
In wonted secrecy—looks down at you,
Whose eyes meet smoothly over an old pain
As water the pale corpse consigned to it
Incloses—and stays continently blue.

Shadow

Though—statued to a savage innocence
That wills to seize and, seizing, to devour—
You hold your head stately as a flower
Of cactus, your wit tempered and made tense
To parry, as with medieval lance,
Life at its point, yet with a dread surmise
As one who fears old ambush you advance—
Rimmed in the golden distance of your eyes
A gone horizon reeling—and the stench
Of death—and only your eyes' roving spark,
Not all the rain of centuries can quench,
Two points of amber fire in the dark. . . .
And, nailed with stars above some Tyrian tree,
Night stretching a vast cross of ebony.

After the Recital

Who knows—not they who in their hearts yclept
Him black doll of the world—if, in the night
That clasped him like a mate, dark watch he kept,
Or if, goaded by soliciting light
Audacious as hibiscus flowers, he,
Five-pierced with old pain uncomforted,
Dreamed a free island like a spindling thread
Unraveling silver in some mooned sea.

Who cared—amid the suave-shoed, white-skinned day
That scanned his body—if beneath her fires
Yet throbbing like five wounds unhealed he lay,
Back turned—as one not caring overmuch
To see her golden head upon the spires
And all the windows flower at the touch.

British Trade Unionism at Scarborough

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

[At Scarborough, in early September, the British Trade Union Congress, an account of which appears in Scott Nearing's article on page 405, adopted a resolution advocating world-wide unity of the trade-union movement, including the Russian unions; another denouncing British imperialism as a form of capitalist exploitation; and a third advocating the formation of shop committees in all British work-shops. A resolution giving power to the general council of the congress to call a strike in all trades was defeated. The session, however, marked a distinct surge to the left among the British trade unions. "Emperor" Cook of the miners declared that "the trade-union congress is the parliament of the future."

The trade-union action, together with recent criticisms of party action or inaction by George Lansbury and others, led many to expect the Labor Party congress at Liverpool in the closing days of September to register a similar radical trend, but its first act—to affirm by a 9-to-1 vote the exclusion of Communists from the British Labor Party—seemed to indicate that the moderates led by ex-Premier MacDonald were still in firm control.]

London, September 21

THE words of political personages are studied too often in these days not that they may be understood but that they may be twisted for political propaganda, and in this country at the moment that is particularly true of Liberal critics of the Labor Party. American readers have therefore to be very guarded in their acceptance of Liberal writers who take Labor speeches as their texts. The comments on the transactions of the Scarborough Trade Union Congress make me write these sentences. The Scarborough meeting was held at a time when the peculiar truce in the coal trade, and the means by which it was secured, gave a special importance to what is known as "direct action," to the numerically small but active section that finds inspiration and funds from Moscow and to those who, under pressure of the distress that is prevalent and the difficulty of devising immediate remedies for it, feel the necessity of relieving themselves by demonstrations and crying out.

The nerves of many of our people are on edge. One section is as sensitive as a man with the gout, sees red everywhere, and is sure that a combination of Jews, Bolshevists, and Socialists are plotting the rape of persons and the destruction of the state. When I was at Stockport taking part in the by-election this week, I was left in no doubt of the existence of these timorous people. Many of them are rationally with us but emotionally on the point of stampede, torn in their faith, seeking refuge in what they know to be but a ramshackle shanty, the Tory Party, obeying the most primitive of herd instincts like the untrained soldier who cannot help ducking his head at the whiz of a bullet. Among them Scarborough had done execution. Both Liberals and Conservatives "boohed" incessantly to make a stampede against Red Ruin, and Mr. Baldwin in his letter to the electors deplored the fact that a Liberal candidate was dividing forces that ought to be united in repelling the common unconstitutional enemy. Our Tory Party with its Irish record is a constitutional bulwark to be joked about rather than relied upon, but the popular mind when disturbed is irrational and gregarious. In spite of all this we pulled off Stockport with far greater decisiveness than appears in the face of the figures.* It was touch and go, however, at one time, owing to Scarborough, and during the next year many things will happen to raise again and again this troublesome question of the limitations of the political method in democratic progress. Students of this problem will do well to keep their eye upon immediate developments here.

Writing to *The Nation* for August 26 on the specific question of the patched-up peace in the coal trade, I drew attention to the impetus it had given to industrial action as opposed to political, and *The Nation* in the following week made some critical comments raising issues which in actual practice we are facing here every month. The position of the Labor Party has been that the political and industrial methods are not separate and exclusive but are complementary and should be coordinated into a policy with a conscious social aim and purpose, and that the constructive conceptions of socialism can be carried out with greatest security, stability, and benefit by political action. The test of that philosophy undoubtedly comes in times like these when two evils are playing havoc with people's minds. The first is the subversion of democratic political methods by unscrupulous party agents charged at any cost to produce party victories, by stunt newspapers, by wealth and social influence used to rouse emotions of fear and so snatch decisions at a general election which in no way represent the normal mind of the electorate. A panic is created for a few days, the election day being included; a majority is given which may determine for four or five years what opinions and interests are to rule the country; and the public speedily find, like Moses in "The Vicar of Wakefield," that they have been outrageously spoofed. This, unfortunately, is no fancy picture. Furthermore, once the Government is elected, hidden and private influences grip and mold its policy almost hour by hour. The other difficulty is that the economic and political problems which beset this country owing to the war are unusually difficult and may well baffle the wisest and ablest of men.

In *The Nation's* comment, reference was made to "a wistful odor of eighteenth-century political philosophy" as the explanation why some of us still believe in political methods as the way of social change. That begs everything. As a matter of fact, the Labor constitutionalists (hateful word) can claim to be distinguished from their Moscow opponents, and from all who more or less belong to that school, not by the musty odors they sniff but by the hard facts they see. Always keeping in mind that our policy is devised on the assumption that there is a place and function for industrial action in democracy, the real issue is between us and two well-defined coteries who have little in common except that they regard themselves as

* The Labor candidate won the seat with 20,219 votes; the Conservative had 17,892, and the Liberal 17,296 votes. At the last election Conservatives won both Stockport seats.

minority movements. The first is the camp which, moved deeply by the ills of society and holding to an expectation that if certain reorganization were to take place these ills would be removed, find it irksome or dull or impossible to devise ways and means of transformation. To these, patient (which to me means honest) work upon the details of transformation—the work which consists in doing the maximum of good day by day, led by the belief that a partial change if made as a stage in an evolutionary system will lead to further and progressive changes—cannot command the allegiance of public opinion or keep up the fighting spirit of a party. They have a poor conception of the public intelligence. They remain in the propaganda stage and, on parliamentary committees and the public platform, make exactly the same speeches, which are semi-religious testimonies against things as they are, expressive of general ideas to which they are unable to give a practical content. Their method, when they are driven to confess to it, is that if we get opinion against the existing order there will be no difficulty in setting up a better one. With these one can have little patience. Heads that are at one moment lifted up into the heavens and the next buried snugly in the sand are not of much use in the work that lies before us. The other section, far more realist and far bolder in the way they face the facts, take the simple communist view that force must be the midwife of progress, that political power must be seized by some coup and cannot be won through the ballot box. There are also floating margins that toy with all the positions. Such are the movements within the progressive tides in British life today.

Is it possible to rescue from these eddies any truth at all and fix it as a guiding post in the stream? I believe it is. I believe it is vain to expect from industrial action much of a reconstructive character; its character value is defense; it can check. I believe that the economic power which controls so much of our political life today can only be subordinated to the common weal by an invigoration of the political life itself. That does not abandon the political field, in the meanwhile, to economic control; the actual problems of the day must be met as they arise by action designed to meet them, sometimes purely industrial, sometimes purely political, sometimes a mixture of both. Where political (that includes moral) instincts are weak and economic ones are strong, economic conflicts will be frequent and will occupy a great part of political attention, but a government that allows political initiative to be lost and to turn the state into a mere police force or a bribing agency is playing the game of those who wish for a separation between industrial and political labor and is creating in practical action an anti-parliamentary movement.

The disquieting weakness of democracy is its caveman herd mind, but neither by revolutionary nor direct action is that to be got over. It robs successful action of any real gain. It has to be educated out. Therefore, eighteenth-century constitutionalism has been an essential and permanent contribution to the historical growth of popular liberty, but to add nothing to it or to refrain from building upon it stories of political truth that carry us nearer to a completed fabric is as unscientific and as foolish as to put it away in the museums which we visit, to laugh at the errors of our fathers, and as detached and enlightened children to marvel at their demeanors and their costumes. These issues, as interesting to the political philosopher as to the man of action, are being fought out in this country today. Liverpool, where the Labor Party Conference meets in ten days, will be an interesting and pertinent comment on Scarborough.

British Labor Turns to the Left

By SCOTT NEARING

London, September 12

BRITISH labor flung the threat of revolt in the teeth of British employers at the Trade Union Congress which opened in Scarborough September 7. From the address with which the president, A. B. Swales, opened the congress to the brilliant pleas for world labor unity voiced by Fred Bramley, J. W. Brown, and M. Tomsky, there were warnings against the "conspiracy between the capitalists and the government" and declarations that "the time has come for labor to take matters into its own hands." Mr. Swales at the first session hit straight out from the shoulder:

> This movement of ours has learned many lessons during these years of reaction engineered by the employers, and one of the lessons is that a militant and progressive policy, consistently and steadily pursued, is the only policy that will unify, consolidate, and inspire our rank and file. . . . Everything points to a period of industrial strife and conflict. . . . There are surely signs over the whole field of industry which indicate that vast and revolutionary changes must take place in industrial structure to meet the changed conditions. . . . Some day assuredly our people will sweep away the system that produces such appalling conditions, and erect in its place a structure based upon cooperation in which every man and woman shall be assured the full fruits of their labor.

It is impossible, in a few sentences, to convey an impression of the power with which these ideas were driven home. Only after the rounds of applause had died away did the auditors realize that they had been listening, not to a demand for immediate economic improvements, but to a survey of the forces that are sweeping the British labor movement to a realization of its role [illegible] to play in the building of a new social order.

Equally convincing were the words with which Fred Bramley, secretary of the General Council and president of the Amsterdam International Federation of Trade Unions, presented the issue of world trade union unity:

> We consider it our duty to stand by the working class of Russia [he said]. The attitude of the International Federation of Trade Unions heretofore has been that Russia must affiliate with the International first and discuss afterward. The Russians desired a conference before they affiliated. The attitude of no discussion before affiliation we believe to be a wrong attitude.

This was a direct challenge to the Amsterdam International, of which the British unions constitute the largest group. Mr. Bramley then turned his attention to Russia.

> We must consider Russian problems in relation to the past history of Russia [he said]. The Russian revolution is the first revolution in all history that has aimed at and secured the overthrow of exploitation. It is also the world's first experiment in the working-class control of public [illegible]. There is one great lesson that the Russian revolution has taught us. You may cut off the heads of kings and queens; you may abolish royal families and imprison emperors; you may launch devastating wars upon the world and slaughter millions; you may still be forgiven and accepted into the comity of nations. We have had experience with these matters in our own country and in our own day. But if you disturb the landed interests and abolish the exploitation of the wage-earner, you will be attacked and attacked by the whole capitalist world. You will be compelled to face what Russia faces now. Russia, from our point of view is a mystery, and we cannot [illegible] only to stand by the struggling working-class movement of Russia.

Cheers greeted the speech, and the resolution, which indorsed the efforts of the General Council to secure "world-wide unity of the trade-union movement through an all-inclusive federation of trade unions," was passed by acclamation.

Savage attacks were made upon the Dawes Plan, which was denounced by A. J. Cook of the miners as "damning not only the German workers but damning the British workers too." Harry Pollitt described the plan as the interference of the "American financial dictatorship to prevent a social revolution in Germany."

Only one delegate spoke in defense of the plan; when he had finished the congress passed with a shout the resolution condemning "the enslavement of the German workers under the Dawes Plan," and pledging the British labor movement "to assist the German workers in every possible way to improve their standard of life."

But when it came to the application of these generalizations to the immediate problems before the British workers, the congress proceded with true British caution. At its first working session, the congress considered a resolution granting more power to the General Council (the executive committee of the congress). The resolution was hotly debated. The recent mine crisis is still fresh in the trade-union mind, and constant references were made to it. On one side were a number of small-craft unions and conservative trade-union leaders. Ranged on the other side were the miners and a number of the more progressive delegates. "It is only power that counts," cried A. J. Cook of the miners. "No union ought to fight alone. The time has gone by. You will be smashed. In the trade-union movement we must have centralized power."

"Power is essential, but common sense is sometimes necessary," answered J. H. Thomas of the railwaymen. "The power already held by the General Council is sufficient."

Here was an acute issue: a sharp struggle for power. American visitors leaned forward. "Something will happen," they told one another. But J. H. Clynes, W. J. Brown, and E. Bevin followed "on the side of caution," as Clynes phrased it. The congress then deferred action for a year!

The congress is a unique body. There were 724 delegates at this, the one hundred and fifty-seventh session, representing about 4,343,000 members. A dozen women were accredited delegates. Among the seven hundred men there were a few gray heads, but most were in the prime of life, and many were under thirty-five. The majority of the delegates were union officials, but a number had come straight from the shops. Probably two hundred of the delegates were first- or second-rate speakers. For the most part they used no notes. Their remarks were thoughtful, and to the point. There was nothing like an American steam roller in the congress. The length of speeches is rigidly limited: ten minutes for the mover of a resolution, seven minutes for the seconder, and five minutes for discussions from the floor. If the delegates have heard enough discussion, they begin to call out: "Agreed! Agreed!" or "Vote! Vote!"

The language used at the congress is picturesque, racy, and quite largely socialistic. Neil McLean's broad Scotch follows the finished parliamentary diction of the Right Honorable J. R. Clynes. One delegate remarked that Tomsky's Russian was almost as difficult to follow as Herbert Smith's Yorkshire brogue. A. J. Cook's fiery staccato contrasts with the deliberate, homely phrases of J. H. Thomas.

To be sure, this was a "left" congress. A. B. Swales, A. A. Purcell, head of the British trade-union delegation to Russia; George Hicks, Fred Bramley, and their co-workers had things all their own way after the first day. Still the movement is far bigger than the personality of any one man or of any small group of men. The British workers, face to face with the economic disintegration of the British Empire, are rapidly preparing themselves and their movement to take control of the economic activities of the United Kingdom. Day after day, at this congress, it was made clear by the delegates that this process of shifting control would be accomplished economically rather than politically. Ramsay MacDonald is personally popular among the delegates, but the late Labor Government is a by-word of reproach.

Completion

By JAMES DALY

The ferns had waited long—
but she came to them with a spontaneity
phenomenal in one of whom the slower pace
seemed more expressive.

On a wicker table, by the mottled wall,
the ferns had waited long.
And she was sprightly in her coming,
and in her hand she held a book.

What if she never read?
She saw the birds, she saw the birds,
she saw them all, and heard them sing,
and lent a meaning to the waiting ferns.

Oh, in her hour of summing up,
do not forget:
Swiftly she came, whose pace was old and measured—
who lent a meaning to the ferns.

The British Miner's Prophet

By WILSON MIDGLEY

A LITTLE over five years ago the man who has inflicted on Premier Baldwin the only defeat he has suffered was working eight hours a day tearing coal out of a deep seam in a Welsh mine. As secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain A. J. Cook made the Prime Minister reverse his own decision at a few days' notice, call off a threatened strike by undertaking an official inquiry, and guarantee a subsidy to miners' wages which will amount to several million pounds and last for several months until the inquiry concludes.

Of course the miners' victory was won because Cook was backed by older and wiser heads than his on the miners' executive, by the great transport unions, and by a general feeling on the part of the public that the miners had at least some kind of right on their side; but the fact that the public believed that Jack was the giant-killer, that he could be called "Emperor Cook," and that he could arouse, as he has done, the hatred of the reactionaries and the fears of the liberals shows that Cook stands for something in himself.

As a matter of fact, he is the mental and physical embodiment of the typical British miner of the present day. He is a man of forty with an eager, almost boyish, face, simple blue eyes, the red hair of courage, and a body marked with those nasty bluish scars that are left by wounds in a mine. He conceives his plans in loneliness and then carries them out like an embodied energy, sweeping everybody along by his infectious enthusiasm and love of human beings and their company. He talks like a prophet pleading for the soul of the world in long, tireless, impassioned speeches. He loves humor and ease and books, but he has little time for them in his life and no use for them in his speeches. He represents the miner's almost fierce resentment and despair that all the inquiries and all the promises and all the schemes do not improve his position radically; he represents his determined mystical hope that somehow things are going to be radically altered and that he will be able once again to give way to that natural cheerfulness which has been under a cloud now for many years.

Cook was reared in that classical breeding ground of rebel miners, the Rhondda Valley. It is one of a series which the high mountains of South Wales, stretching like the fingers of a hand down to the sea, shut out from the sunlight and almost from the air. A single road runs up them, and everything that goes up must come out by the same route. They are *cul de sacs* to the body and too often to the mind. The Welsh miner lives and works in these valleys where often there is not room for the river and the road and the railroad to run side by side, where houses are cracked from ridge to basement by the undermining, where a football field may be the only level ground for miles, where the miner still washes off the muck and sweat in a tub on the hearth for which his wife must carry the water from a standpipe outdoors and heat it in kettles on the fire. Cook was not born in the Rhondda. He lived as a boy in the green fields of Somerset and something of their freshness

> Felt in the blood and felt along the heart

must have begun the fever of unrest which has worked like a ferment in him ever since. Its first outlet was in preaching at the age of sixteen. For most Welsh miners religion takes the place of sunlight. The old type of miner was happy to divide his life between periods on his knees before the coal-face and on his knees before his God. He is, of course, a Fundamentalist, but the chief consolation of his religion is a febrile emotion. Into that movement young Cook was swept up and and as speedily thrown out when his mind opened out to wider ideas. The socialism in his mind began to get into his sermons. The position was strained when he asked permission for his Sunday-school football team to undress in an ante-room of the chapel. It was refused; the football team attached itself to a public-house which naturally did not think changing your trousers for football some kind of sin, and Cook was in the wilderness.

Respectability and hypocrisy had hit him and he began to hit back. In those constant disputes which gather round mining work he became known as one of those who naturally speak up and take the lead. Perhaps because he has red hair he spoke more vigorously than was always necessary, perhaps his red hair looked like a danger signal to foremen and masters; but Cook began to be known. He did not conceal his hatred for the life and conditions of himself and his mates, and when a man had to be dropped it frequently happened to be Cook. His was a Spartan life. He was a total abstainer, an athlete, a man with a rage for work. He loved difficulty and welcomed danger and so he could always get employment, but when the need for a special man had passed he could always say or do something which made him lose it again.

When his boy was born he had been out of work for some weeks; when a little girl followed he managed to get back to work the day before she arrived. But between these events he had had his contact with both culture and life. He won a scholarship at the age of twenty-two to the Central Labor College in London. His young wife and he gave up their home. She went uncomplainingly to live with her parents, but after a few months Cook had to come back and start earning money for the young lady just mentioned. He probably got in those few months as much as college teachers could give him. They showed him how to handle books. They opened his eyes to the wider meaning of socialism, and to this youth who had never lacked confidence in his cause they gave confidence in himself.

The war by this time was playing havoc with life in the Rhondda. The youngest and the strongest had gone, but the Government was demanding more and more coal. While they were asking the unions to see that they got more coal, their military representatives were carrying out the duty of military representatives and, in complete ignorance of problems of safety or the physical capacity of those left behind to stand the strain, they were impounding all the men they could steal away. They drew up a batch of young men in one of the pit-yards and marched them off to the recruiting officer. They were still drawn up in line while the tedious formalities were under way when a wild-eyed figure, coal-black from head to foot, dashed into their presence. Cook read the military and the miners a lecture on the situation.

He quoted rules and regulations; he gave the men details about their rights and then he marched them "right about" out of the very hands of the soldiers. He fought the food-rationing system in the same way, until inspectors came down from London to see who this troublesome fellow was with his allegations that the miners must have more food or produce less coal. He took the officials to a line of men waiting to descend the pit and showed them one dinner-pail after another with nothing it it but dry bread. He took part in a public discussion on the rationing system, and then there happened what must have happened frequently to this fluent, blue-eyed gospeler: he could not believe that he had said what he was accused of. One of the kindliest and most intelligent magistrates in the British Isles had to send him to jail, but he went and had talks with him in his cell. Cook kept himself from going frantic, he told me once, by composing the speeches he would make when he got out.

When he did get out he had regained respectability. His respectable chapel judges of the past were reconciled by his opposition to a higher respectability. He began to lecture on Marxian economics. Six nights a week he delivered what he called lectures, but what more often were harangues and prophecies, to hundreds of men at a time, the men who had come back from the war looking for the new world of which there seemed to be no promise, or rather nothing but promises.

By a vote like a flood he was elected one of three organizers for the Rhondda Valley unit and then in the national strike of 1921 he took quite naturally the position of the leader of the Rhondda, the leader of the advanced section, the leader of the new movement in South Wales, and a sort of prophet of the new order. As we walked through the village streets together in that strike children ran in front of him to get his notice for a moment, old men came up to touch him as if he had a magic power.

Frank Hodges, a man reared by the same experiences, except that he was formed before the war, cool, polished, a crack student, quite a French scholar, resigned the secretaryship of the Miners' Federation, and to the surprise of everybody including themselves the federation found that it had chosen the famous firebrand Cook to succeed him in office.

The change was symbolical of the times, but we all prophesied that Cook would be sobered or broken by office. Neither horn of that dilemma has impaled him. In office as out he has gone on making his revolutionary speeches, often, I have no doubt, to his own surprise next day. Sometimes he may alarm his followers, but the times are desperate. The miners are fed full of facts and theories and statistics which will prove that an unendurable life is all there is for them to endure. Inquiries seem to produce no action and only confirm their own convictions and provide their opponents with more ammunition. For A. J. Cook as for most of them nationalization shines like a star. It is not a creed formulated in terms so much as a gospel offering the only visible hope. The British miner is not a revolutionary; he hates trouble, but he knows that in the present desperate circumstances men like Robert Smillie and A. J. Cook represent his feelings and his needs better than any member of the "old guard"; and now that Smillie has retired, Cook has inherited his allegiance, because at any rate he thinks he can see daylight, and has the vision, the courage, and the creative energy to fight his way through to it.

Protocols, Pacts, Alliances

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, September 17

THE Assembly of the League of Nations, after its flare-up of last year, has relapsed into its habitual tameness. The center of interest has shifted from Geneva to Lausanne, or Locarno, or wherever the forthcoming conference about the proposed Western Pact is to be held. It is not, of course, the fault of the League that the important matter of the moment is one outside its immediate supervision, or rather it is only indirectly the fault of the League. It is because Germany and Russia are not members of the League of Nations that the League is unable to tackle effectively the problem of European peace, and Germany at least is not a member of the League of Nations because the League as a whole had not the courage to resist the French determination to keep her out of it. Now, by a turn of the tables, France is imploring Germany to come in and even insisting that she shall as a condition of signing any pact. What a comment on French policy of the last seven years!

Although one speaker after another has proclaimed at Geneva his fidelity to the protocol, it is clear that that document in its present form is as dead as Queen Anne. I should suppose that half the governments that voted for it in the Assembly of last year did so in the hope that it would never be ratified. And the more people study the protocol the less they like it. Their dislike is from different reasons. No doubt the present British Government dislikes the principle of compulsory arbitration, which is of course a limitation of national sovereignty, but the uneasiness felt about the protocol in its present form by a large part of English and other opinion of the Left has other grounds. On the one hand it is felt that the protocol as it stands would be or might be an instrument for stereotyping all the existing territorial arrangements in Europe. On the other hand it is feared that the protocol could hardly make disarmament possible, since it compels every signatory Power to maintain an army for the purpose of the military sanctions for which it provides, and allows France to maintain all her separate military alliances.

What the League of Nations should have done last year was simply to agree on a protocol providing for compulsory arbitration in all international disputes without going any further for the moment. Once countries became accustomed to submitting disputes to arbitration, no government would dare to resort to war, and eventually disarmament would become possible. But France would not have compulsory arbitration pure and simple. French policy in this has never changed. It was the same under Herriot, and is the same under Painlevé, as it was under Poincaré. When the predecessor of the protocol, the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, was being discussed at Geneva, M. Henri de Jouvenel insisted on behalf of the Poincaré Government on the continuance of separate alliances, and Lord Cecil weakly agreed. The Treaty of Mutual Assistance was killed.

Last year, when the protocol was being discussed, exactly the same demand was made by M. Paul Boncour on behalf of the Herriot Government. The British dele-

gation opposed the demand and finally proposed as a compromise that all separate alliances should come to an end five years after the ratification of the protocol. The French delegation, of which, by the way, M. de Jouvenel again formed part, as he does this year, would not hear of any limitation, and Ramsay MacDonald instructed the British delegation to yield. He should have sacrificed the protocol rather than consent to such a condition. If all countries agree to submit all disputes to arbitration and to combine against any country violating that undertaking, what possible need can there be for defensive military alliances? One is reluctantly obliged to say that the insistence by France on the maintenance of such alliances is not evidence of a sincere desire for peace, for separate alliances have always been and always will be one of the principal causes of war.

The truth is that French policy has two principal aims: the stereotyping of all the territorial arrangements made by the peace treaties and the maintenance of the French alliances with Poland, Belgium, and other countries. It is because the French believe that the protocol is an instrument for securing those aims that they support it. Their idea of arbitration is a purely juridical one. The arbitrators are not to go into the question at issue on its merits, but simply to apply the "law," that is, the sacrosanct peace treaties. Last year the French and their satellites were terribly alarmed at MacDonald's proposal of compulsory arbitration, until the ingenious M. Benes saw how it could be used to stereotype existing territorial arrangements. Then he and M. Paul Boncour worked together on those lines and succeeded in obtaining the consent of the not very wide-awake British delegation to an instrument which in their opinion would do the trick. How can one help being suspicious about the protocol when one reads articles in its favor in papers like the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*, to say nothing of the more conservative *Temps?*

Any attempt to stereotype the existing territorial arrangements in Europe must lead sooner or later to war. Hitherto frontiers have been altered by war or the threat of war. It is most desirable to make war impossible, but in that case provision must be made for altering frontiers, when necessary, by peaceful means. Otherwise there will be an explosion. To suppose that such frontiers as the present frontiers of Poland, which defy alike justice and common sense, can be permanent is madness. Protocol or no protocol, they will be altered sooner or later, if not by peaceful means, then by force. And they are by no means the only frontiers in Europe in the same case.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, up to very recently, could see little merit in the claims of certain books of etiquette. He could read large headlines: "Do you know how asparagus should be eaten?" or "Is it correct to shake hands with a lady?" and remain quite unmoved. The details of the proper trousseau for (1) a bride whose husband is a millionaire, (2) a bride who will have a comfortable income, (3) a bride who must live modestly for several years interested him not at all, except in so far as it was never assumed that the modest income was to be a permanent affair. But now he can see how mistaken he was. A book of etiquette may have meant nothing to him, but it has its uses: if he were rich, he would count it his duty to see that a copy of one of these works was placed in every laboring man's cottage in this broad land. If his friends consider that a rash, or perhaps unfortunate expenditure of wealth, even imaginary wealth, he can point to the plight of one Isadore Walpuff, who was lately desirous of becoming a citizen of the United States. Unhappily, Mr. Walpuff, in his eagerness to take out his final papers, neglected to put on a collar and tie.

* * * * *

NATURALLY, the excellent judge was horrified; his courtroom had never before been so desecrated. And he refused to grant citizenship papers to one who had so far forgot himself and the traditional attire of an American gentleman.

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IF Mr. Walpuff had only had a book of etiquette, he might have read, perhaps on page 389 et seq., the correct apparel for one about to attain to the accolade of citizenship. A neat morning coat, a pair of pearl gray trousers, a white (linen) collar, and something refined but individual in the way of neckwear—how much more comfortable he would have felt garmented thus than in his ugly work clothes, and how quickly His Honor would have welcomed him as a member of the inner circle. If it be advanced that Mr. Walpuff, being a laboring man, probably had permanently mislaid his pearl gray trousers, then the question arises: "Should a laboring man be admitted to citizenship under any conditions, even supposing he had been so foresighted as to hire the proper clothes for the occasion?" Would it not be more suitable to limit the benefits of naturalization to gentlemen of the leisure class, persons who would never be at a loss either in a courtroom or before a plate of asparagus?

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THE Drifter has himself always felt very kindly toward those alien born who take the trouble to become citizens of his country; they must first learn some of the ways of a strange land, they must acquaint themselves at least partially with its language, they must master certain of its laws when possibly laws in their own country were completely unknown to them. And they do this, with definite pain, for some tangible benefits and for many vague and intangible ones. The Drifter has always felt like stretching out a hand to them, partly, perhaps, because the benefits they hope to derive may so easily elude them. [illegible] charms. In this case he feels that were he to do his duty he would at once establish a class for prospective citizens, giving instructions in wearing apparel and other matters vital to the life of the republic. But he rarely does his duty; and in the matter in hand his sympathies lie with the policeman who, set to watch at a polling place and encountering a discomfited would-be voter, inquired the cause of his discomfiture. "He say I no citizen," the would-be voter explained. The reply of the officer was instant and hearty: "Sure you're a citizen; don't you live here?"

* * * * *

WHICH strikes the Drifter as being a sensible solution of the problem and one that could safely be recommended to judges and immigration officers.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "These are not exceptional incidents," says Leonard Cline in his article Behind This Prohibition in the September 2 issue of your paper. They are "not exceptional" in the experience of Mr. Cline, as he is obviously a drinking man; but they would be very exceptional in my experience, as I am not a drinking man.

All that Mr. Cline shows in his sloppy and silly article is that there are men and women in this country, including public officials, who are willing to violate the liquor laws, and that there are others, like Mr. Cline, who are willing to aid and abet them.

This is hardly news, even to a total abstainer like myself. I am perfectly well aware that there are people willing to handle liquor today when there is a law against it, just as there are people willing to carry concealed weapons, sell opium and other drugs, race automobiles, commit theft and murder where there are laws against these offenses. The criminal, even in official positions, is no new phenomenon. But never until the prohibition criminal appeared have we had him and his indecent acts presented as an argument for repealing or modifying the law which he doesn't like.

In what he says about New York Mr. Cline is not only silly but misleading. *He* can get a drink in New York, of course, because he is "in cahoots" with the criminal conspiracy against the government in that city. But what about the man who is not thus advantaged? A dozen years ago a common man like myself, with no inside "dope," could get a drink on every corner, sometimes on three and even four sides of a corner. Today this common man would find it difficult to get a drink, and unless he is a confirmed tippler would not think the gain worth the trouble of a hunt. New York, I am ready to believe, is "wet"; but general public conditions are so much better today in this regard than they were when I first knew New York, eighteen years ago, that I would not have them changed back again for worlds.

We have drinkers with us, and we shall have them for a long time. They will get their liquor, for they prefer their selfish appetite to the public weal, and where there is a will there is a way. But these constitute only that inevitable body of criminality which exists under the operation of every law. In these early days of prohibition law-enforcement they are flourishing mightily; but the "set" of public sentiment is dead against them, and in due time they will become as relatively few, and as completely contemptible, as dope-fiends, wife-beaters, and bandits.

New York, September 3 John Haynes Holmes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Holmes, in his denunciation of my picture of New York under prohibition, does little more than affirm, it seems to me, that total abstainers like himself can now no longer get a drink. Men who do drink, he admits, will get their liquor, for "where there's a will there's a way." That was, of course, what I attempted to prove.

I undertook to show also that the way is easy. Mr. Holmes says that it is difficult, and then declares he has never tried. He perceives that since prohibition many of the old saloons have closed their doors. He goes on the assumption apparently that those remaining, ostensibly to serve near-beer and pop, actually do sell nothing else.

Mr. Holmes's attitude toward the prohibition law is draconic. The fact that it is multitudinously violated is no argument for its repeal, he contends; and men who take a drink will eventually become—if, indeed, they are not so already in Mr. Holmes's opinion—as contemptible as "dope-fiends, wife-beaters, and bandits."

I do not wish to be understood to predict a revolution over rum. But nearly two centuries ago a king and his parliament passed a law, and the violators of it flourished so mightily that they discarded king and parliament together and constituted themselves the United States of America. Laws can be passed that are so unpopular they can never be enforced. The only recourse of a sagacious government is to repeal or modify them.

And as for the contemptibility of drinking men, wife-beaters, and bandits: In England centuries ago, I believe, they hanged a man as readily for stealing a penny's-worth of bread as they did for murdering the curate. Today, tempering our justice with a better sense of values, we discriminate.

Amawalk, New York, September 19 Leonard Cline

Diet

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* having encouraged me to tolerate others' views, no matter how contrary to mine, I hereby extend an invitation to the reviewer of "Rational Diet" by Otto Carqué to visit us and witness the practical working out of the main idea expounded in "Rational Diet." If he will only be fair-minded and at all reasonable, I promise not to call him uncomplimentary names.

May I suggest that you have a man who is interested in *modern* dietetics, and has read a few *modern* authorities on the subject, review this book?

Zephyrshills, Florida, September 15 Rose Y. Chenkin

The Pies That Mother Made

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your recent article on cooks of this generation and another was well timed and of great interest. But I would ask you to clarify your point in favor of grandmother by defining a good cook. In one important sense a good cook may be a bad cook; just as "good eating" is often the worst kind of eating.

Here is my protest: Proper ministration to the alimentary demands of man requires infinitely more than a knowledge of cookery—it requires the rare and priceless knowledge of nutrition.

In the preparation of their delectable offerings our mothers' only guides were taste, appearance, and abundance. Master chefs knew no better—few do to this day. Scientific dietetics was greatly in the dark. The facts hadn't been unearthed.

Two achievements of this generation are (1) the newer knowledge of the chemistry, the physiology, and notably the *biology* of nutrition; (2) the development of methods for organizing and disseminating such knowledge through a multiplicity of agencies.

True, our wives can't cook as our mothers cooked. They can't and, what's more, they *won't*—because they know better.

Glenside, Pennsylvania, September 7 Robert H. Lewis

A Reasonable Demand

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Inclosed please find $2 for six months' subscription, as offered in your last issue. I think it would be fitting that I take the place in your fold of readers vacated by that distinguished Southern brother who left because he thought you did not soak the Catholics hard enough. The accident of birth has made me a Catholic, but I will listen to reason. I shall not expect you to defend the Catholic church, for I know it is too vulnerable. But I shall expect that you continue to denounce that modern imitation of the Spanish Inquisition, the Ku Klux Klan, not because it is anti-Catholic but because it is anti-liberal.

Sawtrelle, California, August 31 E. J. O'Connell

Some Notable Fall Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

Anthony, Katharine. Catherine the Great. Knopf. $5.
Baring-Gould, S. Further Reminiscences. 1864-1894. Dutton. $6.
Barrus, Clara. The Life and Letters of John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.50.
Best, Mary Agnes. Rebel Saints. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Bigelow, Poultney. Seventy Summers. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $10.
Bishop, Joseph Bucklin. Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years. Scribner's. $2.50.
Bordeux, Jeanne. Eleonora Duse. Doran. $6.
Bradford, Gamaliel. Wives. Harper. $3.50.
Buck, Mitchell S. The Life of Casanova. Frank-Maurice. $2.
Bullard, Robert Lee. Personalities and Reminiscences of the War. Doubleday, Page. $5.
Coit, C. W. Charles the First. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Cole, G. D. H. Robert Owen. Little, Brown. $4.
Daudet, Leon. The Memoirs of. Edited and Translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. Dial Press. $5.
Dickson, Harris. An Old-Fashioned Senator. Stokes. $2.
Errazuriz, Pedro Subercaseaux. Saint Francois D'Assise. Marshall Jones. $25.
Ervine, St. John. Parnell. Little, Brown. $4.
Finger, Charles J. Romantic Rascals. McBride. $3.
Fitzpatrick, John C. The Diaries of George Washington. Houghton Mifflin. 4 vols. $25.
Geer, Walter. Napoleon and Marie Louise. Brentano's. $5.
Grey of Fallodon, Viscount. Twenty-Five Years. Stokes. 2 vols. $10.
Harte, Bret. Letters of. Ed. by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
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Lawton, Mary. A Lifetime with Mark Twain. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
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Marquand, J. P. Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Mass. Minton, Balch. $3.50.
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Powys, Llewelyn. Skin for Skin. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Prescott, William Hickling. His Life and Writings Shown in His Correspondence, 1833-1847. Edited by Roger Wolcott. Houghton Mifflin. $6.
Queen Victoria. The Letters Of. 1862-1878. Edited by George Earle Buckle. Longmans, Green.
Raleigh, Lady, Ed. The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh. Macmillan. 2 vols.
Russell, John. The Later Correspondence of, 1840-1878. Edited by G. P. Gooch. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $10.
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Franck, Harry A. Roving Through Southern China. Century. $5.
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Hurley, Frank. Argonauts of the South. Putnam. $5.
Norton, E. F. The Fight for Everest. Longmans, Green. $7.50.
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Smith, Lowell H., and Others. The First World Flight. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

International Relations Section

White Terror in Liberal Chile

By ARNOLD ROLLER

[*The New York* Times *for October 2 reports that President Alessandri of Chile has once more resigned, following a dispute with Colonel Ibanez, Minister of War, in which the latter refused to resign when requested to do so by the President. Colonel Ibanez was the leader of the group which recalled Alessandri to the presidency in January, 1925. A presidential election, in which the leading candidate is Senor Emiliano Larrain, will be held on October 24.*]

IF any further proof were needed of the apathy with which people in these United States regard affairs in South America, it might be found in the almost unanimous indifference toward recent events in Chile. Two miltary coups d'etat within five months, involving the eclipse of the patrician class until then in the ascendancy, the exile and triumphal return of a president, and the promulgation of a new body of laws and civil guaranties—these were only the beginning. There followed what has been catalogued by the press as a "Bolshevik revolt," embellished with seizures of factories, red and white flags, and a fabled leader wearing a "Russian uniform." The revolt reduced to prose turns out to have been only a strike in the nitrate fields, undertaken rashly under the aegis of the brand-new laws and liberties. But its suppression was genuine enough.

In the elections four years ago the middle-class elements in Chile, with the support of the workers, wrested the presidency for the first time in Chilean history from the clerical conservative patrician families. This aristocratic bloc had considered officialdom as its private domain, necessary to the maintenance of its special privileges. Arturo Alessandri came into power on a tide of grandiose promises. He did nothing. Obstructionist tactics, he explained, were responsible for his inactivity. But the reactionaries were restive under the new regime notwithstanding that its accomplishments were negligible. The mass of Chileans lost interest in the great change. A carefully planned *coup* by army and navy officers thus succeeded easily in recapturing power for the old reactionaries in September of last year. Alessandri was handled politely but given to understand that he ought to "see the world."

The hasty dismissal of middle-class job-holders in the Government and the repression of labor, however, quickly crystallized an opposition. The younger elements in the army, drawn from the rising bourgeoisie, the young intellectuals, the anti-clerical Masons joined forces, and in January overthrew the dictatorship. A civil war seemed imminent. But the working-class elements, which had watched the changes with apparent indifference, now stepped in. The Chilean Federation of Labor, the Communist Party, and others came out in support of the latest regime. The reactionaries, apparently persuaded by this gesture that they were quite alone, abandoned the struggle. The liberal government promised large reforms to the working class in appreciation for its support at a critical moment. The Chilean middle class had thus taken control, and the ancient rule of the landed aristocracy seemed definitely ended. Remembering how the masses had permitted the first Alessandri government to be ousted, the new government lost no time in trying to convince the people of the sincerity of its promises. A vast number of social and labor reforms were decreed into existence. Some of them were modeled on the labor laws of Soviet Russia, others on the labor legislation of Mexico. The right to organize, to strike, to enjoy complete civil liberty was declared and guaranteed.

All liberal and radical elements, including the Communists, formed a "united social republican front." Alessandri was summoned home and was received like a *conquistador*. However, he had spent a large portion of his exile in Italy, where he seemed to have fallen under the influence of Mussolini. When the question of a new constitution arose he insisted on a "presidential" system similar to that in the United States as against the "parliamentary" system of France and England. He would not, as promised, call a constituent assembly. Instead, he offered a hand-made constitution for ratification as a whole by popular vote.

It was soon after the return of the President and the announcement of the new labor and social reforms that disquieting news began to come from the nitrate fields, the northern provinces of Tarapaca and Antofagasta. There were hints of revolt, factory occupations, soviets. A dispatch through Lima seemed detailed enough: "The Coruna plant was one of the first occupied by the Reds. A soviet was established. . . . The Reds' leader, a man named Garrido, who was later killed, wore a uniform resembling a Russian costume, with a white hat and a red sash." And so on. But no labor papers crossed the border. They had, in fact, been suppressed. Not until later was it possible to reconstruct the tragedy.

The nitrate plants are all in the desert. The workers live in special camps erected by the company, which supplies them with food and water. The camps are policed by private guards, drawing their salaries from the company. The complexion of the local governments, the police, and the judiciary in these districts is similar to that of North American company towns.

When the news of Alessandri's reforms penetrated, the workers tried to organize. They asked for more sanitary dwellings and more decent wages. But the petty local tyrants took no cognizance of the legislation in the capital. As a matter of long-established routine they proceeded to break up meetings and drive out union organizers. Those who were suspected of sympathy with union ideas were summarily dismissed—twenty workers in one plant, thirty in another. Gendarmes invaded the homes of active unionists, and did not spare the women and children in clubbing the household into submission. Early in June this situation resulted in a strike in one plant. The others quickly took it up. The authorities immediately prohibited the publication of the three Communist dailies and the one anarcho-syndicalist weekly in the northern provinces. The printing plant and offices of the Communist daily *El Despertar* in Iquique were completely wrecked. Company guards led by a plant manager raided the office of the Chilean Federation of Labor in Coruna. In the latter place the workers defended their building and in the struggle two of the guards were killed, several of the workers were wounded. At this point the local authorities acting under orders from the plant management wired to Santiago

that the workers had armed themselves, taken possession of the plants, and established "soviets." The occupation of the plants was probably a euphemism for the "strike on the job" declared in one of the plants. The Alessandri regime at once declared a state of siege, and a warship was sent from Valparaiso. Artillery and machine-guns were landed. In two days the revolt was officially reported "crushed." The victorious general reported to Alessandri that he "had to use artillery and bombard the encampment of the soldiers, because they had destroyed houses and factories; and when, after the first bombardment the workers raised the white flag and the troops approached, then the workers again defiantly raised the red flag, whereupon the artillery had to recommence the bombardment from close distance." He reported with pride that the leader in the Russian uniform was killed. The workers fled, he continued, carrying many of the wounded with them, but fifty-nine dead were found on the field of battle and many wounded, of whom several soon died. The local press in the Peruvian papers reported 400 to 500 killed. And the victory was cheap, not a single soldier was killed or wounded. A commission, appointed by the trade unions in the capital, sent to the spot a few weeks later, reported 2,000 dead, mostly women and children.

From the general's report, as well as conservative press reports, it appears that the bombardment was directed against the camps, and not against the plants. It is specifically stated that not one plant was damaged in the bombardment. The "occupation" of the plants was therefore on the face of it a piece of fiction useful in declaring a state of siege.

The liberal President officially congratulated the general on his expeditious work, explaining that he "regrets that perverse and misguided elements, crazed by hate and will to destruction, poison the healthy soul of the people with impossible utopias. . . ." The liberal Minister of War cabled the heroic general: "I regret the misfortune of so many citizens, because no doubt a great number of them were innocent . . ." but . . . "I hope you will continue in your salutary work by applying the extreme punishment to those responsible for the revolt."

On the strength of the revolt in the northern provinces, stringent action has been taken against all suspected radicals everywhere. Already a most timely bomb has exploded in a southern mine, although no one was hurt. Warnings against the "red terror" are being sounded by the reactionary press, giving justification for wholesale arrests and deportations.

The foreign owners of the nitrate plants, it may be presumed, have watched this situation very closely. At any rate President Alessandri gave, at the time of the "revolt," an interview to the United Press about Chile's need for foreign capital. He explained that the labor laws were no obstacle. They were really intended to prevent conflicts between capital and labor, "but if they should prove detrimental in some way to the natural development of industry, the Government will have to find immediately the necessary remedies."

And the central committee of the right-wing moderate liberal Radical Party declared candidly in a public statement that the "extreme measures applied in the nitrate fields must be ascribed not so much to the necessity of repressing a subversive element as to the necessity of submitting to the requirements of foreign capitalists."

The Tacna-Arica Plebiscite

By AMY WOODS

[*Recent telegraphic dispatches have reported the withdrawal of the Peruvian Boundary Delegation from the Commission headed by General Pershing to settle the Tacna-Arica frontier dispute. The Peruvian delegation allege attacks on their members and other extreme measures used by Chileans to intimidate Peru and influence the result of the coming plebiscite, and demand guaranties from Chile that the plebiscite will be carried on without any attempt to coerce or prejudice voters.*]

"WAR Clouds are Gathering between Chile and Peru" according to the widespread advertisement of the *Literary Digest* of September 12. How many of us in the United States know any of the facts which form the basis of such rumors and the significance to every citizen of the United States if such a war comes about?

A small item in an inconspicuous corner of a large daily paper states that a certain person was killed in Arica, the center of the plebiscite region, *and it is thought that it may be the work of a Peruvian sympathizer* (italics are mine) but little or nothing of the real situation in the Tacna-Arica plebiscite area has seeped through to the American public.

A young Englishman in charge of large manufacturing interests in Peru writes from Callao, the post of Lima:

> They are now straining every nerve to raise funds for the plebiscite over Tacna and Arica. Many of the wealthy citizens have given huge sums of money; one alone the other day gave $12,000. The Government has to pay for transporting the people to Arica and back in order to vote, so it will be a very costly undertaking. Nobody seems to care to venture an opinion as to how things will go, but if it does go against Peru there will be a noise and plenty of fun here.

Something of what is happening in the provinces of Tacna and Arica can be gathered from the cable which Sarah Wambaugh sent to her father, long a member of the Harvard law school. Miss Wambaugh, author of a "Monograph on Plebiscites," has been retained as an expert adviser by the Peruvian Government and is now in Arica as a member of the Peruvian delegation. On August 7 Miss Wambaugh and Miss Maggie Conroy of Lima, who is acting as her interpreter, landed in Arica and while walking through the town were followed constantly by police. Upon their return to the official Peruvian ship two women of Arica with whom they had talked were arrested by the Chilean police on the charge of having conversed too freely with the Peruvian delegates. Miss Wambaugh attempted to send the following cable to her father asking him to make it public:

> Tell newspapers spies follow us everywhere. Peruvian inhabitants terrorized dare not speak to us. Two women jailed for speaking. Military control absolute. Chilean governor today decrees no inhabitant can go from town to country or contrariwise without special police permit which must be shown at every picket post, and they can travel only by designated roads controlled by carabineers. If Chilean troops not evacuated, Arica will be grave of Monroe Doctrine. Note Chilean censor refuses to pass this so am relaying via Lima.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard,
20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard.
20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey,
20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Business Managers—None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a coporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Katherine S. Dreier, Central Park West, New York City.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ——. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1925.

[Seal] MARY E. O'BRIEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

Wisdom Is Not So Rare

One of the satisfactions of life is to look back upon something done in the past, some bit of foresight, which now is a source of comfort. Perhaps it was a single provision against the future which has provided where all else failed.

That there is, whatever doubting philosophers may think about it, a good deal of forward-looking in all walks of life, is indicated by the records of this company, which show 28,000,000 Prudential life insurance policies in force.

If true wisdom be in foreseeing, wisdom is *not* rare. The millions who are Prudential policyholders have it.

THE PRUDENTIAL
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EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President

Home Office
NEWARK
NEW JERSEY

The All American Cable Company an hour later returned the message by the Chilean censor stating that it was impossible to transmit the message because of its contents. It later reached the United States by wireless from a Peruvian steamer to an inland Peruvian city and thence to Lima. The Peruvian Ministry of Foreign Affairs considered this message as personal and unofficial and admitted that it was beyond its power to give any facilities or assurance to independent investigators who might wish to enter the province of Arica to survey conditions. The Peruvian delegation forwarded a memorandum to General Pershing, chairman of the Plebiscite Commission, that they would bring up the question of Chilean police action against the free movement of citizens in the province.

A letter from a leading woman in Lima says:

> This cable and the article in the *West Coast Leader* upon it are the best possible criticisms of the Coolidge award as a practical and fair settlement of our problem. I hope that appeal has had in your country the publicity it deserves, but the indifference shown the Tacna-Arica question up to the present by the press of the United States, and its thorough lack of realization that the future of Uncle Sam's relations with Latin America is as much or more at stake there than in the exchange of amenities between Secretary Kellogg and the President of Mexico, makes me doubt it. As far as I can see the situation is getting very difficult in Arica for the Chileans and Americans.

This is probably a near-analysis of the political emergency in Chile as well as Peru, if the United Press covers the whole situation. The following cable was published in a Peruvian paper of August 14:

> *Santiago, Chile, August 14.* This morning President Alessandri of Chile reviewed the Telegraph Battalion and afterward attended a luncheon at which he made a speech as follows: "Though Chile has occupied the provinces of Tacna and Arica for thirty years Peru has continued to utter pained and complaining words imputing to us deeds and crimes we have never committed. Peru is from day to day straining our patience and will oblige us suddenly to give up the peaceful intentions of which we have given proof on many occasions. Perhaps the hostile attitude of Peru may oblige us to adopt a course contrary to the government's way of thinking in order to repress the unusual temperament which Peru has exhibited." Alessandri was noisily applauded on finishing his speech. Rising once more he very solemnly uttered the following: "The President who now speaks to you can assure you that the last revolutionary labor movements in the north zone of the republic are the products of the corrupting influence of Peruvian gold and influence. . . ."

Alessandri has a tremendous internal problem on his hands to reconcile the army, which is the old aristocracy, with the growing strength of the proletariat. He was, undoubtedly, playing for popular support. The Chilean people are not particularly interested in the Tacna-Arica question, except to get it out of the way. When I was in Santiago last spring they quite frankly said so. They knew that whatever decision was rendered by the arbitrator could not affect them economically or nationally. Their interest lay in the great rise of the labor- and middle-class groups which have become self-conscious and were at that time forcing the return of Alessandri, despite the political manipulations of both the army and navy and the families which they represent.

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of the province of Tarapaca, which was wrested from Peru by the War of the Pacific, and they control Bolivia's exports by holding the port of Antofagasta. These interests are not involved in the plebiscite. Arica has value only as the terminus of the railroad covering the shortest distance from the capital of Bolivia, La Paz, to the coast. The rest of the plebiscite area is practically of no commercial significance.

It is not to be wondered at that the citizens of the United States see no connection between their personal or even national interests and the possibility of war between Chile and Peru, over this old entanglement of interests. But every nation of South and Central America and of Europe, too, is watching our foreign policy today. With our President as arbitrator and our commander-in-chief of the armed forces during the World War as chairman of the Plebiscite Commission, every citizen of the United States, in the eyes of other nationals, will be held responsible for the outcome of the Tacna and Arica decision.

Contributors to This Issue

RUSSELL T. HERRICK is telegraph editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

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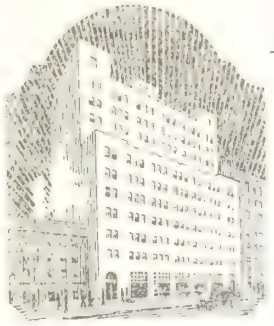

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James Joyce*

By EDWIN MUIR

NO other novelist who has written in English has had a greater mastery than Mr. Joyce of language as an instrument of literary expression, and no one else, probably, has striven so consciously to attain it. "Dubliners" was an ideal apprentice piece for an artist; in it Mr. Joyce set himself to describe accurately the things he saw, attempting at the beginning what most writers achieve toward the end. "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" marked a further stage. That book was as much a recreation of language as a record of experience. The marvelous dialogue which appeared first in it was not like the transcriptions of ordinary talk in "Dubliners"; it was a second language which was used consciously to vary and complete the lingual pattern of the work. That pattern of speech seemed complete in itself, a thing of different nature from, but as real as, the events and experiences, many of them sordid, which it described. There were thus two values in the novel, separate, yet necessary to each other: the value of language and that of life, the value of art and that of experience. To Mr. Joyce the first of these is pure, the second mixed. Art must descend into life, the word must seek out all it can and enter into it; yet, having entered into it, it returns and remains pure in the consciousness of the artist. Life cannot soil it, but only a disobedience of its own laws.

In "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" Mr. Joyce acquired the mastery of language, the knowledge of and reverence for its mysteries, which prepared him for "Ulysses." He learned, too, for the second time, the strict realism which, because it demands perfect exactitude in the rendering, is valuable as a discipline, makes an intensive demand on the artist's powers of expression, and, by putting a strain on them, enhances them. In embracing this realism he discarded the facile sensibility of his time, which was occupied only with the secondary phenomena of consciousness—with the psychological effect of the object rather than the object, with distinctions rather than with things—and which in that preoccupation while seizing the shadow lost the substance. "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" not only left Mr. Joyce with a greater command over English than any other novelist had possessed; it was as well a sort of self-inoculation against a sensibility grown burdensome. Without either of these, "Ulysses" could never have been written. For in "Ulysses" the dual values of "The Portrait," the values of life and art, of reality and imagination, are developed side by side until each attains its maximum of expression, and the discrepancy between them issues in a form of humor which through its intellectual profundity becomes universal. It is a humor not of fashion, nor of character, but of the processes of life, those processes which create history and produce religions and civilizations while leaving the great part of the human race, the average sensual man outside us and within us, spiritually unchanged and apparently spiritually unchangeable. It sets the dreams of religion, the magic of language, the splendors of the intellect, the revolutions of history, over against the simple facts: the naivete of physical desire, the functions of the body, the triviality of the floating thoughts the body sends up into our minds. A theme so tremendous could only be expressed in great tragedy or great comedy, could only in one of these two ways be lifted into a plane where it no longer overwhelms us, and where, having passed through it, we are freed from its worst oppression. Had Mr. Joyce not inoculated himself against sensibility by an overdose of realism, he could never have attained this emancipating comic vision of the entire modern world. Had he not been so sensitive that he suffered monstrously from his sensibility his comedy would have had no driving power behind it. One feels again and again in "Ulysses" that the uproariousness of the farce, the recklessness of the blasphemy is wildest where the suffering of the artist has been most intense. A writer whose sufferings were so great and so conscious needed a more elaborate technique than most writers do, as much to put a distance between himself and his sufferings as to express them.

"Dubliners" and "The Portrait" were a necessary preparation, an apprenticeship strengthening the artist against life. They were exercises working out a part of Mr. Joyce's problem; but in "Ulysses" the whole problem is faced and to the extent of Mr. Joyce's present powers resolved. That problem must needs have been the problem of all the things from which he suffered, for the sincere artist is distinguished from the rest by the fact that his essential concern is with the things which make him suffer, the things, in other words, which stand between him and freedom. There is thus a necessary and an organic relation between him and his work, to create being, as Ibsen said, an act of emancipation. But when, as in "Ulysses," the creation is encyclopedic, when it attempts to gain freedom not from one but all the bonds, all the suffering, of the artist's soul, the impulse from which it started becomes a part of the autobiography of the book as well as of the writer. What Mr. Joyce suffered from in writing "Ulysses" was obviously in its completeness the life he had known; our modern world in all its intellectual manifestations as well as its full banality: in its beliefs, its hopes, its charities, its reverences; its religion, patriotism, humanitarianism, science, literature, politics; its illusions as well as its realities. How could the full volume of all those burdensome hopes, theories, sensibilities, banalities, cruelties, meannesses, sensualities be rendered in a work of art? Obviously not in a story, an action having a beginning, a development, a climax, and an end, but rather in a record of the most obvious unit of time in which all these could manifest themselves, in that unit of time which begins with something recalling birth and ends in something resembling death: in a day. "Ulysses" is a complete course, a set banquet, of the modern consciousness. And being that, no other unit could

* This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with [illegible] and T. S. Eliot.

have served; the author could not have got into the record of a year what he has got into the record of a day.

But this banquet of the modern consciousness was to be a comic summing up as well as a banquet; it was to be not only abundant but so burdensomely, absurdly abundant that all the courses would be made to appear ridiculous, as Rabelais made the courses of the medieval banquet ridiculous. And as Mr. Joyce's encyclopedic plan justified the time unit of his chronicle, so his comic intention justified the minuteness of his portrayal, his huge accumulation of imaginative material. His humor is on one side, like that of Rabelais, a piling up of one burden on the mind after another until the breaking-point is reached—the breaking-point of laughter. It operates by oppressing us consciously with all the things which oppress us unconsciously, and by exaggerating all this until it seems ridiculous that we should bear it, or more exactly that it should exist at all. A sense of this or that anomaly in social relations, the sense which finds expression in polite comedy, is far too light to shift this immense weight. To do that comedy must include as many factors as the greatest tragedy; it must embrace not only man but all that he believes in, the whole anthropomorphic cosmos. But even when the absurdities of the spirit are piled up in this way they are still not in the realm of universal comedy; the last touch is still wanting. That is given by a running contrast between the vast symbols invented by man and his simple earthy reactions, between the extravagance of belief and the simplicity of fact, the decency of civilized life and the unseemliness of instinct. That was the mainspring of Rabelais's humor, and it is also that of Mr. Joyce's. The more absurd and minute the description of physiological reactions the greater obviously the effect. On the one hand an infinite vastness, on the other an infinitesimal smallness; the intellectual dreams and spiritual struggles of Stephen Dedalus in the one balance, the vagaries of Leopold Bloom's instincts in the other; around us the vast phantoms our minds have created, and within us the utilitarian functions of our bodies. And as the intellectual shapes which man has conceived to be first a release and then a burden are exaggerated, so his physical idiosyncrasies, his trifling thoughts, are refined upon. There is in Mr. Joyce's obscenity, as in that of Rabelais, an intellectual quality, as if in searching the recondite secrets of the natural processes of the body he were trying to penetrate to an unconscious humor of the cells, of those elementary principles of life which have built up not only the body but all this phantasmal structure which we call thought, religion, and civilization. His emphasis on the unseemly, on what, in other words, we have surpassed, depend upon, and wish to forget, is, at any rate, a necessary element in this kind of humor and an essential part of the plan of "Ulysses." It is perverse—that is to say, intellectualized deliberately; but so it had to be to achieve its purpose.

The vision of the world whose mainspring is in this radical sense of contrast is one which, if it did not issue in humor, would be nightmare. In "Ulysses" it does not always issue in humor. The brothel scene is horrible partly because it is a misshapen birth, because, conceived as a grand example of the humor of horror, it attains, through its failure, an atmosphere of horror which, because it is unintentional, is strictly monstrous and incapable of being resolved either into art or into human experience. It is a work of genius; it is more astonishing than anything else Mr. Joyce has written; but it has the portentous appearance of something torn from the womb of imagination, not the completeness of something born of it. We derive from it a vivid notion of the monstrous suffering through which the artist is passing; but here he has not passed through it; and we suffer equally as participators in the horrors of a raw experience and as spectators of a heroic but unavailing attempt to escape from it and set it in the realm of freedom and of art. Had Mr. Joyce succeeded with this gigantic scene he would have produced something supreme in literature and not merely something supremely astounding and terrifying. It was obviously designed to be the climax of the work; in it the last resources of the theme were to be brought on the stage; the unconscious desires which up to now had been allowed only a chance or oblique expression were to come nakedly to the surface and attain freedom. They do not attain freedom. The brothel scene is not a release of all the oppressions and inhibitions of life in our time; it is rather a gigantic attempt to attain release.

But if we grant this crucial failure in the book and a number of minor failures, there remains more comedy in the grand style than has appeared in our literature since the Elizabethan age. The last chapter is an acknowledged masterpiece, but there are others only less admirable. The pub scene produces, by an openly mechanical technique, Mr. Joyce's sense of contrast between an ordinary happening in all its banality and richness and the fantastic and etiolated symbols which the desires of men and the conventions of literature discover for it. Here it is the obviousness of the means, the mechanical ease with which the simple event assumes conventional or lofty forms in the fancy, that is at the root of the humor. We seem to see the illusions at their normal work. The banal fact and the fantastic interpretations are both present before our eyes, are both obvious and credible, the one arising spontaneously from the other, and are both ridiculous. The scene in the hospital, which has been so much criticized, is still more remarkable. There we see the figure of Mr. Bloom passing, as it were, through a comic pageant of the English spirit. In his progression he assumes a sort of absurd universality; he is a man "of Israel's folk . . . that on earth wandering far had fared"; he is "childe Leopold" and "sir Leopold that had for his cognisance the flower of quiet," and "Master Calmer," and "Leop. Bloom of Crawford's journal sitting snug with a covey of wags," and "Mr. L. Bloom (Pubb. Canv.)." He is a type, and a succession of types through history, and a multiplication of types in space; one person in himself and many persons in time and in the minds of men. In this scene Mr. Joyce's comic imagination is at its height; it raises Mr. Bloom into a legendary figure and gives him history and the world for his stage. But in doing that it fulfils once more the requirements of Mr. Joyce's humor, for to squat Mr. Bloom on the center of that stage was to attain a comic vision of the world and of history.

What is it that through this use of contrast, this breaking of our resistances by accumulation, Mr. Joyce tries to set in the plane of low comedy? First of all, professional seriousness of all kinds; and secondly, the objects about

which people are serious in this way: religion, to which the comic reaction is blasphemy; patriotism, to which it is little less; literature, to which it is parody; the claims of science, to which it is an application of anti-climax; sex, to which it is obscenity. When comedy attempts to become universal it has perforce to include blasphemy and obscenity, for these are the two poles of this comedy, just as the soul and the body are the two poles of human existence. To see religion with the eyes of comedy is not, of course, to laugh it out of existence, any more than to see sex comically is to destroy it. All that comedy can destroy is strictly the second-rate, everything that is not in its mode the best, everything less genuine than the genuine—a class of thoughts and emotions which makes up the preponderating part of the experience of most people and of all ages, and is a permanent burden which at times may become unbearable. Books such as "Ulysses" and "Gargantua" can be written only out of an almost insupportable feeling of oppression; for humor on this scale the sense of oppression is needed as a driving power. The load of oppression which Rabelais cleared away we can see now clearly enough; it is more difficult to realize, although it is easy to feel, what it is that oppresses in our age a creative writer like Mr. Joyce. But when the reverences of any time are taken very seriously and not very intensely, when a belief in enlightenment, progress, and humanity becomes habitual and men act and think with a fearful eye on it and on the most mediocre of its priests, it has already become as injurious to the creative impulse as the strictest obscurantism could be. It is a weight of second-rate sentiment and thought, and the time comes when the only thing to be done is to clear it away.

To destroy so completely, as Mr. Joyce does in "Ulysses," is to make a new start. Or more exactly, the new start must have been made before the destruction began, for the new thing destroys only that it may have room to grow in freedom. But what is new in this sense in "Ulysses" it is too early yet to attempt to say. There are flashes, for instance, of a peculiar kind of humor less like Rabelais than Shakespeare, a humor full of intellect and wit, as when Mr. Joyce makes one of the prostitutes in the brothel scene say: "It was a working plumber was my ruination when I was pure." This is a humor of half-serious play, intellectual through and through but without intellectual purpose. It seeks out analogies or contrasts which are so remote that they seem almost irrelevant, and which yet in their apparent irrelevancy are more universal than any more obvious analogy or contrast could be. But the most remarkable mark of originative genius in "Ulysses" is a certain immediacy not only of vision but of attitude. It is as if Mr. Joyce had resolved to discard the aesthetic sense of the last three centuries and in discarding that to return to the aesthetic consciousness in itself, an aesthetic consciousness which should not be selective, as the more it is developed and refined it tends to become, but should include everything. There are failures in this truly heroic attempt, but there are also magnificent successes. "Ulysses" gives one a lively notion of how difficult it is for a great work of art to be born and after inconceivable hazards to come to completion in our day; but it shows also, what is still more important, that this achievement is not impossible.

Can an Artist Live in America?*

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

NO one, so far as I know, has defined the terms of our question. For if the definition were clear and if we agreed as, I suppose, we should, that we mean: Can an American artist be productive in America? then it would become obvious to any reflective mind that the question is superfluous. There are other possible interpretations: Can an artist make a living in America? Can he be happy and free in America? To such questions various answers are possible. To the essential question: Can an American artist be productive in America? there is but one answer: Nowhere else.

I do not mean that the American artist should not go abroad or live abroad for a space of time. A well-stored American mind may be extraordinarily enriched by such experiences. It may, indeed, from the vantage-point of these fresh and fascinating perspectives come to see its American material in new and more concentrated and more plastic form. But I have no patience with the silliness of the professional artistic "expatriate" with his theory that you—an abstract you evidently—can work in Paris and not in Philadelphia, and have masterpieces happen to you in Cordova which would have remained unwritten in Connecticut.

Europe is delicious; Europe is adorable. Even that phosphorescence of decay which today is often the only spiritual light it has to offer is not unpleasing to the natural morbidezza of the artist's temper. And spring comes, spring with more song-birds than an American ear has ever heard, and you stroll through long avenues of blossoming chestnuts to an upland meadow. On the hill-edge of the meadow is a garden, with chairs and tables and country wine. And your European friends talk art and philosophy with a richness and grace that comes of long, inherited, easy familiarity with the things of the mind. Money isn't, thank heaven, involved. Your European friends haven't any and are not interested in it. The wine and bread cost a few pennies. Of course, one loves it. Of course, one thinks of the American spring alternative: crowded hotels, poisonously vulgar and expensive road-houses; at best, a grimy backyard in Greenwich Village and a little surreptitious synthetic Chianti. Of course . . .

Only, for us, this is diversion not life, rest and not art. It is rational enough to wish to have been born and to have lived here, even though at this moment of time Europe is artistically almost unproductive. But art needs the stuff of life; you cannot create out of nothing. And this is not our life, this is not our material. We can never learn it. No one can create out of a life that he has to perceive consciously. In this matter all must be instinct or must, at least, have become instinct. It does not matter whether you contemplate a lyric or an epic. Life and landscape strained through language have soaked into your marrow in one country only. I know the German language as well as most Germans. It does not matter. I know life here only from without and with my mind. I know American

* This is the sixth of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can a literary artist live and function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, and Edgar Lee Masters have hitherto contributed.

life with physical antennae, with the tips of my fingers; I know it through little tones and odors; I know its inarticulate meanings. I see man in that landscape, against that sky, with those sounds on his lips.

I shall, no doubt, be reminded of Shelley and of Browning in Italy and of Henry James in England. But both Shelley and Browning worked within a tradition and convention, the Italianate classicizing renaissance tradition which they themselves did much to exhaust and which has long been finally spent. They both instinctively, and prior to expression, translated their material into the symbolic terms of that great tradition in which they lived and moved. To attempt to write in that tradition today is to become quite hollow, to be feebly decorative at best. One can imagine Mr. Cale Young Rice permanently abroad, but neither Mr. Robinson nor Mr. Frost; Mr. Robert Chambers, like the late Marion Crawford, could weave his tales anywhere; Mr. Dreiser settled at Alt-Aussee or Mr. Anderson ensconced on the hills of Capri would be neither happy, productive, nor at home. The case of Henry James is immensely, as he would have said, to the point. His work at its best is exquisite. But it is, after all, only exquisite. A fatal Alexandrianism is its mark. Byron, another expatriate, took through the Continent the "pageant of his bleeding heart." Henry James dragged about Europe the spectacle of a faint distaste, a fastidiousness without energy.

It has all happened before. Longfellow went abroad in one generation, went during his own formative period, and came back writing like Uhland at his feeblest; in a far later generation Henry Harland went to Paris with the result that the stories in "Grey Roses" are, after all, not so good as Daudet even at his most sweetish moments. I forget neither Mr. Pound nor Mr. T. S. Eliot. Nor do I question their talent. But Mr. Pound rewrites a minor Latin poet and Mr. Eliot produces macaronic verses.

The very youngest generation of expatriates whose work appears in *Broom* and *Secession* and *S4N* all belong to the eternal Alexandrians. It is their aim, to quote a young friend of mine, to get away "from the realistically convincing and true to life" and to stress "the more rhetorical properties of letters." They play with letters as an earlier simpler generation played with elaborate acrostics. It is a delightful game for the player. Its connection with literature is slight. It has been in all ages the refuge of those who have more taste than talent, more cleverness than creative vitality. And, by a pathetic irony, that most advanced Europe for which, presumably, these young rhetoricians write persists in reading Whitman and Sinclair Lewis. For Europe naturally has a good memory. It remembers the Greek rhetors who played with certain properties of letters so very long ago; it remembers the acrostics; it knows the DaDa was half a sign of exhaustion and half sheer *blague*. Both Werfel and Duhamel are terribly, agonizedly concerned with life. Even expressionism is dead in Europe. In brief, this whole question of the artist in America has been raised primarily by youths who, in their innocence, are striving after a moment in the literary history of Europe which Europe itself has almost forgotten.

I shall be committing no indiscretion if I report how [illegible] told me in Vienna the other day that it was time for him to go home and refresh within him the feeling of American life, nor if I repeat the story of how Miss Millay, intensely charmed by the freedom and variety of existence in Europe, suddenly declared that, for creative purposes, life didn't "smell right"; and hurried home. The authentic artist in letters has no ultimate choice. The landscape, language, life of his country are his material, his work, the body of his creative self.

This is not to say that it is easy for the artist to live in America. Nor does it apply to the practitioners of all the arts. The musician cannot, for instance, exist without Europe. He cannot master his technique at home; he cannot ally himself with the fundamental traditions and moods of his art. But the comparative and immediate universality of his medium gives him an initial freedom. The writer who can attain universality only at the price of an original home-rootedness must make the best of his given environment. He must, in America, through the activity of a rational opposition, liberate his soul from the heavy pressure of the fundamentalists, the rabid moralists, the stupid censors. He must try to take a long view and possess his soul in peace. It is possible to live a decent and moral artistic life even in America. It may take more courage than it is always comfortable to exercise. The artist can be consoled by the reflection that his conflict today may ease some better man's tomorrow. Of course, if he is a mere *littérateur* and wants midnight *cafés* and endless conversation and *cénacles* and movements, he will feel lonely and dispirited in America. The artist, though he may like and relish all these things at times, is utterly independent of them. The great European writers live as quiet and withdrawn a life as their American colleagues. They are the reverse of gregarious. I can imagine no better place for high creative activity than a New England village or one in the lake country of southern Wisconsin. The artist could not be happy in the lynching belt, but neither could he be in Poland or Hungary. "Even in a palace life may be well lived." Even in a Cincinnati flat poetry may be well written. The prospect from a Venetian window will be richer and lovelier. But the plumbing will be dreadful. And I am not so sure whether in the long run and to an American artist the plumbing is not as important as the prospect. Our spirits are housed in bodies and our bodies are dependent on time and place and circumstance. All artists everywhere should visit the countries of their dreams. But they must live at home.

All That by Any Feat of Light

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

All that by any feat of light appears
Is now upon his eyes. The circle of sound
Converges at his ears, and on the ground
His footfall lays its tangents without fears.
He, that without the sheaving cord of her,
Loose and unpropped, went with the different airs,
Now stands erect and ripeningly wears
The shift of those that broke him with their stir.
And no one, no one, not with any word
Knows how to gather into breath the name
Of that which she has worked, who purely heard
The rustle of his scattered straws that came
Across a hiatus [illegible]
Held them and lent her life to keep them corded.

Books

First Glance

M. AURELIEN DIGEON permitted his study of "The Novels of Fielding" (Dutton: $4.50) to be translated into English in the hope, he says, that the book "might persuade a few more of his [Fielding's] countrymen to turn again to one of the greatest writers ever produced by their race." For "although one cannot say that he is neglected by English readers today, he does not seem to enjoy his full share of glory." M. Digeon, I venture to say, is mistaken upon this not too important point. Fielding may still be missing his full share of glory, since that is very great; but he is so far from being neglected, at least in the United States, that I doubt if any old novel is read as often now as "Tom Jones" is, or universally ranked so high. Several recent editions testify to a renewed demand for Fielding's masterpiece, and it has not been so long since Professor Wilbur Cross's most copious and panegyrical "History of Henry Fielding" stated for once and all the claims of the novelist upon this generation. So that M. Digeon's study of the four famous novels, if it did no more than call attention to their existence and their excellence, would be superfluous—interesting enough, of course, as a tribute from France, and welcome enough as a sign that Fielding's vogue abroad, always considerable, had not died; but hardly calling for translation into the language out of which it had drawn its substance.

M. Digeon, however, has a few new things to say, and he has a new way of saying them. Fielding has seldom or never been subjected to subtle analysis and delicate appreciation by a critic of his own race. Perhaps because he is so clear and satisfactory a writer, perhaps because he has been so hugely and obviously a success, he has been paid for the most part with common coin. Englishmen and Americans without number have indicated their helplessness before "Tom Jones," and this is high praise; few have taken the trouble to trace the history of its author's genius through all the books in which it manifested itself. Professor Cross by his very amplitude produced a biography which had many of the qualities of Fielding himself; yet the scale upon which he worked prevented him, it would seem, from saying the last, the subtlest word upon many a point. Professor Cross must remain for a long time the standard critic as well as the standard biographer of Fielding. M. Digeon, however, must also be remembered as one who added a valuable chapter upon the precise nature of Fielding's temperament, upon the fine truth of his art. With remarkable penetration he has written the separate history of this artist's advance through "Joseph Andrews," "Jonathan Wild," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia," pointing out parallelisms and discovering interrelations by the way. He has actually found something fresh to say about the rival careers of Fielding and Richardson. No one, not even Professor Cross, has surpassed him in understanding and love of Parson Adams. And he has made a distinct contribution to his subject in those scattered paragraphs which trace the precipitation of Fielding's moral ingredient. The parodist who wrote "Joseph Andrews," the ironist who wrote "Jonathan Wild," the moralist who wrote "Tom Jones"—these, mingling with the Bow Street justice, became the moralizer who wrote "Amelia." "Thus bit by bit the magistrate in him was killing the artist." Thus the humanitarian whose magistracy, according to Mrs. Dorothy George, "marks a turning-point in the social history of London" ceases to be the prose Homer whose narratives determine the whole history of an art.

Professor Cross's "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," regrettably out of print for several years, now reaches a new edition in two handsome volumes roughly uniform with the three volumes of the "Fielding" (Yale University Press: $7). In addition to many minor changes in the text there are a number of hitherto unpublished letters, including all of those contained in Sterne's "letter-book." No new edition could have been more welcome.

MARK VAN DOREN

The British Parliamentary Scene

The Public Life. By J. A. Spender. F. A. Stokes Company. Two volumes. $10.

NO formal study of the theory of the English constitution, or of the recent political history of the country, will be half so useful to American students of English politics as these two volumes. For many years the editor and chief political writer of the most influential liberal daily in London, the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Spender had unequaled access to the governing mind in the Liberal Party, and himself played a considerable part in molding the opinion and policy of governments. Close personal acquaintance with many of the leading figures in the political scene for some forty years has given him that inside view and warm appreciation of personalities so essential to the interpretation of political history in any country.

His chief theme is the House of Commons, the center of legislative and executive government, the great arena of debate and education in British methods of political conduct. After briefly tracing the streams of politics which from the early eighteenth century onward converged upon the House of Commons and made it the supreme authority, he illustrates the life of Parliament by a series of skilful portraits of the great parliamentarians of the nineteenth century, bringing the gallery up to date by personal appreciations of the party leaders of our time. We thus see parliamentary government as an organism drawing sustenance from hidden sources in established usages and public sentiments and adapting itself with greater ease than could be expected to the needs of new times. Mr. Spender is at his best when assessing the qualities and defects of Parliament men.

Punch bears out his shrewd remark that "the British people seem even to like slightly ridiculous qualities in their heroes"—something that lends itself to caricature. There is more importance than at first appears in his observation: "It is an ingrained habit of the British people to regard their politicians as 'sportsmen' and to apply the sporting code to a large part of their abilities." High intellectual integrity and nice scrupulosity are out of place in the game of politics. Deportment plays a great part in determining success or failure. But Mr. Spender has a great opinion of the working honesty and efficiency of the parliamentary system. There is plenty of loose logic in his methods and procedure. British statesmen seldom or never attempt to work out abstract principles or long-time [illegible] success in the game. For though Mr. Spender professes great veneration for the House, and imputes a high level of public spirit to most of its leaders, he leaves us with the feeling that except in rare moments of national emergency the scene is one of a great game. For the majority of members of the House politics is certainly not a science, or an expert profession, or a

spiritual calling. If expert knowledge is required for the use of Parliament, it must be provided from outside. Common sense, a certain clarity of intelligence and speech, and general experience in the handling of affairs are sufficient for the intellectual equipment even of a great parliamentary leader. A Gladstone, a Morley, or a Balfour may possess a higher brand of intellectualism, but if they apply it to politics, at any rate in the House of Commons, they are likely to go wrong. So, too, with high ideals and enthusiasms: they are out of keeping with the gray atmosphere of the place.

To many readers the most informing part of Mr. Spender's book is his discussion of the relations between politicians and the press, and the part played by the latter in the formation of public opinion. He notes the growing commercialism and sensationalism of the general press of the country as a distinct peril to political education, but consoles his readers with the reflection that "the British people have something in them which resists all the experiments of the writing tribe." This "something" gave to the Liberals the sweeping victory of 1906, with almost the entire press against them. The Labor Party has made its recent great advances with very little newspaper backing. But his account of the rapid recent development of the art of press propaganda in Britain and elsewhere leaves us with an uneasy feeling that a press which gave "what the public wants" is everywhere giving place to one which gives "what the public can be made to think it wants"—something different and much more dangerous.

Mr. Spender is frankly disconcerted by the appearance of the Labor Party. Parliament, as he sees it, can only be properly conducted on two-party lines. A third party, if it has come to stay, is extremely inconvenient, inviting weak and short governments, awkward "arrangements," and possibly a "bloc" system such as prevails upon the Continent. So long, however, as three effective parties exist Mr. Spender sees Liberalism as the golden mean between a reactionary or unprogressive Toryism and a revolutionary Laborism. Here one approaches the limitations of our guide. In his discussions of the economics and the ethics of government he fails to appreciate the necessity of the rise of the third party, by reason of certain deep inherent and permanent defects of English liberalism. The theme is too large for adequate discussion here. But the failure of the Liberal Party and its governments throughout its period of prosperity and power even to approach, much less to solve, the vitally important problems gathered under the caption The Condition of the People convinced the dawning intelligence of the working classes that they could not expect to get from liberalism the substance of the Liberty and Equality for which it professed to stand. Mr. Spender is himself no belated adherent of the old Manchesterism, is not tied up to narrow laissez-faire individualism, and is even ready for considerable experiments in the relations between capital and labor as regards distribution of income and control of industry. But I do not think he adequately realizes either the intricate ramifications of economic injustice or the difficulties of getting voluntarily from the master classes an adequate surrender of that personal power which is prized more highly even than the property with which it is so closely linked and through which it is so strongly exercised. But, then, neither do I think that foreign policy, and the safety of civilization which hinges thereon, can be safely trusted in the future, any more than in the past, to statesmen such as those who made and consolidated the Triple Entente, trapped the British nation unwittingly into the Great War, and contrived a peace so thickly sown with the seeds of folly, hatred, and misery as to overtax the wisdom of our new generation of statesmen in their efforts to escape its consequences. But these differences of opinion with Mr. Spender do very little to abate my admiration for the profundity of knowledge, force of understanding, and firmness of judgment which distinguish every chapter of his admirable treatise.

J. A. Hobson

Yazoo's Favorite

An Old-Fashioned Senator: A Story-Biography of John Sharp Williams. By Harris Dickson. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

SOME months ago, essaying a literary survey of the Republic, I animadverted sadly upon the dreadful barrenness of the great State of Mississippi. Speaking as a magazine editor, I said that I had never heard of a printable manuscript coming out of it. Speaking as a frequenter of the Athenian grove, I said that I had never heard of it hatching an idea.

Instantly there was an uproar from Iuka to Pascagoula. The vernacular press had at me with appalling yells; there were demands from the Ku Klux that I come down to Jackson and say it again; Kiwanis joined the Baptist Young People's Society in denouncing me as one debauched by Russian gold. Worse, the indigenous intelligentsia had at me, too. Emerging heroically from the crypts and spring-houses where they were fugitive from Rotary, they bawled me out as ignorant and infamous. Had I never heard, they demanded, of Harris Dickson, the Mississippi Balzac? Had I never heard of John Sharp Williams, the Mississippi Gladstone?

I had, but remained unmoved. I continue unmoved after reading Balzac's tome on Gladstone. It is, in its small way, a tragic book. Here, obviously, is the best that Mississippi can do, in theme and treatment—and it is such puerile, blowsy stuff that reviewing it realistically would be too cruel. Here the premier literary artist of Mississippi devotes himself *con amore* to the life and times of the premier Mississippi statesman—and the result is a volume so maudlin and nonsensical that it would disgrace a schoolboy. The book is simply mush—and out of the mush there emerges only a third-rate politician, professionally bucolic and as hollow as a jug.

Yet this Williams, during his long years in Congress, passed in Washington as an intellectual. Cloak-room and bar-room gossip credited him with a profound education and very subtle parts. Such ideas, when they prevail in Washington, perhaps need and deserve no investigation; the same astute correspondents who propagated this one now couple Dr. Coolidge with Aristotle and Pericles. But maybe there was some logic in it, after all; Williams, at some time in the past, had been to Heidelberg and knew more or less German and French. That accomplishment, in a Southern politician, was sufficient to set the capital by the ears. So the Williams legend grew, and toward the end it rose to the dignity of a myth, like that of Dr. Taft's eminence as a constitutional lawyer. Even the learned hero's daily speeches on Teutonic mythology during the war did not drag him out of Valhalla himself. The press gallery gaped and huzzahed.

But the Heidelberg chapter in Mr. Dickson's book leaves the myth rather sick. It starts off, indeed, with a disconcerting couplet:

> In Germany 'twas very clear
> [illegible] the rapery for beer.

And what follows is distressingly silent about cultural accretions. Young Williams's main business at Heidelberg, it appears, was putting the abominable Prussian *Junker* in their place. They naturally assumed that their American fellow-student could be thrown about with impunity. Encountering him on the sidewalk, they tried, in the manner made historic by the Creel Press Bureau, to shove him off. Presently one of these fiends in human form came melodramatically to grief. Williams challenged him, and, "according to Prussian ethics," named the weapons—pistols. A shock, indeed! The monster expected sabers, at which he was diabolically expert, but Williams didn't "intend to go home with his face all slashed, and have folks jeer at him for getting his jaw cut on a beer glass." Facing cold lead, the Prussian was so scared that he

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fired prematurely. Worse, he so lost his wits that he addressed his antagonist as "Freiherr Williams." That antagonist fired into a snowbank. Some time later, having got all that was worth while out of Heidelberg, "he came sailing home full even then of his ultimate intention: he'd go in for politics, he'd become a professional politician."

A professional politician he remained for thirty years, always in office, first in the House and then in the Senate. His start was slow—he practiced law for a time—but once he was on the payroll he stayed there until old age was upon him. For a number of years he was Democratic leader in the House; twice he got the party vote for the Speakership. In the Senate he was technically in the ranks, but on great occasions he stepped forward. His specialties, toward the end, were the divine inspiration of Woodrow Wilson, the incomparable valor of the American soldier, the crimes of the Kaiser, the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, the godlike bellicosity of the Confederate gentry, and the nature and functions of a gentleman. On these themes he discoursed almost every afternoon. The boys in the press gallery liked him, and he got plenty of space. Always his rodomontades brought forth dark hints about his esoteric learning, and the news that, next after Henry Cabot Lodge, he was the most cultivated man in the Senate.

Mr. Dickson prints extracts from some of his speeches. Criticism, obviously, is an art not yet in practice in Mississippi, even among the literati. I used to read him in the *Congressional Record;* he was really not so bad as Dickson makes him out. His career, seen in retrospect, seems to have been mainly a vacuum. Once or twice he showed a certain fine dignity, strange in a Southern politician. He opposed the Prohibition frenzy. He voted against the bonus. But usually, despite his constant talk of independence, he ran with the party pack. For years a professional Jeffersonian, he brought his career to a climax by giving lyrical support to the Emperor Woodrow, who heaved the Jeffersonian heritage into the ash-can. During the La Follette uproar he was one of the most vociferous of the witch-burners. He passed out in silence, regretted for his rustic charm, but not much missed.

I commend "An Old-Fashioned Senator" to all persons who are interested in the struggle of the South to throw off its cobwebs. Both as document and as work of art the book makes it very plain why Mississippi's place in that struggle is in the last rank.

H. L. MENCKEN

"Ramsay Mac"

Wanderings and Excursions. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

YOU should have seen what a dinner we enjoyed in honor of "Ramsay Mac" on the night of May 22! When I say we, I mean that some two hundred of us went at the invitation of T. P. O'Connor, the redoubtable journalist and Irish patriot, Father of the House of Commons, and when I say dinner, I do not refer to the food but to the quality of the guests. Leaders of all three political parties were there, and a crowd of men who take no interest in party politics at all—dramatists like James Barrie, actors like Arthur Bourchier, novelists like Jerome K. Jerome, poets like Binyon, economists like F. W. Hirst, and heaven knows what others! Such a gathering was proof of two remarkable facts at least: first, that in this country an honest man can always hope to overcome unpopularity, in matters of opinion and sincerity, that Ramsay MacDonald possesses the power of exciting wide sympathy and affection.

If that number of guests had been invited for such an occasion ten years ago, or even five years ago, hardly a dozen would have come. The rest would have written to plead other engagements, or would have asked T. P. O'Connor if he meant to insult them by inviting them to meet such a man—a man who had denounced the war, was a mere pacifist, and therefore no better than a traitor. But now it was all roses, roses, all cheers and rapture, all trying in vain to sing "He's a jolly good fellow"—a stupid doggerel that modest Englishmen always try to sing while pretending they are not singing; which indeed calls for no pretense. And in the second place, the character of the assembly, so representative of all that is distinguished in English life, proved that our ex-Prime Minister is no mere politician bound to the formulae of his party but a man of fine nature, wide interests, and sweetly reasonable intellect.

The same is proved by this little book—a book so different from anything that any previous Prime Minister could have written. Here we are shown a man whose most genuine delight is in the solitudes of wild nature, or in passing unobserved among strange peoples. I might almost say that so long as the nature or the peoples are utterly different from the politicians of London and from the regions of London society he is entirely happy. Last autumn I passed with him through north and midland England, and far away into South Wales. Even then I observed his delight in beautiful and uninhabited nature wherever we came through it. But we were in a motor, and afoot is for him the right way of going; and we were on a vast political campaign, and to shake off all thought of politics is his delight.

In the first part of these fascinating essays are collected short glimpses of walks or visits to his own native mountains, streams, and people. One immediately perceives the Scotsman's devotion to his own land, so small, so varied, and so lovable. With shameless adaptation of Walter Scott I said of MacDonald the other day: "His heart's in the Highlands avoiding the deer." Every line of these descriptive essays shows I was right in fixing what some in your country would perhaps denominate the "location" of his heart. Most of us children of the mountains are like that. We seem to be bodily present at work in London or Birmingham or some other hell-hole where busy manufacturers have made a wilderness and called it wealth. But we are really far away among our mountains and, in the words of a greater poet, "we hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore."

Ramsay MacDonald writes with almost (not quite) equal enjoyment of English scenes through which he has passed afoot, especially of England's historic castles and scenes of splendid or terrible memories. Walking somewhere near Banbury not far from Oxford, he met the owner of an ancient castle who invited him to breakfast. The name is not mentioned, but I think it must have been Compton Ricketts, the family home of the Lords of Northampton. He writes:

> Then we went through its myriad passages and stairways. This is the England of romance. The stairways are worn by the feet of many generations. Here kings slept, in this cupboard fugitives hid, at this altar men whose memories will live forever received sacrament. In a great barn-like room at the top a whole regiment slept before Edge Hill, and to a small isolated chamber approached by a secret stairway came John Hampden, John Pym, Sir Harry Vane, Warwick, and Essex, to lay their plans. We walked away out of fairyland into peace—into the memories of England's past among the obscured pathways into the villages, the churches, the inns.

Yes, that is England, and it pleases me to think that I too was in a sense present at that council in the Civil War. For John Hampden was my mother's great (I don't know how many greats) grandfather. But "our Ramsay Mac" does not limit himself to his own country or to mine. I suppose he has traveled further than any other prime minister on record, though Disraeli in his youth learned much about Palestine and the Near East. MacDonald, so far as I remember, is the first to have visited India and to have studied the problems of that

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great semi-continent on the spot. Very few of our statesmen have taken that trouble. Curzon was, of course, an exception, and so was Montagu. But though John Morley always hoped to be Secretary for India, he never went there, and his actions when he actually became Secretary were often marred by his ignorance. MacDonald's book on India, though small, is still a guide to Indian affairs.

Besides, he has visited Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and the Caucasus, that glorious region inhabited by the noble Georgian race, now suffering under Russian Soviet tyranny much as I saw them suffering under the Russian Czar's tyranny nearly twenty years ago. His sense is as keenly alive to the charm of history as to nature. In writing of Constantinople three years ago he says:

> There are places—sometimes great cities like Rome, sometimes only buildings like the Tower of London or the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling—into which time and event have breathed the breath of life and they have become as living souls. We think of them as brooding over their past and looking upon the generation around them with the detachment of one whose thoughts are fixed elsewhere, or with the pity of one who endures in the midst of a world that is fussing, fuming, and passing into a shadow.

The man who can think and write like that can never become the ordinary dull politician or economist. It is, I think, that reserve of passionate sensibility, thought, and knowledge that gives him his influence over his opponents, and even over his followers and most intimate enemies—a far more difficult influence to maintain. The concluding chapters of the book deal with politics more directly. They are A Letter to a Young Liberal, A Letter to a Communist, and notes on Jean Jaurès and Keir Hardy. If one seeks knowledge of Ramsay MacDonald's own political position and the difficulties that surround and threaten it, chiefly owing to his very knowledge and sweet reasonableness, one may find it in those chapters.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

A Modern Heracleitus

Experience and Nature. By John Dewey. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. $3.

HERACLEITUS was called the Dark, the Obscure, the Profound. His sayings were thought to be obscure, remarks Mr. Santayana, only because they were so disconcertingly penetrating. After all, to be profound often means no more than being simple and naive, provided, of course, one is simple and naive enough.

The readers of Mr. Dewey almost always complain that he is difficult to understand. The reason is that they fail to grasp the profound simplicity, the utter naivete of the man. Those who find their way into philosophy through the elaborate technique of epistemological analysis, or through the rigorous analysis of mathematics and physical science are too sophisticated to understand him. They expect to find in him more of the same kind of thing. But his philosophy is not the perpetuation of a tradition, it is not the further refinement of inherited doctrines, it does not move within the limits of customary distinctions and conceptions. Like Francis Bacon's, his philosophy is not a renovation but an innovation.

The key to the understanding of Mr. Dewey lies in the grasping of a fundamental distinction, a distinction that runs through all of his writings and which gives point to his penetrating criticisms of historical philosophy and sets the context for his original conclusions. There is an essential difference between the realm of being and having and acting on the one hand and the realm of interpretation and knowing on the other. There is much within experience that is of no cognitive significance and is entirely devoid of intellectual character. Anyone may distinguish between the act of picking up a glass of water and drinking it when one is thirsty and the act of reflecting upon water when the aim is to determine its properties. The former act is primarily concerned with the action and moves in the realm of being; the latter is essentially a matter of reflection and moves in the realm of knowing. The life of reason is secondary to the life of action. Water exists primarily to be drunk, not to be thought about. Man is essentially a creature of action and only secondarily a creature of reflection. Reflection emerges in the course of man's struggle to gain control over his environment. So long as things adequately serve our purposes we use them rather than think about them. It is only when their uses are insufficient and when their possession is precarious that they become objects of thought. That is to say, things are possessed before they are thought. Experience is primarily an affair of being and having, of suffering and enjoying, of loving and hating, of desiring and seeking. Not in thought but in action, not in inference but in immediacy lies the substance of experience, while interpretation and cognition are its derivatives and secondary forms. The immediate data of experience are not ideas but the things we do and the things we have done to us. Reflection, which is a relatively late stage in experience, supervenes in order that the things we have may be had in a more secure and enduring form.

In the previous writings of Mr. Dewey this separation of our knowing experience from our having and enjoying experience has been developed largely on the side of its implications for a theory of logic. The outstanding feature of the present book is the systematic development of the implications of the distinction for a theory of nature and metaphysics.

The metaphysical aspects of experience may be described from the standpoint of either of the terms in this distinction; that is, from the standpoint of the direct and immediate qualities of experience when taken on the level of action or from the standpoint of reflection when things are taken in the context of analysis. Now, which of these two approaches yields a more penetrating insight into the character of existence and nature? Do we discover more about the ultimate character of reality through intellectual analysis or through pointing to those aspects of nature and life which portray themselves on the level of prereflective experience?

Traditional metaphysics has almost without exception arrived at its conclusions through the indirect method of reflection. What things are has been an inference guided by logic. The dialectical movement of thought has been carried over and made the basis for an interpretation of the processes of nature. And since inference and interpretation have been thought to be the elementary and universal forms of all experience, the result has been to identify metaphysics with logic and consequently to deduce a theory of reality from a theory of thought.

Now, the naivete of Professor Dewey, the naivete that is so confusing to those readers who have been trained to trust the method of idealistic logic, is his simple acceptance of the stirrings and perturbations of immediate and non-reflective experience as directly existential and truly metaphysical. The entire book may be said to be an analysis of the metaphysical implications of [illegible]. It is based on the firm belief that the aspects of immediate having and direct enjoying are a lucid revelation of the ultimate character of reality. He attempts to tell us what things are when taken on the level of action. Life as immediately lived is in part stable and in part precarious, it has its consummations and its finalities as well as its frustrations and its anticipations. These qualities of experience are inwrought into the very structure of nature.

So much, then, is clear. Since there is a fundamental distinction between being and knowing, we can hardly expect to encounter being in the realm of knowing. Since metaphysics is an affair of existence, if we want to know what existence is

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we must face existence where it is. But a traditional difficulty arises. Is not experience a personal and subjective affair, and how will an analysis of experience reveal anything of importance about the nature of external reality? Do we not need a dialectic to enable us to pass from experience to nature, just as the idealistic logic required an epistemological technique to bridge the gap between thought and reality? According to Mr. Dewey, there is no difficulty here at all. Nature and experience are continuous. Non-reflective experience is an extension and projection of nature into the realm of man. Sensation is a natural event. Sense data, therefore, are not subjective modifications of consciousness, discontinuous with the outer world of physical reality; they are transparent objects in the natural world. And so, too, our emotions, by overflowing and suffusing inanimate existence, inextricably bind natural objects to human experience; and thus, by making aesthetic objects truly existential, not only is nature embraced by experience but [illegible] this that constitutes the naivete of Mr. Dewey. And it is for [illegible] reason that anthropology and aesthetics afford a more instructive approach to metaphysics than mathematics and physical science. But nature also generates intelligence. It does not follow, however, that man as a reflective being comprehends nature and finds his place therein. The function of intelligence is not to contemplate nature, nor, as has so often been done, to contemplate, in moments of exceptional dialectical lucidity, those ideal projections which express nothing but the illusion of the eternal and the final. Intelligence is not an end in itself; its function is to guide experience, to make the nature in man more secure, more stable, more like ourselves, more worth the having.

But all of this is not to naturalize man; it is to humanize nature. It is just this warm sympathy, even with objects inanimate, that makes Mr. Dewey the kindliest and most humane of living philosophers.

M. T. McClure

Two Nations

Germany. By G. P. Gooch. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
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HISTORY such as these volumes represent is one of the great peace-making factors in the modern world. They are not only well-balanced and judicial; they do in a real sense explain the spiritual ethos we call nationality. Their scope is wide; and the forces they attempt to assess are not often brought upon the same plane of discussion. But the more widely they are read the more chance there is of this old and feverish Europe becoming not only conscious of its common interests but able to plan for the realization of those common interests in the form of institutions.

Of the two volumes before us, good as Mr. Gwynn's is, Mr. Gooch's is by far the more remarkable; indeed, it is not too much to say that there is no other living scholar who could have written it. It has all Mr. Gooch's width of learning, his passionate toleration, and his power to see events as the embodiment of ideas. No other volume on post-war Germany is likely to give the reader so fair or so full an insight into the forces at work there. If it has a fault, it is that Mr. Gooch's generosity of temper sometimes tempts him into excessive eulogy. It is very difficult for a sober scholar to take Rudolf Steiner seriously. If he had eloquence, he belonged to the school which mistakes great platitudes for institutions in operation. So, too, with Keyserling. Five or six years from now I believe that the uncritical enthusiasm which has been lavished upon his "Diary" will be ashamed of itself; and it will emerge that the value of the book lies less in its own qualities than in the index it provides to the fevered mind of the Germany which greeted it. I could, indeed, venture to wish that the pages given to these eloquent but windy philosophers had been devoted to a fuller expo-

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sition of Troeltsch and Max Weber, emphatically two of the great thinkers of our time. But Mr. Gooch is, of course, entitled to his own emphasis; and I cannot more fitly praise this volume than by saying that it is worthy even of his reputation.

Mr. Gwynn's volume is much more a personal essay on the present tendencies in Ireland, with some historical analysis as their perspective. It is a most illuminating and interesting book. It is not, perhaps, overoptimistic in outl[illegible] cile the sentiment of North and South does not invite to optimism. What, I think, Ireland most needs is an improvement in the standards of her education. She has now much that a mere Englishman must envy. Her leading figures are all young. Her thinkers are not either divorced from the main stream of life or regarded, in their public adventures, as negligible and eccentric artists. Her freedom, moreover, seems to be giving her relief from the predominating grip of the priesthood. A new Ireland is in travail, and it is difficult not to believe that it will be a great Ireland. There is something fine and arresting in the experimental temper with which she has approached her great tasks; and nothing, as Mr. Gwynn sees, is more hopeful than the way in which a political revolution has had, immediately, consequences of social import. No one, looking at the grim racial bigotry of Ulster, would dare to say that the new Ireland is safe; but no one, either, could deny that her prospects are brighter than, half a decade ago, one would have dared to hope.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Culture of a Section

The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier. By Ralph Leslie Rusk. Columbia University Press. Two volumes. $7.50.

TWICE in the progress of American settlement from the Atlantic to the Pacific conditions have led the West to a fairly independent literary development. During the early decades of the last century the people just beyond the Alleghanies, and at a later period the people of the Pacific slope, found themselves cut off from a ready supply of books and periodicals and from a sufficient opportunity to pri[illegible] own writings; and they endeavored to meet their needs by the establishment of literary and publishing centers within their own borders. With the opening of easier means of communication these centers lost their importance, and the region they had served became tributary to the national literary centers of the East. These sectional movements were, however, interesting phenomena, significant not so much for the intrinsic importance of the writings produced as for the fact that the Western element in American literature was for a time self-isolated and offered itself in a relatively unadulterated state for analysis. It is the older, the less self-conscious, and by far the more significant though not the more picturesque of these movements that Mr. Rusk has chosen for study.

These two volumes are clearly the work of a man to whom scholarly compilation is a labor of love. Only a student who has himself worked in some small part of the same field can appreciate the size of his undertaking. His results are presented simply, wholly without sectional prejudice, and in a manner that gives confidence in the accuracy of his statements of fact and usually in the soundness of his few conclusions. The expression "literature of the Middle Western frontier" is interpreted liberally. Writings of all sorts, and not only writings by Westerners but writings about the West, are included, the treatment of the accounts of British travelers being especially full; and there is much information about matters only incidentally related to literature. Detailed accounts of newspapers and magazines, with data regarding publishers as well as editors, are given in one of the longer chapters. A hundred pages are devoted to the Drama. Of these, nine pages tell of the principal plays produced, with statistics of the number of

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[illegible]

Publishers BRENTANO'S New York

performances of each; eight pages enumerate with slight critical comment "plays on Western life and by Western writers"; the rest of the chapter treats such matters as the history of dramatic performances and their financial successes and failures, the careers of actors and of managers, the buildings used as theaters, the manners of Western audiences. In the chapters on Fiction and on Poetry there is relatively little critical evaluation. The author has apparently preferred to adhere to unquestionable fact and to avoid as much as possible the expression of opinion of any kind. There is almost no attempt to give a summary of tendencies, to show the probable influence of Western writings before 1840 on later American literature, or even to trace the working of forces that must have been operative during the pioneer period itself.

It would be unfair to complain that Mr. Rusk has not written a book of a different kind, when he has given us a treatise that is so valuable. Still one cannot restrain the desire to encounter him, to ply him with questions, conscious that, although his impressions might not have the certainty of the facts that he relates, his acquaintance with the subject would make them immensely valuable. What, for example, of Western oratory? It is spoken of only as florid, with varieties of grandiloquence perhaps derived from different sections of the Atlantic seaboard. Was there nothing that pointed toward the manner of Lincoln's debates? Lincoln delivered his important utterances later, but by the close of Mr. Rusk's period he was a man past thirty, and his tastes and ideals must have been fairly well established. Must we think of him as *sui generis?* Or was the Western spirit itself developing, along with the turgidity of revivalist preachers and ranting jury lawyers, a feeling for the plain happily phrased appeal to reason and common sense? Again, what models, aside from the inevitable Scott and Byron, were chiefly followed by Western versifiers? Mr. Rusk refrains from commenting on even the most conspicuous imitations in manner and matter, such as that of Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" in the selection from William Downs. To be more general, what were the distinctive marks found in these Western writings, so that we may search for them in the literature of the next generation, when the writers of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were publishing in Boston and New York?

In the last chapter the author seems to imply a mild surprise that so much attention was given by Western writers to contemporary English literature. This was in reality what was most to be expected. Western literature was not primarily produced, like that of the Hartford Wits in the preceding century, because of the feeling that the West must make a great contribution to the world, but to a great extent because local needs required to be supplied. True, the Westerner was patriotic, and wished the world to know of the region that he was developing; but he also felt keenly his isolation, was troubled by it, and sensitive over it. One of his desires was to read promptly the latest best sellers of London and New York, or to read about them if they could not themselves be made available. The departments of literary intelligence in Western periodicals are often ludicrous in their inadequacy and in their dependence on slight and roundabout sources of information, but they show great and genuine eagerness to know what is happening in the world of letters. If the reviewer may hazard an impression based on studies still incomplete, the literary criticisms in Western magazines, though often written by men of inadequate scholarship and training, are on the average more earnest, more sincere, less devoted to an exhibition of cleverness and to the exploitation of prejudices, than are those of their Eastern contemporaries.

A comprehensive bibliography of Western publications occupies the greater part of the second volume. Both this and the historical chapters will be invaluable to every future student of Western American literature. With these aids and this in-

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centive it may be expected that other workers, it is to be hoped under Mr. Rusk's guidance, will soon resolve some of the critical questions that he has refrained from discussing.

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS

Olive Schreiner in Part

The Letters of Olive Schreiner; 1876-1920. Edited by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

THE English edition of these letters appeared last year. All of the important English papers reviewed it at a fair length, and though some of them praised the editing of the letters and some did not, all of them seemed to believe that the "real Olive Schreiner" stood here revealed. Some found the revelation extraordinarily interesting, others found it disconcerting and lamentable. All seemed perfectly satisfied that the actual letters contained in this volume were a fair and representative collection and reflected truthfully the personality as a whole of the writer.

The English reviewers were gravely mistaken, and their mistake has led them to countenance and to perpetuate a cruel injustice to the memory of a very great woman. Had they known her better the grotesque caricature which emerges from the pages of this large, handsome, plausible volume would have been immediately apparent; had they been more at leisure it might have occurred to them to classify the letters presented. The task, though laborious, would have yielded interesting results. Mr. Cronwright, who since the publication of his "Life of Olive Schreiner" has resumed his own name "except for literary purposes," made his selection from a total of nearly six thousand letters. Out of these he printed extracts—he gives hardly any letter in full, and frequently prints a single sentence—from about nine hundred and fifty. About a hundred are addressed to himself, about two hundred to various friends and acquaintances, and the remaining six hundred, almost two-thirds of the volume, to Mr. Havelock Ellis.

It is on the Havelock Ellis letters, inevitably, that the interest of the book is centered. Written mostly between the years 1884 and 1890, they form, even in the piecemeal editing, a human document such as rarely finds its way into print. The woman who wrote them was new to London, new to Europe, new even to her own recent fame. She was young and beautiful, and intensely alive, with that blazing vitality which flickered in her up to the day of her death. People she did not know at all were pestering her with visits and letters; the most distinguished men of her own day were eagerly seeking her acquaintance. First among these was Mr. Ellis. She found him exceedingly sympathetic; their friendship ripened rapidly. It is clear from the letters themselves that he wished to marry her; she did not, she then said, feel that she had the right to marry anyone. But she loved him very tenderly and trusted him absolutely. She wrote to him almost daily, sometimes oftener, and everything she experienced, thought, or suffered she poured out to him with the joyful abandon of one who, for the first time in her life, feels secure of an understanding and a loving hearing on all matters. Not that she was too often joyful. The physical pain which clouded all her life was already a formidable thing to be endured; the ugliness and misery of a big city struck to her heart; she was overborne, as she was all her days, by the sorrows of her friends, the wrongs of this or that people or individual. Moreover, she was herself in a state of mental and spiritual ferment. To write whatever came into her head to Havelock Ellis rested and refreshed her. Whatever he wrote to her with the same freedom we are not in a position to know. But we do know, from her husband, that the correspondence continued long after her return to South Africa, and that it survived his marriage in 1891 and hers in 1894. In 1917, however, when she was again in England, she began to beg him to

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return or destroy her letters. She implored him, "even with tears," says Mr. Cronwright, and adds that Mr. Ellis did finally agree to burn "her later letters." I am in a position to state with certainty that she persisted fruitlessly to beg Mr. Ellis for the return or destruction of all the letters until the last months or so of her life. On her death, Mr. Ellis handed them over to her husband, with the result that is now before us.

Of the publication of these letters it is difficult to write temperately. The appearance of almost any one of them in print would have seemed to the writer too horribly a violation of privacy to be imagined. How the two men whom she loved so beautifully and so loyally justify to their own hearts this violation of the rights of the helpless dead it is difficult to imagine. There is not, even for the most part, the excuse of any intrinsic interest. Many of the letters are mere cries of pain, explanations of the changing of an appointment, or loving inquiries. Here and there we do get a letter or a part of a letter which makes the great woman speak again, and of these [illegible] which it would be possible to read with a pleasure unqualified by the intolerable sense of eavesdropping which grows upon one as one reads Mr. Cronwright's book.

In them we have "the real Olive Schreiner," the Olive Schreiner whom men and women in the four corners of the earth miss and mourn not less but more as the years pass without this incomparable friend, this wise and tender counselor. The title of Mr. Cronwright's book is a shocking misrepresentation. Leaving aside altogether the five thousand letters which Mr. Cronwright has not included, there are hundreds of letters, covering the same space of time, the existence of which must have been at least suspected by him and of which he has taken no steps to avail himself. Among these are letters to the Rt. Hon. J. K. Merriman, P. C., Mr. F. S. Malan, the Rt. Hon. W. P. Schreiner, her favorite brother, and General Smuts, in South Africa. In England the late Mr. Massingham, Sir Ray Lankester, Mrs. Drew, Lady Constance Lytton, and many others were her correspondents over long periods of time; and it is exceedingly unlikely that the whole mass of their correspondence has been destroyed.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

Shakespearean Studies

A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and His Fellow Dramatists. By Edward H. Sugden. Longmans, Green and Company. $21.

Restoring Shakespeare. By Leon Kellner. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Shakespeare in France: Criticism: Voltaire to Victor Hugo. By C. M. Haines. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THESE three volumes, each excellent in its way, are representative of three kinds of Shakespearean scholarship. The first is a compilation of encyclopedic proportions, indispensable as a work of reference for the comparatively few people who will need it; the second is a severely technical textual study; the third is a graceful and humane essay in "comparative" literature. The books have, then, nothing in common in method; their common purpose is to shed light upon Shakespeare.

In beginning his "Topographical Dictionary" Professor Sugden (who has worked under the severe handicap of residence in the antipodes) intended to supply students of Shakespeare with a brief account of the places mentioned in the plays and to add illustrative quotations from contemporary dramatists; but the hunt for such parallel passages in the works of other playwrights quickly revealed the fact that their place-names stood in need of elucidation. The scheme was consequently broadened to embrace the entire corpus of Tudor and Stuart drama, with additional examples chosen from the non-dramatic literature of the period, including all the place-names in Milton. The result is a closely printed encyclopedia of some six hundred pages in

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double columns. Only the employment of a system of drastic abbreviation of titles has held the work within these liberal bounds. The individual articles vary in length from a few lines to many pages, the more important ("London," "England," "France," "Italy") being subdivided and separately indexed. Obviously this is not a book to be read through consecutively; but for those who enjoy antiquarian lore it is something more than the work of reference which is its primary use. The scores of articles on the streets, shops, taverns, wells, gates, and districts of London are, for example, filled with interesting and picturesque information. Under the heading "Italy" we find not only historical and topographical allusions but also the national characteristics of the Italian people as reflected in the English drama, their dress and personal appearance, food and cookery, music and dancing, art, horticulture and literature, their professions, trades, and other occupations. The arrangement of such long and complicated articles is admirable. Judging from dozens of tests selected from obscure and recondite [illegible] in the plays, one may pronounce the "Dictionary" quite exhaustive. The printing, though the type is necessarily small, is impeccable. Several contemporary maps and views of London are provided and there is an excellent "sketch map of the [illegible] of Elizabethan London" on a large scale.

Professor Kellner of the University of Czernowitz, after more than a decade of indefatigable research, now publishes his "critical analysis of the misreadings in Shakespeare's works." For some years it has been a commonplace of textual scholarship that the prime necessity for a student venturing upon the arduous task of "restoring" the true readings in the plays is a thorough knowledge of Elizabethan handwriting. The good old days of happy guess-work are gone forever. Various scholars, notably Mr. J. Dover Wilson, the editor of the "New Cambridge Shakespeare," and the Dutchmen Van Dam and Stoffel, have obtained this needed equipment of paleographical k[illegible] before venturing to tamper with the text. That this is necessary in dealing with dramas and not so necessary for the emendation of non-dramatic texts is of course due to the fact that the playwrights, having parted with all claims to their productions, had seldom any opportunity to correct the errors of the press. Most letters in the Elizabethan handwriting (whether "secretary," "Italian," or "mixed" script) are formed in a variety of ways. The forms of one letter very frequently resemble those of another or of more than one other. The chances of error on the part of the printer setting up from manuscript were therefore numerous, the more so when he used a transcript made from the author's original text. Moreover, in faulty passages there is almost always the possibility of more than one plausible emendation, the letter *b*, for example, resembling *h*, *k*, *l*, *t*, or *v*. Professor Kellner's exhaustive survey of all possible misreadings of all letters, combinations of letters, abbreviations, wrong divisions of words, and the like results in a solid and invaluable sub-structure for the rebuilding of a correct text. When, however, he comes to the task of emendation, of "restoring Shakespeare," he treads upon insubstantial ground. [illegible] tabulating those errors in quarto or folio which are corrected in one or the other text he lists all misreadings the corrections of which have been received into most or all modern editions. But he goes further and submits some 265 new "readings" discovered by himself. In the nature of the case it is unlikely that any one scholar could make so many successful emendations of Shakespeare's text. Occasionally his suggestions are happy, though none is so happy as Mr. Dover Wilson's "I think thee, Ariel" for "I thank thee, Ariel" (a change which Professor Kellner does not record). More often these new "readings" are of a flatness that can be accounted for only by the fact that English is not this scholar's native tongue. "Rump-fed ronyon," for example, may not be an altogether satisfying epithet as applied by the sailor's wife to the witch, but Professor Kellner's alternative, "ramp-seed ronyon," will find few [illegible] more space at command scores of these emendation[illegible]

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pleasant matter for discussion. It will be seen, then, that the value of this book lies in its thorough survey of the paleographical data and in the general principles of emendation that it lays down rather than in the specific application of those principles.

Mr. Haines's book is the second instalment of the "survey" of Shakespeare's fame in foreign lands undertaken by the Shakespeare Association. It deals with certain aspects only of the large problem of Shakespeare in France. For the most part it reworks soil that has often been turned over and treads upon familiar ground. There is, however, an understanding of the French "classical" point of view that has never before been very evident in the work of English scholars upon this subject. The gradual emergence of Shakespeare's reputation and prestige from the early days of Voltaire's patronizing interest, through the period of Voltaire's bitter hostility, and on to the days of Chateaubriand and De Staël, is admirably traced; and the book ends with the Shakespearean vogue of the full-blown Romantics.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Enough to Go Round

Wages and the Family. By Paul H. Douglas. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

THERE are about 30 million adult males gainfully employed in the United States. If you gave them all a wage sufficient to maintain a family of five at the level of the budget of health and decency, it would take 50 billion dollars. If you paid the women and children already gainfully employed at the health and decency level, it would take 8 billions more—a total wage bill for the country of 58 billions. Meanwhile the national income is about 70 billions. Ten per cent for savings (new capital construction) knocks off 7 billions. Rent, interest, and profit knock off another 8 or 10 billions. Differentials for highly skilled workers above the basic rate knock off a final 7 billions. Twenty-two from 70 leaves 48 billions—or 10 billions short of meeting the minimum budget. No, there isn't enough to go round.

"But wait," says Mr. Douglas; "I know there isn't enough to go round, but that's a cock-eyed way of stating the case." As indeed it is. Your humble reviewer, following the lead of the learned family budgeteers, has used it repeatedly. But with Mr. Douglas's book in hand, he makes haste to announce that he has been an ass. A statistical ass. For, as the author points out, if you paid all adult males the equivalent of the support for a family of five, and you paid the working women and children to boot, you would provide the support not for 110 millions—the present population of America—but for 158 millions, for 48 million non-existent people! Five to the family is not the average in real life—it is less than that; and there are some 9 million unmarried male workers with no families to support at all.

Under capitalism to hold out for a family wage (of five) as a minimum for all adult male workers is an impossible goal in the opinion of Mr. Douglas. There simply isn't the income available. Even if you took all the rent, interest, and profits away from the forthright captains of industry and instituted a sort of socialism, he doubts with learned statistical support if the budget could be met—with the necessary differentials for skilled workers.

This is very logical, but I think there is an Ethiopian concealed somewhere. If we cut under the dollar signs and examined the facts on the basis of the physical output of goods and services, a very different conclusion might be reached. The shifting of physical production—necessitated by the shift in purchasing power—to the necessities and plain comforts might conceivably produce a tremendous gain in real income, and throw all the neat tables out of gear. The industrial system would be a different thing altogether.

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But to go on with the author's argument. Instead of fighting and striking for a hopeless goal, why not pool wage payments on the basis of a decency budget of one for the bachelor worker, of two for the married childless worker, of three, of four, of five for the married worker with one or two or three children—and so on. A wage system based on living standards and the number of dependents, rather than a wage system based on the job, as at present.

To many this may sound like a wild proposal. Yet every country in Europe is experimenting with it, as well as Australia. The thing is actually in operation for some 6 millions of workers. It is no academic arm-chair dream. The concrete cases are all laid before us. Mr. Douglas promises that the plan will eliminate poverty, prolong the school period of children, cut down infant mortality, brighten communities. I think he is probably right.

But—from my own arm-chair—I wonder. If you are going to tinker with the price system in any such wholesale way, why not go the whole hog, coordinate industry on the basis of adapting production to human requirements (as we began to do in the war), cut out the 50 per cent margin of waste and leakage in industrial performance, and thus provide that assured abundance of physical goods of which dollar signs are only illusive shadows.

Still, if employers can be jimmied into the former and not the latter, I'm for the author's plan. But it must—as he well says—be administered under the joint control of employer and employee. Otherwise the Lord help organized labor. Finally, I have seldom read a book of research which was so concise, so logical in its development, and so blissfully short in its chapters.

STUART CHASE

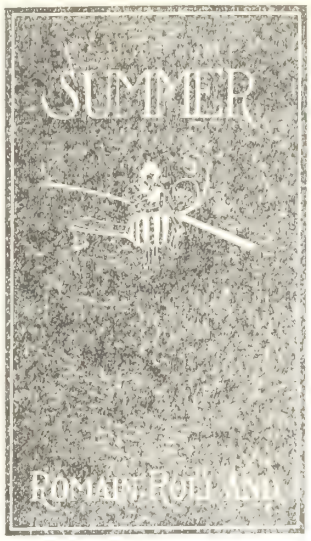
Terror and Furore

Under the Black Flag. By Don C. Seitz. The Dial Press. $4.

HAIL, Don Seitz, chronicler of Braxton Bragg, of the gloriously insolent Paul Jones, of bull-hearted buccaneers! Also look well to your laurels, all you who glory in the telling of tales of pikes and fusils and flashing cutlasses, of black-flag terrorists, of carbuncle-faced avengers, of grim-browed scoundrels, of murderous plot and riot, of half-naked desperadoes most vehement, of tall black ships and sulphurous belching cannon! Look well to your laurels, I say, for here is a man most cunning in his work, who captivates the imagination, who parades no fine sentiments as do inefficient workmen, who paints vice and folly and recklessness in true colors, who exerts neither patronage nor favoritism, who tells his tale with enthusiasm and is a stranger to wearisome ennui; a very noticeable man indeed to write a book of derring-do. And, be it said, Don Seitz has not retold old and worn tales such as are known to every high-spirited boy and to every man with a boy's heart. His are rare tales of those who tried to make life luxurious for themselves at heavy cost, tales almost unknown except to specialized students. To be sure he gives us Captain Kidd, but not Kidd of the ballad, the unworthy Kidd, the Kidd who, having played fast and loose with life, at the end warned solemnly with

> Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
> Come all ye young and old, see me die,
> Come all ye young and old,
> You're welcome to my gold,
> For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.
>
> Take warning now by me, for I must die, I must die,
> Warning take by me, for I must die,
> Take warning now by me,
> And shun bad company,
> Lest you come to hell with me, for I die.

For your true pirate was not given to anchoring his conscience to a responsibility, nor to a discovery of something fine



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and significant in death. Rather was he one not to be immured among conventions and received opinions, like that fire-flashing Boyga, who, being sentenced to death, tried to cheat the gallows by cutting his throat with the top of a tin can and was hanged while sitting in a chair; or like the hell-roarer who took a solid and defined position by leaping into the powder magazine with a lighted match; or like Master Roberts, who, taking a somewhat muddled view of religion, impounded a minister of the gospel to "make punch and say prayers for the pirates"; or like the martinet John Phillips, who aimed at order in disorder and deplored the lack of discipline on pirate crafts; or like that London burglar who turned to buccaneering as a pastime and wrought with reckless valor; or like the eloquent Captain Misson, who talked about the "Yoak of Tyrannie"; or like Joe Bradish, brisk and efficient man of business, who buried his jewels on Nassau Island in time of stress; or like Jack Martel, who had a nice taste for gold dust and elephant tusks; or like Quelch of Massachusetts, who flew a flag with "in the middle of it an Anatomy with an Hourglarse in one hand and a dart in the Hart with three drops of Blood proceeding from it in the other," and dwelt upon his art with a certain gleesomeness; or like Bill Lewis the romantic, who, being given to drowse and brood, was at last murdered in his sleep; or like Tom White, the man of Devon, who, under soberer circumstances, might have been a pillar of society—or, to come to the end of a long story, like many another who sailed into action in the glory of music and banners, infinitely courageous, and often came out of the fray with decorations much damaged, valor not being alone on the side of the pirate.

CHARLES J. FINGER

Books in Brief

Beatrice d'Este and Her Court. By Robert de la Sizeranne. Translated by Captain N. Fleming. Brentano's. $3.50.

"Although she belonged to that small number of women worthy of perpetual regret and eternal remembrance, such a premature death is not really a misfortune for her, for, since we must all die one day, those are more favored who die young and who, after having lived through a happy youth, are ignorant of the countless calamities of this sad world and the trials of old age." So wrote Maximilian, King of the Romans, on the death of Beatrice d'Este to her husband, Ludovic the Moor; and his words are an epitaph not upon Beatrice only but upon the whole Renaissance. Dr. Charles Mayo remarked in a recent address that the average length of human life in the sixteenth century was thirty years. But what a day they had, these women of the house of Sforza! If it was brief, it was glorious. The splendor and wealth, the state and pageantry, the admiration and flattery that would have sufficed for a hundred women were crowded into their little span. The precious fabrics enumerated in this volume make certain pages of it read like a museum catalogue. And their taste for rich foods was quite as keen. It is gratuitous to assume, even in the annals of the house of Borgia, that the numerous early or sudden d[illegible] were due always to poison.

Public Employment Offices: Their Purpose, Structure, and Methods. By Shelby M. Harrison and Associates. The Russell Sage Foundation.

This book, for at least the next decade, will be the text-book of students interested in the purpose, structure, and methods of government employment offices. Written by persons formerly connected with State or federal employment bureaus, it gives a complete history of the development of such agencies. The analysis of the case is clear, concise, and closely reasoned. The conclusion—in favor of government as opposed to private agencies—is reached by meticulous examination of other types and methods of connecting worker and job. Only one type of

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real importance is given scant study—the employment office operated by trade unions. Moreover, the most dramatic picture to be drawn in favor of federal appropriation for employment bureaus is scarcely touched on. One hundred million or more dollars are spent annually in "help and situations wanted" advertising in daily newspapers. No analysis of this sum—not even a rough verification of it—is made. Yet the newspapers' revenue from this source in one year no doubt would establish a fund the income of which would be sufficient to run adequate government employment offices forever. Furthermore, no proposed bill for legislative enactment, federal, State or local, was drafted as an appendix to the volume. Such a draft would have been valuable. Unfortunately, publication was delayed so long that the immediate usefulness of the book is doubtful. The Sage Foundation in this respect suffers from the general ailment of all mammoth organizations. Had the study come out in 1920 it might well have been a real influence in offsetting the blunders of the chief of the United States Employment Service, thus helping those who fought, vainly enough, for the continuance of extensive federal activity in employment work.

Government and the Will of the People. By Hans Delbrück. Translated by Roy S. MacElwee. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The chief interest of these lectures on the governmental system of the Bismarckian empire, delivered by Professor Delbrück at the University of Berlin a year before the World War, consists in an Epilogue written in 1920, containing observations on the radical change of this system brought about by the work of the Weimar National Assembly. Professor Delbrück reiterates his well-known views about the perfection of the old German Constitution as a "dualism" preserving a happy balance between popular representation in a Reichstag based upon universal suffrage and "a certain degree of autocracy" embodied in the sovereign of Prussia, the army, and the federated governments of the empire. Absence of corruption, nonpartisan care for the popular welfare, and efficiency of expert administration are dwelt upon as the outstanding virtues of this system, in comparison with which the much-vaunted democratic achievements of parliamentary governments as exemplified by England, France, and the United States appear as sham phrases hiding the exploitation of the people by parliamentary groups and industrial interests. Yet it is noteworthy that Professor Delbrück sees in the new Weimar Constitution certain features which he cannot help acknowledging as improvements upon the constitution of the old empire.

Die Pfalz unter Französischer Besatzung. Kalendarische Darstellung von Einmarsch 1918 bis November 1924. München: *Süddeutsche Monatshefte.*

A bare, chronological record of events without so much as a word of comment on the part of the chronicler. It is not the total Rhineland occurrences but only those taking place within the narrow bounds of the Palatinate which are here disclosed. In sharp distinction from the typical French tale, the outstanding feature of the German version is the omnipresence of the French civil and military authorities. The German work, too, presents Separatism as a fact; but it exhibits it as stirring in only a few disgruntled heads and makes it clear that it would never have mobilized for action had it not been supported from the first and without reservation by the action of a vast body of French agents under the direction of General de Metz himself, the commander of the army of occupation. The seizures of property, the arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, the eviction from the province of thousands of local officials and citizens by a barbarous procedure indistinguishable from kidnapping, the rape of women by black troops, and the frequent murder of harmless residents by drunken soldiers constitute a record of suffering somehow peculiarly moving because making no effort to move.

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The Fruit of the Family Tree. By Albert Edward Wiggam. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

Mr. Wiggam's second book on the inheritance of human traits is reliable in matters of scientific fact and for the most part entertainingly written. While it is happily devoid of the mystical verbiage, the undue formulation and dogmatism, that marked the author's earlier (and widely popular) work on the same subject, it has some literary defects of its own. There is a recurrent artlessness of phrase, a periodic use of "the good Lord did this, intends that," and occasional recourse to a ridiculous example (e. g. the twins that selected identical sets of china), all of which may unfortunately obscure for many readers the solid merits that the book possesses. In both books the same general subject matter and the same broad ends are the author's concern. Both treat of human heredity and both preach the gospel of eugenics. In the earlier the data of biology are presented in a very general way and the social applications are announced in no uncertain tones; in the later the reader will find a more detailed statement of the facts of genetics and a more persuasive plea for the general employment of this knowledge.

Art Treasures in Soviet Russia. By Sir Martin Conway. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.50.

Sir Martin visited Russia to learn what had become of the vast collections of pictures and other treasures of ancient and modern art known to have been in Imperial Russia. His book sets at rest rumors of mutilated pictures and the sale of crown jewels. He found not only all the old treasures of the museums but a wealth of new paintings and other objects garnered from the private collections of the few Russian nobles who chose wisely and with taste. Of the Hermitage museum he says: "Both the building and its contents have never been so well attended to, displayed, and studied as they are now." Since the revolution the Winter Palace itself has been added to the Hermitage, and there are now ten miles of gallery. The British visitor trekked happily for days, finding the Giorgiones, the Van Eycks, and the Rembrandts he sought intact and radiant. He visited the imperial palaces in Leningrad and Moscow, and he furnishes minute descriptions of the state rooms and homely descriptions of the private apartments of the czars. He went to see everything, and he did.

Reamer Lou. By Louis Forgione. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Reamer Lou's adventures as related in this book are those of a man blessed with an intellect and with an astonishingly alert eye for beauty. Since the story is told in the first person, one may say of him (as of his author) that he is numbered among those fortunate beings for whom, in the words of Théophile Gautier, the visible world exists. "Reamer Lou" is not a "hobo book"; it is not even the crude narrative of an honest working-man. There is an engaging and rather curious guilelessness about the story which at moments defines sharply its sophistication, but oftener than not it is a polished literary performance. Lou is himself; he is neither a damaged soul nor a noisy protestant against the hard lot of labor. Through many scenes and circumstances he moves with the pagan detachment of the picaresque but with a certain cleanness and health of body and soul and an unsentimental seriousness that are quite his own. It is a life conditioned far more to the unsullied properties of air and fire and sunlight than to the grimy reality of quotidian labor.

Knowledge and Virtue. The Hulsean Lectures for 1920-1921. By P. N. Waggett. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

Aside from the homiletic proficiency of this book and its sometimes merely unctuous but often genuine fervor, it contains little to help us either to knowledge or to virtue, although our need for both, and for one as a means to the other, is

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convincingly enough felt. The point is also made that we may pass from mere rote learning through felt realization in active experience to an explicit and illuminated comprehension of meanings in life and reality. But the book may serve to illustrate two commonplace weaknesses of orthodox religious theorizing. There is first that irrefutable fallacy which discovers and proclaims a supernatural sanction for even the most ordinary teaching and for all, even the most natural and rational, ideals. And there is second that literal and factual version of Christian myths which forces us to give up all their meaning by turning them into incredible absurdities. One wonders, so far as knowledge and virtue are concerned, whether one is much worse off in a California where fundamentalists attempt to interfere with elementary education than in a Cambridge where a Hulsean lecturer, reading in the University Church, takes as literal truth the most pathetically materialistic hopes and fears of Christian belief. Christianity, like all genuine religions, helps man's rational endeavor when in moving poetic symbolism it sanctions his ethics and expresses his ideals; but, as Santayana adds, in pretending to deal with matters of fact it not only gives rise to the bitter controversies of sects but actually loses its own dignity and power; instead of saving, it pollutes men's souls.

The Windlestraw. By James Mills Whitham. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Mr. Whitham, who has been quietly publishing his novels of the English countryside since 1912, is confessedly, both in material and technique, a follower of the Wessex master. Though he is the author of eight solidly conceived, gravely executed volumes, he has never exacted the serious attention he deserves. "Silas Braunton," probably his finest book, fell, in 1923, almost still-born from the press. The present volume is not quite so fine.

Harvest in Poland. By Geoffrey Dennis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

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Representative American Dramas, National and Local. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown and Company. $4.50.

The complete text of fifteen American plays ranging in time from Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" to George Kelley's "The Show Off." A catholic taste has led the editor to include works like Fitch's "The City," which have only historical interest, as well as readable and significant contemporary plays like "The Emperor Jones," "Dulcy," and "The Adding Machine."

Glamour: Essays on the Art of the Theater. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

These essays, reprinted from various magazines, are by one of the very few American dramatic critics who have anything to say. It is Mr. Young's defect that he sometimes loses himself in the blue, but he has set himself especially the task of discussing one of the most intangible of the attributes which belong to every work of art. He calls it style, and it is, whatever name one may give it, the essential thing which distinguishes between that which is art and that which is not. There are few critics willing to undertake the discussion of a quality so elusive.

The Drama Year Book: 1924. Edited by Joseph Lawren. Joseph Lawren.

A statistical summary dealing with "those plays first presented in the English language upon the New York stage" during the calendar year. It differs from Burns Mantle's annual volume, "The Best Plays," in omitting the condensed versions of the "best plays" and in substituting a larger

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amount of valuable reference material. In addition to a cast of characters and a synopsis of scenes for every new play there is an alphabetical list of actors and their roles, directors and their plays, and producers and their productions for the year. A bibliography of new books about the theater and of published plays, as well as a condensed bibliography of periodical literature on the same subject, is also included. A very valuable reference book.

From a Pittman's Note-Book. By Roger Dataller. The Dial Press. $2.50.

This is the diary, edited by John Middleton Murry, of a young man who wants to be "an artist with a flowing tie, a broad-brimmed sombrero, and a villa in Capri," but who unfortunately is bound in a place where are "gutters running sludge; the slattern women dragging babes around; the dozy, poky shadowy shops; the Carnegie Free Library low and sprawling, cold as any tomb, with great cards slung about the place: 'YOU ARE REQUESTED TO OBSERVE SILENCE.'" Notwithstanding his faults of labored style and attempted elegance, there are times when the author forgets he is writing and produces spontaneous and magnfiicent pictures.

Bryan and Darrow at Dayton. By Leslie H. Allen. Arthur Lee and Company. $1.75.

The World's Most Famous Court Trial. The Tennessee Evolution Case. National Book Company. $2.

The first gives a running story of the Dayton trial, with copious extracts from the record. The second is a complete stenographic report.

Music

Arnold Schönberg

IT is the strangest case in the entire history of music. Here the flow of evolution seems to be interrupted by an individual who suddenly and violently hurls himself into the unknown. To new shores, asserts one group. Into nothingness, into absurdity, into mechanical abstraction, says the other group. To the first he is fulfilment; to the second, his music has in common with what was called music before only the material of tones—no longer the laws of harmony, the plastic of melody, the traditional form. To the first he is the greatest musician living and one of the greatest who have ever lived; to the others he is a mistaken dogmatic, if not a fool or even worse.

But there is no doubt of his sincerity. He has suffered for his convictions as few before him, has walked a martyr's road, has borne scorn and ridicule and misunderstanding without turning a hair's breadth from what he conceived to be right. Also, he has proved that it was neither lack of simplicity nor lack of ability which made him discard tradition. Even if his ways were different from those of the classics, he has shown in numerous compositions, large and small, the characteristics we admire in important creative composers; melodic invention of the most marvelous kind, sustained over long passages and full of emotional depth; crystal-clear form in wide patterns; marvelous orchestral color; and high intensity of mood. There is the stirring and beautiful string sextet "Verklärte Nacht"; there is the melancholy, mysterious tone poem "Pelleas und Melisande"; there are the two string quartets, one of which shows that he has come into the heritage of the latest Beethoven; and there are the short songs of surpassing lyricism. In all these Schönberg proved that he commands everything which makes a genuine musician, and that he had a right to abandon a form of expression which did not suffice [illegible] way.

Thus he has laid a duty upon every serious music lover to wait until his new works open themselves out as his earlier compositions did; to wait even if these new works should for

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a time be incomprehensible and alien, even tantalizing—as they actually still are to many. This duty to wait becomes still more imperative when one remembers the hostility with which his first compositions were received. People felt in those much of the eclectic, heard many foreign voices, above all the voice of Tristan, but also those of Brahms and Beethoven; yet much, too, that was peculiarly his own, subtle as a colorful dream, breathing harmonies of the sleeping sea and of the summer wind, of the woods and of the meadows. It was all so personal and new, and yet so compelling, that it was met with violent opposition and misunderstanding; almost every Schönberg composition (with the exception of the "Gurrelieder") caused an uproar at its first performance. And today we feel these works to be almost classical and cannot understand what could create so much opposition and revulsion. How much patience and reverence we must learn: patience, until we have really experienced the new works, reverence toward one who never made it easy for himself, who remained true to his ideas and who had to walk for their sake a path of poverty and loneliness.

To be sure, Schönberg does not make it easy for others; and those new compositions of his are hard to comprehend for anyone who does not approach them entirely unprejudiced and listen to them as if he knew no other music. Whoever measures them with Beeethoven or Wagner must be bewildered and stunned. I must confess, if a subjective utterance may be permitted, that this has happened to me in spite of my fifteen years of loving preparation. I find no entrance to them; I hear a foreign language; and even those promising passages of greatness and sudden light are lacking, such as I once felt in the works of the early moderns, Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler, Strauss—in the midst of incomprehensible passages which forced me to push farther and farther into a new world. Nevertheless I believe that the fault is mine, and that Schönberg's new music will yet reveal itself to me—even while I fear that his last phase, which I feel to be too constructive and theoretical, must remain strange to me.

Already in the "Kammersinfonie," which appeared simultaneously with the quartet with voice, there are sounds of a most unusual kind; and in the piano pieces, the songs of Stefan George, the "Pierrot Lunaire" melodramas, a rupture with everything that preceded becomes noticeable. The first recognizable landmarks are a brevity and concentration which lean to the aphoristic and a harmony which abandons the feeling of tonality and of the difference between consonance and dissonance. Schönberg achieves the strangest combinations of sound, a melody without cadence—rapid, rhythmically varied, ending with widely alternating intervals, and therefore without distinct ending, and for this reason at first not satisfying. The harmony of the classics is replaced by a structure in fourths which later again is replaced by still more complicated structures; the technique of *reprise*, even the mere repetition of a theme, is avoided. The whole effect is heightened by the prevalent mood of grotesque fright and apprehension. Schönberg also has painted pictures, and practically all of them are visions, distorted faces, nightmares in color. I don't believe I am wrong when I say I find the same expression in the lightless, joyless music which he was writing at the same time.

In Schönberg's superb book "Harmonielehre," which is one of the most living and sparkling of artistic documents, the composer has confessed that the laws by which he works at present are unknown to him. He feels their order without being able to formulate them, and without being able to demonstrate their rightness. He proved that many rules of traditional harmony are not right, or not alone right; and he enlarged the old harmony without destroying it. Since then, however, he has reached a formula which he calls "Die Lehre von der Komposition mit zwölf Tönen"; he refers to the twelve tones of the chromatic scale which take the place of the seven tones

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of any diatonic scale and out of which are selected those which form the basis of a theme. This pattern is stated forward and backward, to form the "Krebsgang" (crabstep). The intervals of this "crabstep" are then inverted and the whole forms the material for the entire movement. It may be said that Schönberg in the working out of his latest compositions approaches more clearly the old master forms. But if I understand the whole theory I cannot suppress my dislike of a too mechanical proceeding, or my objection to the tendency toward poverty and monotony which follows when the variety of twenty-four scales of seven degrees is replaced with twelve fixed tones, and when the contrast between consonance and dissonance, as well as the contrast between tonality and atonality, is abandoned.

Just the same, it is not theory which decides but living intuition; and if this is there, it is much stronger than all objections and every tradition. The ear adapts itself to everything new if it is truly experienced and imaginatively heard. And again, it remains a duty toward a master like Schönberg, whose behavior as a man and an artist alone compels respect, and who today is honored as one of the most important arrivals in the art of the entire world, to approach his work again and again, to study it over and over. He who has stormed the future with such admirable courage, power, and audacity was until a few years ago an object of controversy. Today we know better. We have to trust Schönberg, wherever he may lead us.

RICHARD SPECHT

Drama

Should Lawyers Lie?

EUGENE BRIEUX is by nature less a dramatist than a debater. He has, it is true, learned from some of the least worthy of his compatriots certain tricks of the trade and he knows as well as Henri Bernstein himself how to contrive a scene of glittering theatricality, but his real passion is for icily abstract problems in morality and his natural mode of expression is the casuistry of the forum. His habitual method of procedure is to select some problem in social ethics, to write a debate upon it, and then to contrive by hook or crook some series of incidents which will serve both to provide an opportunity for the debate and to keep an audience superficially engaged until the moment for it at last arrives. The result is a curious combination of portentous moral earnestness with theatrical clap-trap of a frequently shabby sort; the result is, that is to say, "The Red Robe," "The Americans in Our Midst," "Damaged Goods," and "Accused" (Belasco Theater), the last of which happens to be the latest of his works to reach America.

This time M. Brieux has chosen for his disputation the question, "To what extent is a lawyer justified in attempting to convince a jury of the innocence of a person whom he knows to be guilty of the charge upon which he is being tried but who nevertheless deserves, because of extenuating circumstances, to be acquitted"; and though the problem may seem to be a slightly academic one, he has managed to write upon it a genuinely eloquent debate which constitutes the climax of his play. But because his real talent is merely that of the casuist, because he has no power either to invent living characters or to imagine a genuine situation, he has embodied this question in a fable which not only involves all the stale situations which arise in the theater when the wronged woman is brought to trial but which rests entirely upon a false psychology. Specifically, M. Brieux, who, it must be remembered, poses not as an entertaining trickster but as a solemn student of the fundamental problems of contemporary civilization, asks us to believe that a woman accused of murder but holding in her hands certain proof of her justification will risk probable death and certain disgrace in the eyes of everyone whom she loves merely

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because she would be compelled in clearing herself to confess to the lawyer who is defending her that she loves him, a thing which her delicacy will not permit her to do. Now, such scruples as these may possibly have affected the conduct of the most extravagant of the troubadours; they have certainly survived in the factitious romances of a much later period; but no one can possibly believe that in the twentieth century which M. Brieux professes to study any sane woman would behave as his heroine does. Life has its terrible dilemmas and doubtless lawyers see many of them, but this one surely never existed save in the mind of a romancer, and any writer who uses it confesses the essential unreality of the world in which his imagination dwells.

Granted its factitiousness, the play is as well written and as well produced as it possibly could be. Conventionally "strong" situations succeed one another with rapid precision; Mr. E. H. Sothern lends all the resources of his eloquent voice to the speeches of the lawyer; Ann Davis acts the emotional role with a really extraordinary virtuosity, Lester Lonergan gives another fine performance, and over all hovers the deft hand of Mr. Belasco. Yet even while one admires the various talents displayed one cannot help wondering why anyone would choose to lavish so much upon a production which cannot in the end be other than hollow and meaningless. I am well aware that for ten years at least critics who have marveled at Mr. Belasco's resources have remonstrated with him for his waste of them without disturbing either his financial success or his own contentment. I know that he consciously, deliberately, and confessedly keeps his hands off any drama which has literary value and that though he will produce either unpretentious or pretentious plays he demands that all shall have an element of falsity in them. I cannot help protesting again. "Accused" will be a success; people will once more admire its producer's unfailing skill and many, even among the more intelligent, will find themselves at moments forgetting the emptiness of the play. Yet they will go away without ever having been really touched at any moment. They will, perhaps, have had a certain illusion of emotion; tears may perhaps be wrung from their eyes; but the illusion will vanish utterly before they have been half an hour away from the theater. No incident in all the play is real enough to come home to their bosoms, to give them one flash of new insight into the hearts of real men, or to enrich them by the comprehension of one genuine human emotion. Surely Mr. Belasco could do better things if he would. Others have shown him that today, at least, equal financial returns can be reaped from plays that have thought, meaning. and life in their lines. Mr. Belasco has a genuine passion for the theater. Why, then, will he never, even by way of experiment, permit it to be more than the ingenious toy which he has brought to perfection?

"The Butter and Egg Man" (Longacre Theater) is pretty continuously funny and yet in spite of that fact it is something of a disappointment to those who have come to expect from George Kaufman a fresh satiric truth. From the title one hoped for a really racy slice of Broadway life, but one got instead a thoroughly conventional farce which might well have been written by a man who had never observed anything except the theater; the fact that it is, in its way, sufficiently amusing does not quite make up for the disappointment. "A Holy Terror" (Geo. M. Cohan Theater), in which George Abbott gives one of his usual ingratiating portraits of an amiable ruffian, begins as a highly promising melodrama, but develops such an unsuspected fund of sweetness and light among its characters as to lose a good deal of its verisimilitude in spite of one excellent portrait—that of the army officer, excellently played by William Goddard. "Merry Merry" (Vanderbilt Theater) is a lively and rather informal musical comedy which had perhaps best be described as glorifying the chorus girl.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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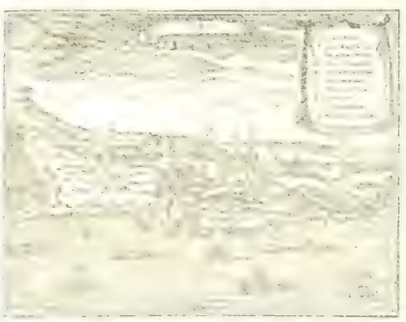

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FUNDAMENTALISM WON a "disastrous victory" in the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church when Bishop William Montgomery Brown was formally deposed, although a federal court order has been served upon the church to show cause why the proceed[illegible] against him should not be halted. Bishop Brown was charged with publishing views contrary to the doctrine of the church; and the pivotal question upon which his case hinged was whether a bishop in 1925 must accept all or any of the credal statements literally. Bishop Brown accepted them all "symbolically," but his break with supernaturalism was so complete that he seemed to his fellow-bishops to be an utter atheist. When the master minds of the church, however, set out to draw the line between permissible and unpermissible interpretations of the creeds, they gave up the riddle as quite beyond them and fell back on the sacred Fourth-Century words of the liturgies as "doctrine" to which a bishop must subscribe. This is rather more, apparently, than John Roach Straton ever demanded of the Southern Baptists, and Bishop Brown is making the most of it. In the meantime, as the case stands, the Protestant Episcopal Church has cleansed itself of heresy at [illegible] sacrifice of its traditions and its common sense. If the action of the bishops seems too raw even for a federal judge, the church may yet give Bishop Brown a real trial.

SOME PEOPLE STILL DOUBT the need of a federal anti-lynching law. "Let the States take care of their own," they say. We invite their attention to the State of Mississippi. On September 20 at New Albany a mob took a Negro, Jim Ivy, from a sheriff who made no fight to stop them, carried him to Rocky Ford, tied him to a stake, and burned him alive, after the traditional fashion of lynchings in the romantic Old South. Governor Whitfield had the decency to issue a statement on September 21, saying:

> The time has come when the law-abiding citizens of Mississippi should assert themselves in no uncertain terms against such mob action and should rally to the support of the peace officers in maintaining the integrity of the law.

On the same day the Memphis *News Scimitar* published photographs of lynching scenes. These photographs show members of the mob with drawn guns and Jim Ivy with a noose around his neck; the faces of scores of mob members are so plain that a police officer would not have the slightest difficulty in recognizing and arresting them.

DID THE MEMBERS OF THAT MOB fear Mississippi justice? Were they afraid that, recognized, they would be punished? Not at all. One of the mob members let himself be photographed standing on a platform with Jim Ivy. He was warned, the *News Scimitar* says, that the picture would be published. "All right; go ahead," he replied. One William N. Bradshaw boasted that he was a member of the mob. The Jackson *Daily News* quotes this Mississippian as follows:

> Not an officer in Union County or any of the neighbor counties will point out any member of the crowd. Why, if he did, the best thing for him to do would be to jump into an airplane headed for Germany—quick.
>
> Sure, the officers know who were there. Everybody down there knows everybody else. We're all neighbors and neighbors' neighbors.
>
> Saturday night there were at least 10,000 men with [illegible] on their edge of New Albany; the county seat, but it was a perfectly orderly crowd. Everybody was in their [illegible] and no one tried to conceal his identity. . . .
>
> A delegation of us went to Johnny [the sheriff] and told him that we were tired of fooling around and that he had to produce Ivy or take the consequences. He said "Well, boys, . . . I'll put him in the county jail here. If you let me get him in jail and locked up, and then overpower me and get him I can't help it." We agreed to that. . . .
>
> Investigation? Shucks, there won't be any—or if there is it won't amount to anything. No officer down there is going to dare try to identify anyone, because nobody's mad about it. Even one of the judges down there said he didn't believe in mob law except in a few cases, and this was one of those, and that [illegible] burning if it hadn't been bad policy. They'd be plenty mad, though, if anyone were arrested, and there'd be a million dollars ready in five minutes to go his bond.

WILLIAM BRADSHAW WAS RIGHT. The sheriff announced that he [illegible] no one in the mob. When reporters called the governor's attention to Bradshaw's defiance and showed him the photographs which revealed the faces of members of the mob, he replied, "I

have no plans for an investigation." Mississippi is Mississippi. It is no crime to burn a man alive in that State, if his skin is black. Neither county nor State officials will punish a gang of murderers if their victim is a Negro. If the people of this country want lynching stopped they will have to do it by Federal action.

AN EMPEROR SITS AGAIN AT ROME. True, he still calls himself by the more equivocal title of Premier, but he might as well, imitating a famous predecessor, also Italian-born, take from the hands of the Pope the imperial crown and, as the only person in the world fit to do the service, place it upon his own head. The recent agreement between the organization of Fascist employers and the General Federation of Labor practically destroys the trade unions and eliminates the Socialists as a factor in politics. Under the new ruling, employers in labor disputes will deal only with members of Fascist unions; disputes will be solved only by a juridical body appointed by the state; after the state-appointed magistrate has been appealed to, all strikes and lock-outs or other appeals from his decisions will be forbidden and, one assumes, dealt with in true Fascist style. In addition, it is proposed that the powers of the Government—that is, of Mussolini—be strengthened and those of Parliament curtailed. Finally, local government has been taken out of the hands of local officers and will be controlled by government-appointed officials responsible to the central government. The communiqué in which these proposals is embodied contains certain noble thoughts on government well worth quoting:

> The administration of public affairs requires high-grade competence and specific culture, and is incompatible with a legislative system which, not taking into account local conditions, partakes of the erroneous presumption of the administrative capacity of citizens who scarcely know how to read and write.

IT IS GOOD TO KNOW that the Italian Government rests in the hands of these cultured and competent officials. As an example of the high character of the Fascist control the recent riots in Florence will serve. Fascist persecution of the Freemasons of that city, in the course of which shops were burnt and ransacked and members of the offending guild driven from town, resulted in the shooting of a member of the local Fascist Directory in the act of demanding a list of Florentine Freemasons from one of their number. The Freemason was killed by a Fascist mob as he was being taken to the police station; houses of other Freemasons were burnt to the ground, and several of the occupants were murdered. Armed Fascisti kept firemen from extinguishing these fires and the police were given orders not to interfere with the Fascists engaged in "reprisals," who, busy with the above-mentioned activities, yet found time to enter every theater in the city and drive the audiences into the streets at the point of their guns.

MURDER WILL OUT. When for six weeks after the murder of Matteotti the sidewalk in front of his house was heaped with flowers and crowded with sorrowing men and women praying for the repose of his soul Premier Mussolini must have had some anxious moments. His conscience was not of the best. The publication in the New York *World* of secret documents connecting Mussolini directly with Matteotti's murder and disclosing him as the head of an Italian Cheka bear out the documents printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* last April. These confessions, written by men who were trying to save their own skins when they feared that their chief was about to desert them, tell the same story: Matteotti was kidnapped and put to death by a group of Fascists, acting under orders of the Fascist leaders, including Mussolini himself. The existence of a secret society with the Premier at its head is repeatedly insisted upon, and this organization has apparently been responsible for other crimes of violence. The trial of those immediately responsible for Matteotti's abduction and assassination takes place shortly; an attempt will be made to whitewash the affair, to try the accused for "homicide without premeditation," and to keep out of the trial any testimony which might implicate those higher up. But meanwhile the confessions are in general circulation; the names of Fillipelli, Cesare Rossi, Marinelli, and *one who may not be mentioned* are on Italian tongues far oftener than those of the dupes who are standing trial.

THE GOVERNMENT SHIPPING SITUATION gets steadily worse. Following the removal of Rear Admiral Palmer from the headship of the Emergency Fleet Corporation came the resignation of Rear Admiral H. I. Cone as vice-president and general manager, and the discharge of Sidney Henry, vice-president in charge of finances. Then the President let it be known that his feelings were injured by the fact that Elmer E. Crowley was appointed to Rear Admiral Palmer's place without his, the President's, being consulted. Unfortunately for public understanding of the situation it is gravely involved. There is first the issue of the independence of the Shipping Board, which must be upheld against all comers, including the President. But there is also question as to the good faith and efficiency of the Shipping Board itself, and finally, the question of the relative merits of the Shipping Board and the Fleet Corporation. As to this our sympathies are with Admiral Palmer. He has sold ships while others talked about doing so. He has reduced the deficit of the corporation by 22 million dollars, placed the fleet on a business basis, and, most notable of all, refused to play politics. Sometimes the members of the Shipping Board have seemed too conscious of the fact that if all the ships were sold their jobs would be gone. At any rate, this unseemly squabbling calls for prompt action by Congress. Both boards should be abolished and control of the fleet be placed in the hands of one man.

CAILLAUX ARRIVES in France with his desk stacked high. Parliamentary opposition to his American agreement probably seems to him one of his lesser worries. He cannily took with him as members of his mission enough members of the opposition parties to commit their leadership to a friendly attitude. But his financial problem has not begun to be solved. He did not bring back with him any large American loans, or even any immediate hope of such substantial aid, and the problem of financing the ordinary expenses of his Government, plus the enormous cost of the war in Africa, and the added burden of the war against the Druse Nationalists in Syria, is almost superhuman. Domestic short-term indebtedness is coming due, and his first attempt at magic—an attempt to pay the old loans with new paper, with interest payments guaranteed in gold—has not achieved the expected results. Apparently

only 5 billion francs have been "converted" in this fashion, where 25 billion were hoped for. The floating debt totals 60 billion francs, and the note circulation of the Bank of France has moved up to 47 billions. One short-term issue fell due on September 25; another matures December 8. Prices are rising, and with two wars on hand reduction of government expenditures is unlikely. What will the financial wizard try next?

WE HOPE that the English Speaking Union and other patriotic societies will take note of a scandalous bit of anti-British propaganda which appeared in the New York *Times* the other day. The publication of this vile attack upon one of our Allies would probably have been punished with imprisonment during the war. Should it be tolerated in peace time? We print in full this obvious piece of propaganda that all may see its falsity. The distinction of the original offender is no excuse for the needless republication of the following letter to Lord Cornwallis, written from Camp Middlebrook, June 2, 1777:

> My Lord:
>
> It is with infinite regret I am again compelled to remonstrate against that spirit of wanton cruelty that has in several instances influenced the conduct of your soldiery.
>
> A recent exercise of it toward an unhappy officer of ours, Lieut. Martin, convinces me that my former representations on that subject have been unavailing. That gentleman, by the fortune of war, on Saturday last was thrown into the hands of a party of your horse and unnecessarily murdered with the most aggravated circumstances of barbarity.
>
> I wish not to wound your Lordship's feelings by commenting on this event, but I think it my duty to send his mangled body to your lines, as an undeniable testimony of the fact, should it be doubted, and as the best appeal to your humanity for the justice of our complaint.
>
> I have the honor to be, with due respect,
>
> Your Lordship's Most Obedient Servant,
>
> G. WASHINGTON

PUNISHMENT AS A DETERRENT to crime still has many champions, and the killing of a murderer by the State is thought by thousands of persons to act as an effective warning to other prospective murderers. The total of 288 murders in 279 days in Cook County would seem to indicate that as a deterrent capital punishment was somewhat lacking. And it is good to record the words of Enrico Ferri, Italy's greatest criminologist, who roundly denounces capital punishment as a preventive of murder. In Italy, when this method of dealing with criminals was abolished in 1890, the same arguments were advanced as are advanced in the United States today, the same downfall of society was predicted, and what happened instead was a marked decrease in murders. Mr. Ferri declares the true remedy for crime to be social reform. He thus places the responsibility for the criminal on society, where it belongs. Decent living conditions, the opportunity to master a trade and to exercise it in order to obtain a proper living, education which will direct the abundant energies of young men and women into social and not anti-social channels—all these are infinitely better ways of dealing with an errant citizen than putting him into a jail where he consorts with habitual criminals and learns from them more ways of cheating society. At best, jails are miserable places; and they are seldom at their best. In them, more than in any other place, crime flourishes. The criminal's period of punishment is usually a period of education in criminality; and his incarceration, instead of protecting society, places it at the mercy of more adept plunderers.

IS THE NIGHT AIR MAIL a proved success? Or is the Chicago *Tribune* right in claiming that it averages slower than the old express-train service? We do not know. But we do know this, that the Post Office Department is 100 per cent wrong in attempting to convince the public by war-time propaganda methods instead of by a record of service. We have received a letter from E. C. Garrabrant, assistant traffic manager of the Air Mail Service, which asks us to help boost the night air mail by printing a "canned" editorial, thoughtfully provided for us ready written:

> To aid you in this objective of common interest [says Mr. Garrabrant] we attach a suggested editorial, which you may desire to revamp or can use as presented.
>
> This editorial was prepared by Mr. F. B. DeBerard, director of research of the Merchants Association of New York.
>
> This association and the Advertising Club are actively interested in cooperating with some of the details of our department. . . .

The "White House spokesman," through those trained seals, the Washington correspondents, fills the news columns of the papers with government propaganda day after day; and now the departments are trying to write the country's editorials for it. It is just a little too much.

EVEN IF MACMILLAN and his crew had to turn back without discovering the new polar land they hoped to claim for the State of Maine, they found uncharted mountain ranges and made fascinating observations of plants and birds and Norse ruins. Their three generations of exploring craft—schooner, steamer, and navy airplanes—had such rough going that they were forced to report against airplanes and in favor of Zeppelins for future exploration. MacMillan knows the natives better than most explorers. All along the coast of Greenland he stopped and entertained them with moving pictures of their villages taken last year. His party went to church and heard Eskimo hymns, presented the natives with radio sets, rescued a shipwrecked Danish crew, and saved an Eskimo boy washed out to sea when an iceberg exploded.

"CHRISTY" MATHEWSON has been dead nearly a fortnight—long enough for all ordinary persons and almost all baseball players to be forgotten. But Mathewson belongs to the heroic age of baseball, before the blight of commercialization was obvious. A generation of grown-up small boys and girls recall his legendary prowess and cherish the memory of a personal encounter on the diamond today. "Matty" shone in a group of brilliant stars; among his fellow-players were Big Chief Myers, Napoleon Lajoie, Hughie Jennings, Hooks Wiltse, Hans Wagner, Mike Donlin, Fred Merkle, Rube Marquard, Red Murray, Three-Fingered Brown, Iron Man McGinnity, and a host of others. Each great in his way, "Matty" outshone them all; he was a national hero. The wise historian will give him more space than many Presidential candidates.

Mr. Coolidge's Wonderful Speech

APPARENTLY we are suffering from that mental and moral astigmatism of which our enemies accuse us, for we find ourselves in extraordinary disagreement with most of our contemporaries as to President Coolidge's speech to the American Legion at Omaha on October 6. The New York *Times* exults over the liberalism of this oration as confuting those critics who "have been indulging in sneers at Calvin Coolidge as a hopeless conservative tied and bound. But his liberalism is of the old-fashioned American kind. . . . It is a liberalism good enough for this day and for the American people." The New York *World* is so astounded to hear Calvin Coolidge appealing for freedom of speech and for tolerance in America that it completely loses its editorial self in shrieks of joy:

> The Coolidge who delivered that speech is not the Coolidge of a year ago. Then he was an oracle of safe platitudes, a man who spoke truism rather than truth. Coming from the average public man at such a time the speech would have been extraordinary; coming from Mr. Coolidge it was well-nigh incredible.

The next day it returned to the charge and found in this speech insight, intelligence, and force. "There is wisdom and courage and that tolerance for which the President himself pleads." As for President MacCracken of Vassar, he believes, if the press reports can be trusted, that portion of the speech will live forever. All of which leaves us gasping. We do not deny that Mr. Coolidge took a new tack; that the author of the famous series upon the "Red" menace in our women's colleges, notably Vassar (which, incredible as it may seem, had on its faculty, according to Calvin Coolidge, a woman professor who heard the Soviet ambassador talk in Washington and liked him!) has used words quite unaccustomed to his mouth. But beyond that the speech strikes us as a successful combination of bunk, platitudes, and contradictions, a facing-both-ways with such dexterity that our friends the editors have fallen for it again as some of us did for the sentimental sententiousness and noble nothings of Woodrow Wilson, as many did for the pious frauds of Warren Harding and the robust rhodomantade of Theodore Roosevelt. How eager we all are to be fooled!

Now let Mr. Coolidge, the great new liberal, speak. He turns early in his address to the question of war and peace and military establishments:

> War has become less probable; peace has become more secure.

But

> Our country has a larger army and a more powerful navy costing annually almost twice as much as it ever before had in time of peace. I am a thorough believer in a policy of adequate military preparation.

Although

> It is our purpose in our intercourse with foreign Powers to rely not upon the strength of our fleets and our armies.

And

> In spite of all the arguments in favor of great military forces no nation that had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure

And

> We know and every one knows that these old [military] systems, antagonisms, and reliance on force have failed.

Yet

> National defense should be at all times supported.

Turning to the war itself Mr. Coolidge declares:

> We *feared* no other country

But

> We believed, moreover, that those institutions which we cherish with supreme affection and which lie at the foundation of our whole scheme of human relationship—the right of freedom, of equality, of self-government—*were all in jeopardy.*

In winning the war "the country found its soul," and

> No man's patriotism was impugned or service questioned because of his racial origin, his political opinion, or his religious convictions.

But

> One of the most natural reactions during the war was intolerance. But the inevitable disregard for the opinions and feelings of minorities is none the less a disturbing product of war psychology. *The slow and difficult advance which tolerance and liberalism have made through long periods of development are dissipated almost in a night.*

We find our soul in war but

> It will always be impossible to harmonize justice and war.

As for Mr. Coolidge's views on Americanism:

> I realize the full and complete necessity of 100 per cent Americanism.

But

> Whatever tends to standardize the community, to establish fixed and rigid modes of thought, tends to fossilize society.

We must all realize that:

> It is the ferment of ideas, the clash of disagreeing judgments, the privilege of the individual to develop his own thoughts and shape his own character, that makes progress possible.

But

> The necessity for a common purpose and *a united intellectual front* becomes paramount to everything else.

After all, concludes cautious Mr. Coolidge:

> I make no plea for leniency toward those who . . . are not prepared to accept the *true* standards of our citizenship. By tolerance I do not mean indifference to evil; I mean respect for different kinds of good.

These are only a few of the characteristic gems. They take no note of the devastatingly original sparks of thought which pervade the address, such as "We must mobilize the conscience of mankind" (*pace* Woodrow Wilson); "We must reaffirm and reinforce our ancient faith in truth and justice, in charitableness and tolerance." Mr. Coolidge's final discovery is this: "The economic problems of society are important." There we agree with Mr. MacCracken. That sublime thought will, we are sure, reverberate down the ages.

Russia in Wall Street

RUSSIA not merely is coming back; she has come back. Americans, fatigued by years of theoretical discussions of soviet methods, have paid too little attention to the remarkable advances which Russia has been making. American business men, however, are not asleep. For poverty-stricken Russia is importing American goods, despite the difficulties caused by lack of governmental recognition, at an amazing rate. In 1924 she imported more American goods than pre-war Czarist Russia did. In August, 1925, she took more American goods than she had done in the entire year of 1923. And she did it with the aid of credits advanced by canny American bankers who saw in Russia perspectives of increasing American business.

There are still papers like the New York *Times* which editorially pooh-pooh the reports of their own correspondents in Soviet Russia. These editors have acquired a habit of which they cannot rid themselves, but the bankers who recently met to hear the reports of one of their number just returned from Russia are more interested in present-day facts than in their prejudices of yesteryear. And one may suspect that ex-Governor Goodrich, once of Mr. Hoover's American Relief Administration, has not been spending months in Russia solely in the interest of his Indiana farm. Governor Goodrich has been in the past one of Mr. Hoover's most faithful correspondents, and there is no reason to believe that their relation has changed. Correspondents in Russia report that he is struck by the agricultural revival in Russia, and believes that the Soviet crop estimates, however favorable, probably underestimate the success of the crop; he is also impressed by the "orderly and relatively efficient work in the factories."

In the first half of 1925 Russian trade with the United States amounted, according to the Department of Commerce, to nearly sixty million dollars. Only six millions of this were imports from Russia into the United States; the rest were goods exported from America to Russia. But this disproportion is hardly greater than in pre-war days, when Russia shipped us about eight million dollars' worth of goods each year, and imported more than forty million dollars' worth. The significant fact is that Russia is back in the market, despite all the handicaps which a hostile world has imposed upon her. Her cotton-goods industry operated last year at 92 per cent of the 1913 output; her metal industry at 90 per cent; coal at 79 per cent; oil at 85. The car loadings were four-fifths of the 1913 figure, despite the amputations of her territory on the Western front; and she actually produced four times as much electric power as in that pre-war year. Lenin's dream of an electrified Russia is becoming more than a dream.

Another aspect of Russian industry is also worth considering. The cotton-goods industry produced last year (1924-25) more than five times as much goods as in 1921-22, with less than twice the number of workers and less than three times the number of spindles; and the goods were marketed at prices 50 per cent lower. Russia's labor is not merely returning to work; it is working more efficiently.

Russia's foreign trade of course implies an increased confidence among non-Russian business men. While the business world as a whole has maintained its suspicions of the terrible Bolsheviki here and there experimenters have entered on the pioneer path of friendly and normal trade relations. Nor is it outside speculators and concession-hunters who are blazing the trail. The New York correspondents of the Soviet State Bank are today the Guaranty Trust Co., the Equitable Trust Co., the Irving Bank-Columbia Trust Co., and similar firms. The Chase National Bank and the Equitable have dealt in large figures with the Amtorg Trading Corporation and the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, through which the Soviet Government makes its largest purchases in the United States.

But after all, compared with the possibilities of Russian trade, this return to the level of 1913 is but a drop in the bucket. Large credits will be impossible until official recognition gives a new and evident stability to the situation. The Russian Government cannot yet maintain deposits in American banks, and has to form American corporations to do its business here. The largest American credits which Russia is receiving come indirectly, through British and German agents. As M. Gurievich, of the Supreme Council of National Economy, put it the other day:

> German firms, for instance the Krupps, have come here, received large orders on credit terms we can accept, and then, with the order in their pockets, borrowed money from American banks in order to swing the contracts. They pay American banks 4 or 5 per cent, and charge us 9 per cent. They use American money to get a firm foothold in the Russian field.

That, of course, cannot long persist. A business administration such as we have in Washington, will not eternally bury its head in the sands heaped up by Mr. Hughes's prejudices. The Government which excludes Saklatavala gladly grants visas today to Russian Communists who come with orders for cotton and machinery in their hands, and the time may come when Big Business will force the Government to recognize the Bolsheviks.

On Defending Poetry

IT is not many years since Matthew Arnold declared of the future of poetry that it was "immense." Just now, in the interesting series of prophecies ("Today and Tomorrow") which the house of Dutton is importing from England, appears a volume, "Thamyris," whose sub-title asks whether there is any such future at all. The author, Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, seems to take up the question where Arnold left off—namely, at the point where science presents itself as the enemy, or at least the rival, of the oldest literary art. Arnold, himself touched with the malady of melancholy which ravaged his century, clutched at poetry as the one possession of the race capable of "consoling" it while its dogmas dissolved and its science crystallized:

> Without poetry [he said] our science will appear incomplete; and most of existing [illegible] for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. . . . The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge" offered to us by poetry.

That day, according to Mr. Trevelyan, is by no means here:

> [illegible] view

> of man's destinies. Poetry, they tell us, like mythology, religion, and metaphysics, is a primitive and puerile function of the human mind. It is already becoming superseded by less rudimentary, more rational means of self-expression. We are entering upon an era of science and prose, and may as well at once frankly put away poetry, along with other childish things.

And although Mr. Trevelyan proceeds to disagree with the gloomy ones whose convictions he paraphrases, he also proceeds, as Matthew Arnold had done, to take them very seriously. He respects them so much, indeed, that he is willing to predict a future only for some sort of poetry which is "more rational and responsible," more "intelligently aware" of our new civilization, and more conscious of the fact that "our habits of mind are growing continually more scientific." Macaulay's famous thesis that "as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines" is evidently yet laid in its grave.

If the existence of enemies to poetry is evidence that the future of the art is questionable, then it must be concluded that that future always has been questionable; for poetry never has been without its enemies. The line of attack for two thousand years in Europe was not scientific but moral. Plato turned the poets out of his republic because he thought they would serve no useful purpose there, and he started a controversy which ran at least as far as Shelley. The later classical critics and most of the medieval and Renaissance critics argued forever—and with how little effect!—over the purposes of poetry and over its philosophical or its ethical value. Sidney wrote an "Apology" and Shelley a "Defence." Always there was an effort to establish a laudable function for the poet. The emphasis and the terms have shifted now. Instead of asking whether poetry is good, men ask today whether poetry is at all—or whether, in that future which we so love to talk about, poetry will be. But the essential character of the dispute has nowise changed. The motive for the attack is perhaps no less moral than it ever was. The cardinal sin for most of us, after all, is idleness; and if the conviction ever becomes universal that poets are wasting their time then poets will have to go. At least they will be invited to leave the efficient society which we are promised.

The saving fact, of course, is the existence of poets. This may or may not be a scientific fact, but it ought to be sufficient comfort for those harassed persons who are at a loss to explain why poets should be. They are; they always have been; will they not always continue to be? One who predicts a future for them need by no means subscribe to the superstition which bestows immortal life upon all things that ever have been. Certain diseases that have been are now no more. The germ has been isolated. What of the germ of poetry? So far it has not been isolated, though more attention has been lavished on it than has been lavished on any victim of the microscope. And—sadly enough for science—this attention has been for the most part friendly. Most of the definitions of the poetic function have been arrived at in the hope that they would incidentally justify that function. Poetry has been called a comforter, a soother, an interpreter of life; and modern psychologists have endeavored to make a place for it in the necessary world of dreams. But poetry has never been defined, as laughter has never been defined. In that very fact, it may be, its future sleeps secure.

A Royal Gift

OF all the Coolidges commend us to Mrs. Frederic Shurtleff Coolidge. For years she has been one of the great benefactors of the musical world of America, especially in the field of chamber music. It is to her that we owe the annual Berkshire festival at Norfolk, Connecticut, at which a prize is awarded for the best new chamber-music composition. More than one artist or musical organization owes to her an unforgettable debt of financial and spiritual encouragement, and all of this she has done without any blowing of trumpets or self-advertisement, but in the modest way characteristic of most Americans whose situation enables them to be generous donors in the field of the fine arts. But all of these acts, valuable as they are, are overshadowed by her latest benefaction. She has provided a sum of nearly $100,000 for the building of an auditorium to be managed by the Library of Congress for chamber music and similar purposes.

This is certainly a most high-minded and far-sighted donation, but it is only part of the story, for Mrs. Coolidge has accompanied it by a much larger trust fund to produce an annual income of $28,200 a year to maintain the hall and to aid the music division of the Library of Congress to encourage the study and production of compositions. But let her speak in her own words:

> I have wished to make possible through the Library of Congress the composition and performance of music in ways which might otherwise be considered too unique or too expensive to be ordinarily undertaken. Not this alone, of course, nor with a view to extravagance for its own sake; but as an occasional possibility of giving precedence to considerations of quality over those of quantity; to artistic rather than to economic values, and to opportunity rather than to expediency.

We know of no gift that quite compares with this and we hail it all the more gladly because in this country the government does not encourage musical and artistic talent as is possible in other countries. As a stimulus to music writing this gift will be of enormous benefit and that benefit will increase as the years go on. Fortunately, Congress has already created a trust fund board in connection with the Library of Congress, so that there is an organization ready to administer the gift. Indeed, it has recently received an endowment fund of $100,000 from Dr. James B. Wilbur of Manchester, Vermont, for the acquisition of source material for the study of history.

These gifts are not only, as the New York *Times* points out, a recognition of what the Librarian of Congress, Mr. Herbert Putnam, has done to upbuild the institution of which he is the inspiring head; they also demonstrate the opportunity of a non-partisan organization under the federal government free from political taint which not only can be relied upon to act as a faithful custodian of its priceless historical collections but shall also become the creator and inspirer of original work. There is no reason whatever why Mrs. Coolidge's gift should not be followed by similar endowments to be used to aid talent in the fields of painting, sculpture, and poetry. As some of our universities have begun to realize, there is a crying need for the safeguarding of genius which can never be financially profitable, yet must be guided to create as the soul dictates.

The Picture Papers Win

By JO SWERLING

THERE is a furrow in the formerly smooth brow of Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York *Times*. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden M. Reid of the *Herald Tribune* pretend to be unconcerned, but care sits upon their shoulders. Frank A. Munsey has paused in his career of journalicide. Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Philadelphia and New York is grateful that he has the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* to fall back on in an emergency. Herbert Bayard Swope, the only newspaper editor in America who has a racehorse named after him, assumes these days a carefully schooled expression of indifference. William Randolph Hearst and Arthur Brisbane are heroically building theaters against the inevitable deluge.

The tabloid picture paper has attacked intrenched eight-column journalism and threatens to become a new, mongrel Fourth Estate.

And, in a short time, Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago, who started it all, will come to New York to live. It's a promise. When the New York *Daily News* reaches a steady circulation of over a million copies per day—and that may be tomorrow or the day after—Mr. Patterson will pack up his belongings, say farewell to Colonel McCormick, his partner, take leave of the staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, and will come to New York to take active charge of the tail that is now so joyously wagging the dog. When the *News* reaches the million mark (its daily average for the last six months was 920,956) it will have the greatest circulation of any daily newspaper in the United States.

"And that," said Mr. Patterson when he made his vow five years ago, "covers a multitude of sins and a large assortment of defects."

Tabloid journalism in New York is only seven years old. The history of its growth makes a mushroom seem like a century plant. Tabloids have been appearing all over the country since Mr. Patterson started his. Young Cornelius Vanderbilt took the hint. Mr. Hearst read the handwriting on the *Bulletin* board. His friend "Fingy" Conners of Buffalo joined the parade. Less important newspaper publishers hopped on the band wagon, and Bernarr Macfadden, who whelps magazines in litters, decided to get in line. Mr. Macfadden knows the calisthenics of publishing. "Tabs" are good for the circulation. Today he has only one daily tabloid. In the near future he hopes to have his daily dozen.

It took two generations to plant the name of Patterson on the journalistic map of Chicago. Joseph Medill Patterson did it in New York in a hop, skip, and jump. In seven years the *Daily News* has obtained a greater circulation than its parent newspaper, the Chicago *Tribune*, self-styled "the World's Greatest Newspaper," has been able to get in seventy years.

It is said that the inception of the *News* was due to an earnest desire on the part of Mr. Patterson to lose money. The year 1918 saw the Chicago *Tribune* pile up more profits than ever before in its highly prosperous career. That was the year in which the government stretched forth an unusually greedy hand for excess profits. The *Tribune* that year gave every employee a 10 per cent bonus on his or her annual salary, a grandiose largesse unprecedented in the *Tribune's* history. But that was only loose change.

For a long time the owners of the Chicago *Tribune* had cherished the hope of buying the New York *Tribune*. They wanted the name. They wanted to plant *Tribunes* in every large city in America. In 1918, with a frightfully swollen cash surplus, the time seemed ripe. Mr. Patterson importuned Mr. Reid to sell the New York *Tribune*. But 1918 had not been unkind to Mr. Reid either. He wouldn't hear of the sale of the newspaper founded by Horace Greeley—not for any price.

"Why don't you start one of your own?" suggested Mr. Reid. "I understand Northcliffe's going to."

"What?" said Mr. Patterson.

"Yes. He's had agents here the past few months, looking the ground over. And haven't you heard that Munsey's going to start one? And Hearst, too. No, no, my boy, you can't have the New York *Tribune*. But perhaps if you start a paper, it'll beat the *Tribune* in circulation in five or ten years."

Mr. Reid laughed heartily at his whimsy, little dreaming that Mr. Patterson, within six weeks, would start a new paper which in one year would pass the *Tribune* in circulation, and in five years exceed the circulation of any other newspaper in New York.

There was a boatload of soldiers leaving for Europe in three days. Mr. Patterson—he was Captain Patterson during his service in France—was a passenger. In London Lord Northcliffe couldn't be approached. Mr. Patterson followed him to his country home, dogged his footsteps in each of the seven gardens of the Northcliffe estate, and finally got the English publisher to talk of something other than the war.

"New York's simply begging for a picture newspaper, like the *Sketch* and the *Mirror* here," Lord Northcliffe said. "It's amazing none of you chaps seem to realize it. I'm tired of waiting for you fellows to do it. New York's got to have a picture tabloid. I don't care who starts it. If the rest of you don't see the light soon, I'll start one myself."

Mr. Patterson instead took on the most available boat. Within a week he had made a deal to use the *Evening Mail* plant on City Hall Place. For his managing editor Mr. Patterson hired Arthur L. Clarke, former city editor of the Chicago *Herald*, then city editor of the New York *Evening World*. Within thirty days Vol. I, No. 1 of the New York *Daily News* was on the street. The folding had gone wrong on part of the edition. The large picture on the front page, purporting to be that of the Prince of Wales (a delicate compliment to Lord Northcliffe) was just a black smudge. But the paper was out. The panic was on.

The ink was hardly dry on the first edition of the new paper when a complete newspaper plant was installed by Mr. Hearst at 55 Frankfort Street. It was generally expected that the specially constructed tabloid presses in the

Frankfort Street plant would begin vomiting Hearst tabloids within a fortnight.

But Mr. Hearst glanced at the sorry looking youngster which had dared to invade the field, smiled indulgently, and left for his beautiful ranch in California. Mr. Brisbane wrote a patronizing editorial in the New York *Evening Journal*. The presses in the Frankfort Street plant were destined to stand silent for six years, accumulating dust, depreciation, and overhead. The Hearst executive council met and looked over the new paper. It was a feeble thing. If Mr. Patterson had really started it to get rid of excess profits, his wish would be speedily gratified. They decided not to start a Hearst tabloid just then. They would wait until the *News* died.

In the circulation war which started then and there between the *Daily News* and the Hearst newspapers, brother was lined up against brother. Max Annenberg came on from Chicago to be field marshal of the *News* forces. His brother Moe became commander-in-chief of the Hearst battalions—Moe against Max, no quarter asked or given.

Presently the *News* came out with a public announcement that its circulation had reached 400,000. In less than three years it had passed the New York *American*. The *American* is Mr. Hearst's pride and joy. Mr. Hearst returned to New York rather unexpectedly. He looked over circulation statements.

"The tabloid starts at once," Mr. Hearst ordered.

Instead of issuing the tabloid as a separate paper, it was printed as part of the regular edition of the New York *American*. A genius of the executive council coined the phrase: "Two Papers for the Price of One."

The *Daily News* got up a full page "ad" and designed posters with the phrasing: "Don't Buy One Paper for the Price of Two." They were held for release. They never were released. It wasn't necessary. The tabloid section of the New York *American*, offered to readers without any extra charge, cost a great deal of money, but it drew no circulation. It was withdrawn. Mr. Hearst was no longer on the offensive. The problem was not how to get more circulation for the New York *American;* it was how to keep what the *American* had.

Mr. Hearst summoned Victor Watson, who was, in that ill-fated period of the *American's* existence, the pilot of the ship.

"Bring on the pulmotor," he said, or words to that effect.

In Chicago Mr. Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* was in the throes of a lottery contest which had brought about huge circulation increases and a renewal of the circulation war with the Chicago *Tribune*. The town was flooded with coupons bearing numbers. Each morning the *Herald and Examiner* printed a series of numbers. Those who held coupons bearing numbers corresponding to those printed in the *Herald and Examiner* collected cash prizes. Hundreds of dollars were given away and the circulation leaped upward.

This was the scheme that Mr. Watson suggested to Mr. Hearst, and in a fateful moment Mr. Hearst gave his consent. Mr. Watson called it "Lady Luck." The lottery stunt started in the *American* on a large scale. The first day $1,000 was given away as a grand prize, with several hundred dollars in minor prizes. Circulation jumped at once. Mr. Patterson rushed to New York.

The next day the *News* announced a lottery contest. A certain morning newspaper, the *News* stated, was offering the pitifully inadequate sum of $1,000 each day as a grand prize for the winning number. The *News* took pleasure in offering $2,500 as a grand prize, with several thousand dollars in smaller prizes. The *News* didn't approve of it, but if it had to be done, let it be done right. On the morrow the *News* would have a staff of girls with cornucopias loaded with millions of coupons bearing numbers. These coupons would be distributed at the Battery, in Central Park, near Grant's Tomb, and in Times Square. Come one, come all.

The *American* the next day announced that the $1,000 grand prize was only a teaser for "Lady Luck." She smiled at talk of measly $2,500 grand prizes. That was talk for the tin banks of the kiddies. "Lady Luck" was no bush-league goddess. From now on the big grand prize offered by "Lady Luck" daily would be $5,000. Full list of distributing stations printed in each edition. Get your coupons and become wealthy overnight.

Circulation bounded upward, leaping to new crags like a frightened gazelle.

The *News* the next day stated that it had seen enough of penny ante. "Lady Luck" might be a spender where she came from, but on the *News* she'd be regarded as stingier than Harry Lauder. From now on the daily grand prize in the *News* would be $10,000.

It was a cool spring, but the Hearst executive council suffered Niagaras of perspiration. By now they were in almost continual executive session. The circulation soared and soared, and Mr. Watson appeared complacently at the meetings, listening for his meed of approbation. Strangely, it failed to come. The problem of printing the millions of coupons each day kept a large staff of employees neglecting other work. Reporters, enraged at the cutting of expense accounts in the face of such prodigious profligacy, demanded raises and were sulky when they were denied "in order to keep expenses down." The paper was so full of "Lady Luck" that important news was left out.

The other papers began to feel the pressure. In the space of a week the *American* had climbed 200,000; the *News* had gone up 300,000. On the day the *American* announced the increase of the grand prize to $10,000 the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *World*, and the *Herald* suffered, it was reported, enormous losses.

The *News* came out and said that it was high time this lottery business was conducted on a scale commensurate with the dignity of New York, the Empire City of the Empire State of the Empire Nation of the world. The ante was raised to $15,000 a day for the big prize. There were riots in the Battery the next day when the *News* coupons were distributed. The *American* saw the raise and met it with a further raise of $5,000, making its daily big prize $20,000.

That night Victor Watson is said to have fainted in his office when a boy brought him in a copy of the *Daily News*. It was announced in the *News*, blandly and as though it were of no particular moment, that the *News* would thereafter, and until further notice, give away a daily grand prize of $25,000, and that, in the event any other New York newspaper saw fit to increase that sum, the *News* would automatically double any further sum offered, no matter what that sum was.

By this time the *American* had gained 400,000 circulation. The *News* had leaped upward 500,000. But the poor *Journal* got caught in between. Advertisers got the benefit of the unprecedented circulation without paying for it. It was impossible to print new rate cards fast enough to keep pace with the vaulting circulation. The reportorial staffs of both papers were completely demoralized. On the *American*, Alan Dale complained bitterly that his drama reviews were being crowded out by the lists of distributing stations. The reserves were called out daily to pacify the mobs that stormed both the *News* and *American* buildings.

Patterson and Hearst realized, suddenly and clearly, that it was high time to throttle their Frankenstein.

"This is suicide," said Mr. Hearst.

"We'll both go broke in another month if it keeps up," admitted Captain Patterson.

"You'd better stop it," suggested Mr. Hearst.

"The day after you quit," retorted Mr. Patterson.

They compromised. Mr. Patterson's brilliant young cousin, the late Medill McCormick, was United States Senator from Illinois. Senator McCormick hurried to the office of Postmaster General Will Hays. A ruling was issued barring from the mails newspapers which ran lotteries.

When the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that both papers were, from a circulation point of view, exactly as they had been before they had run amuck with the lottery idea. The surplus circulation dropped away within a month.

The presses in Frankfort Street continued to accumulate dust, but Mr. Hearst finally made the tabloid experiment in Boston. There the old Boston *Advertiser* was purchased and launched in tabloid form. It failed to get, and to this day has never been able to get, as much circulation as the pesky *News* got in its first issue. In June, 1924, Mr. Hearst finally started his New York tabloid, the *Daily Mirror*. A brilliant managing editor was rushed by airplane from Boston to take charge.

The first issue of the *Mirror* came out, a slavish imitation of the *Daily News* in every respect, even to the typographical layout of the front page. Reproached with this, the formidable array of Hearst editorial talent blandly said: "An imitation of the *Daily News*? Of course. The *Daily News* is a success. Why not imitate it? Of course the front page of the *Mirror* looks like the front page of the *News*. That'll make a lot of people buy it under the impression they're getting the *News*."

Apparently a lot of people did buy the *Mirror* thinking it was the *News*. The first edition of 300,000 copies was a complete sell-out. Since then the *Mirror* has faithfully, at times pathetically, imitated the *Daily News*. Today, more than a year after its start, the *Daily Mirror* has reached approximately 250,000 circulation. A month after the *Mirror* started the *News* passed 800,000.

Possibly ashamed of the manner in which it had copied the general style and makeup of the *News*, the *Mirror* decided upon a change. The name of the paper was accordingly printed in red ink, an unmistakable mark of differentiation. It occurred to the *Mirror* that while a lot of people might be buying it under the impression that it was the *News*, perhaps there were some who were buying the *News* thinking it was the *Mirror*. It's a poor rule which doesn't work both ways, and they wanted to find out.

They did. Circulation fell. The red line came off. The *Mirror* began to look and smell and feel more like the *News* than ever.

The *News* started a Tongue Teasers' contest. The *Mirror* promptly started a Tongue Twisters' contest. The *News* took photographs of passersby in the street, and offered prizes to those who were photographed, upon satisfactory identification. The *Mirror* assigned a photographer to do the same thing. The *News* had a horoscope feature which had proved highly successful. The *Mirror* started one too. The *News* inaugurated an afternoon edition. Out came the *Mirror* with an afternoon edition. The *News* came out with a pink edition for the theater trade, desperately trying to get away from the ever-increasing similarity. The *Mirror* had no pink paper on hand. It made venomous references to the "Pink Punk" edition of the *News*. Then, sadly, a large supply of pink paper, of exactly the same shade as that used by the *News*, was purchased by the *Mirror*, and used in its bulldog edition.

The *News* passed the 900,000 mark. Apparently imitating the *News* wouldn't make the *Mirror*. There was only one thing to do. The *News* managing editor during all these bitter months was Philip Payne. Mr. Hearst hired Mr. Payne. The day Mr. Payne came back from Europe, after a vacation, to assume his new duties, the *News* passed the million mark.

In the meantime there had arisen a further complication in the person of the interesting Bernarr Macfadden. Scorning to imitate anybody, Mr. Macfadden, whose publications in the magazine field reached nine millions of people, started an afternoon daily, the *Evening Graphic*, a few months after the *Mirror* was born. The *Graphic*, excepting for its size, was unlike either the *Mirror* or the *News*.

A member of the Newspaper Club, reading the first issue, promptly dubbed the new paper the Porno Graphic. It seemed as if the old *Police Gazette* had better look at once to its barber-shop laurels. But if one went below the surface, read between the lines, it could be discerned that the rather frank photographs of large-busted young women, several of which managed to get into each edition, were printed in the interests of Better Womanhood. To prove it Mr. Macfadden printed photographs of his own daughters in one-piece bathing suits.

If the lurid fiction printed by the *Graphic* had to do with triangles and lures and seductions and intimate experiences, it was merely to warn the young shop girls who began at once to buy and read the *Graphic*, of the dangers that beset them. A large cash prize was offered for the most perfect man and woman. The ultimate idea was a hygienic, eugenic marriage of the perfect couple, under the auspices and with the blessing of the *Graphic*. Only absolutely perfect young men and women were eligible to enter. It is amazing to chronicle that New York City at the moment was full of perfection. Thousands of perfect young men and women entered the contest.

Mr. Hearst and Mr. Patterson smiled indulgently at this antic of their fellow publisher. They gave the *Graphic* a month.

Mr. Macfadden proceeded to make the most of that month. The other tabloids had more reporters than the *Graphic*. Very well, he would make the *Graphic* readers into reporters. Stories began to appear, signed by weird names which had never before known the thrill of author-

ship. If Giovanni Lucasto was run over by a taxi, the story of his thrilling experience appeared that afternoon in the *Graphic* over Giovanni's own signature. When Tillie Blotz took a shot at her spouse with her trusty .44, Mr. Blotz, from his cot at Bellevue Hospital next day, dictated the story for the *Graphic*, and it appeared with some such enticing headline as this:

TILLIE MISSED ME WITH HER
FIRST TWO SHOTS, BUT—
By Leo Blotz

The other papers boasted drama critics. What of it? Mr. Macfadden invited his public to do its own first-nighting. Drama criticisms in the *Graphic* were then and are today written by butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers. At the end of three months the *Graphic* announced it would inaugurate a special Saturday rotogravure edition. This adjunct came into being and enjoyed a large sale. Delightful studies of young women in frank physical-culture poses appeared on the front page.

What need, with a front page like that, had Mr. Macfadden for Associated Press and International News Service, without which no daily newspaper is supposed to have a ghost of a chance to live?

Reluctantly Messrs. Hearst and Patterson, chums by then, conceded that perhaps Mr. Macfadden might be able to bluff his way through six months of life. The non-tabloids began to bestir themselves uneasily. The *News* by now had a regular daily circulation of more than 900,000, with an occasional break over the million mark on good days; its Sunday paper was more than a million. The *Mirror* reached about 250,000; the *Graphic* 97,000. A total of almost 1,300,000 tabloid readers every day. What was responsible for it?

Pictures, of course.

The conservative New York *Evening Post* started a midweek pictorial, printed in rotogravure. The *Times* announced an addition of four pages to its Sunday rotogravure. The Sunday *World* began to print rotogravure pictures in colors.

Each time a rumor was started to the effect that the *Graphic* was tottering, Mr. Macfadden, in large type, would announce a new contest, with large cash prizes. The *Graphic* offers a shopping service; it teaches you how to play the ukulele; it has a walking club, a physical-culture class, a dancing class, a dozen departments in which service of some sort is offered. Today nobody predicts its finish within the current year.

The tabloid fever is spreading. Young Vanderbilt, who started one in California, now has one in Florida. He is definitely committed to a program of expansion. Mr. Macfadden has confided to friends that he intends to start tabloids in Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. All over the country newspaper publishers are debating the matter of converting their eight-column papers into picture "tabs"—of making little ones out of big ones.

Negro Segregation Comes North

By WALTER WHITE

IN 1915 and 1916 various Southern and border cities, including Baltimore, Dallas, St. Louis, Louisville, and some eight or ten other municipalities enacted ordinances designed to confine colored people to certain restricted areas in these cities, creating Negro ghettos where the rights of these citizens were limited and the stamp of inferiority was put upon them. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People took a case arising from the passage of the ordinance in Louisville, Kentucky, carried it to the United States Supreme Court, and secured a unanimous decision which declared such ordinances to be not only an illegitimate exercise of the police power of the State, but a direct violation of the Federal Constitution.

With the cessation of European migration and the speeding up of Northern industries during and after the war, the great migration of Negroes from the South took place. Defeated in one attempt to limit the districts in which Negroes might live, the segregationists devised a new scheme to accomplish the same purpose as that provided in the ordinances which the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional. The new method was that of private agreements among property holders through the inclusion of covenants in deeds to property in which the purchaser agreed not to sell the property to any person of Negro race or blood upon pain of forfeiture, the agreement usually extending over a period of twenty-one years. A suit based upon this covenant is now pending in the United States Supreme Court.

Back of these two movements—the [illegible] on the part of certain groups backed by the Ku Klux Klan, directly or indirectly, to prevent Negroes through legal action or brute force from living anywhere save in restricted ghettos. Two recent outbursts of mob violence are the dramatic high points of this movement.

The most serious one occurred in Detroit, Michigan. In 1906 some 6,000 Negroes were living in that city. By 1911 the number had increased to 8,000. In that year began the steady movement toward Detroit of Negroes who sought and secured employment in the various industrial plants of that city, a movement which reached its highest point in 1916, 1917, and 1918. Today there are some 65,000 Negroes in Detroit.

Obviously, it is impossible to put sixty-five gallons of water in an eight-gallon can without an overflow. In the Ford plants alone in Detroit there are today employed between 11,000 and 14,000 Negroes making an average of [illegible]n dollars a day, the total earned in wages each day by Negroes in these two plants reaching between $75,000 and $100,000. A very considerable majority of these Negroes have saved money despite the high cost of living in Detroit. A number of them have bought or are buying [illegible]. They have purchased these houses in various sections of Detroit, in most instances without molestation, but during the last few years there have been numerous cases of mob violence in efforts to check this very natural expansion of the areas in which Negroes live.

These outbursts of violence have had various contribu[illegible]. As early as 1920, a number of Negroes were

shot and killed by policemen, especially in the neighborhood bordering on St. Antoine Street. There were inevitable retaliations in the killing of a nuumber of policemen which led to very strained relations. A group of colored citizens in Detroit called upon the Commissioner of Police and pointed out that probably a number of the policemen who were giving the trouble were Southern whites. Commissioner Inches looked up the record of the policemen who were assigned to that precinct and found that a majority of them were from the South. He removed them to other districts, replacing these officers with Northern-born men. As a result the trouble ceased. But, with the growth of the Klan and a drive by that organization to recruit members among police and court employees, this trouble has broken out again, resulting in the shooting of fifty-five citizens by police officers from January 1 to September 1 of this year.

During the past year, there have been a number of instances where mobs have attacked the homes of Negroes who have purchased houses in what before were "white neighborhoods." Last spring a colored woman and her family were notified by certain white people to vacate the home which they had recently purchased. Upon their refusal to do so, whites stoned the house, breaking a number of windows and a door. The damage was repaired. When another attack was made, the colored woman fired at the mob. A neighbor, wife of a policeman, swore out a warrant against the colored woman. She was tried, but two colored attorneys successfully defended her and she was acquitted.

Later on a colored physician who had lived for eight years in a house on King Avenue, purchased the corner house which was next door to his own residence. When neighbors found that he planned moving into the corner house and renting his old home, neighborhood meetings were held and threats were made against him. The physician, however, moved into the new home and let it be known that he was going to protect his home and his family, if necessary. There was no further trouble. In June another colored man bought a home on Spokane Avenue in the northwestern section of the city. A mob broke into his home, smashed a great deal of the furniture, loaded the rest of it on a van and carried it back to this man's former home. Nothing was done by the police to prevent this attack.

Last spring Dr. O. H. Sweet, a colored physician who has been practicing in Detroit for four years—a graduate of Wilberforce and Howard universities, who with his wife recently returned from Vienna where they had been studying—bought a home at 2905 Garland Avenue at the corner of Charlevoix. When Dr. Sweet moved into his home on the afternoon of September 8, there was a crowd outside which hooted and jeered but offered no violence. From seven o'clock that evening until four the next morning there was a large crowd outside the house though no attack was made on the Sweet home. The following evening the crowd began gathering around seven o'clock. According to statements made by Dr. Sweet to me on September 18 in the Wayne County jail there were some six hundred people massed directly in front of his house, with many hundreds more nearby. Dr. Sweet declared that about seven o'clock the mob began bombarding the house with bricks, stones, and other missiles. A little after eight o'clock Dr. Sweet's brother, a dentist, and a friend drove up to the house in a taxicab. When the mob saw that they were colored, it pelted them with missiles as they ran into the house. Shortly afterward there was firing and two men outside were hit—one man was killed and the other wounded. Police officers, which included an inspector, a lieutenant, and eight policemen, became very active at this point, rushed into the house, and arrested the eleven occupants, including Mrs. Sweet who has a fourteen-months-old baby.

On September 16, 17, and 18, a preliminary hearing was held before Judge Faust in the Detroit Recorder's Court. The prosecution introduced its witnesses, including Inspector Morton M. Schuknecht who declared under oath that there were only fifteen or twenty persons outside the house, that there was no disorder, and that he had heard of no threats against Dr. Sweet though he had found it necessary to detail ten men to this neighborhood to protect the house and two additional traffic officers, each a block away from the house, to divert traffic from those streets. Other witnesses produced by the prosecution testified to the same effect. An interesting fact was brought out about one of the witnesses. He, a police officer, under cross examination by one of the defense attorneys, revealed that he had been in Detroit only twenty months, having gone there directly from his birthplace, Tullahoma, Tennessee. He obviously resented being cross-examined, by a Negro attorney particularly, when he was asked if it were not rather unusual for one so recently from the South to be sent to defend the home of a Northern Negro. Despite all the evidence, including the statements of the Detroit press that the mob numbered some five thousand, Judge Faust held all of the eleven defendants for trial, without bail, charged with murder in the first degree.

The Negroes of Detroit and a group of the better class of white citizens of that city have organized to defend Dr. Sweet and his ten codefendants. Mayor John W. Smith has appointed an interracial committee composed of Tracy W. McGregor, philanthropist and business man, Fred H. Gilbert, manufacturer and president of the Detroit Citizens' League, Jeffreson B. Webb, banker and former president of the Board of Commerce, Fred G. Dewey, president of the Wayne County Bar Association, these four being white; and four Negro members—W. Hayes McKinney, attorney and chairman of the Legal Redress Committee of the N. A. A. C. P., Dr. A. E. Carter, a physician, Walter Stowers, attorney, and [illegible] Marshall, supervisor of the fourteen thousand Negro employees of the Ford Motor Company. This commission is designed to go thoroughly into the causes of ill feeling between certain classes of white and colored citizens in Detroit and to make such recommendations as are deemed advisable to prevent further disorders.

Another case similar to Dr. Sweet's has arisen in Staten Island, New York. In February, 1924, Samuel A. Brown, a mail carrier whose wife is a school teacher, bought a home in Castleton Hill, Staten Island. On purchasing the home from the former owner, a white woman from Kentucky, Mr. Brown asked particularly if there would be any trouble through his moving into the neighborhood. Upon being assured that there would be no trouble, the deal was consummated. Mr. Browne later

found that his next-door neighbor was from the South. Shortly after Mr. Browne and his wife and their four children moved into the house, trouble began.

Mr. Browne's neighbor made an indirect offer to purchase the house for five hundred dollars more than what Mr. Browne paid. This offer was refused as Mr. Browne had purchased the house as a home for his family. Then began a campaign of threats against Mr. Browne. A number of these threats were signed "K. K. K." Mass meetings were held in the neighborhood. Forty or more men marched up the street, halted before the house and faced it, this maneuver being repeated at frequent intervals. On several occasions, the house was bombarded with stones, windows and doors being broken, the shrubbery and lawn torn up. Seven times the fire insurance on the house was canceled by as many different companies. Mr. Browne was warned that his enemies had employed an ex-service man, an expert rifle shot; he was told that he would be shot as he carried mail on his route and that no one would ever know the killer. Similar threats were made against Mrs. Browne and the children, all of the four children being under ten years of age.

Mr. Browne secured a permit to keep firearms in his house and a long siege began. Night after night, week after week, month after month, the Brownes lived in a state of siege. Mrs. Browne taught school during the day and Mr. Browne carried mail on his route; they took turns sitting up at night to guard their home. Finally the authorities were stirred to action, a policeman was constantly on guard at the house, and finally the Richmond County Grand Jury indicted Musco M. Robinson, Mr. Browne's neighbor from the South, and five others for conspiracy.

As the Negro population grows it is inevitable that the districts in which the Negroes formerly lived cannot continue to house them. They will move into districts where they can find better conditions than exist in the restricted areas. American democracy would be a poor thing indeed if such a desire for better conditions did not develop.

Continued brutality in opposing these natural efforts toward better living conditions is creating a spirit of grim determination among colored people to fight fire with fire. In one case in Detroit where threats had been made against a colored man, he and a friend borrowed several rifles and spent an afternoon sitting on their front porch cleaning the guns in plain view of their white neighbors. There was no trouble and for six years this man has lived in his house free from molestation. The question which must be answered by the authorities and by decent citizens throughout America is this: Are Negroes to be forced to resort to threats and bloodshed in order to secure decent places in which to live and rear their children?

A Back-Country Bolshevik

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Moscow, July 15

"DON'T you find it very lonesome in Russia, comrade? We are so much less civilized than you Americans" . . . I turn with a gasp to look at the tall, handsome man in white trousers and white Russian blouse who is addressing me. We are seated on the great dining-veranda of the Sverdlova Sanitarium in the health resorts of the northern Caucasus. It is a sanitarium of the Social Insurance, so all my companions are workers.

The tall, handsome speaker comes from the Donetz coal region and has told me already that "his specialty is making window-glass." With equal pride of technique might a surgeon have announced his specialty as appendicitis. Russian factory workers today have this pride of calling.

"But what makes you think Americans more cultured than Russians?" I ask the glass-worker. Out from the social hall come the strains of a piano and a chorus of voices; the workers in the sanitarium have gathered informally after dinner to sing old folk songs. The night before we had had a symphony concert in our park, given by artists of the State Opera House down from Moscow. A lecture on Contemporary Literature by a famous speaker is announced for tomorrow. It is a bit startling to hear this white-clad gentleman revering my superior culture.

"We have only just learned to read and write in Russia," he explains to me. "All the things that come after, science and art and technique and how to behave courteously to one another, we have [illegible] things. But your American workers learned to read and write when they were children. They must be ever so much more civilized than we."

I try to reassure him. "It is true we have in America much better technique than you. Many more bath-tubs, more automobiles, a more comfortable life. Tremendous skyscrapers, and the most efficient industry in the world. Yet our factory workers do not know as much of world politics as yours do." I remind him of the "living newspaper," a feature in the amateur dramatics of every factory, in which the relations of France and Poland, or the latest scandal of the Balkans, are as intimately portrayed by Russian factory workers as the jests between freshman and sophomores in an American college farce.

"Politically it is true that we are awake," he admits, "because of our revolution. But in other things we are asleep and backward." I remind him of the symphony concert and ask if that is culture.

His view of America dies hard. After dinner we play as partners in a game of dominoes against two sailors from Odessa. The Russian dominoes is almost as scientific as whist. My partner is an excellent player, and I soon learn the meaning of his leads. Whenever we win, he shouts joyously to all who may listen: "Don Bas, organized—America, civilized! Together—unbeatable!"

The sanitarium in which we are staying, nestled in the foothills of the northern Caucasus, was once a private park, the resort of the wealthy and great of Russia. Imagine foothills like those of Southern California, with their mixture of great, bare, rolling height and pleasant, tree-filled valleys. Set in among these, sulphur springs, iron springs, soda springs, hot mud lakes, and around them a host of hotels with open verandas and vast stone bathing pavilions with many rooms and hundreds of skilled attendants.

Since the revolution all these sanitariums and hotels

and villas are the property of the Health Department of Russia, to be used in building a health program for the people. Since that department cannot run them all on its meager budget, it rents many of them to other organizations. The Social Insurance of the Department of Labor is its chief customer, and picks out the largest and best sanitariums, attempting with inter-departmental competition to run them a trifle more lavishly than the sanitariums of the health department itself. Thus I have been furnished with free underwear and bath-cloak, as well as tooth-brush and tooth-powder in sealed packages. The white suits of the glass-worker also come from hospital stores. Sandals also, that no worker may avoid the health-giving walks on gravelly roadways for fear of wearing out his own hard-bought shoes.

This sanitarium is entirely filled with workers, sent for their health by the Social Insurance. Next to me sits a maker of felt boots from Siberia. He acquired rheumatism by standing long months in water through the civil war; it is aggravated by the wet conditions of his factory. I ask him why he can't wear rubber boots at work, and he laughs.

"The steam is so thick that you can't see the nearest worker. My boots would fill with water in no time. The only real cure is better technical methods and this our factory cannot afford. Russia hasn't money for proper technique yet." Thus he indicates the contrast in Russia's life today: technically very backward, so that her workers get rheumatism from preventable causes; socially advanced, so that the best sanitariums are placed freely at their disposal. The maker of felt boots tells me that he likes his job, even though it gives him rheumatism. "Once I got a job in a typographical place, but I didn't feel at home, I wanted to get back to making felt boots. Why? I don't know. Except, perhaps, that I'm skilled at it."

There is another man at our table who comes from Siberia. He often wears a flaming shirt of red flannel. I noticed him first when a waitress made a sudden movement, and he jumped as if he had been shot. "Don't do that," he said querulously. "I'm a very nervous person." I almost laughed, the cruel laughter of a healthy person who does not understand. But a woman from Leningrad, an old revolutionist, laid her hand on my arm. "Don't laugh," she said. "All of us old prisoners know him. He had a hard time. Forty or fifty prisons under the Czar—they seem to have given him all the worst ones. Most of his life he spent in jail. In the civil war, though barely out of prison, he did secret-service work along the Kolchak front. Once he was caught with five others and sentenced to death. He dug his grave with his own hands. But he had a bomb in his pocket that had been overlooked in the search, and when his captors drew away to shoot them, he flung the bomb into the midst of his captors.

"He escaped with the five others in the explosion that followed. They swam a wide river that was very cold, and the pursuers came after and shot at them from the banks. Three of his comrades never came out of the river; whether they were drowned or shot he does not know. . . . After that he did still more secret-service work. It is no wonder that he is here for his nerves." After that I ceased to laugh at the thin, trembling little man in the red flannel shirt.

In the evening after the domino game the glass-worker came to my room, to ask for some large sheets of typewriter paper. "We are writing out a complaint," he said, "about the sanitarium." To my inexperienced eyes the sanitarium had seemed nearly perfect. The food was a trifle monotonous, but what can one ask as a charity patient? It was wholesome. "What is the complaint?" I asked.

"It is a party matter," he told me, "but I will inform you afterwards." Next morning I learned that among the two hundred patients in Sverdlova were some twenty Communists. Though only here for six weeks' rest, they had none the less promptly formed their "Communist center" for the sanitarium. Several of them had been in other sanitariums of the Social Insurance which were better run than this one. "The food is not enjoyable; there are too many young, untrained doctors; too many folks have been employed because of relationship to the head doctor." So the Communist patients in the hospital held a meeting and after careful discussion drew up a complaint which all were willing to sign. This complaint would go straight through party channels to the Central Control Commission of the party, which is also the head of the government's inspection. There would be an investigating commission. "The chief doctor heard we were having a meeting and came to the door," said the glass-worker. "He was as white as a sheet. We let him in for ten minutes and then we sent him out again."

I had heard stories of how the medical staff was "terrorized" by the Communist patients. Now I was seeing it. I felt sorry for the doctor; he was a pleasant, inoffensive, easy-going Russian. But the glass-worker looked at me sternly. "You are sorry for that doctor," he accused me, severely. "But if we Communists stop to be sorry for every inefficient person, what would happen to our control and to our revolution? The sanitariums of the state must be looked after."

This introduced me to a new side of the glass-worker. In ordinary contacts he was cheerful, thoughtless, young. He flirted pleasantly with the girls; he sang songs or strolled in the moonlight; he laughed his triumph over dominoes. But he was, for all that, a sincere back-country Bolshevik; the moment a question of party arose, he became hard, ruthless, efficient.

He told me of his life in the Donetz Basin. "Beside my regular job as glass-worker," he said, "I am president of the Friends of Children for the district. We raise money for orphans. It is not so simple as it was three years ago. Then we just took the money from the bourgeois." He smiled happily at the recollection.

"I was president then of the extraordinary commission of our little town. The Cheka—you've heard of it. I would send for the bourgeois one after another. We had them all listed, how much money they had, and what they were doing with it. They would come in, looking a trifle worried, but trying to hide it. 'Comrade Petroff,' they would say—of course they all knew me—'what is it you want?' 'Well, citizen, the matter is this. We have several hundred in the children's home, besides children of soldiers that are away at the front. All of these must be fed. They have no shoes nor change of clothing. We have put you down for so many hundred rubles and so many suits of underwear.' Just like that. He would begin to protest that he couldn't, but I would nod to the soldier at the door. 'Take him to the cellar for a while. I have lots more of them to see.' For my time was worth much to the revolution just then and I could not stop to argue with these people. Well, after two or three hours, it would be cold and damp in that cellar and he would be

afraid of getting rheumatism, and he would ask to see me. They had orders to bring him as soon as he asked, for I was on duty twenty hours a day. He would start to tell me that he was ready to contribute to the children but not so much as I asked. 'No,' I told him, 'we have counted carefully how much the children need to eat and we have to get every bit that we ask for.' So he would give it to us. Our children were all properly fed; they were all healthy. But then, of course, Denikin came and I was captured, for when Denikin came I was a spy on the front."

"Why didn't they shoot you?" I asked.

"But of course they did not know me. They were stupid; they never could imagine that workers had intelligence. I made myself dirty and ragged and destroyed all my papers except one that said I was unemployed and given permission to go to a certain town looking for work. They put me in the mine, and I escaped. Of course, if they had known me they would have shot me.

"We shot them too. When we took the Crimea there were four hundred officers of Wrangel taken at one time and they were all shot. They died shouting: 'God save Wrangel.' That was their idea, the monarchy, the Czar; they were brave men and died for it. Just as we died also for our idea. But it is our idea that is coming in the world and their idea that is going."

We walked out on the cliff in the moonlight and his mind turned to lighter subjects. A textile worker from near Moscow passed by with the sailor from Odessa; a charming girl in white. "I like that girl," said the glass-worker, with simple directness. "I want very much to embrace her. If she were a comrade, I should like to marry her." A moment later he was sighing for a cigarette to smoke, and afterwards for an apple.

"You seem to have many desires," I said, nettled at his casualness. Unintentionally I used a word which means in Russian a strong, permanent feeling. He corrected me quickly.

"No," he said. "I have only one desire. These are all just temporary wishes."

"Even the girl?" I asked. "Is she like the apple and cigarette?"

He laughed at my feminine pique. "But of course she is a more serious wish, since such a wish lies at the foundation of life. But even she is only temporary. For if I should marry the girl, a man does not wish always to be with his wife. There is only one desire that is permanent in me, and that is to work for the Soviet power with all my strength, so that the revolution may come throughout the world."

It was said strongly and sincerely, but in a moment we passed to other subjects. We observed the planet Mars, hanging low in the south, and he wondered what persons might live there, and if they had achieved any form of social revolution. From Mars he drifted easily back to the Wrangel troops.

"All those officers who were killed," he said musingly. "They were not any loss to the world at all. They did not know how to produce anything. Neither bread, nor window-glass, nor music, nor order. They knew only how to extend the empire of the Çzar. And that was something the world did not have use for." Thus simply he disposed of the problem of life and death and turned to a game dominoes on the veranda.

In the Driftway

CERTAIN Methodists, and various other persons from distant and little-heard-of places, have taken it upon themselves to traduce New York. A modern Sodom, they call it, a living Gomorrah; why not raze it to the ground and build in its place a nice little incinerating plant or an up-to-date factory? Why not send its inhabitants back to the decent, God-fearing places they came from, to lead again honorable lives free from the corruption of the fiend tobacco, the demon rum, the unclothed chorus-girl?

* * * * *

TO these strictures on one of his favorite cities the Drifter would hardly deign to make reply. New York as a whole, of course, seldom hears and certainly never heeds these criticisms. There is too much noise all day and all night as it is. And the Drifter, walking up one street and down another, as it his wont, is moved only to smile to himself when he thinks of them. He watches the ships loading at the river's edge; huge cranes lift their mysterious burdens, men run about on the ground or high up on the wharves; sparrows fly almost beneath his feet to pick up dropped kernels of grain. He hangs over the embankment at Thirty-third Street and watches the trains coming into a great terminal; hundreds of trains a day, from the West, the South, the North, bringing in goods.

* * * * *

IN the half-light of evening the spans of four bridges show delicately against the sky. Lights begin to bloom on them, hurrying motors, slow trucks, a policeman's motorcycle, trolley-cars, the long, winding elevated trains—all carry lights. They are reflected in the oily water below and in the shining pavement. There are boats in the river, with lights also, red and green; slow ferries and long, low freighters, schooners with their sails safely furled, impudent motor boats, the great bulk of liners gently riding at their docks. On the shore the sharp outlines of the buildings are picked out with lights; the Woolworth tower, the new telephone building with its curiously placed masses, the Whitehall Building, square and solid on the end of the island, all the jagged lines of buildings between, clear where they are near the eye, melting into mist farther away.

* * * * *

ON Forty-second Street at 8:30 the lights are at their brightest. People are hurrying to the theaters, to be corrupted, perhaps, by the wicked plays they will see. The sidewalks are filled with people, the streets with motors. The Drifter examines the faces that pass him; somehow they do not look corrupt; they look eager, expectant, alive. They are talking animatedly, gesticulating, urging each other on. Evidently New York's corruption does not weigh heavily on these people; possibly they are so accustomed to corruption, so hardened by the hideously wicked sights that surround them every day that they are quite lost to honor and decency. But they look happy. Occasionally one passes whose chin is sunk in his collar, whose eye gleams at the people hastening to damnation, at the pictures in front of the theaters, with a sour look. He is evidently in New York on a mission, perhaps to investigate possible factory sites after Gomorrah has been razed to the ground.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Private Money for State Universities

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The interest in the question Shall State universities accept gifts from "incorporated educational institutions"? is a wholesome indication that the public conscience is alive, if not always wisely or disinterestedly alive. In the first place, why assume or imply that the source of the funds of "incorporated educational institutions" is a polluted underground spring? Should not the charge be specific, and the discrimination likewise? To carry out such a policy would require a Board of Moral Censorship possessed of such rare wisdom as one would despair of finding even in the personnel of a university faculty, the president included. Secondly, what better taint-remover have we at our disposal than the purifying service of education and philanthropy? Here if anywhere the social alchemist of the twentieth century may seek the formula for transmuting the baser metals into gold. Thirdly, is there really any taint in money, or only in the manner and motive of its acquisition and employment?

The central argument is that of the covert or overt influence upon educational policies, a menace of contamination or embarrassment no less real for being subtle and indirect. The appeal is to a moral judgment: Is it right to accept such funds? This is the approved criterion of those who answer "Yes," and of those who answer "No." The effect of the consequences of secession upon the fortunes of a university withdrawing from the generally accepted benefits is not irrelevant, but for clarity of issue may be given a secondary place. Both parties are thus committed to the vital position that universities should be free to direct their policies and activities, untrammeled by alien pressure from whatever source.

The right conception of a State university makes it simply the State's contribution to the higher education. Every right-minded State university should be ready and eager to play its part in the educational life of the nation. It should be willing to compare its standards of aim and achievement with those of the foremost institutions of the land; it should form a cooperative part of the national educational assets. From that point forward, the crucial matter is not where the funds come from but the wisdom and spirit of their expenditure. A university that is not completely free to direct this phase of its functioning is unfortunately handicapped. There are times when it is fitting to remember and times when it is essential to forget that a university is dependent upon its funds. Neither dramatic nor educational nor journalistic enterprises are to be judged by the manner of their support; the desirable ideal in each case is to render them capable of their best service.

We are thus driven to consider—and with a frankness that runs the risk of offending—the relative menace of political influence which seems inseparable from publicly supported institutions and that subtly exercised by private or corporate benefactors. To their credit be it said that the more responsible of the corporations administering vast funds for public benefit have been keenly mindful of this danger and have avoided it, making foresight compatible with generosity. But it is not coarse strings, we are told, but invisible tiny threads that make the web of entanglement. Back of this view is the attitude that accepts the conflict of interests between social class as inevitable and irremediable. It does not stop at recounting the discreditable story of social intimidation and the tyranny of capital; it is keenly alive to the sinister direction of Wall Street, but not so mindful of the deadening responsibility of Main Street.

The capitalistic encroachment upon the educational establishment is real and a sinister tribute to the far-reaching powers of knowledge. It was made the melodramatic theme of Upton Sinclair's "The Goose-Step," where the evils of benevolent penetration may be read page upon page, reel upon reel, in high-colored denunciation. What is needed is a calm but frank exposition of the many-sided evils of political encroachment upon the same field. In view of the wily methods employed by politicians who are not statesmen, and by some who profess to be such, and their favorite technique of covering their tracks and throwing the public off the scent, the companion volume might bear the title of "The Fox-Trot." But the nefarious methods of political intrigue are too well known to need recital.

Next we are told that a dependence upon corporate (and why not also private?) benefaction is undemocratic. The test of democracy lies not in the form of an institution or of its support but in the spirit of its administration, of which the key-note is self-determination. When I survey with a fairly long perspective of educational experience the administrative temper of endowed and State universities, I cannot but conclude that there is far more democracy, far less distrust of self-determination, among those freely seeking aid from all properly disposed sources than among those with inevitably close political affiliations. Democracy, not as a copy-book maxim or as an oratorical political gesture but embodied in practice under the inspiration of a guiding principle, is the only sort that affects the morale of an individual or an institution. I have long but vainly been expecting that some prospective regent or trustee would decline the honor on the ground that the prevalent system of governing a university is not sufficiently democratic for his convictions; or if not that, would accept the post with the declaration of his endeavor to modify the form of control so as to give a larger and more responsible participation to the faculty; or if not that, would see to it that no decisions affecting educational policy would be reached without faculty consultation and approval—all in the interests of a true democratic government. Admittedly this is another problem, but pertinent in that it indicates the essential criterion of democracy in the educational realm.

While this discussion has been prompted by the recent action at the University of Wisconsin, it will not serve its purpose if limited to that incident. That decision may be, indeed seems likely to be, reversed (the vote was four in favor to six opposed) when it is realized that will few members of the faculty, editorial writers, alumni, citizens interested in the intellectual welfare of the State, in Wisconsin or elsewhere, are wholly out of sympathy with it and regard [illegible] upon a narrow and mistaken view of the situation. It seems reasonable to suppose that members of a governing board, who by the force of circumstances [illegible] policy unacceptable to those intimately concerned, will hesitate to enforce it, however truly it represents their convictions, in the spirit of an autocratic code of dictatorship. Such is the democratic temper.

October 3 Joseph Jastrow

Down with Editors!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Today I bought and read, for the first time, a copy of *The Nation*. The most interesting part of it is the "Correspondence," which is usually the case with papers between editorials and articles. Outside of the news, the correspondence columns of such dailies as the Chicago Tribune, the New York *World*, and the New York *Times* are the most interesting parts of those great papers. I have to the editor, as the first thing to be read by the average reader. Why is this? Probably it is because people like common people best.

Charleston, W. Va., October 3 Ray A. Frame

Books and Plays

If We Take All Gold

By LOUISE BOGAN

If we take all gold
And put all gold by,
Lay by the treasure
In the shelved earth's crevice,
Under, under the deepest,
Store sorrow's gold—
That which we thought precious
And guarded even in sleep
Under the miserly pillow—
If it be laid away,
Crushed under dark heaped ground,
Then shall we have sleep,
Sorrow's gold being taken
From out the swept house,
From the rifled coffers put by.

First Glance

NEW ENGLAND has its Rip Van Winkle in Peter Rugg, the Missing Man; and like Rip Van Winkle Peter Rugg is the creation of a single mind. It was in 1824, five years after "The Sketch Book," that William Austin published his tale of the driver of the black horse who appeared on the roads from time to time and inquired the way to Boston. He sat uneasily in a weather-beaten chaise of antique make, and a curious child, who, according to some persons, looked more like an old woman than anything else, sat patiently by his side. The black horse that drew them was possessed of an unaccountable energy; furious and untiring, he waxed more powerful and handsome as Peter Rugg and his daughter, destined to go a journey that was to have no end, grew more anxious and shrunken in their seats. Peter Rugg, it seems, was never to reach his Boston; or, if he was, he was never to stop at the house where Dame Rugg waited for him. Always he lost his way, and often he was seen urging his horse to the west or the north or the south. His bewilderment, when he would be told the distance he had still to go, was as pathetic as it was strange. "Why, how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to mislead a traveler. It is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. The rivers, too, have changed their courses. But see! The clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night." And always the rain came—from a cloud that followed like fate and poured its water and lightning on the pair. Through New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut hurried Peter with his child. He was [illegible] coming to Hudson to New York; even Delaware, even Virginia saw him lashing the black flanks ahead of him in the conviction that only a few more miles would bring him home. They never did. For once, starting from Concord during a storm, he had sworn an oath that he would reach Boston that night or never reach it. That was in the eighteenth century, under [illegible] King George. And no one knows how long the elements he had defied would keep him going.

It is an excellent story, and one with all the qualities of a legend—which it has become. Amy Lowell, who worked it over for one of her best poems, testified to its having inspired an abiding fear of her childhood. "How often have I driven through the hush which precedes a thunderstorm, all of a tremble lest I should meet the old man and the child in the yellow-wheeled chaise. A true legend it was to me, long before I knew its origin." What better compliment to a legend than to say that people know it without knowing its origin? In "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man" William Austin made a singularly pure and important contribution to American literature.

Who, then, was Austin, and what else did he write? I opened "William Austin, the Creator of Peter Rugg," by Walter Austin (Marshall Jones: $5), in high hopes of finding answers to these questions; and I was disappointed. Apparently there is nothing of significance to know. Austin was a Massachusetts lawyer of commonplace if admirable qualities. He did a little writing, of which he was not particularly proud, and he made a few speeches; but not a single fact in these three hundred faithful pages throws any light upon the man who dreamed the anxious dream of Peter Rugg. Nor do three others tales, reprinted here, explain anything. They are devoid of interest; they are deservedly dead. Austin, it seems, must remain one of those curious cases of men who are struck once by the lightning of a beautiful idea and never afterward so much as stroll into a storm.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Stefansson on Wrangel Island

The Adventure of Wrangel Island. Written by Vilhjalmur Stefansson with the Collaboration of John Irvine Knight. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THIS romantic and vastly interesting story—a real adventure—relates to one of those disastrous expeditions heretofore all too common in the annals of the Far North. That the Arctic is actually friendly and livable under correct conditions Mr. Stefansson has abundantly proved. No more than anywhere else—no more, say, than in Minnesota or Dakota—does disaster come there because of temperature or weather. If it comes it is because conditions have not been properly met, because the situation has not been mastered.

In the particular adventure here described four men die on a distant, desolate island in a frozen ocean; a small lone woman and a cat survive the fateful ordeal; another man falls under a cloud; a colony is captured, disrupted, and deported, and its property is confiscated by the Russian Soviet; another man dies in Vladivostok; and the chief sponsor of the enterprise finds himself repaid for his valiant endeavor by a burden of debt and disappointment—disappointment not only because his plan failed but because four gallant comrades were destroyed.

Between its discovery in 1849 by Captain Kellett, a British naval officer, and 1911 no Russian had ever seen Wrangel Island, but numerous Americans and British had landed upon it. Mr. Stefansson, therefore, absolutely rules out Russia's claim and awards the island first to the British and second to the Americans. Confident of this first right of the British by reason of their discovery and the later occupation for months by the Canadian crew of the wrecked Karluk, he devised the plan [illegible] of securing the island for the British as a way station from London, say, to the Orient by the air. As Peary believed, so Mr. Stefansson believes that air navigation is destined soon to become of first concern. The shortest

route from London to Peking is by air, and from that point of view Wrangel as a British possession assumes a vast importance to British interests—an importance that will be appreciated better in years to come. Several other men shared Mr. Stefansson's enthusiasm on this subject and joined with him in promoting it. "So started our glorious adventure," remarks the explorer. He well knew that a colony could find support on the island, for there is game and much driftwood—the latter somewhat unusual in the Arctic. "We five," writes Mr. Stefansson, "were as sure of the value of the island as we were of the law and the rights in the case, and we thought all men would come to agree with us on every point when they learned the facts we knew."

Pooling their funds, the five proceeded in high spirits. Stefansson remained "on the outside," in order to obtain recognition from the government. Had he been able to go with the party the story would have been entirely different. Not only is he a wonderful hunter; he is endowed with caution and forethought. Three of the four men who went to the island were Americans: Knight, Maurer, and Galle. The fourth was a Canadian, Allan Crawford, who was commander by reason of his nationality. Crawford was inexperienced in Arctic living; the others were old hands at it. Indeed, it seemed to them so simple and easy that they were undone by their very contempt for the dangers. The fifth member of the party was a little Eskimo woman, Mrs. Ada Blackjack, brought up in a Mission school at Nome. She was not versed in Eskimo life, but was an expert in making fur clothing. It was absolutely necessary to have a seamstress of this kind, and others engaged backed out. She went, expecting other Eskimos to be picked up later. None could be induced to go.

In 1921 the Silver Wave landed these five and the cat on Wrangel. In 1922 the supply ship, Teddy Bear, found it impossible to reach the island on account of the heavy jam of ice. Food was low on the island. The little colony watched eagerly for the sight of the ship which did not come. A second winter congealed the sea and the land. In 1923 Mr. Stefansson, then abroad trying to convince the British of the high value of the island to them, sent Harold Noice, in the Donaldson, to try to get through. He succeeded after numerous difficulties. When he got his first view in the twilight of the desolate shores, "a vague portent," he says, "that all was not well assailed me." This passed. When day came they were in sight of "a broad expanse of moss-covered prairie which looked beautiful"; and accordingly the rescuers felt reassured. Only when they landed did the tragic reality break upon them. In all that vast area the only living beings discovered were the little Eskimo woman and the cat. Mr. Stefansson gives a full account of the tragedy, based on Knight's diary and on other notes found, as well as on Mrs. Blackjack's own statement.

Noice had not been well, and the shock appears temporarily to have put his nervous system to too great a strain. That [illegible] was not normal is clear from the fact that when he entered the hut where the remains of Knight reposed and found Knight's diary he sat down to read the diary with his back to the [illegible]. Believing that something he read was a reflection on the departed men, he removed several pages and blotted out some lines on other pages. This was a sorry lack of judgment, and Mr. Stefansson is rightly more than indignant at this assumption of censorship; and also at a newspaper interview which was obtained on the return of the party to Nome. For these transgressions Noice has expressed profound regret and sorrow, maintaining that they were due to his upset nervous condition; and that the newspapermen misunderstood him. He is a young man, and should not be condemned too severely. Nerves and poor judgment are a sufficient explanation. The pages were returned. They are published in this volume, and it is clear that there was no reason whatever for their extraction.

Meanwhile the colony which Noice left on the island by Mr. Stefansson's orders—thirteen Eskimos under command of Charles Wells, an American trapper—flourished. Then one day a Soviet gunboat, the Red October, appeared. Everything was confiscated, including furs worth $15,000 it is claimed. Wells and his Eskimos were hustled on board and unceremoniously dumped at Vladivostok, where Wells died of exposure. It is not necessary to remark the high-handed cruelty and injustice of this proceeding, which was characteristically Russian. Mr. Stefansson reproduces accounts from a number of newspapers, but no investigation by authority has been made, it seems.

In the earlier portion of the volume Stefansson reviews the history of Wrangel, recites the drift of the Karluk from Hadley's narrative, and gives in detail much of his discussion with officials on the Wrangel Island subject. The final part is occupied with eleven appendices. All the documents in the case are t be reproduced by photostat and made accessible at the American Geographical Society, Toronto University, and other places of learning.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

A Dream of Venice

The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE purpose of Mrs. Wylie's charming fantasy is to capture in a poet's mind a moment of beauty in the declining Renaissance. A previous novel has shown how skilfully she can catch the flavor, half absurd and wholly delightful, of a vanished society; and now her imagination, flitting from age to age in a search for delicate perfumes, has lit upon Venice at that moment in the eighteenth century when its twilight charm was fading before the garish beams of French enlightenment.

In her imagination the waters flow gently through the mysterious canals; the palaces rise, not stone by stone as the historical romancer might build them but as forms composed of trembling iridescent mist; and through the palaces move figures as insubstantial as their backgrounds, and yet, like them, luminous with a ghostly light. Casanova, grown old and boastful of his amorous exploits, affects his hearers with that faint boredom which was creeping over a city weary of too much brilliance; courtiers who must still pretend to like the faded tinsel of Sannazaro's "Arcadia" are beginning to be uncomfortably aware of the existence of M. Voltaire; and priests who have become by imperceptible gradations courtiers only are stifling with difficulty the yawns which came upon them in the midst of the mummeries which still must be kept up. The Renaissance, having lost faith in itself, is slowly dying; and yet there remains one man—a priest—able to summarize in himself all the beauty of which the moment is capable. Too [illegible] priests obtain the nephews whom he envies them or to understand [illegible] gives him; and he is constrained to seek from a magician the protege whom God has not seen fit to give him. Of this priest Mrs. Wylie [illegible] of his "nephew"—reputed to be made of spun glass but actually, [illegible] operations of [illegible].

No mind which thinks much about the art of life can fail to feel drawn toward a scrutiny of the Renaissance. One cannot but feel that some time during the course of that process by which the puritanical barbarism of the middle age was transformed into the cruel and empty sensuality of decadent Italy there must have been a moment when paganism and Christianity [illegible].

which the Renaissance was certainly striving—a moment, that is to say, when scruples and temperance did no more than make the full beauty of the world manifest and when that beauty was enjoyed just up to and not beyond the point where it dulls and corrupts. Yet look where one will one can never quite find it. One moment is still tinged, faintly at least, with the morose abstinence of St. Paul; the next is already touched with the hardness of pure paganism. And though one may prefer either to the other, it is not quite that moment of perfection for which one seeks. Perhaps it was, almost literally, only a moment; perhaps only one man or one woman enjoyed the perfect felicity of this perfect art during no more than a month or two and then, having all unawares stood upon the pinnacle, having without knowing it been at the exact center of a form that came to perfection, declined into death without leaving a trace by which the inquisitive scholar brooding over the past can identify either the man or the moment.

Mrs. Wylie, I like to imagine, was searching for that moment when she decided that it could never be found and that she would take instead her Cardinal Peter Innocent Bon as a man who could at least give some faint idea of what it was like. He is not, to be sure, quite perfect, for he leans ever so little toward the side which looks with disfavor upon the unmagical begetting of nephews, but in the midst of companions whose defects are not of that complexion the fault is not a serious one and so he will almost suffice. At any rate, Mrs. Wylie's book contains a fantasy of surprising delicacy and beauty, writing which is touched here and there by an irony so light as to be hardly distinguishable from tenderness; and if, perchance, she denies that any such fancy as this which I have attributed to her ever occupied her mind it may be sufficiently, I think, replied that her book will beget in the minds of her readers many fancies of which this is one and that she must, as their begetter, assume for them some responsibility.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Modern Art of Paleography

A Hand-list of Half-uncial Manuscripts. By E. A. Lowe. In *Miscellanea Fr. Ehrle, IV, pp. 34-61.* Rome: Tipografia del Senato.

Codices Lugdunenses Antiquissimi. Le Scriptorium de Lyon, La plus ancienne Ecole Calligraphique de France. Edited by E. A. Lowe. Bibliothèque de la Ville de Lyon.

The Palaeography of the Bobbio Missal. By E. A. Lowe. In *The Bobbio Missal.* Henry Bradshaw Society, LXI. London: Harrison and Sons.

THE art of paleography today means something more than the deciphering of curious and difficult modes of handwriting. The paleographer's task is not done when he has read a page of some ancient tome and assigned it to a century. With the start given by eminent scholars like Ludwig Traube, Léopold Delisle, and Cardinal Ehrle, paleography, especially [illegible] applied to the study of the early Middle Ages, has come to involve a searching examination of the different schools of writing both in themselves and in their relation to the culture of the times. It were hard to exaggerate the importance of such investigation for the sidelights which it throws on political history, letters, and art.

Among the workers in this field today few have made more substantial contributions than Dr. E. A. Lowe, a former pupil of Traube's and now for some years lecturer in paleography at the University of Oxford and Associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The works before us are typical of his studies during the past year, though more than a year of careful work was needed to lay the foundation for [illegible] Dr. Lowe's investigations in the Lyons [illegible] dealt with the national minuscule scripts, particularly those of Italy and Spain, known respectively as the Beneventan and the Visigothic, which grew up at the beginning of the Middle Ages out of the ancient Roman cursive hands. In recent years he has turned his attention to the larger and more stately varieties, called uncial and half-uncial, that preceded the different sorts of minuscule.

The first of the works before us forms one of the varied array of contributions recently gathered in four portly volumes in honor of Cardinal Ehrle. With its one hundred and six entries Dr. Lowe's hand-list will prove an indispensable *vade mecum* for investigators of half-uncial script. In his study of the ancient scriptorium of Lyons he exhibits sound erudition, laborious research, and a wholesome reserve. There are thirty-seven excellent facsimiles in colliotype of the twenty-three manuscripts in uncial and half-uncial that either are now or were once a part of the Cathedral Library of Lyons. Thus the foundations are laid for a further work, which we hope will soon see the light, on the development of the minuscule style of Lyons in the eighth and ninth centuries. In the volume on the Bobbio Missal, which forms part of the monumental collection of liturgical texts published by the Henry Bradshaw Society, Dr. Lowe attacks the vexed problems raised by this curious little book. The volume opens with a reprint of Dom Wilmart's studies of this question, together with his later comments—a model of learning, acumen, and modesty. After due consideration of the many views expressed since the great Mabillon published his account of the Missal in 1687, and after a searching analysis of the paleographical features of the Missal, Dr. Lowe concludes that though found in Bobbio it was probably written at some French center in the eighth century. The peculiar orthography of the scribe points to the same place of origin. A mass of spellings is presented of great interest to students of the French language; forms like *cociaens* for *quotiens* and *espes* for *spes* are immediately illuminating. The Irish element in the mixed liturgy contained in the book might indicate one of the monasteries established by St. Columbanus before he journeyed southward and founded Bobbio in 614. The Missal, if not a *codex Bobiensis*, might be called a *Columbanianus*, a monument of the tradition started by the Irish saint a century before the writing was done.

Dr. Lowe might not care to follow hypothesis so far. His conclusions are sustained by facts, not probabilities. However, reserve does not clip the wings of his imagination. He has seen his scribe and shaken hands with him. The following extract, which is hedged about with proper cautions, will show [illegible] appre:

> [illegible] initial, with results pathetic in their crudity. The old [illegible] books, so he crowded into his Missal much more than [illegible] us.

E. K. RAND

The Man with the Hoe

Our Rural Heritage. By James Mickel Williams. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

OUR chance of making modern community life rational seems to depend so clearly upon the understanding of the background of our prejudices that the value of the type of effort represented by this book can hardly be overestimated. The altogether queer thing is that social psychologists have not attempted such analyses before. Beside such a book as this most preceding social psychologies seem to play across the surface of contemporary events without giving us any workable foothold in genuine causation. A theory of society that depends upon the classifying of human traits is about all we have had to go on heretofore.

The material here dealt with presented one of the most difficult pieces of research imaginable. The recreation of older community functions was necessary, along with a description of the institutions into which they crystallized. The recollections of the aged, court records, old diaries, and newspapers were the sources. But the judicious use of these is a matter with difficulties of its own. One limitation must be mentioned. Such studies are necessarily local. The foundations of American attitudes are not to be wholly understood from a study of early central New York.

Mr. Williams set himself the task of seeing what kind of life was lived in his early community. First of all there was the struggle with nature. Work was hard and long. Tools to do it with were primitive. There was necessary emphasis upon industriousness, thrift, repression of frivolity, and resignation to the whims of a wilful God who let young seedlings freeze and burned up corn with droughts. The father directed work and became something of a tyrant; but the young men submitted because he represented the only road to the successful coping with the conditions of life. The mother was the social leader, who gave color and form to the life of the community. She also was a tyrant to her daughters.

Such a life as this was bound to develop rigid codes of behavior and to foster lasting traditions. And these unquestionably survive in the present, though to be sure there is an ever-imminent clash between the rural and the urban traditions. The one tempers the other, but only after more or less serious struggle. How else account, for instance, for the continuous warfare in the New York Legislature between the city and country legislators? Yet worse even than this is the internal warfare which exists in all of us who came clearly out of the one or the other culture. The country lad who came to the city—and our farms still export about a third of their children—is a notorious example of this. How is he to curb the appetite for the heavy food that stayed his strength for the long dawn-to-dusk struggle with the weeds of his father's corn field? Yet if he doesn't he must die of digestive disorders. And how is he ever to feel quite easy in his mind at card-playing or at the cinematographs on Sunday? Nor, indeed, is he to escape the anguish of seeing his sons and daughters grow up free from the restraints and duties that [illegible] a successful preparation for manhood?

From the point of view, too, of a society which wants to go forward into the heritage prepared for it by industrial prosperity such studies as this of Mr. Williams, which make us shamefacedly aware of our lingering in the past, are important. Our emphasis upon thrift has led us to save (according to Mr. Friday) nearly a fifth of our annual national income. Such a procedure is indefensible in a world that still has widespread poverty. But thrift—laying by for a rainy day—is a rural inheritance. Other lessons to be learned from the study of early rural life are less negative. It was after all a full life, a life in which the diurnal rhythms were complete. They moved from morning tension and activity to evening relaxation, companionship, and rest. Can one say that of urban life?

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Elegant Propagandists

Next Year in Jerusalem. By Jerome and Jean Tharaud. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Boni and Liveright. $2.

THE Frenchman travels, but his mind stays at home. Exotic subjects are useful for the production of *feuilletons* in light, sprightly, a trifle supercilious prose. These *feuilletons* are then gathered in bookform and can go through many editions. For upon the whole, however elegant in form, they are thoroughly philistine in character. For what is it that the MM. Tharaud succeed in telling the world in either "L'Ombre de la Croix" or "L'an prochain en Jérusalem"? Just this: that the Jews are a quaint, queer, rather dirty, rather subtly dangerous people, pig-headed and revolutionary at the same time, given in the East of Europe to repulsive customs and in Palestine to a vain, politically perhaps dangerous, but already half-abandoned experiment. Well, that is what the average Babbitt of all countries already more or less believes, what, at all events, he quite expects to hear. Since, however, he thinks himself a liberal, he wants just the touches of patronizing kindness for this queer, inferior folk with which the Tharaud brothers supply him.

What the MM. Tharaud forget in the first place is that no people is exotic to itself. But since exoticism is their stock in trade, their reports are vitiated from the start. In order to keep this exoticism which is profitable quite pure, they made no effort to prepare themselves for their task. They confess that they know no Hebrew, no Yiddish, and practically no German. If they are weak in English too, I am at a loss to know with whom or how they conversed in Palestine. A few of the older settlers in Rishon-le-Zion speak French too. But the only person in Palestine with whom I had to converse in French was the Arab mayor of Jerusalem. He happens to be thoroughly convinced of the success and beneficence of the Jewish settlement. But I can readily imagine the attitude of the few French-speaking *emirs* who were no doubt the counselors of the MM. Tharaud. I have no doubt that they found the people in the colonies uncommunicative. The *chaluzim* have antennae. They know a malicious eye. Also they speak, as a rule, almost everything except French.

The result is that practically all the definite statements of the MM. Tharaud are false, petulant, and childish. It is a demonstrable fact that most of the younger [illegible] in Eastern or Central Europe [illegible] is not a Jew from Germany and Austria." The whole [illegible] of Beth Alpha [illegible] is made up of young men and women from Germany. Jerusalem swarms with young Americans, college men and women, who are devoted to the life and work [illegible] about my friend Gershon Agronsky of Jerusalem? Did they [illegible] Did they [illegible] Did they [illegible] Gardens, or were they shocked with the [illegible] Republic, from which she was assuredly not excluded, the ground would not be burning under the feet of our wanderers and we could afford to pass over the feeble malice of the *prosateurs* of the boulevards.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Books in Brief

North America. By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

North America. By L. Rodwell Jones and P. W. Bryan. The Dial Press. $5.

These are geographies, octavo size, written by geographers. Mr. Smith has superbly materialized the modern pedagogic conception which holds that our fields of knowledge are inextricably interrelated. He has sublimated a traditionally dull and static subject. Geology and meteorology are woven into his giant tapestry; archeology, ethnology, economics, agriculture, forestry, transportation are threaded into its warp. Above all a warm and inquisitive subjectiveness permeates every one of the eight hundred pages of his impressive book. One is being personally conducted on a delightful journey. Messrs. Jones's and Bryan's "North America" is an adequate text book but suffers by comparison with that of Mr. Smith.

The Labor Movement in a Government Industry. By Sterling D. Spero. George H. Doran and Company. $2.

This book forms one of the Workers' Bookshelf series of the Workers' Education Bureau of America. It tells the story of the long struggle of the post-office employees for organized recognition. It starts with an inquiry into the status of a government employee as contrasted with the employee of a private concern. There is a good deal of hoakum abroad as to "soldier" status, and the hero of San Juan hill is responsible for no little of this gaudy claptrap as affecting post-office workers. Why a ditch digger for a municipal water company should have an entirely different industrial status from a ditch digger for a private water company is a metaphysical abstraction somewhat difficult to grasp. Certainly the psychological reactions of the two are identical, and that in the end must be the governing factor. This commonsense relationship has long been recognized abroad, and Mr. Spero shows how it is making its way here. In time of war, the federal employee may be on a somewhat different footing from that of the ordinary citizen; certain key positions—say in the confidential relations of the diplomatic service or the treasury department—may be on a somewhat different footing in times of peace. By and large, however, to deny government workers—particularly industrial workers—all rights of organization or affiliation with organized labor groups is the rankest tyranny. And what is worse, it throws all hope of advancement on the vicious process of pull and graft.

Drama

Bohemia's West End

IF one may judge from the two of his plays which New York has seen, Mr. Noel Coward has constituted himself the anatomist of Bohemia's West End. By birth and by bank account his people belong at least to the upper middle class, and they ought, so the comedies imply, to know better; but they have vague tendencies in the direction of the arts and they cultivate their personalities untrammeled by manners or morals. Vaguely suggestive of the characters of Oscar Wilde brought up to date, they spend their lives in matching insolent wits and they have played so long at various fashionable emotions that they are not sure themselves when they mean what they say. Whatever they do not find "adorable" is very likely to be "beastly," but they play their ridiculous parts with such grace and skill that no one, except possibly the playwright who seems now and then to be mildly shocked by the goings on of his personages, would wish them any different. It would, in fine, be hardly possible to do nothing more entertainingly than they do it.

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Taking all in all, then, "Hay Fever" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) must be set down as the most amusing light comedy of the season. It deals with the highly disorganized country house of a popular actress past her prime, and it describes the week-end spent there by four guests invited by the four different members of the family each without the knowledge or the approval of the other. There are moments, it is true, when a theme threatens to intrude upon the fun, moments when it looks as though the play were about to deal with something—the folly, for example, of trying to prolong youth or the duty of mothers to look after their families—but the playwright manages somehow to resist the dangerous temptation and to keep the ball rolling merrily here and there without sending it definitely in any direction. The curtain first rises upon a random conversation; it falls for the last time upon a delicious picture of the four guests sneaking out on Sunday morning to their motors while the oblivious hosts are engaged in a passionate but inconsequential family dispute; and in between are a multitude of incidents which manage to combine the extravagance of farce with the lightness of comedy.

Mr. Coward's greatest gift is the remarkable dexterity which enables him to make a great deal out of nothing and to give an air of continuity and substantiality to a series of fragile incidents which are strung together by the slightest of threads; his most dangerous defect is that tendency to gentle reproof which took entire possession of the last half of "The Vortex" and which intrudes ever so slightly into "Hay Fever." Somehow it is as difficult for an Englishman to be comfortable without paying his respects to Good Form as it is for an American not to accord at least a conventional tribute to Virtue; and Mr. Coward cannot help reminding us that men and women do not behave as his characters do if they have been brought up among the real, right sort of people. Whether he regards these slightly intrusive comments as merely a highly marketable wholesomeness or whether he actually feels called upon to protest in the name of good form against the eccentricities of the society from which he draws his characters I do not know; but if he really means, what he certainly implies, that his highly piquant personages would do better to groom themselves into the likeness of the faultlessly suave foils who look at them with pained amazement, then he must be lacking in gratitude as a playwright to those who furnish him with his material and also, as a man, touched a little deeper than a comic writer should be with British solemnity. Laura Hope Crews, it must be said, deserves a very considerable share in the credit for making the evening at the Maxine Elliott delightful. There are few other comediennes indeed who could handle the extravagance of her role so surely and so lightly.

"The Buccaneer" (Plymouth Theater), which Messrs. Anderson and Stallings have fashioned about the personality of Morgan the pirate, is, surprisingly enough, a comedy more in the manner of "The Firebrand" than in that of "What Price Glory." One certainly expected a vigorous melodrama conceived in the spirit of that peculiar robust romanticism which its authors invented, but one gets instead a satiric comedy which treats piracy almost in the manner of the operetta. Partially, perhaps, because it requires some time for one to adjust oneself to the mood of the play, it seems to get away to a rather slow start; but the last act, in which Morgan is brought before Charles the Second to answer the charge of capturing without a commission the city which none of the regular admirals would dare to attack, is both brilliant and delightful. Though Morgan explains that the difference between piracy and war is legal not actual, and that a devastated city looks much the same whether an officer or a buccaneer has taken it, the admirals insist that merely for the honor of the navy he must be hanged; until Charles, who was always inclined to mercy provided the exercising of it did not cost him much effort, decides to give him a commission instead. Incidentally it may be remarked that the Merry Monarch himself would make a perfect subject for a modern comedy. The tender-minded Victorians always fumbled him because they could not stomach him without a coating of sugar, but he was the sort of realist whose languid disillusion the present day could not but find highly diverting.

In "American Born" (Hudson Theater) George M. Cohan remains true to the types of actor and playwright which long ago he created. His "serio-farcical" play is, as drama, quite as contemptible as anything he ever wrote; his acting, however, is as winning as it ever was. Seldom today is such talent lavished upon such sorry stuff. "Caught" (39th Street Theater) undertakes to discuss the case of the young man who chooses marriage to a wealthy woman instead of work. Unfortunately it degenerates rather rapidly into lurid melodrama. "Applesauce" (Ambassador) is a farce which revolves about the personality of a genial young man with the gift of gab. It is decidedly crude but often amusing.

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International Relations Section

Autocracy in the Virgin Islands

AT an address before the American Bar Association in Detroit on September 1, last, former Judge Lucius J. M. Malmin made the following address on the Virgin Islands under the rule of the United States. The story of the judge who was unable to sustain his position against the wishes of the governor is Judge Malmin's own experience in the islands as judge of the District Court.

Since the days of Lincoln and Seward, we have been looking acquisitively oceanward where lie a group of islands formerly known as the Danish West Indies, now beautifully named the Virgins. There are about forty islands in the Virgin group, of which only three, St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John are inhabited. The total area of these possessions is 132 square miles, and they lie at the southeast angle of a geographic triangle. From New York to the islands the distance is about 1,500 miles, from Key West about the same distance, with Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo, and Porto Rico between. Forty miles southeast of Porto Rico lies St. Thomas with St. John about six miles east thereof and St. Croix forty miles south. On a clear day, from a hill top on St. Thomas, one may see St. Croix or Porto Rico. The Panama Canal, for the protection of which these islands were purchased, is about 1,200 miles distant. From the islands to Liverpool is 3,600 miles, to Trinidad 518 miles.

The islands were first occupied about 1650 by the Dutch, who later migrated to New Amsterdam. The Danes arrived shortly after this abandonment and were in possession continuously about 250 years with the exception of two short intervals when England dominated the islands. After more than fifty years of negotiation, the United States Government purchased the Danish West Indies on March 31, 1917, paying Denmark $25,000,000, five times more than was originally contemplated by either of the contracting parties. But a psychological moment arrived; Denmark took advantage of it and benefitted; we secured the right to plant a flag pole and nothing more. A recent supposedly authoritative English writer with the West Indies for subject mentions that a plebiscite in the Virgin Islands at the time of the transfer showed 230,000 for annexation to the United States and about half that number against. As a matter of fact, there was at that time a total population of 25,000 which has dwindled to about 15,000.

[illegible] the Stars and Stripes wave over him, is not an American, not a citizen of the United States. He is a national, without flag or country. Such is the dictum of the Department of State, though the Department of Justice at times seems to differ, probably basing its opinion on the statement of a certain Con[illegible] the islands and the people with them," which certainly should make the people of the islands the recognized, legitimate children of Congress and entitled to its consideration. I quote the treaty:

> [illegible] until otherwise provided to enjoy all the private, municipal, and [illegible] favorable position in respect to the above mentioned rights and liberties that they now enjoy.

Which raised the question of the choice of legal proceedings, that is, the right as Danish citizens residing in the Virgin Islands to be tried under Danish or American law. Continuing, I quote:

> [illegible] citizenship in Denmark by making before a court of record, within one year from the date of the exchange of ratifications of this convention, a declaration of their decision to preserve such citizenship; in default of which declaration they shall be held to have renounced it, and to have accepted citizenship in the United States.

If, under the treaty, the islanders automatically accepted citizenship in the United States it must be construed that there was by and through the treaty an offer of citizenship. Again I quote:

> The civil rights and the political status of the inhabitants of the islands shall be determined by Congress.

[illegible] exception of one junketing expedition—made the slightest sign, individually or collectively, that it is aware of the existence of the islands, other than the Act of Congress providing a temporary form of government, perhaps the shortest act on record, from which I now quote:

> All military, civil, and judicial powers necessary to govern the West Indian Islands acquired from Denmark shall be vested in a governor and such person or persons as the President may appoint, and shall be exercised in such manner as the President shall direct until Congress shall provide for the government of said islands:
>
> Provided, that the President may assign an officer of the army or navy to serve as such governor and perform the duties appertaining to said office; and provided further that the governor of said islands shall be appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and provided further that the compensation of all persons appointed under this act shall be fixed by the President.

President Wilson appointed Rear Admiral Oliver first naval governor of the islands, since which time we have had in succession and serving each a little more than one year, Oman, Kittelle, Hough, Williams, and Trench. These frequent changes of governor do not tend to stability. The governors, accustomed to navy rule and authority, have held themselves aloof, and though there may be a saving exception, have been ignorant of civic duties and lacking in experience. As a rule, they detail and delegate their gubernatorial authority to subordinates and, though presiding at official functions, are considered by their official circle and the public as mere lookers-on.

The misconception of governmental authority cannot be better exemplified than by the attempt of Governor Oman to dictate judicial decisions. In criminal cases of importance, the naval government habitually interferes, suggests, urges, directs, directly or indirectly. Notably, in a civil matter involving damages supposedly accruing to the government, the judge was reminded that he was a government official, and that judgment in the sum of $35,000 against the defendant, the Bethlehem Sugar Company, was expected. Astonishment was great when the court seemed to take offense. Did this matter end here? It did not. The judge stood pat, and was by governor's order deprived of his court officials, marshal, clerk, reporter, and governor's appointees, who with the judge were threatened with immediate arrest if they in any manner aided or abetted the judge in his official duties. In fact, governor's warrant was [illegible] for Washington where he desired to go, but he did depart, [illegible] on an English ship.

On his arrival in Washington he ascertained that a subordinate naval officer had been sent also for the purpose of amending the insular law appertaining to the judiciary; and this attempted amendment was successful. Josephus Daniels recommended it, Secretary Tumulty acted as intermediary, and

President Wilson, acting under the executive authority conferred by the Act of Congress and the urgent demand of the navy, cut out the vital paragraphs in the Insular Judiciary Act, emasculating it so completely that in the event of the resignation or death of the then sitting judge, the office would be vacant. This the navy did without the approval, consent, or even knowledge of the insular council which had full power to act, in an effort to be relieved of a judge who was not sufficiently pliable.

The judge was appointed for life but the governor commanded the Marines, and the jail, though the coolest place on the islands, was not otherwise comfortable. Considering this the judge took counsel with himself and others, notably Judge Sutherland, the late Judge Mahlon Pitney, John Barton Payne, James Hamilton Lewis, Hampton Carson, and William Clarke Mason of Philadelphia.

A writ of prohibition against the governor was suggested, but out of what court? Not the Supreme, or the District of Columbia, or the judge's own court, or his Appellate, but a petition for a mandatory writ out of the Third United States Appellate. The significance of the matter, the seriousness of the situation when called to the attention of the Attorney General of the United States, caused that official immediately to file a petition asking a mandatory order compelling the judge to return to the islands, ascend his bench, and not delay the business of the Third United States Appellate Court, whose subordinate judge he was.

The writ was granted. Did this end it? It did not. The judge, knowing what he was up against, attempted confirmation of the mandate by securing the indorsement of the Secretary of the Navy. Denby refused. Upon the judge's return to the islands with the authoritative mandate, the then Governor, Kittelle, by the advice of one George Washington Williams, a recent arrivel in the islands, refused to recognize the mandate, emphatically stating that in those islands he was not only naval governor in full command, but also the high, the middle, and the low judiciary, and was not interested in the Third United States Appellate Court. The judge set sail for Philadelphia and arriving there told the Third United States Appellate that the governor refused to regard the court's mandate. The court set about making the mandate stronger.

Did this end it? It did not. The judge was experienced and he had high regard for his office which was being belittled by the governor. Rumors came that the federal court in Porto Rico was also being sneered at because of this governor's show of disrespect. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to have the highest authority confirm and indorse this second and more emphatic mandate of the court. The entire matter was accordingly presented to President Harding who, after due consideration, addressed the following letter to the judge, supplementing it with a letter to the governor:

The letter to the judge:

MY DEAR SIR:

I am writing to acknowledge yours of June 23 and to request you to return to the Virgin Islands at the earliest possible date and resume your duties as Judge of the District Court of the Islands.

I have notified the Governor of this official request and have invited the administrative branch of the government in the islands to give every consideration to the judicial branch of the government which is becoming.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Warren G. Harding

The letter to the governor:

MY DEAR GOVERNOR KITTELLE:

I have officially ordered Judge Lorrin I. Mahlon to return to the Virgin Islands and resume his official duties as Judge of the District Court of the Islands. You are doubtless familiar with the question of authority which arose between the Governor of the islands and Judge Mahlon and the latter's appeal to the Supreme Court of the United

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States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. The decision of the court can only be complied with by the return of Judge Malmin to his official duties with proper consideration of his official functions by the administrative forces of the islands.

I trust you will join in making manifest the disposition of all agencies of government not only to conform to the demands of our laws but to most thoroughly respect the decision of our courts.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) WARREN G. HARDING

It was done; it was not possible for it to be undone; but it was. While the judge was on the ocean at the President's request, journeying to his court, the radio, that device for making the world smaller, worked overhead and overtime. The governor and Denby brought pressure and the judge upon his arrival in the islands was defiantly presented by the governor with a radiogram from the President, demanding that the judge ignore the letters quoted above. There was only one thing to do under such circumstances. The judge resigned. That ended it.

And now Williams, the advisor of the governor, is judge, he who on a certain occasion stated that his motto was: "What is the Constitution between friends?" Since his appointment, litigation in the islands has practically ceased, the people saying: "What's the use?"

Recently, an editor had the temerity to criticize the brutality of an unnamed, but governor-appointed, police officer. For this the editor was charged with "political libel," arrested, fined, and sentenced to thirty days in jail; appealing the case he commented editorially on his appeal and was promptly charged with contempt of court and again sent to jail on a thirty-day sentence.

But the navy occasionally passes over the head of its own judge. A young woman, a teacher, sent to the islands by the Government of the United States, a woman of refinement and education, a botanist and correspondent of the Smithsonian Institute, incurred the displeasure of the naval government. She had sent some caustic comment to Washington. Navy officials invaded her home, ransacked it, put her on a horse, misled her by saying she was to be brought before the governor, placed her under guard, and the next day under the same pretense of taking her before the governor, carried her aboard ship, and, under guard the entire voyage, landed her in Norfolk, whence she was taken to Washington and finally to her native State; there, on the testimony of a naval nurse who observed her only on shipboard, she was judged insane and sent to the State asylum. She was immediately pronounced sane and urged to leave the institution, which she did with the admonition of the superintendent not to divulge her experience on penalty of reincarceration. Shall I go on, or have I said enough? I purposely omit conditions in the islands, economic and otherwise, nor do I speak of the islanders and their ways. They are a gentle people, speaking soft English. The regime of the Danes was democratic. The Islanders were not ostracised; they were not over-policed or harshly treated. They grasped the hand of Uncle Sam with confidence only to find it cold, hard, and indifferent, and they now pray for the return of the Danes with their warm handclasp.

The experience of the Virgin Islanders is well known in the Caribbean. The press, that guardian of freedom, and particularly the [illegible] suggest that Barbadoes and Martinique be accepted in part liquidation of English and French war indebtedness, but who will persuade the people of these islands to exchange their [illegible] freedom—I have in mind the Volstead Act—for the doubtful protection and suppositious freedom of the States? The Island of St. John is [illegible] Thomas comatose; St. Croix gasping; Congressional neglect and indifference has been deadly.

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The McLean Bill for civil government for the Virgin Islands is pending. It will probably continue to pend. I quote its foster father, Senator McLean: "There is opposition to it." The navy is the only opposition. Undoubtedly, there is much naval argument against the bill. It will deprive the navy of a sinecure, a snug harbor, an easy berth.

Sympathy is cold to distant misery—the people of the Virgin Islands despair and cry out in weariness; Congress is remote, unfriendly, disinterested, and has a remarkable paucity of knowledge of the islands and the needs of the inhabitants. President Coolidge has said "the chief ideal of the American people is idealism." Is this idealism evanescent; a phantom of the brain, or is it real, so real that among other realities, it can also be for the Virgin Islanders?

Contributors to This Issue

JO SWERLING, during the period of which he writes, was connected with the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*, the New York *American*, and the New York *Mirror*.

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REXFORD GUY TUGWELL is assistant professor of economics at Columbia University and editor of several books on economic subjects.

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ONE BY ONE the miserable slanders and lies of the World War are being exposed. Now it is Brigadier General James E. Charteris, said to have been Chief of Intelligence of the British Army during the war, who at a dinner at the National Arts Club in New York City let the cat out of the bag in regard to the abominable story that the Germans were utilizing the bodies of their dead in order to obtain fats and other things needed for fertilizing and for the making of ammunition. From a dead German soldier General Charteris obtained a picture of some German dead being sent home and one of the cadavers of dead horses being returned from the front for fertilizing purposes. Knowing the Chinese ancestor-worship, General Charteris changed the caption under these pictures and sent them to a Shanghai newspaper, England being then eager to rouse Chinese sentiment against the Germans. He then forgot all about it, until six weeks later a letter from a Chinese reader of the *Field*, a British hunting publication, told the story, current in China, of the "horrible boiling down of dead German soldiers."

THE STORY SPREAD all over England, and this high-minded and gentlemanly general even went so far as to have a diary forged purporting to tell the feelings of a German soldier employed in the boiling-down factory when suddenly he found that he had to boil the body of his brother. This was so raw that even this hero did not dare use it, but it is now in a British war museum, doubtless as an authenticated war document. Thus does war make blackguards, slanderers, forgers, liars—in brief, scoundrels—of officers and gentlemen. General Charteris told this pretty anecdote to his hearers as "an amusing sidelight on the work of his office," according to the New York *Times*. It seems even now that a man who would stoop to such statements ought to be expelled from the society of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Less disgusting but equally illuminating is the confession in a recent issue of the *New Statesman*, one of the foremost British weeklies, which reads thus: "It is seven years since the war ended and we are still pretending that the Germans are an inferior and predatory, if not actually criminal, nation. Such pretenses served our purpose legitimately enough during the war, *when we wanted to get the Americans into it*, but in 1925 they are merely ridiculous." This is the stuff that the great Ambassador Walter Hines Page and the American press fell for, by which the American people were fooled into entering the war.

ADMIRAL SIMS on the witness stand is a joy forever. He has never been known to adjust his utterances to spare official feelings, and when he appeared in Washington before the air inquiry he lived up to his reputation. What could be more delicious than this? Asked by Senator Bingham to comment on Secretary Wilbur's statement that "my idea is that there is no such thing as control of the air . . . long as the enemy has one plane," the Admiral replied: "I wonder who told him that. . . . The remark of the Secretary, although he does not suspect it, does not mean anything at all." The Admiral declared Colonel Mitchell a "bully good fellow" who "has done an inestimable service in bringing this thing to the attention of the people." His scoring of the moss-backs in the Navy Department was merciless; it demands a complete overhauling of the Department at the hands of Congress. As for the airplane, the admiral took the position that every battleship is at the mercy of fliers. Confirming our recent editorial, Twin Military Evils, he declared that all new weapons have been resisted by military and naval authorities throughout the ages, spoke of the opposition as [illegible] to taking the sails off battleships, to the torpedo and submarine and other new devices, and did not hesitate to refer to his own insubordination in Roosevelt's day when he attacked the Navy Department for its delinquencies in the matter of target practice. His testimony, however, was against such an independent air service as has been urged by Colonel Mitchell. Why Secretary Wilbur is allowed to stay in the Cabinet after these recent revelations is hard to understand.

JOHN W. WEEKS was the type of the dull and rich business man in a high administrative office, without vision of a new and better society, and completely contented with the world, as it is, in which his lines have been so happily cast. But he had the right to crow, as he did on retiring as Secretary of War, over what he had accomplished toward militarizing the United States. It is not his fault that we are not even further along the road

to complete militarization and universal military service. From the war he learned only to go on with the system of force which his own chief, President Coolidge, has just declared a total failure. His own connections with big business were of the closest and would not have borne too eager inspection. Mr. Weeks is succeeded by a younger, abler, and more attractive figure, the Assistant Secretary of War, Colonel Dwight F. Davis, who is, however, as much in sympathy with the aggressive army propaganda and the introduction of military training in schools as his predecessor. The new Assistant Secretary, Colonel Hanford MacNider, is of the perfect militarist type. As the able, fire-and-hatred-breathing head of the American Legion he committed himself to the very opposite of those new policies of disarmament and liberalism to which Mr. Coolidge has suddenly announced his devotion. Both Davis and MacNider had admirable records on the front in France; the War Department is thus entirely in the hands of men who fought abroad.

THE CHINESE CUSTOMS CONFERENCE opens at Peking with the Western Powers apparently agreed rigidly to limit the scope of its discussions. In Shanghai the "judicial investigation" into the May murders has opened, with the British and Japanese "judges" playing, according to the correspondent of the New York *Times*, roles evidently dictated by diplomatic instructions. Will the Powers never learn? We hope that Washington will not let itself be drawn into playing the British game, but will instead cut loose and follow Senator Borah's stirring advice:

> China [he said] will assert her independence and right to administer her own laws within her dominion, to fix and collect her tariffs, and nothing less will satisfy and nothing less should satisfy her. If the other Powers in China do not wish to proceed along these lines, nevertheless the United States should. If the United States cannot have the company and cooperation of other Powers, which she certainly would desire, she should shape her own policy and pursue her own course.
>
> We must either treat these peoples justly, fairly, and as equals, or we shall have to fight them. I am in favor of trying the policy of justice for a time instead of force, of fair treatment instead of exploitation. I think it will work more to the cause of peace.

RENTS ROSE IN PANAMA. Protest meetings were held. The President of the republic, denounced by the rent strikers as "a tool of the wealthy landlords," forbade public meetings. Public meetings were none the less held, at which the renters demanded that a law similar to the New York State law be passed, barring increases in rents which would yield more than 12 per cent on the landlords' investments. The Panama police fired on the demonstrators, killing one and injuring eight. The chauffeurs and street-car conductors struck in sympathy with the League of Renters; the bakers also threatened to suspend work. At that point the President went into conference with three American officials, including the governor of the Canal Zone and the general commanding the local troops. (This essential point, omitted in most of the American newspapers, was carried in the excellent United Press accounts of the affair.) Thereupon the President "requested" American intervention, and 600 American troops landed from [illegible] possession of Panama at 1 p. m. on October 12. Before midnight they had killed one and wounded two and arrested forty Panamans, and had fired into the windows of the demonstrators' houses. All the strike leaders were jailed. Soon afterward a conference of landlords agreed to return to the rents of January, 1925, and the American troops were withdrawn. The strike leaders are still in jail. The troops may have done a good, quick job; but a few Americans may wonder if that is the kind of national defense which keeps the tax rate high.

EVERY AMERICAN EXPORT HOUSE will doubtless be doing an active business with Russia before the American Federation of Labor gets around to recognizing the first workers' republic in the world. Arthur A. Purcell, fraternal delegate from Great Britain and member of the recent British Labor mission to Russia, pleaded in vain at the federation's convention at Atlantic City for a renewed understanding with the Russian trade unions. President Green in reply uttered new vows against any traffic with communism, and the convention declared its hostility to the Soviets "not merely in defensive manner, but in a vital and aggressive manner," commending the United States Government for "its courage, its adherence to fundamental principles of democracy" in refusing to recognize Russia. And for the first time the expulsion of Communists from the trade unions was formally recommended. Characteristically the federation coupled friendly gestures to China—a demand that the unequal treaties be abolished and a hope that Chinese labor would develop its trade-union organizations—with a unanimous vote against any attempt to reopen the question of Oriental immigration.

APART FROM THESE EVIDENCES of insularity the tone of the convention was optimistic and aggressive. The A. F. of L. is growing, for the first time since the post-war slump. The paid-up membership is now 2,878,297, with half a million more members on strike or unemployed. Mr. Green opposed the policy—forced upon many of the British unions—of accepting wage cuts for the sake of restoring markets. He urged a strenuous campaign of organization of non-union trades and plants, and pressed the adoption of union insurance schemes, even of investment advice for workers. The worst danger to unionism he sees in company unions and employee representation, and he cannily suggested that the presence of union representatives in the management of such schemes would modify their evil effects—a page out of the book of William Z. Foster. Important plans were laid at the metal-trades meeting for organizing the great non-union automobile companies—including the Ford plants. The international officers of all the trades involved will work out the plans together to avoid the danger of jurisdictional friction in fighting this difficult battle. If the unions gain a toehold in this open-shop fortress perhaps they will dare to face in earnest their hardest and most important campaign—the organization of the steel industry.

SLOWLY, but with compelling momentum, the effort to bring the baffled, perplexed parent to the door of the psychiatrist and to the penny peep inside, is bearing fruit. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," wrote Solomon centuries ago, and the Oriental despot has helped to hold the thinking of fathers and mothers in bondage ever since. Little difference did it make to them that Solomon had so many wives that he probably did not know his own offspring by name,

nor which were his and which the neighbors'; it is not surprising that he found the rod desirable, or at least easy, but it is a pity that his ignorant maxim is applied in the single small family today as if it were eternal wisdom. Physical chastisement is only one thing now under suspicion. It is a news event of major importance that the first conference for parents on Modern Parenthood is being held in New York City, October 26-28. The important years of childhood, the stress and marvels of adolescence, the approach to maturity—all these are going to be discussed; psychologists and educators will be there. This is a culmination of long effort, and the door of the modern child specialist may never be so tightly closed again, especially to fathers and mothers, as it has been in the past. The Child Study Association of America, Inc., which is holding this conference, invites everybody.

THE *WRITER* has been conducting a symposium on the question: "Is newspaper work good training for writing fiction?" The question comes up frequently in the United States, where the example of Mark Twain is supposed to argue powerfully for the affirmative. Very seldom, however, has it been given so complete or so amusing an answer as that which Sinclair Lewis gives it in the current issue of the *Writer*. Briefest paragraphs are quoted from Irvin S. Cobb, Floyd Dell, William Allen White, and Peter B. Kyne, but a veritable homily pours forth from the author of "Main Street"—who, also, was once a newspaper man. "Such training," he insists, "is (always with exceptions) either useless or positively injurious"; and his reasons are three—that it teaches nothing but haste, that it cultivates too much the habit of writing under orders, and that it exposes the reporter to certain "high-lights of existence" which "are far less important to a genuinely creative writer than the steady, unmelodramatic, daily life which may be uninteresting as immediate news but which forms the basis of all veritable poetry, fiction, or criticism." More interesting yet are Mr. Lewis's rosters of names for and against. These are for: Irvin Cobb, Dickens, Mencken, Dr. Johnson, Dreiser, Mark Twain, Cabell, Arnold Bennett. These are against: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, Tolstoi, Flaubert, Edith Wharton, Galsworthy, Hardy, Conrad, Michael Arlen, May Sinclair, Hugh Walpole, and Elinor Wylie.

TWO ROBUST AND OLD-FASHIONED AMERICANS were General Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio and Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana, who died on the same day, October 14. General Sherwood took part in forty-eight battles of the Civil War, rising from private to brigadier general, and he was a useful and able Congressman until he had passed his ninetieth year. The scars he won from 1861 to 1865 made it easy for him to oppose both our war with Spain and our entry into the World War, as he did with all the courage and intrepidity of his brave and honorable character. America to him did not mean overseas adventures and a course of imperialism and militarism. Knowing war as he did, he could truthfully say that we should as a nation be too proud—and too sensible—to fight. Senator Ralston had by his forthright virtues won the admiration and regard of his State. He took office not as a politician but as the servitor of his people. So he reformed governmental methods when he was governor, reduced taxes by instituting wise economies, and developed the schools and the other institutions of the State by giving them additional appropriations out of money saved in other directions. The very fact that he did not seek office made him immune to politicians and enabled him to convince the people of his State that he was of the high type of Grover Cleveland—an administrator who thought of duty first and his own prospects last.

Novelty or Progress?

WHAT is social progress? Is it synonymous with contemporary civilization? Is it the mere flight of time in the history of mankind? Or is it something rarer and more elusive; and, if so, how are we to identify it?

The individual has never before been so deluged with newness, with novelty, as today. Teeming factories surround him with new material possessions; roaring printing presses overwhelm him with new information and ideas. America is developing a philosophy which almost assumes that anything new is better than anything old. Probably no previous age or nation has shown such a general tendency to confound novelty with progress.

Social progress is certainly not merely new inventions and ideas. Only a small part of the novelty of any generation is carried over to another and only an infinitesimal fraction survives a hundred years. It is dangerous to assume that everything new is mischievous or inconsequential, but it is more so to accept it as good and desirable without a most searching examination. Are there any standards, any tests, to guide us in such inquiry?

The question presents itself afresh in looking through the pages of a volume that has just come from the press.* The first half is a record of recent happenings and present conditions which may be regarded as causes of discontent. The second half is a directory of organizations and movements which are working to correct or eliminate some of those causes. The causes of discontent are presented in a series of brief and largely disconnected paragraphs, which in their treatment as well as their content suggest that modern civilization is in no other way suffering so cruelly as through its failure to distinguish between novelty and progress.

The book in question does not pretend to answer the question How can we distinguish between novelty and progress? It is a volume of information, not theory. The only test which possesses any finality is that of time, and we can only speculate as to how often such judgment is as it should be. But the general belief that man has made true and substantial progress since the Garden of Eden—or the ape—suggests that time must usually be right. The trouble is that no individual or generation can wait for time to point the way. We must have a more immediate technique. Perhaps as good a one as can be found appears in the dedication of "Social Progress." It is "To those who form conclusions from known facts and who wish to outlaw war, abolish poverty, unveil superstition, and secure justice."

* Social Progress. A Yearbook of the Liberal Movement, published by the Institute, 311 East Forty-fourth Street, New York. $2.50.

The Great Advance Toward Peace

BEYOND all question what has happened at Locarno is the most hopeful event since that worst of days, August 1, 1914. For the first time since the era of Charlemagne France and Germany have pledged themselves not to attack one another, have outlawed war against each other. The German Government has forever renounced all claim to Alsace-Lorraine, and has accepted the existing French boundaries as the definite delimitation of Germany's westward expansion. For that the world may sing te deums. Locarno not only punctuates the bloodiest and most disgraceful chapter in human history, it opens up a whole realm of possible new developments. If Germany and France can outlaw war with the cooperation of England, Italy, and Belgium, why not the whole civilized world? Who now will dare say that France and all the other Allies cannot disarm and at last turn to the reconstruction of Europe? Who can say, with Aristide Briand himself pledging that the alliance of the Allies is finished and that the very name is to disappear from the language of diplomacy, that Europe cannot at last in dead earnest put an end to the hatreds and bitternesses of the war and begin its spiritual disarmament and reconciliation?

It is idle, of course, to deny that what happened at Locarno should have taken place at Versailles; that the seven long years since the armistice with their spirit of revenge, the desire to humiliate and abase the former enemy, the readiness to starve to death women and children and to inflict such immeasurable suffering as that in the Ruhr and the other occupied territories constitute a shameful and utterly unnecessary chapter in the history of every conniving nation. We are not of those who would close the book of memory upon those direful years for we believe that the events from 1914 onward must be kept before oncoming generations in order that the world may be warned against repeating such incredible folly and again intrusting its destinies to such faithless leaders as Sir Edward Grey, Asquith, Lloyd George, Poincaré, Viviani, Bethmann-Hollweg, the two Kaisers and their guilty crew. But while we cannot forget these years, we are of those who pray that the new chapter will genuinely mark a new era for all humanity. If the statesmanship is there, Locarno may be but a beginning and not an end, the beginning of an epoch.

Locarno's great achievement is an atmosphere rather than a text. There are always loopholes in any text. A Poincaré might interpret Article VI of the treaty of mutual guaranty, for instance, to suit his own purposes. "The provisions of the present treaty do not affect the rights and obligations of the high contracting parties under the Treaty of Versailles," it reads. Poincaré held that treaty to permit his invasion of the Ruhr; if that is not changed of what lasting values are then new pacts? There are suggestions that the new arrangement may be used to isolate Russia still further and to present a solid European front not only against the United States but against the rising demands of Africa, India, and Asia for deliverance from the yoke of white imperialism. That the reactionary and chauvinistic press of France, England, and Italy has been the first to acclaim these new treaties of peace is not encouraging. A recrudescence of Kaiserism in Berlin, of Poincaréism in France, and of the secret alliances and deceitful trickery of Greyism in England may, indeed, upset those alliances. But if our rejoicing is tempered by these considerations, we still cannot but give thanks for the immediate relief that the new concord has brought, its restoration of Germany to full fellowship among the nations, and, best of all, the triumph of generosity and good will and sanity in France.

What now will be the role of the League of Nations? There is a prospect that it may cease to be the creature of England and France, that with the entrance of Germany into the Council there will be vigorously presented to Council and Assembly a different viewpoint from that of the war victors. There is, therefore, a prospect of stirring exchanges of opinions, and even of facing issues, like disarmament, which the League has burked. The fact that Germany has received the promise of a seat in the Council and admission to the League itself, not by action by either Assembly or Council, but from the four leading members of the League, speaks volumes for the lack of democracy of that organization and reveals patently enough how certain the chief allies are that the League will do as it is told. Once in, Germany will, we take it for granted, raise the disarmament issue and compel a decision as to whether her fellow-members shall be allowed to keep up great standing armies or navies while she herself remains disarmed. In that she should have the moral support of President Coolidge and his Administration. Our own hope is that the new shift will compel the League to vigorous action along certain lines in which it has been content to let the years roll by without accomplishing anything.

Next to disarmament the most pressing need of Europe is for a tariff union. Nothing could accomplish so much for the spiritual disarmament for which we have just appealed and for the economic restoration of Europe than the establishment of a customs union. Here again is a great opportunity for Germany. Surrounded by high tariffs on all sides, she is yet expected to produce enough money to meet the demands of the Dawes Plan. It was the German customs union of 1834 that resulted in the tremendous development of the German states years before the Empire was reconstituted at Versailles in 1871. Who can doubt that the breaking down of tariff barriers now would mean the accomplishment of what still seem economic impossibilities? For the new and small states that have been created since the war the levelling of the tariff barriers with which they are surrounded could only mean their flourishing like the proverbial green bay tree. Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Poland—there is not one of these but would benefit incalculably by a free exchange of goods. No other measure would do so much to break down the nationalistic obsession out of which grew the war; no other act could so effectively develop the interchange of thought and the friendly intercourse of the nations. Washington seems to take it for granted that there will be a general European economic conference before long. Here is the opportunity for the advocates of free trade.

Meanwhile the Locarno treaties stand, if for nothing else, as complete justification of those who, like *The Nation*, have preached, in season and out, the reunion of the enemies of the past upon the simple basis of mutual good will and the determination to build a new, a sane, and a just Europe.

French Debts and Liberian Rubber

HARVEY S. FIRESTONE announces that he plans to invest one hundred million dollars in rubber plantations in Liberia. This, he feels, marks an epoch in American history. Henceforth we shall be independent of the British rubber monopoly. Today the United States (by which he means American capitalists) control only 3 per cent of the world's rubber production; when he has remodeled Liberia it will produce 250,000 tons of rubber a year, which is half as much as the entire world at present produces.

One hundred million dollars is not a staggering figure in Wall Street these days. The federal reserve banks cleared checks worth more than a billion dollars in a single day last week. One day's transactions in the New York stock market recently involved a transfer of two and a half million shares, probably having a market value of nearly two hundred million dollars. Mr. Mellon has just informed Mr. Borah that corporate and government loans floated in the United States in the first nine months of this year totaled about $900,000,000. Mr. Firestone's project is quite in scale with every-day American finance.

To Liberia it marks revolution. Liberia is a strip of African jungle which was colonized by returned American ex-slaves a century ago. A vague American protectorate hitherto has kept it both from incorporation in French and British colonies, and from the intensive exploitation to which they have been subjected. It has a population of fewer than two millions. Of these "about 50,000 of the coast Negroes may be considered civilized," according to the "Statesman's Yearbook." The white colony numbers fewer than 200. There are no railroads and only twenty miles of motor roads. Liberia's exports have been averaging less than a million dollars a year. What an investment of a hundred million dollars, development of a million acres, employment of 300,000 workers—these are Mr. Firestone's terms—means to Liberia is incalculable.

Such investments as Mr. Firestone's do not come within Mr. Mellon's figures of billion-dollar foreign financing, but they may mean just as much to American citizens as any of the government or corporate loans. What attitude will the Government in Washington take in case Mr. Firestone gets into trouble, either with the French and British neighbors who have always watched their chance to nibble at Liberia, or with a native Liberian Government? Shall we send our marines to stop rent riots, if the cost of a thatched-roof house soars too high under the stimulus of Mr. Firestone's enterprise—as we have just done in Panama? Shall we continue to provide American officers for the native constabulary (we do so now) if it goes on to conscript unwilling labor for the rubber plantations that are to "make America independent of Britain"? Will our Government build light-draught gunboats to patrol the Liberian rivers as it has already done for the Chinese rivers? Unless American opinion awakens to energetic protest we most assuredly shall do these things.

Meanwhile the Washington Government is taking an energetic attitude toward export of American capital—to France. "America's purse is closed to delinquent European creditors," announces an inspired dispatch to one of the news agencies. "Blunt notice to that effect went out from the White House today to France and other debtor nations." The extraordinary part of this notice is not that Washington wants France to repay and wants France to know it. It is that Washington assumes a control over Wall Street activities. If a Socialist were to arise and demand that the Government be empowered to tell Wall Street bankers just what loans they might make and what they might not make he would be denounced as interfering with business.

It is possible, of course—and even probable—that when Calvin Coolidge tells Wall Street how to act he is merely doing its unpleasant chores for it. One may, knowing Mr. Coolidge's attitude toward business, suspect that the bankers do not like to tell France that they will not lend her money until she has settled her inter-government debts, and prefer to have the Wasington Government bear the burden of any ill-feeling which may result from such a message. But whether in this instance Washington is doing Wall Street's bidding or giving it orders it is getting into this foreign-loan business and deep into it. There are implications to this. Thus, if the Government censors loans beforehand it accepts an implied obligation to help carry out their terms. We do not believe the American people want that. As a matter of fact the Government is constantly being called on to clean up where investors and would-be investors have been caught in a jam—whether it be in China, Haiti, Liberia, or France. If the Government is to be the bankers' chore-boy it ought to be their boss as well. The bankers certainly do not want that. Why not let them "go it alone"—and suffer the consequences if their judgment is bad?

Capitalizing Calamity

LOUIS LOUCHEUR of France is asking the League of Nations to make a coördinated plan for economic use of the natural resources of the world; a plan to pool them and ration them under central control. Not much headway has been made with the proposal to date, and one suspects that, in so far as progress can be made today, it will be animated more by commercial envies and jealousies than by the economic welfare of the underlying population.

But what a vision of a world ruled by common sense instead of by bunkum and bluff this proposal calls up; what a challenge to those vestiges of intelligence which, like bubbles in water, are said to float in the human brain! A world deliberately ordering its precious and diminishing stores of coal, oil, lumber, minerals—without coupling and waste—for the benefit and comfort of its inhabitants. A world growing its corn and its cotton in those geographical areas best suited to their production, and shipping and exchanging them on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points! A wild, fantastic dream, so it seems today; yet the thing actually has been done. Under the pressure of war and the submarine menace, human intelligence, acting through the Supreme Economic Council of the Allied nations, actually rose to the challenge, and did coordinate and control the major resources and products of two-thirds of the world.

Under the rule of anarchy and an economic system based on the sturdy principles of self help and all the traffic will bear, these war days, with an economic control founded on necessity rather than on pecuniary gain, seem

remote indeed—as remote almost as the empire of the Incas, where, for two thousand miles along the spine of the Andes, with the steam engine in the womb of time, a population of ten millions was fed and clothed and sheltered without poverty, without want, without waste; where a great system of reservoir store houses balanced the lean years with the fat. Let William Bolitho sketch the picture of the situation today:

> Our world system is so ordered that for a long [illegible] every hand of a new calamity, the spreading wave [illegible] prosperity and joy; an approaching war brings vast delight and jubilee to every general, to all officers, to all the thousands of investors in munition companies, and all [illegible] war industries rejoice. A famine [illegible] interests and classes in first effect. . . . Every farmer in three continents goes home to tell his wife that good times have come again. Speculators, traders, bakers, export houses, all share in the glad tidings.

Joy and riches wrung from death, degradation, and despair—this is the eternal and inevitable result of seeing our world as a series of competing geographical units.

When the International Institute of Agriculture announced last winter that the estimated bread-grain crop of the world was 574,000,000 bushels short of meeting the world's bread-grain requirements, and that the United States was the only nation with a substantial surplus, there was joy among American farmers. "Our own grain growers will largely monopolize what advantages there are for anybody in this situation. It means much for business prosperity here." But the New York *World*, from which this quotation is taken, went on to show the wider aspect: "However, if Europe's general buying power is reduced, the reduction must have its effect on foreign trade. It is easy to paint the advantages of a shortage in too brilliant colors." Calamity cannot be capitalized forever.

Mr. Benton MacKaye, late of the United States Forest Service, is engaged single-handed on the kind of initial survey which the League of Nations ought to make—if its proposal is more than a political gesture. He has divided a map of the world into some thirty districts, following natural geographic boundaries. For each district he is tabulating present statistics of agricultural production. Taking the present population, he determines how much of that production is needed in the home districts and how much is available for export. Each district finally shows certain quantitative surpluses and shortages. Then comes a very pretty computation in balancing the shortages against the surpluses on the principle of minimum transportation haul. When such a plan as this (and it is essentially the plan of the Supreme Economic Council during the war) is superimposed upon the chaos of the present traffic—with its gluts and its famines, its tariffs and trade barriers, its speculations and its higglers, and its transportation wriggling in loops and circles through the seven seas—the sheer loss in human labor at the failure to coordinate becomes manifest in all its immensity. And what Mr. MacKaye is doing for agriculture should be done for minerals, oil, lumber, and basic manufacturing such as textiles, steel production, boots and shoes.

Whether or no the present League of Nations is destined some day in fact to become a league of nations, the proposal to coordinate and control the use of the resources by which mankind is ultimately fed and clothed and housed remains a standing challenge to human intelligence.

Our Literature and Ourselves

IF the critic and the reviewer pass somewhat different judgments upon the value of contemporary American literature the fact is not to be wondered at, for they proceed, as they should, upon different asssumptions. The critic takes established masterpieces as his standard and he has to put himself out of time and place. The needs and interest of people long dead as well as those of generations yet to come are part of his concern, and his judgments attempt the absolute. The reviewer who sets out to deal only with a current literature is, on the other hand, concerned principally with the here and now. His business is with the meaning and significance of works to those who produce them and to those for whom they are produced; he sees them as expressions of the spirit of his times and he judges them as such.

It is for this reason that while the critic may grumble the reviewer is not dissatisfied with contemporary American literature. Whatever its other virtues or defects its immediate relevance to our thoughts and lives is obvious. It is not, as literature sometimes tends to be in less vigorous ages, a world apart. It is not, that is to say, occupied chiefly with fancy and day-dreams nor is its subject-matter limited by very stringent conventional or artistic restrictions. It takes all life as its province, it draws into itself whatever concerns us in our living, and it comes home to our hearts and bosoms. In our leading novelists, dramatists, and poets is visible no anxiety to escape and no hesitancy in setting down whatever seems to them most true and most vital. They are, as a class, passionately interested in the life of their times, they try to burrow into it as deeply as they can, and they know no relenting. Whatever we may say of their works we cannot possibly say, as Ibsen said of the literature of his age, that it is irrelevant. The concern of our writers with national life is direct and eager, their chief occupation is with experiment which we are at present making in the art of living, and though we may find in them varying degrees of skill and profundity we cannot, unless we happen ourselves to be outside the current of contemporary life, fail to feel that their writings are very close to us and very relevant. They will at least furnish the future historian with a marvelously complete record of our age and they serve to keep us immersed in it.

When the reviewer has shown this, when he has proved that our writing is not separate from our thoughts, that it is not paralyzed or impotent but a free and vigorous record of our thinking and feeling, he has proved all that he needs to prove; a national literature may be said to be functioning properly when it is affording, as ours is, a clear and adequate expression of national life. Whatever its defects, they are our defects, and American literature is as profound and as beautiful as American life. We are in it and if it does not always have the richness of English, the grace of French, or the brooding intensity of Russian [illegible] it is because we ourselves are not—not yet, at least—as rich as ancient or as reflective as they. We may be sure that when we have become so our literature—unless meanwhile it has turned from its present course, unless it has ceased to reflect us as well as it does now—will reveal the change. Considered as a channel of expression, there can be no question of its adequacy today.

Canyons and Camerons

A United States Senator Defies the Government

By ARTHUR WARNER

Chapter I. The Canyons

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, before Columbus had discovered America or Zane Grey had invented the Open Spaces, before bandits ruled Broadway or Pirates reigned in Pittsburgh, the first of the canyons was born in what the movies have since made familiar as the Southwest. This canyon grew and prospered, and others came after. The canyon family became a mighty one, occupying much land and acquiring great fame. But the mightiest of all the family was the Grand Canyon, who made a home several miles wide and a mile deep in the rock along the Colorado River in northern Arizona.

For the preeminence of the Grand Canyon it is not necessary to take the word of a mere writer. The fact has been judicially decided by no less an authority than the Supreme Court, which said in the case of *Cameron* v. *United States* (252 U. S., p. 456): "It is the greatest eroded canyon in the United States, if not in the world . . . and annually draws to its borders thousands of visitors."

But a good while before the Grand Canyon became a natural wonder by decree of the Supreme Court it had sufficiently impressed the federal government so that it was made a forest reserve, an action that precluded private occupation except through a mining claim. That was in 1893. In 1908 President Roosevelt made the Grand Canyon a national monument. This is a kind of purgatory midway between a forest reserve and a national park; it bars even mining claims. In 1919 the Grand Canyon received the full status of a national park.

With these few words in regard to the canyons we will leave them for a short time in order to introduce a rival family for the possession of the land and the homage of the people of Arizona.

Chapter II. The Camerons

The first of the Camerons, so far as the Southwest is concerned, was born in the State of Maine, but he did not linger there beyond his boyhood days. Instead Ralph H. Cameron took the advice of Horace Greeley as to where to go and in 1883 settled at Phoenix, Arizona. The Arizona Camerons, like the Arizona canyons, grew and prospered; the family became a mighty one, so much so that in 1920 its head, by then a grisled frontiersman, was elected to the United States Senate.

And now the plot thickens.

Chapter III. The Conflict

For many years travelers approaching the Grand Canyon from the southern rim have been accustomed to descend into it, mule back, by the Bright Angel Trail. The trail was built before the Grand Canyon was even a forest reserve, and in everything that has happened to the big ditch since, the rights of Coconino County, Arizona, to the route have been expressly recognized by the federal government. Coconino County has collected $1 a head as toll from persons using the trail. It is the only toll route in the national parks and a number of years ago the federal government realized the desirability of getting control of it. There was a wish to free it for travel and still more to remove certain tentacles clinging to it. These tentacles were the Camerons.

Yes, there the Camerons were; this family which had been in Arizona only since 1883 had waxed so great in a few short years that it was exercising a lordship over the mightiest of the canyons. The Camerons were there by virtue of certain mining claims made while the Grand Canyon was still a forest reserve. The claims embraced land around the rim of the canyon at the head of the Bright Angel Trail, and farther down. Especially they covered Indian Gardens, an oasis of trees down on the bottom, to which travelers naturally turned for rest and water. The Cameron claims bore various picturesque names; one was fittingly entitled the Buttinski.

In order that a mining claim be recognized as such the claimants must prove the existence of minerals in paying quantities. This the Camerons failed to do to the satisfaction of the Department of the Interior, which declared the claims invalid. But the Camerons refused to budge. They took the controversy to the courts and fought it all the way up to the supreme bench. Thus far they were within their rights. But having appealed to Caesar they refused to accept his verdict. In the spring of 1920 the Supreme Court denied the claims of Ralph H. Cameron and his associates, declaring these persons to be trespassers in the Grand Canyon National Park. In the autumn of that year Ralph H. Cameron was elected to the Senate of the United States.

The elevation of Mr. Cameron to the Senate did not apparently increase his respect for the Supreme Court or his willingness to comply with its decrees. His unsightly shacks continued to stand on the rim of the canyon; his employees continued their obstructive tactics in the park. Their actions were especially obnoxious at Indian Gardens, the oasis on the bottom of the canyon by way of the Bright Angel Trail. They prevented the erection of a public-comfort station for travelers and eventually the water upon which visitors depended for drinking at Indian Gardens became polluted with typhoid-fever germs which came, so officials of the National Park Service stated, from unsanitary conditions permitted by the Cameron employees. When the park officials put up signs warning travelers against drinking the water the placards were torn down.

It was not an era when friends of the national parks or believers in enforcement of the law had much standing in Washington. Mr. Fall was Secretary of the Interior and Mr. Daugherty was at the head of the Department of Justice. The Camerons clung to the Grand Canyon, disobeying the Supreme Court and defying the National Park Service.

Chapter IV. Thumbs Down

Then a change came. Messrs. Fall and Daugherty had to walk the plank. Hubert Work became Secretary of the Interior and Harlan F. Stone took over the office of Attorney General. Meanwhile Representative Louis C. Cramton of Michigan had become interested in the matter through his chairmanship of the sub-committee on national parks of the House Committee on Appropriations. He and a number of other federal officials conferred in 1923 with authorities of Coconino County, Arizona, and reached an agreement for the purchase of the Bright Angel Trail for $100,000, subject—as the law required—to public auction and a referendum to the voters. Mr. Cramton found Dr. Work and Mr. Stone ready to assist in freeing the Grand Canyon from the clutches of the Camerons, and he himself brought the outrage to the attention of Congress in connection with the proposed appropriation of $100,000.

Congress has its book of etiquette as well as the rest of us. Mr. Cramton belonged to the same political party (the Republican) as Mr. Cameron and the latter was a Senator to boot. Mr. Cramton as a Representative did not denounce Mr. Cameron as a Senator. But in a carefully hedged speech early last year he referred to "one Ralph H. Cameron" and remarked upon certain "trespassers on the public domain, . . . veritable dogs in the manger, snapping and snarling at the national government and endangering every park visitor who goes over the Bright Angel Trail."

Meanwhile Attorney General Stone was pressing the United States Attorney in Arizona to get busy. But somehow the latter generally had something else to do and at least one federal judge was as obstructive as possible. Finally Mr. Stone appointed Harold Baxter as special assistant to the Attorney General, putting him in charge of the matter. Mr. Baxter took off his coat and by autumn he had a sentence for contempt of court hanging so close over the head of the Senator from Phoenix that one day the forest rangers found the Cameron employees decamped, their property left behind in great disorder. In one deserted shack the park superintendent reported that he found "a large vessel containing about six or eight gallons of mash, ready for the still. There was evidently a hooch factory in embryo."

That ended the attempt of the Camerons to squat on the Bright Angel Trail, but just before pulling up stakes they got in a last sidelong blow at the National Park Service. The referendum in Coconino County to sell the Bright Angel Trail to the federal government went against the proposal—by what influences may be imagined.

Not that it mattered. The chief object had already been accomplished—to get rid of the unsightly buildings, the unsanitary conditions, the obstructionist tactics that had existed under the clutch of the Camerons.

Chapter V. Falling Water

But the mining speculations of the Camerons have not been confined to the Grand Canyon National Park. Beyond the limits of that park the Colorado River rushes precipitately westward, forming the boundary between Arizona and Nevada. For some twenty-five miles it drops and boils and bubbles, it drops and bubbles and boils, with vast possibilities for irrigation and power. The Colorado River at this point is in a public reservation which, like the Grand Canyon from 1893 to 1908, is open to private claims only under the mining law. For some years the federal government has been planning to impound the rushing stream by the proposed Boulder Dam. As this project became more definite it was discovered that for twenty-five miles the river was plastered on both sides with mining claims. Whether because of their beauty, their instability, or what, these tracts were for the most part named after young ladies. There was the Hazel, the Goldie, the Irene, the Lulu. On one part of the river *M's* seemed to be in especial favor: Mabel, Mildred, Madge, Minnie, Myrtle, and Mary. (Perhaps in their hurry the claimants had merely had recourse to the roster of a young ladies' seminary.)

When federal officials investigated the records there was a familiar name among the group of claimants to these tracts. The name of Ralph H. Cameron (the Senator) was missing, but in its place were those of his son, Ralph H. Cameron, Jr., of his wife, I. M. Cameron, of various other relations, and of his private secretary. Most of the claims were recorded between 1920 and 1922, but the Department of the Interior has not yet granted patents to them—necessary for their validation. On the contrary the government characterizes them as made for "false and fraudulent purposes." The Cameron mining claims in the Grand Canyon National Park were once described by Secretary Fall not as genuine mineral deposits but as "strategically located with reference to proposed and probable development of the canyon as a tourist attraction." Similarly the government holds that the Cameron claims in the neighborhood of the Boulder Dam site do not cover bona fide mineral locations but are entered to gain control of water power. Suits to void the claims were begun last summer in the federal courts, and are now awaiting trial.

Perhaps it is worth recalling in this connection that when Mr. Cameron was campaigning for the Senate in 1920 he sent out a letter to voters in which he said:

> For more than sixteen years I have been exploring and working in the Grand Canyon of Arizona on power sites. I now have the financial backing to build two huge hydroelectric plants in the Grand Canyon which will develop 965,000 kilowatts of electric power—enough to electrify every railroad, mine, mill, city, town, and hamlet in Arizona at such a low cost that it will make it possible for the poorest to enjoy its advantages and comforts. . . . As a Senator I can more readily and quickly secure the concessions, rights of way, etc., so necessary for the perfect development of these great enterprises.

Chapter VI. Seething Politics

These new Cameron cases in the federal courts, instituted since the head of the family became a United States Senator, have had the effect of a high-explosive shell in Arizona, with an appreciable repercussion upon federal politics. While the national government is charging fraud, Senator Cameron is making retort that the proceeding is a conspiracy to drive him out of public life. Although the charges have hurt him in many quarters, it is also true that he has friends in Arizona and elsewhere in the West who look upon him as a bulwark and defender of the old order against what are regarded as the dangerous encroachments of the federal government.

Senator Cameron will be up for reelection to the Sen-

ate next autumn, and a pretty fight is already under way in Washington as well as in Arizona. Representative Hayden, a Democrat who has been on the side of the federal government in the claims fight, will probably be Mr. Cameron's opponent in the election for the seat in the Senate; party lines will be split right and left in the election.

Meanwhile Senator Cameron's friends in the West are attacking Secretary Work's reclamation policy and are accusing him of causing a schism in the Republican ranks in Washington when a united front is most needed. Senator Cameron himself has been touring the West as a member of a sub-committee of the Senate's Committee on Public Lands, and has been denouncing the management of the Grand Canyon National Park and attacking other policies of the federal government in the West.

The story of the canyons and the Camerons may have to be continued.

Eight Days on Ellis Island

By REX HUNTER

WE were three Britishers en route to Ellis Island, and despite the glowing sun and the blueness of the water through which the launch slipped we felt apprehensive. For had not "More Trouble on Ellis Island" become almost a standing headline in the English newspapers? We tried to reassure ourselves: After all, we were Anglo-Saxons and we had merely come for a sojourn in the States, not to settle down and hoard enormous sums of money for transfer to southern Europe. As to physical condition, my own doctor in London had certified that I suffered from none of the ailments listed on the official medical certificate.

The launch drew alongside a small stone pier and we clambered out. A man gave me three checks for my box of books and two trunks and said I must look after the smaller items of my luggage. I was carrying my typewriter, attaché case, and raincoat, and I tried to demonstrate that I could not possibly load myself in addition with two suitcases, a traveling bag, and a steamer rug. A youth finally took these items away on a truck, after carefully disclaiming any responsibility.

We were led down endless corridors to a bare room where two doctors waited. A hobbledehoy intoned dully: "Take off yer coats, vests, shoits, and undershoits." We obeyed and were stethescoped. One doctor handed me a card reading "Hospital lungs and heart." "You look kind of thin," he observed. "I'm about my normal weight," I replied. "Been seasick? Got a cough?" I returned truthful negatives to these questions. I did not understand the card which had been handed me. I thought I had been passed on heart and lungs by the hospital division.

I grew somewhat doubtful when led to a desk where a silent, khaki-clad clerk made out a card headed "Hospital," for my companions had been led elsewhere. I rejoined them presently, however, where they sat on a bench facing wary looking officials in blue who scribbled in enormous ledgers. My companions were called in turn before a desk; they answered innumerable questions and were allowed to depart. The official then called me over and seizing a pink card captioned "Detention Card" began to fill it out. My heart sank.

"Am I to be detained, then?" I asked. The man in blue mumbled an evasive answer, and handed me over to a silent youth who led me back to the stone pier and through the front entrance of the hospital. I was led into a bathroom and a tall orderly told me that I must take a bath. I must put on hospital clothes and my own clothes would be taken away.

I obeyed dully. I was handed a blue bag and told to put my own clothes in it. Wearing pajamas and gray coat and trousers too small for me, I asked the nurse on duty if I might send a telegram to friends. She called over an Irish immigrant, a tall, hollow-chested, shambling fellow and asked him to take me to the Social Hall. I found myself stumbling after my guide down a long tunnel with hot-water pipes overhead. We emerged and came to a short path leading to a door. The moment we set foot on the path a man suddenly appeared and howled: "This ain't no thoroughfare. What th' hell's the matter with you? Go round to the back."

We shuffled in by a rear entrance and a little dark-eyed lady, a veritable angel of light in that barren hall, undertook to send my telegram. I wandered back with my guide through the tunnel and the nurse observed: "The last meal is over but there might be some bread and milk." I was handed over—one was always being handed over like a package on Ellis Island—to a South American orderly with a vacant stare and a high crest of hair that made him look like a half-witted paroquet. He led the way into a very dirty kitchen presided over by a worried maid with bobbed yellow hair and wild eyes. I found later that this was Mary, the Polish "skivvy." The orderly muttered something about food, but I took another look at the kitchen and backed out, saying that I would hold out till the next meal. "Oh, all right," the orderly muttered indifferently.

The afternoon drags by. I enter the ward, where twenty beds are arranged on either side, and contemplate my curious companions. At four o'clock Mary appears in the doorway, claps her hands twice, shouts "Eats!", and jerks a thumb over her shoulder. We stumble to our feet and go through the dirty kitchen into an inner room. On the bare table stand tin plates, cups, and saucers. I am really hungry by this time, but all I can negotiate is a small piece of the tongue. A cockroach suddenly darts out from under my elbow and ants run across the tin plate. I try not to look at the bloody bandages and the diseased faces about me. I eat a slice of bread, gulp down some coffee, and leave the table.

A group of us wander up and down a cinder path which is the only place for us to walk. On one side is a madhouse. A woman with a fixed dejected stare sits on a sort of balcony. Another woman peers around with restless eyes. On a balcony above a dark young man grins foolishly to himself, while an elderly man runs to and fro

like a caged wolf. On the other side of the cinder path is a body of stagnant water, the banks decorated with rusty tins and offal. Giant rats scurry about.

We go down to the strip of waterfront and sit on a plank. Stinging flies and mosquitoes are in force and we slap at them and scratch ourselves. Two of us drift on to a path of grass in front of a red brick cottage. Almost immediately an orderly emerges. "What the hell's the matter with you?" he calls. "Get back where you belong. You ain't got no right there." We return to the plank by the bobbing waves. "Aw, let's go back to the ward," says a Czecho-Slovakian. "These flies and mosquitoes are fierce." "Can't go there," says another. "They're swabbing it out." "Well, let's go to the Social Hall." "Can't. It's closed by this time."

At seven there is skim milk. I go to the kitchen to get a tin cup and find an army of cockroaches hurdling the utensils in the cupboard. At nine we drag off our outer clothes and crawl into bed. Half an hour later the lights go out. Long before daylight the night orderly comes in, switches on the lights, and calls "Come away!" It sounds like an invitation to go hunting or to come away to fairyland, but is only a demand that the unfortunate inmates of the ward arise. I look at my watch. It is only five o'clock. "Why do they wake us up at five?" I ask. Nobody knows; it is just a rule. We wash at two basins in a dirty lavatory and sit dully around till seven o'clock, when we are given a couple of boiled eggs apiece.

Breakfast over, we sit around the ward once more. A fat Syrian sits brooding in his chair, wearing a Red Cross robe because no coat big enough to fit him could be found. Across the way sits a German-American wearing smoked glasses. He has some eye trouble which prevents him from reading. There is absolutely nothing for him to do but sit in his chair or shuffle along the cinder path. "Every day is like a year," he often mutters. A Jewish rabbi, a little chubby restless man, chants from a Hebrew prayer book. Then he walks up and down the ward; halts suddenly before a Swede and begins chattering in Yiddish, serenely confident that the Swede can understand him.

Oscar Hill looms up suddenly beside me, looking straight before him with his almost sightless eyes, and seems to speak into the air. He is a huge Polish Jew who has spent most of his life in the States. He made money by manufacturing furs. Now he has land and a house at Rockaway Beach and employs fifty-odd hands in his factory. Some time ago he began to suffer from spinal trouble, he explains, which affected his eyes. So he decided to go to Vienna to see the great oculists there. Did he anticipate any trouble in getting back home? No, Hill replies. He had never become naturalized, but he had communicated with Washington and had been assured that reentry would be automatic if he returned within a year. He arrived in New York harbor well within the time limit and was promptly hauled over to Ellis Island on the technical grounds that he could not read. Why is he in the hospital then? Do they propose to teach him to read in the hospital? He doesn't know. Nobody tells him anything. The doctors look him over occasionally and seem to find him an interesting case. Friends have offered to put up bonds for him to the tune of $100,000, but he remains on the island.

Severino the young Italian utters his hoarse complaint: "Fifteen days I've been in here now. I'm supposed to be in for lungs. One examination and one X-ray picture and then—nothing. I felt all right when I came in but now I feel bad. I can't eat that food. My wife brought me some fruit and fresh eggs the other day but they wouldn't let me have them. Why don't they look me over again? If they deport me to Italy I don't know what I'll do. I left there when I was nine and I've spent the rest of my life in America. I took out my first papers but I couldn't get final papers because not enough time had passed. I'm only 22 now. I'll have to get out of here or I'll break down or go mad. I went on a visit to Italy on a twelve-months permit and came back inside eight months and they rushed me in here. I wish I knew what they are going to do with me. I'll have to get out of here or——"

Wong, a little Chinese seaman, sits reading Sherlock Holmes stories translated into Chinese. O. Horn, a cultured Esthonian speaking fluent Russian, German, and English in addition to his native tongue, comes over to borrow some toothpaste. Had he not been dazed by the bawled orders of officials and attendants, he tells me, he would have taken toilet articles from one of his bags. But when he realized that the bag was to be taken from him and moved toward it with the object of putting toothbrush, paste, razor, and shaving soap into his pockets, an attendant howled: "Hey, didn't I tell you to leave that bag alone? What the hell's the matter with you?" The latter question is a stock one on this island.

After eight days I was finally allowed to leave the hospital. The blue bag was thrown to me and I resumed my much-wrinkled clothes. With half a dozen others I started out at eight in the morning, but it was noon before we reached the other side of the island. We wound our way along innumerable corridors and every hundred feet or so we were told to sit on benches and wait for no one knew what. I was given a board hearing and told that I could enter the country.

On my way down the inevitable corridors to the launch I passed a kind of pen in which some of my erstwhile companions, released later than myself from the hospital, were awaiting further formalities. They shouted and waved to me, and I moved over towards the pen to shake hands with them and congratulate them on their release. I was suddenly astounded by a vast commotion. An official who stood at the gate of the pen waved his arms, turned black in the face, and shouted. Clerks and officials came running from all directions warning me off. I suddenly realized that in trying to exchange a few words of farewell with men who had suffered with me, for whom I had a kindly human feeling, I had committed a capital crime. I finally left the hospital covered with prickly heat, mosquito and fly bites, and weakened by loss of sleep and the vile food.

I cannot close this article without expressing appreciation of the kindness and courtesy of most of the doctors and nurses, of two of the orderlies (both Scotch), and of the Red Cross workers. But individual kindness is almost helpless in the face of the general stupidity and inhuman regimentation. Commissioner Curran, I have been assured, has tried to improve conditions but has been defeated by "politics."

Last Days of the Charming Lady

By ALLEN TATE

THE Charming Lady will most likely be where you would have her, under the lilacs, with magnolias, if it is spring (and it is sure to be), heavy on the air not far away. She will not fail, being what she is—the typical Charming Lady—to talk quietly about the age at once heroic and golden in the history of the States of the Secession. Her conversation will be deft and serious but not too serious, because it will be cast in a whimsicality of fortitude before the intimate rumor of raped magnificence: It is certain to be an elegy on the perished amenities of the Old South, done much after the manner in which Mr. T. S. Eliot a few years ago lamented the decay of all modern culture. It is a scattering tradition, and its last living authority will scarcely survive the present decade.

Yet now the Lady is not too hard to find. You may meet her, if you are eligible, in Nashville or Charleston or . . . But mostly her grandfather tested the qualities of inertia in Virginia "before the war" and was a part of the Tradition, and used words like tradition and aristocracy with a disarming contempt for accuracy. The Old South was never greatly distinguished for a culture of ideas.

The bookish culture of ante-bellum Southerners was the accident of a charmed idleness. The native literary product, whether it was Cable or Sims or Timrod, Lanier being not a very notable exception, came mostly after the war, but the substance of the old order was in it; it evinced charm without energy. And it came to a typical conclusion in the books of Thomas Nelson Page, shallow like him and diverting for those not disaffected by a sense of humor, fraught with no critical awareness of relative social values; it was formed out of a taste that required very little beyond the prettily decorative verse of, say, Edward Coate Pinkney. There remains not a trace of even an intimation that one function of literature is passage and *bon voyage* to intellectual and spiritual adventure.

For adventure by all accounts was romantically yet decently physical. The venturesome mind seldom observes the rules of any game but its own. It notoriously sets politics and economics to quaking, and doubtless in the South it was an embarrassing Gorgon to be throttled or at least hidden away. The South was proprietor of a particular mechanism of truth: it had to protect the mechanism against the removal of old parts and the fitting in of new. It was set upon being a One-hoss Shay forever. Mastered by its one idea and so master of none, it fought four years —in a fashion which a contemporaneous Cervantes, as well as a Thomas Nelson Page, might have owned to be his proper milieu—to preserve this single, all-embracing idea.

Southern culture consisted, in essence, in a reflowering of eighteenth-century English manners and in the backwash, sterilized, of liberal thought from that century; a delight in English landscape reveries stimulated by Collins and Cowper and a little of Gray, and reproduced, with a local trees and shrubs substituted for their British originals, in the verse of Henry Timrod; and eighteenth-century political and humanitarian catchwords bandied innocuously enough except by Thomas Jefferson, the urbane heretical democrat—undetected in that role—whose ideas ironically contributed to the economic and spiritual bankruptcy of the next generation in his own regime. Most literate persons did lip service to Shakespeare. All of them knew something of Pope, or should have—that whatever is is right, if it was what you approved of. And the novels and poems of Walter Scott were a complete repository of manners and of the spirit of manners which is morals.

The Old South was strictly a political and economic aristocracy. It would have shuddered could it have grasped the first implications of a French critic's assertion that only through the abolition of truths, through the dissociation and repudiation of outmoded general notions which have lost their roots in an existing reality, can a society create new forms for the perpetuation of its strength. The South was beautifully devoted unto the death to its one idea—the permanence of a special politico-economic order. An essential literature was impossible. The South could not afford to look at itself critically; and it is a commonplace in the history of intelligence that spontaneous self-examination—which the Charming Lady permits to neither herself nor her visitor—is the initial moral attitude which must preface the exacting business of beautiful letters. It implies the recognition of a relation extra-social: the relation of man to a god. The South, before the Civil War, probably had little more than incidental commerce with the name of Deity. Its aristocracy needed but few of the privileges of which the sole storehouse, according to the best imaginative opinion, stands in some empyrean; it was an aristocracy of social privilege founded in a rigid social order. Deprived of that order, the Old South has degenerated into and survives only as a sentiment susceptible of no precise definition.

For the privilege is long over and done with. While New England has preserved to some extent a culture of ideas in spite of its thorough absorption of industrialism—it articulated in the beginning a system of ideas of which the apical notion was a God—it is significant that after the Civil War the South became, equally with the Middle West, rich soil for the growth of the secular and vulgar and moralistic churches. The hope of the South lay always in a secular order and made few requisitions of literature and religion —of [illegible] spicuously exceed the supply of sentimental chivalry. And lest the supply find nowadays no market Mr. James Branch Cabell has sophisticated it with deathbed agonies, the corpse dressed out in the glittering jerkin, or, for that matter, the weeds of a pretentious erudition. Mr. Cabell's comedies, Koschkei the Deathless notwithstanding, contain not so many universal ideas as Southern elegiacs conducted in the name of destiny. They are commentaries on the decadence of an emotion. Their escape from realism—this is not a judgment on their aesthetic value, or lack of it—is identical in origin with the historical Southern escape from ideas.

And so it is not surprising that the second generation after the Civil War is whooping it up in boosters' clubs along with the veritablest descendant of carpet-bagger and poor white. For this second generation, like its forebears,

has no tradition of ideas, no consciousness of moral and spiritual values, as an inheritance; it has simply lost a prerogative based on property. As a result it is now almost indistinguishable from the classes it would have held in nice contempt before 1865. Thus, the grandfather of our Charming Lady was a civilized person chiefly, but not entirely in certain ante-bellum towns, because he and the other grandfathers happened to be the gentlemen who got together in the matter and agreed that it was so.

Yet it is doubtful whether there have been other societies in the United States so distinguished for the graces of living as the two flourishing simultaneously in Charleston and in the counties of Virginia between Charlottesville and Washington from about 1800 to 1850. These societies were already in disintegration before the Civil War; for the invention of the cotton gin had put their commercially more zealous cousins west of the mountains on a very nearly equal economic footing with them; and the amenities were gradually released for the more pressing activities of economy.

It is a loss to American letters that these sections in the Old South were not so intelligent as they were gracious, that they never saw their cultural limitations critically enough to be creatively aware of their perfections and to produce their Henry James. This failure is precisely the failure to produce a "historian of fine consciences" that had almost realized their maturity. Now, in our own time, Miss Frances Newman, a Southerner at last who discovers "sophistication" to be the essence of literature—whatever she means by that: it is hardly preciosity, as she would imply—knows her Meredith, has read immoderately in Henry James, is superior to the tribal morality, and attributes to the present social life of Atlanta a casuistry so sensitized and complex that the Atlanteans, reading it, will find in themselves not so much cultivation as bewilderment. Miss Newman might more profitably look elsewhere. For the tribal sentiment, though discharged of late from economic captivity by a goodly Mammon, has not yet devoted enough leisure to the dissociation of its insularity.

It was out of this sentiment that the so-called literature of the South was written. Its criticism has not felt dissimilar promptings. Criticism in the South was concerned with expository encomium of almost any writing which satisfied the complacent criterion of exhibiting an indispensable subject matter: the properties inherent in the defeatist attitude created by the eventuality of 1865. There was no suspicion of the necessity for a revaluation of those properties as a maieutic to the dormant or undirected creative mind until The *Double Dealer* and the *Reviewer* were established about five years ago. That the stimulation has not been extended into a usable convention, into a current of ideas in which an intelligence could find immediate and positive direction. The South has not yet performed the first function of literary criticism, which is to discriminate. Mr. Allen Tate, in *The Garland of Vilification*, [illegible] to begin it with much [illegible] and little justice. But Mr. Mencken has missed a purpose. Gerald W. Johnson, and that is an important business of salve.

The South of the first generation after the Civil War has had at least one social critic not wholly ancillary to the idols of the tribe. Yet the vigor of his attack, in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* and elsewhere, was not commensurate to the purpose. Mr. Edwin Mims's writings betray an inadequate sense of the ante-bellum Southern consciousness, and a sensitiveness to that temperament is the critical requisite prior to all scholarship. His criteria are obscured by a cultural deficiency due, probably, to the influence of the secular and vulgar and moralistic churches. So when he came to summarize Southern poetry, in "The South in the Building of the Nation," this cultural astigmatism, in a specific form of unrealized moral and social values, permitted the tribal sentiment to emerge in him almost pure; he succumbed to the sentimental local-color fallacy—the ingenuous opinion that a particular setting is intrinsically more "poetic" than another. And this is the best in criticism the South of the old school can offer.

The sensitive person from the South in this age approaches literature with few or none of the prepossessions, or benefits, derived from the interdependency of a religion and a society. His mind is open for experiment in form, for curiosity about world literature. In 1919 a Southern mind, of those now writing in verse the most important for the national literature, put itself on record:

> Cursed the paternity that planted me
> One green leaf in a wilderness of autumn;
> And wept, as befitting such a fruitful spirit
> Sealed in a yellow tomb.

The modern Southerner does not inherit, nor is he likely to have, a native culture compounded of the strength and subtlety of his New England contemporary's. But he may be capable, through an empiricism which is his only alternative to intellectual suicide, of a cosmopolitan culture to which his contemporary in the East is emotionally barred. . . . T. S. Eliot is not living in St. Louis. For reasons only slightly different, Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher are living permanently abroad.

In 1828 Goethe wrote: "Left to itself every literature will exhaust its vitality if it is not refreshed by . . . the contributions of a foreign one." In 1925 the American man of letters, according to Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, is still in search of a tradition. His proper tradition, which is somewhere in the United States, may yet be discovered in an instrumental experience elsewhere. It is pretty certain that the Southern variety of American writer must first see himself, if at all, through other eyes. For he of all Americans is privy to the emotions founded in the state of knowing oneself to be a foreigner at home.

Contributors to This Issue

ARTHUR WARNER [illegible] of the editors of *The Nation*. He spent some time in Washington investigating the situation [illegible] its attitude.

REX HUNTER is an Englishman, a former contributor to *The Nation*.

ALLEN TATE was formerly editor of the [illegible].

EDA LOU WALTON is a California poet living in New York.

[illegible] is the author of a book on Emily Dickinson.

DONALD DOUGLAS [illegible] a novel, "The Green Journey."

LINDSAY ROGERS is associate professor of government at Columbia University.

CAROLINE PRATT is director of the City and Country School in New York City.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD has long been officially connected with the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is no fan. For one thing he has been too busy drifting to keep up with the game. The plays are much the same and the crowds are eternally alike, but on the rare occasions when the Drifter returns to the diamond he finds the names new and strange, and no one interested in his reminiscences. Only the delinquencies of Babe Ruth and the sublime failures, the eternal sunsets, of Walter Johnson's life seem to survive.

* * * * *

THIS year the Drifter discovered something new in baseball if old in Connecticut. When he opened the door of the Cream Hill grocery and general store he was immediately greeted by the strange phenomenon of a whispering and tiptoeing Mr. Arlington. The proprietor was not wont to be so prompt nor so silent. The reason was apparent. The back of the store was filled; the cracker-boxes were all occupied. Mr. Arlington had tuned in on WEAF, and Cream Hill was hearing the world's series through Graham McNamee. Oh, it was more than hearing; it was seeing the game. The knotholes of the old-fashioned fence had become great holes in the air, and Cream Hill was a gang of small boys seeing the game, over the air. This was no street crowd dully watching puppet figures on an automatic scoreboard. One *saw* Roger Peckinpaugh march out to the plate, feeling his bat. With the crowd in Washington one eyed the "most valuable man in the League," who had twice dropped the ball and was set to prove himself afresh. One watched each ball and strike, saw the ball rise soaring from Peck's bat, saw Max Carey plant himself ready for it in center field, knew that Peck was out, saw Carey reach out his arms, saw him drop it and fumble for it, heard the sudden mad roar of the crowd while Peck raced round to second base. It was all happening there, in the queer little machine on the back counter, outside the store window, or somewhere behind the eyes of each of the silent villagers on the cracker-boxes. Baseball was truly a national sport that day: thirty-six thousand shivering fans watched the game in Washington, but a million saw every play through that aerial knothole provided by Graham McNamee and WEAF.

* * * * *

GEMS worth $683,000, so the papers said, were stolen from a Mrs. Donahue the other day. Neither that nor jewels interested the Drifter much, not even when the thieves contrived to return the jewels without being discovered by the worthy detectives who keep New York safe. But a headline on the next morning was more suggestive. "Fear Returned Donahue Gems Made of Paste," screamed one of Mr. Hearst's dailies. Experts had been called in to determine whether the returned jewels were [illegible] or were mere imitations made of paste. Mrs. Donahue could not tell; the detectives did not know. For a week the city's newspapers had given their front pages to the theft of a few stones; the news interest was obviously due to the fabulous money value of trinkets which their owner could not distinguish from other trinkets worth half a million dollars less. What a commentary on money values, and social values, and newspaper values in 1925!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Ca Marche

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Something is happening in France. It may be truer to say that something is happening *to* France. That thing can perhaps be best illustrated by the chance word of an intelligent French woman, recently overheard in a public gathering:

"She is defending Poincaré! *Tiens!* It takes some courage to do that today."

Indeed, the past eighteen months have seen more than the defeat of Poincaré in France; they have seen an almost general repudiation of his policies. Sanity is returning to France, and there are more and more numerous indications of the reassertion of the old chivalrous spirit which has gained for France the reputation of one of the most magnanimous of nations.

The recent Peace Congress held during the early days of September at the Sorbonne plainly showed the new trend of events. It showed it far more clearly than the Government which had subsidized it to the amount of 40,000 francs had intended. There had apparently been a fairly definite understanding as to the policy to be followed by the congress, and every speaker at the great formal opening had to submit his speech to government censors. A number of prominent officials, including Herriot, accepted the invitations sent them, promising appropriate addresses.

But Loebe, the president of the German Reichstag, was also invited, and, with a large delegation of Germans, made his appearance in Paris. This produced a very embarrassing situation in a congress heavily subsidized by the Government. Only two weeks before, in a public meeting held in Vienna, Loebe had called for the union of Austria with Germany, a political possibility deeply offensive to the French, truly fearful of future German aggression. Word went forth that Loebe should not be permitted to speak at the congress, and to give the matter the appearance of decorum Herriot suddenly found himself unable to attend. At the formal opening session the waiting public heard that as a result of Herriot's enforced absence Loebe *par délicatesse* had decided also to refrain from speech. The lovely rendering by the orchestra of the overture to "Lohengrin" failed to cover the wave of emotion that the announcement brought to the audience.

But the Government had reckoned without the new France. News of the situation ran like lightning over Paris. That night there was a meeting at the Quaker headquarters in the Avenue Victoria, attended by many delegates to the congress and the representatives of various groups, including the Catholic Senator Marc Sangnier, founder and leader of the large and growing international movement known as La Jeune République. Next day, in the afternoon, Loebe spoke.

Later I heard [illegible] given to the first public address made by a German in Paris since 1914.

"I would not have believed it possible," one said to the other, "that such a thing could happen within [illegible] of the war."

[illegible] Again and again the audience broke into waves of applause. The walls of the Sorbonne [illegible]

"Indeed, the French are able," the [illegible] "they are capable of a genuine chivalry."

[illegible] The conscientious objector is a phenomenon incomprehensible to the average French intelligence. If France has known a few conscientious objectors and has regarded them with almost complete cynicism, their sincerity has been almost generally denied. When it was learned that the cause of the conscientious objector was being pushed forward for discussion,

found to be too crowded to allow time for it.

Again the Government calculated without the new France. There was a stormy session during which the poet Pioch demanded the discussion, amid tumultuous excitement. A young soldier in uniform gave peculiar significance to the scene. Sitting on the rail that divided the auditorium from the floor he hung on the speaker's words, bursting again and again into applause. Everyone in the room was watching him in his complete absorption and generous enthusiasm. His sympathy for the men that had refused to wear the uniform that he wore was obvious. The motion, granting amnesty, was not carried, but the fact that it was discussed with immense interest on the floor of the Sorbonne was one of great significance.

One gathers that much is happening in the active minds of the rising generation in France. There is a growing belief, becoming daily more articulate, that the sacrifices of the war were too largely imposed by one generation upon another. That the death of [illegible] was regarded as a glorious sacrifice to be proudly borne, while there was a widespread evasion of taxation, has provoked much bitter criticism; and the army of *mutilés* watches the development of national policies with eyes that can never again be clouded with illusion. There is a distant rumor that the great French institution of compulsory military service will have shortly to fight for its life.

Straws also show which way the wind blows. In the train that carried me—along with M. Caillaux—to the waiting boat at Havre I found myself in a compartment with five other women. Three were naturalized German-Americans, one a young German girl on her first transatlantic journey, embarking without misgiving on a French boat, and the fifth, a young and charming [illegible], I found to be an ardent disciple of Marc Sangnier and of the Jeune République movement. She was also deeply interested and thoroughly in sympathy with the conscientious objector.

Finally an item in the daily ship-paper, *l'Atlantique*, attracted my attention, seeming to confirm my gathering impression of the growing liberalism of the French spirit. I was quite familiar with the policy of *l'Atlantique*, as I had crossed many times on the French Line and always read the paper with attention. Its policy might be defined as identical with that of the New York *Herald Tribune*. This is the item, printed without comment, on which my astonished eyes fell, under the date of September 20, 1925:

"Authoritative sources state that Germany and France are in a peaceful agreement for the first time in many generations. Germany is faithfully fulfilling the Versailles Treaty disarmament clauses, and the major points of the [illegible] security-pact conference are already agreed upon by both sides."

S. S. Paris, September 22 MARY KELSEY

The Nordics Find a Defender

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was a pleasure and a welcome relief to read A Latin Looks North, by Señor Ugarte. After such of the writers on the Nordic question as preceded Señor Ugarte, it was refreshing to find a writer who used mere common sense and facts as they plainly exist, rather than basing a comparison of the races upon the fact that the grapes hung heavier along the Mediterranean.

Just across the Calle Rubio from where I am writing, after a group of natives (who I presume from appearances are mostly Indian) are singing. They have been [illegible] cheap grape juice and the concoction is a wild affair that ranges from a wail to the high-pitched shriek of drunken women. They are undoubtedly quite happy, but if, as one of your writers claimed, the happiness of the Southern people is a proof of a superior civilization, then I fail to see or perhaps to appreciate it. Distance, of course, lends enchantment to all things, and perhaps from your little office this singing may inspire you to write of romance beneath the Southern Cross and olive-skinned señoritas, but to me it is just a drunken brawl.

Señor Ugarte also points out the tolerance of the Latin in his treatment of the conquered Indian, by saying that there are millions of them existing in South America today, whereas they have practically disappeared in the United States.

This is quite true; there are millions of them here, but as a prominent writer recently wrote: "The Indian is the greatest problem of Latin America."

We pause to wonder if the treatment accorded the Indian in the United States is less humane than that of the Latin who left the Indian to his own resources, which meant starvation or taking part in a civilization for which he was absolutely unfitted. It sems to be just a step this side of slavery.

It is quite true that in the United States the Indian has been cheated out of valuable oil lands, but not by the American people; rather by a small group of capitalists who are just as eager now to rob the American people of their natural resources. They know no color line, nor are they a product of any race.

So, when striking a comparison between the treatment of the Indian by the Latin and Nordic people, we should rather make a study of the lives and conditions under which the millions of Indians are living in South America and not jump at conclusions because of their mere existence. We hope to read more from the pen of Señor Ugarte, rather than the mush of preceding sentimentalists.

And while the policy of *The Nation* seems to be anti-Nordic, right or wrong, we should not forget as liberals or radicals that the very nations whose people you attack so relentlessly are those whose governments have the only possible claim upon the word liberal. If the world ever becomes a better place, if in time mankind be lifted to something higher than a state of industrial peonage, we shall be obliged to [illegible].

The consistent attack of *The Nation* upon the Nordics does not accord with its program of a united liberal front.

Rancagua, Chile, July 30 LEWIS J. CULLEN

He Knew the Newspapers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article entitled Slush, published in *The Nation* of August 19, pertinently draws attention to a recent development in newspaper diction. While I am in hearty accord with the author's scorn for the "sob stuff," yet I cannot altogether agree that the new spicy feature style is a mark of decadence in news writing. Be that as it may, since special tendencies in the public press are usually an indication of popular demand, I do not see how the critics can hope to accomplish any speedy reform unless they happen to comprise a majority of the readers.

It is a bit refreshing, after reading the plaint of the "good old times," to come upon a letter written in July, 1770, by John Dickinson, then a newspaper contributor and familiar with the ways of his contemporaries of the craft. A copy of the following was sent, on the eve of his marriage, to every publisher in Philadelphia:

[illegible]

Berkeley, California, August 28 RUTH BARTLETT

Hobo, Tramp, Bum

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At a regular meeting of the New York local of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association, held at 6 p. m. at the Tub, your editorial paragraph was read to that body and commented upon, resulting in a motion being made praising you in fairness to the cause for which Mr. Zero and the I. B. W. A. are valiantly striving.

It is consoling to this body to find an able periodical such as *The Nation* agreeing with our efforts to differentiate, so that the stigma of ridicule might to some extent be lifted from an already abused group of Americans, who, it is stated, number about five million men and women, who are trying to better their lot in this day and age.

The motion as voted upon and sent to *The Nation* is as follows:

> That the secretary be instructed to commend the editor for his proper classifications of the hobo, tramp, and bum.

Livingston Pratt, Secretary,
Daniel O'Brien, Chairman,
International Brotherhood Welfare Association

New York, October 5

A Suspicious Silence

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You would have thought that the Riff people would occupy the front page every day with the acclaim and admiration of every liberty- and courage-loving American. It is only seven years since we spent so many billions and so many lives for the ideal of liberty. The armistice saved me by only two days from the experience of having to go to camp to be trained for the slaughter on the other side. Why so much enthusiasm for liberty then and so much silence now? Can it be that the same hidden forces which set in motion the enormous propaganda machinery then are the same forces which are now putting on the Maxim silencer? Is it possible that Otto H. Kahn, who had so much to say for liberty then when we saved Wall Street's investment in Allied victory, feels differently since he was feted in Morocco by French officials? Is there any significance in the rumored acquisition by French-American financiers of the Mannesmann mining interests in Morocco? Does it prove, what was suspected by many, that all our superpatriotic societies during the war were merely tools in the hands of our big war profiteers and are now doing the same valiant work toward reduction of the Allied war debts, enhancing the value of Allied securities held by our big financial interests? At the same time these same groups are mostly in favor of the reduction of surtaxes, further benefiting our deserving rich.

New York, August 30 Bruno Pinkney

The Americanization of Europe

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I miss *The Nation* very much, but it is prohibited in Hungary, one of the countries made safe by the war. It is well to note that the war is resulting in the complete Americanization of Europe, which process is well under way.

The wonderful gipsy and Hungarian music has completely given way before rag-time and jazz in Hungary, the same being true of Rumania and the Balkans, where American tooth paste, chewing gum, and toilet articles have won out.

Germany has taken on the Taylor system in many large factories, and the complete mechanization of Europe is well under way.

Siofok, Hungary, September 1 Nicholas Klein

More Nation Dinners

Nation subscribers and their friends are invited to a series of five dinners to be given this winter on the dates printed below:

1. Thursday, November 12
CHINA: THE ACID TEST OF 1925

Speakers: Dr. HARRY F. WARD, of the Union Theological Seminary; Mr. PAUL BLANSHARD, of the League for Industrial Democracy; Mr. P. W. KUO.

Chairman, OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor, *The Nation.*

2. Thursday, December 10
IS MAN A MACHINE?

Speakers: Mr. CLARENCE DARROW, counsel in the Scopes trial at Dayton; Dr. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Chairman, JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, Associate Editor, *The Nation.*

*3. Thursday, January 7
Subject and speakers to be announced

4. Thursday, February 4
WAGES FOR WIVES

Speakers: Miss DORIS STEVENS, author of "Jailed for Freedom"; Mr. ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, lawyer.

Chairman, FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor, *The Nation.*

*5. Thursday, March 18
IS LITERARY CRITICISM IMPORTANT?

Speakers: A critic, a Publisher, an Author, names to be announced.

Chairman, MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor, *The Nation.*

Time: 7 P. M. sharp.

Price: $2.50 per plate, or $10.00 for the series of five.

Tickets may be bought only by Nation subscribers, although subscribers may buy as many tickets as they wish. If you already are a subscriber, you may have your friend be a subscriber, pay $5.00, and so have both dinners on $5.00. Please state below

Send me The Nation for one year and
I enclose $5.00 for the two dinners at $2.50
I enclose $10.00 for the series of five dinners at $10.00

Name

Address

Books and Plays

Fin de Siècle

By EDA LOU WALTON

Looking on death with a sardonic smile,
You take each night a new love to your bed,
And each day check the failure of a trial
To find an hour's forgetfulness. Instead
New anguish meets you in the fairest face,
New pity in slim fingers, knowing how
Each of these girls will ripen in her grace
When mould is green upon your youthful brow.

Why should they live in beauty with you dead?
They have no value save your kiss or song.
They have no value, yet these lips are red;
Beneath a blue-veined breast the pulse is strong.
Choiceless, you turn against yourself this knife,
The cruel, impersonal loveliness of life.

First Glance

"IF our days in the garden of the earth are in reality so uncertain, so brief, if there is indeed so little time for any of us to play under the blackthorn, if indeed, as was made clear to me then, death cannot be gainsaid, then surely the secret of so sorry and insecure an existence must lie in detachment, for he who would lose his heart t a life so beset with tragedy had best have a care for his wits." Such was the moral of one of the best sketches in Llewelyn Powys's "Ebony and Ivory" two years ago; and such is the moral now of "Skin for Skin" (Harcourt, Brace: $2). The new book is the most interesting of Mr. Powys's five only in part because it is the most richly written. Its chief importance derives for the moment from the fact that it seems to give a full, explicit motivation of the mood which distinguished its predecessors. It casts a white, hard light upon the pessimism which once insisted that "at the bottom of the well of life there is no hope." It shows how in Mr. Powys's mind the combination came to be formed of grim despair and cold, unregenerate laughter.

"Skin for Skin" is the story of Mr. Powys's life in so far as that life was affected during a brief period by the circumstance of consumption. The disease announced itself in England, when Mr. Powys was twenty-five years old. It sent him to a sanatorium on a cold slope in Switzerland. He returned to his native West; walked and talked with his brothers and with certain old Cambridge friends; and then found himself in Switzerland once more, where he leaves us looking at the pale green sky that speaks "in so deceptive, in so deceitful, a manner of the immortality of the soul." This final word is a significant one, for Mr. Powys is not to be deceived. He is not to argue that because life is short it is sweet. It may be a thing of great price—and I know of few books in which the mere desirability of existence above ground is more clearly and firmly established. But for Mr. Powys it will not be something to hug, not some homely, familiar toy to fondle. It has shown a face to him which is at once beautiful and terrible, and he will return a gaze both disillusioned and fascinated. Hence the suspended loveliness of these pages, and hence the cold laughter which plays across them. Hence, in a word, t "detachment" which was the promise of "Ebony and Ivory" —the freedom from sentiment which makes it possible, as Mr. Powys's father kneels at his bedside to pray, to that the bent head is "white as the silver belly of a minnow, white as a dove's wing against a thunder-cloud."

On other occasions, too, the elder Powys sits to his son for what turns out to be a striking portrait; and I have no doubt that the author of this remarkable family—concerning the eleven members of which a good deal of curiosity is pardonabl —is in a peculiar sense the author of its genius. Himself both lion and lamb, he let his sons be lions.

there is John Cowper, the rather windy oracle whom yet one achievement of "Skin for Skin" is its picture of brothers who are so devoted and yet so frank, so close and yet so lonely—epitomizing for Llewelyn, perhaps, the larger world in which "each tremulous, intellectual soul is set shockingly apart, to endure as best it may its own destruction."

MARK VAN DOREN

The Superficial Grey

Twenty Five Years (1892-1916). By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Frederick A. Stokes Company. 2 vols. $10.

THE parliamentary correspondent of the *Daily News*, reporting Grey's great speech of August 3, 1914, says: "Sir Edward Grey, *now among the few men of history forever to be mentioned*, rises." Benckendorff, the Russian ambassador, more intimately associated with Grey's policies than any other man save possibly Paul Cambon, telegraphs to Sazonov on April 6, 1915: "I should like to be able to help modify [your severe judgment of Grey] in view of the services he has rendered us since the beginning of the crisis. Let me add for your most personal information that there is a feeling that almost never quits Grey and that to some extent is justified—namely, that, in the moment of the indecision of the English public and of all the ministers, it was Grey above all who dragged England into the war and that for this reason he always has a sense of the most profound personal responsibility, quite apart from that of the Cabinet." In the debate on August 3rd a member made this terrible reproach to Grey: *"I regret very much that at the end of eight years the best you can say of the policy that has been pursued—of the Triple Entente—is that it should have landed us in a war like this!"*

Grey tries to stem a current like this by writing memoirs. His strength, as a panegyrist declared already in 1915, consists in a power of exposition "so luminous, moderate, and judicial that soon it appears almost impossible to dissent from the speaker's conclusions." In his memoirs Grey lives up to his reputation. The work may become an English classic; it may be read and admired a thousand years hence. It will crystallize the English legend.

Those who go deeply into the subject will realize, indeed, that Grey skims over difficulties just as a flat stone, if skilfully projected, skips over the surface of a pond. There is that promise, for instance, given to France on August 2nd. Grey says: "The promise to defend those coasts was given to France. The German Government were informed. They promised not to attack those coasts (of course on the understanding that we remained neutral), *and this naval point ceased to have any*

The German and the French Governments took the matter

much less lightly. The promise was given and the German Government notified on the afternoon of August 2nd, before the ultimatum had been despatched to Belgium and while Lichnowsky was waiting for an answer to his question: Would England remain neutral if Belgian territory were not violated? That question was not even submitted to the Cabinet or to Parliament, because Grey was not sure that the ambassador had the authority of his Government behind him. He was reproached later for making the least rather than the most of the German offers, and the reproach was surely a just one. The consequence of his irrevocable commitment was that Germany considered herself at war with England: "That is the help of an ally," wrote the Kaiser; "for England cuts off my fleet from assisting my army against an enemy with whom I am already at war." And Paul Cambon wrote later: "I was convinced (on August 2nd) that *the game was won.* A great Power does not wage war half and half. From the moment it decides to carry it *on water it has no choice but to wage it on land.*" Some one, if not Grey himself, felt uneasy about that commitment to France of August 2nd. On August 3rd Grey announced in Parliament that it had taken place "yesterday." In the propaganda-work "Great Speeches of the War: Revised and corrected for this volume by their authors, with a few exceptions" the date of his speech is given as August 4th.

Another instance of skimming over difficulties is seen in connection with the Russian mobilization. Grey admits it—does not even dispute the priority. But it does not interest him; it was merely "a wise precautionary measure." Why should mobilization mean war? Yet in the conversations between the French and Russian General Staffs, of which we have the protocols, the point is insisted on with the utmost emphasis.

We see by these memoirs that the distrust of Germany began as far back as 1893, when, according to Grey, Lord Rosebery was forced by "a sort of ultimatum" to "*withdraw competition for the railway concessions in Turkey*" because German support was needed in Egypt; the incident "left a sense of discomfort and a bad taste behind. . . . It was open to Germany to repeat the squeeze. . . . The noose had been roughly jerked by Germany." He remembered the incident twelve years later when he took office. Yet the German account is very different. The support in Egypt had been granted very graciously when Hatzfeld was ordered by telegraph to hold it back, if no promise had been given in binding form, "since the offensively hostile attitude of the English Embassy in Constantinople, *which in all Asia Minor railway questions defends even French interests to the disadvantage of the German, stands in no relation to the regard paid for years on the part of Germany to English interests.*" Lord Cromer has been told of the grievances and "sincerely regrets" the facts brought to his notice. Sir Edward himself admits that the Germans are right in principle.

Throughout the memoirs Germany is invariably in the wrong. Why not? Her iniquities are Grey's only possible excuse for his policies. The Krüger telegram is exploited at length, the subsequent refusal to receive Krüger minimized. The Tangiers visit and Agadir are merely brutal attempts to intimidate France. Possibly the worst case of blind partisanship and ignorance of history appears where Grey describes his own final attempts at mediation: "The precedent of 1870 was ominous; we all knew how Prussian militarism had availed itself of this time and season of the year at which to strike. The same time and season of the year we were now approaching." Even Clemenceau on August 4th declared that France had "paid for the unpardonable folly of an irresponsible Government with a piece of her living flesh cut off by the sword of the conqueror," and wrote in October: "no true Frenchman hesitates to admit that the wrongs of that day were on our side."

Many more instances of Grey's tendency to skim, many too of the dangers of the whole entente policy might be given—the power, for instance, that it gave Poincaré to frustrate the Haldane Mission. But enough has been said to characterize the memoirs in bold outline at least. They are a triumph of insularity, of blindness to everything outside of one narrow circle. They do not directly falsify, but they come as near it as possible—as when Grey declares that he is not quite sure what "balance of power" means—has never knowingly used the term. But he once expressly approved the formula *stabilité de l'équilibre.*

E. F. Henderson

Damp Powder

Firecrackers. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A Knopf. $2.50

Whenever Carl Van Vechten brings out a new novel I read "Alice in Wonderland." Mr. Van Vechten called "The Tattooed Countess" a romantic novel and now he calls "Firecrackers" a realistic novel, and by those legends he sends me to "Alice in Wonderland." It isn't at all that his definitions are lacking in absolute truth. It is only that "The Tattooed Countess" is less romantic than "Alice in Wonderland" and "Firecrackers" is less realistic than "Through the Looking-Glass." Of course if you look carefully you will find something of George Moore and something of Oscar Wilde in the works of Carl Van Vechten, but most of all you will find the deliberate method and procedure of "Alice." What else can you say when you find Mr. Van Vechten collecting fantastics and bringing them together for the purpose of wit and verbal escapades? They have nothing in common with one another except that they live in the same book. They do not develop the plot by the slow groundswell of a complicated harmony. They meet in scenes and lives disjoined and they perform an antic of words and a fantasy of lives. If only Mr. Van Vechten were as inspired in his creative capacity as he is correct in his method of "realism" he might some day invent a character as witty as the Mad Hatter or as charming as Alice or as implacable as the Red Queen. He never quite gets there. His firecrackers sizzle and flare but they do not burst into red and blue and green, and as often as not something seems to have poured cold water upon their fuses. "Firecrackers" is one of those obscure performances which leave the beholder puzzled to explain exactly the presence of so many damp squibs.

It is first of all necessary to insist that Mr. Van Vechten is quite right in calling "Firecrackers" a realistic novel. The thing is realistic to its own purpose, which is to present the idle rich seeking for more lotuses to devour in the ordered dulness of their routine boredom. Bright figures come trooping in from "Peter Whiffle" and "The Tattoed Countess" and go on talking to one another in the now unmistakable Van Vechten manner. Paul Moody and Campaspe and the others do not quite know what to do with the thing they call life. At this tragic instant Mr. Van Vechten tries to introduce a fourth dimension in the person of Gunnar O'Grady, who mends furnaces and sells orchids and second-hand clothes and performs complicated acrobatics and yet has read the Persian poets and found a way of living. He does not interfere and preach, but somehow he casts an acrobatic spell upon the lives of Campaspe and Paul and Consuelo—an amazing child who is up on all the utmost decadence in the new art. They all go about on a crusade which would capture the holy influence stored by the redoubtable Gunnar. Paul gets himself a job on Wall Street. Consuelo leaves art for a long practice in handsprings. Campaspe falls in love with Gunnar, but discovers that once long ago he had a desperate love affair and thereby learned to abjure the lusts of the flesh. Yes Campaspe offer of herself (with the provision that she still feels herself free) throws him back into the pit. The scene ends on the spectacle of the immaculate

Gunnar making up to a tedious young girl with a silly, pretty face.

Mr. Van Vechten has not forgotten the poor old Countess Nattatorrini. Gareth Johns has left her and become a cynical novelist. She is still driven by the devils of lust into the arms of any young man who will accept her aged favors. At last she even hopes for confession from a sweet young priest. He turns out to be an old one. One wonders why Mr. Van Vechten is so hard on the poor old thing. It is not as if he were W. S. Gilbert, with a rage at the very thought of an old woman taken by passion in the presence of young men. Has Mr. Van Vechten repented for the hard words he once used about Iowa? The deathbed scene tries very hard to be cruel and sardonic and succeeds only in being pallid. All the way through Mr. Van Vechten is most happy in the scenes of fantastic dialogue and most ineffective in the scenes of passion, which are as unmoving and pale as the graveyard grief of Gareth Johns in "The Tattooed Countess." Herein Mr. Van Vechten is too much like George Moore and also like the sentimental Lewis Carroll of "Sylvie and Bruno." He may not believe in scenes of passion or take them seriously into his own philosophy; but when he puts scenes of passion into a book one may rightfully ask that they do what they must do from their very nature.

It may be that the characters in Mr. Van Vechten's books spring too rapidly full-blown from the head of their creator. None of them except Campaspe seem to have had time for birth and growing pains and substance and nourishment from the blood of their own life. Even as fantastics they lack the completion of such individual portraits as the Red Queen, the White Knight, and the Duchess. They do not so much explode like firecrackers as shine like pale, pleasant ghosts in fashionable drawing-rooms of the intellectually unemployed.

DONALD DOUGLAS

A Baffled Man

Edward Everett, Orator and Statesman. By Paul Revere Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

MR. FROTHINGHAM gives the key to Everett's career: "He was a clergyman in politics. He endeavored from first to last to employ the principles of the pulpit and to practice the gentle virtues of the Ministry of Religion amid all the heat and dust of the political arena." Motives alone, however, will not explain his want of success. He was ever of a restless temperament, eager for new experience and a change of occupation, fearing most monotony. His early success in the ministry and the reputation as an orator gained by a florid and too rhetorical style must in part be held responsible. The applause and sincere admiration of the public encouraged him in his faults and tended to cultivate this restlessness. Emerson, who admired the speaker, became critical of manner and matter: "He is all art, and I find in him nowadays, maugre all his gifts and great merits, more to blame than praise. He is not content to be Edward Everett, but would be Daniel Webster. This is his mortal distemper."

His experience in different positions, so varied and unusual, indicated the position he held in his community and in a degree measured his abilities. It did not broaden him on lines increasing his public usefulness. A conservative by nature and training, he failed to recognize the limits which such a policy imposed. When all round him a mighty contest raged, involving great moral principles, he urged silence, inaction, and at most compromise. Emerson truly described Webster as Everett's evil genius, and, more severely, wrote of Everett as "a mere dangler and ornamental person" in all his public appointments. In the one overwhelming issue that shook the country for forty years he saw nothing of the great principles involved, on the solution of which depended the existence of the Union. That was the tragedy of his life. He atoned in good part by a late, too late, repentance and earnest support of the government in the war. His influence, however, left no permanent mark. Even his speeches do not carry the weight his contemporaries gave to them.

Mr. Frothingham has written on this career with rare freedom and balanced judgment. He has not sought to gloss over the errors and hide the evident weakness of his subject, but tells the story in a masterly manner. Evidently in sympathy with the man Everett, he is none the less outspokenly critical of Everett as a political factor. His analysis of Everett's oratory is admirable in its application of rules, justly indicating the mixture of good and bad qualities. Altogether a book carrying a lesson worthy to be studied as displaying an example of the scholar in politics.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

Tory History

A History of the Tory Party. By Keith Feiling. Oxford University Press. $6.

[illegible]illiam J. Winkinson. Longmans, Green [illegible]

MACAULAY dated the corporate existence of the two English parties from the Parliament of 1641. A division into two groups, he thought, rose naturally from "diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest" which are inevitable until "the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and the charm of novelty." There is always one "class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient" and another class "sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward."

Mr. Feiling's book—the first really satisfactory history of the Tory Party—dates the germs of Whig and Tory from the wedding of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. Religious truth and political power, he says, are the causes which most divide mankind and which in particular are responsible for the development of political groups in England. Mr. Feiling is sympathetic with his subject; he is a thorough master of its sources; his style is clear, and at times brilliant. Of course his judgments frequently contradict those of Macaulay, but his complicated story inserts the historical details in the interstices of Macaulay's generalizations. These details (which might have been fuller on the economic background and interests of the leaders) must deal with the groupings of men rather than with the persistence of an idea, and it is doubtful whether these groupings were always those of "party" in any real sense of the word. There was truth in William III's remark that if the King of England had enough well-paying offices to bestow on those who demanded them the names Whig and Tory would soon disappear.

In spite of his sympathy with his subject, Mr. Feiling is forced to admit that in several great constitutional issues the Tories were on the wrong side. This was the case, for example, in [illegible]. Their attitude toward the Royal prerogative was such that if it had triumphed it would have greatly delayed the development of real constitutional government; and on occasion the Tories were opportunists—that is to say, their view of the national interest was clearly colored by personal and party interest. The Tory leaders of the period with which Mr. Feiling deals, furthermore, all had some unpleasant sides to their natures. Even if one does not insist on a high degree of consistency one must nevertheless say that both Danby and Bolingbroke veered from one side to the other.

Mr. Feiling has done a notable piece of work. His book has the merit all too rare, in historical research, of making

scholarship compatible with interest. He has a sense of the dramatic both in events and in the development of character, yet he never sacrifices his historical accuracy for a fine phrase or a picturesque touch. He shows an extensive acquaintance with continental political theory, and makes full use of thousands of sources, printed and unprinted. He slowly unravels the tangled skein, but his great learning never lessens the interest of the reader who is not a specialist. His only fault in this respect is that he occasionally overestimates the knowledge of his readers. Thus he describes the Whig Junto of 1694 without fully identifying its members, and occasionally his proper names are ambiguous. Only a partially initiated reader will realize that there are two Halifaxes—one Charles Montague and the other Sir George Saville. But these are trivial blemishes which only serve to emphasize the general excellence of the work.

Mr. Wilkinson's book is of a different kind. It is an anthology of opinions on the changed orientation of the Conservative program which was brought about largely by the influence of Disraeli. British newspapers, periodicals, parliamentary debates, party literature, biographies—all the available sources are used to determine the nature of a political theory which to its exponents seemed "democracy because the welfare of the people is its supreme end" and "Tory because the institutions of the country are the means by which the end is to be obtained."

The monograph is a compendium of parliamentary history for the last sixty years, and its vagueness on the achievements of Tory democracy results from the vagueness of the program; for Tory democracy despite Mr. Wilkinson's sympathetic analysis still seems sophistical. As Lord Rosebery described it in his "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," it was an "honest and unconscious imposture, but none the less an imposture."

One curious feature of party alignments in Great Britain is the rather extraordinary hold which conservatism has had on certain groups of workers. It has frequently been pointed out that the Labor Party has had scant success with the agricultural laborer. Even though in the future it may approach a majority of the total vote for the country it will fail except by accident in having a majority of the House of Commons unless it can make inroads on the two hundred rural constituencies which are the "solid South" of conservatism. It would be interesting to know something about the rationale of this alignment and the less spectacular but still important allegiance of certain groups of industrial workers to modern Toryism. In the latter case the explanation is probably not unconnected with the public house, taxes on beer, and temperance reform. This is a reality far removed from "Young England" or from Lord Balfour's occasional genuflections to democracy, but it might have been considered in Mr. Wilkinson's admirable monograph.

LINDSAY ROGERS

Originality in Children

The Psychology of the Preschool Child. By Bird T. Baldwin and Lorle I. Stecher. D. Appleton and Company. $2.75.

THE authors say in their preface (italics mine): "This gives an account of the results achieved in the Preschool Laboratories of the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, where young children have been scientifically observed in their physical, mental, and social growth and *systematically trained*. It is believed that the methods and materials described will be helpful and usable for others interested in *child training*."

Those of us who are working upon problems of curriculum are fairly suspicious of methods of training children as set over against methods of obtaining for them a setting in which they can both develop their personalities and secure the training which will lift them to a higher level of social efficiency. In so far as the authors have set up a curriculum it is important that it be questioned from this point of view.

It is difficult to judge the curriculum by the data presented, but two quotations from the text would suggest that some conclusions have been drawn for which little proof is offered. I refer to the following: "Contrary to the popular belief, small children show very little imagination in the creative sense." And later: "This does not mean that the children are unresponsive, but simply not creative or original." It is upon this point that those of us who are working upon a new type of school—a type which depends upon the children themselves and not wholly upon the teachers to originate or create—would disagree with the authors. Children are not uncreative. One almost suspects the existence of a "wish fulfilment" here—in persons primarily interested in training.

CAROLINE PRATT

Books in Brief

The Economy of Human Energy. By Thomas Nixon Carver. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Mr. Carver is a moral economist who believes that "nothing is righteousness except that which economizes and makes productive the energy of the people, and that nothing is sin except that which wastes or dissipates that energy." He has written this book to show the tests of righteousness and wickedness in economic life, to show, that is, how we may so arrange our economic institutions and guide our economic conduct as to grow into "a Kingdom of God in which many can live and live abundantly." It is a typical exhibit of the Carver mind, curiously compounded of solid sense and equally solid nonsense. Nothing but praise can be given for certain aspects of Mr. Carver's thinking, such as his long insistence upon the praiseworthiness of production and his scorn of luxury and idleness as the weak vices of an emasculated society. But when one gets down to actualities it becomes clear why the Lusk Committee concluded that Mr. Carver was one of the very few "safe" economists in the country. His great concern for the old virtues leads him to feel apparently that any means of securing them is justified. Mr. Carver might with profit allow a good-tempered reexamination of his fundamentals—if he has not long since passed the possibility of their modification.

[illegible] By Henry C. Wallace. The Century Company. $1.75.

Henry C. Wallace was a good Secretary of Agriculture and the recurring theme of his posthumous book is plainly stated: "With an investment of over one-fourth of the total capital of the nation and a labor force equal to almost one-third of all people gainfully employed, agriculture . . . in 1909 received only 18 per cent of the national income." That *is* the problem of agriculture and it is [illegible] of agriculture worth public discussion until something has been done about it. What must happen, Mr. Wallace felt, is a diversion of enough of our economic resources to rural institutions so that they may assume [illegible] some of the difficulties which [illegible] our modern cities. But where are the [illegible] that [illegible]?

Modern Turkey: A Political, Economic and Social Interpretation, Inclusive, with Selected Chapters by Representative Authorities. By Eliot Grinnell Mears. The Macmillan Company. $6.

Bulky and unorganized, this is yet a fascinating volume. Some of the essays which were contributed by Mr. Mears himself, as well as those by American and Turkish authorities and several representatives of the nationalities living in Turkey, will be found of considerable service for purposes of reference, [illegible] as [illegible] the [illegible] of Ana-

comprehensive way the mental and spiritual picture of that Turkey which is typified by Angora, the dirty little capital of the Turkish Republic, as contrasted with that Imperial Turkey which was represented by decadent Constantinople, now crumbling down.

The River of Life. By John St. Loe Strachey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

Mr. Strachey's latest book is not a continuation of the attractive autobiography he published in 1922 under the title "The Adventure of Living." It is, to use his own words, "a desultory and digressive diary," embodying reflections that have occurred to him at different times during the last two years. We find its author philosophizing pleasantly on a great variety of topics. Within the compass of a few pages his punt drifts, to use another of his own phrases, from the relations between parents and children to the practice of scribbling comments on the margins of books, Roman aqueducts, a bullfight in Southern France, and the most depressing lines in English poetry. And the mind through which these reflections have passed seems more than ever before to be a highly cultivated one; it is well nurtured on the best literature of many periods and though it is mild it is not commonplace.

What I Believe. By Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

The beliefs of a competent and brilliant modern mind on the most important subjects in the world, nakedly clear and disconcertingly convincing.

Notable Fall Books

Through a most regrettable error the following items from the Fall announcement of Boni and Liveright were omitted from "The Nation's" *booklist of October 14th:*

BIOGRAPHY

Hedin, Sven. My Life as an Explorer. Boni & Liveright. $5.
Herriot, Edouard. Madame Récamier. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $7.50.
Ricci, Corrado. Beatrice Cenci. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $10.

FICTION

Anderson, Sherwood. Dark Laughter. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.
Atherton, Gertrude. The Crystal Cup. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Bercovici, Konrad. The Marriage Guest. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Broun, Heywood. Gandle Follows His Nose. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Dreiser, Theodore. An American Tragedy. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $4.
Du Gard, Roger Martin. The Thibaults. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $5.
Hemingway, Ernest. In Our Time. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Hummel, George F. A Good Man. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Komroff, Manuel. The Grace of Lambs. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Loeb, Harold. Doodab. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Morand, Paul. Lewis and Irene. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Rascoe, Burton. Gustibus. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

HISTORY, CRITICISM, SCIENCE

Fishbein, Morris. The Medical Follies. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Hamilton, A. E. The Real [illegible] and the New Science. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.
[illegible] Israel. Boni & Liveright. $3.
Lindsey, Ben B. The Revolt of Modern Youth. Boni & Liveright. $3.
Macy, John. The Story of the World's Literature. Boni & Liveright. $5.
Stekel, Wilhelm. Frigidity in Woman in Relation to Her Love Life. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $9.
Van Loon, Hendrik Willem. Tolerance. Boni & Liveright. $3.

POETRY

Aiken, Conrad. Priapus and the Pool and Other Poems. Boni & Liveright. $2.
Jeffers, Robinson. Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems. Boni & Liveright. $3.
Taggard, Genevieve, Ed. May Days: An Anthology of Masses and Liberator Verse. Boni & Liveright. $3.

Drama

Vita Brevis

THAT Schnitzler's highly interesting play, "The Call of Life" (Comedy Theater), is one of its author's earlier efforts is revealed by something more than that unnatural heightening of its colors which betrays the exurberance of an undisciplined imagination. Its very theme—the brevity of life and the sin of wasting one of its fleeting moments—is a theme which youth would choose, for it is not toward the end, when ardor has cooled and experience has taught how many promises go unfulfilled, that life seems most precious but rather at the beginning when every knock at the door seems to herald some unknown and delightful visitor. Thus it is that death seems closest to those from whom it is in reality farthest away, and thus that old men with only a year or two to live contentedly doze the months away while youths agonize over a summer lost as though there were not countless summers yet to come. The Schnitzler who wrote "The Call of Life" had not yet arrived at the conviction, so plainly expressed in later plays, that existence is a game played against an antagonist who always wins and whose name is Boredom; rather was he one who did not as yet know life well enough to picture it in a manner wholly convincing but who, perhaps because of that imperfect knowledge, was able to express his passionate conviction that the bitterest of all thoughts is the thought that one may be deprived of the opportunity of knowing it. The sentence, uttered by one in the grip of such a fear, which gives the key to the emotion of the piece is this: "Only those who have much to remember lie quietly in their graves"; and it is plainly the utterance of a man who possessed the two qualities which make life seem most precious. He was young and he was an artist.

The first act of the play is by far the best because it is the simplest and the most clear cut. With a sense of reality never recaptured during the succeeding two acts it presents the picture of a young girl chained to the bedside of a slowly dying father and struggling between the artificial sense of duty to her parent and the natural sense of her right to life. Without, the noise of the passing throng summons her to a participation in the experiences which seem in imagination so unutterably important; within, the old man, intuitively conscious of her struggle, suggests with the logic of age that many years will remain after he is dead; but to her it seems that if this one night and and the lover who awaits her is missed all life will be missed, and the author who understands the father with his head but understands her with his heart sends her to her adventure and her lover. From then on, it must be confessed, the play grows steadily less convincing as a picture of real life; the theme pursued through various intricacies and reintroduced in new surroundings becomes less and less sharply defined, and the incidents grow more and more theatrical. Yet, withal, the theatricalism is of a not wholly unpleasant kind, for it is not the result of insincerity and trickery but of a genuine feeling which cannot quite adequately express itself; and thus, though verisimilitude sometimes fails, the genuineness of the emotion is always clearly and [illegible] evident.

The author has nowhere actually thought his way through, and his sincerity is not of a predominantly intellectual sort. Because his conviction that the call of life is higher than the call of duty is not the reasoned conclusion of a Nietzschian philosopher but the instinctive protest of ardent youth against all that stands between him and his imperious need for experience, he is capable even of a relenting conclusion which pays the tribute of a perfunctory bow to conventional ideals of remorse and atonement; but for the same reason even its theatricalities are touched with poetic passion. Dudley Digges, who directed the production for the Actors Theater, has, so it seems to me, caught perfectly the spirit of the piece and wisely refrained from any attempt to pitch it in too realistic a key. He has permitted the actors, among whom Eva Le Gallienne, Egon Brecher, and Rosalind Fuller deserve especial praise, the slightly romantic and the slightly theatrical gestures with which the eager imagination of the author certainly endowed them, and he has correctly assumed that in the play so presented the sincerity of feeling would be evident behind the artificialities of expression. "The Call of Life" remains one of those works, rarer in the drama than in any other literary genre, whose very imperfections constitute an interesting revelation of the mind of the author. Certainly it is one of the plays of the season most worth seeing.

The enterprising group at the Cherry Lane Theater has undertaken a revival of the ballad-opera "Polly" which John Gay wrote as a sequel to his "Beggar's Opera." Rowdy and inconsequential like its predecessor, it has no song quite so fa[r] as "I could be happy with either were t'other dear cha[r] away" and no divertissement so excruciating as "The Happy Hen," but it is made of the same stuff and inspired with the same resistless flow of animal spirits. Its old tunes, now vehement with the boisterous merriment of the tavern and now wistful with the far-away pathos of the folk ballad, recall in its full vigor the life of a vanished age, and the rank flavor of its cynical humor is as pungent as ever it was.

At the Schildkraut Theater in the Bronx Rudolph Schildkraut is acting in the original Yiddish the fantastic comedy, "The Bronx Express," which once appeared briefly on Broadway. Its racily local humor can often be appreciated even by those who, like myself, do not understand the language; the dream scenes which require that the suggestion of a subway car shall be always present are set with great ingenuity. Mr. Schildkraut, as always, gives an excellent performance.

"Stolen Fruit" (Eltinge Theater) is a highly emotional play taken from the Italian and acted by Ann Harding and Rollo Peters. In spite of an excellent performance it seems to me curiously unreal. "The Crooked Friday" (Bijou Thea[ter]) offered as a vehicle for the English actor Dennis Nielson-Terry, put a yet severer and, indeed, [illegible]

Joseph Wood Krutch

THEATER

Actors' Theatre presents "The Call of Life" by Arthur Schnitzler, English version by Dorothy Donnelly, with a distinguished cast; staged by Dudley Digges; settings by Jo Mielziner; at the Comedy Theatre, 41st West. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Subscription books open for the season now. Address David Wallace, Actors' Theatre, 39 W. 49th street.

LAST WEEKS

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V. F. Calverton
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Vernon Loggins
"[illegible]"
Thursday, Oct. 29, 8:30 P. M.

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International Relations Section

The French Budget for 1926

THE following analysis of the French budget for 1926 with supplementary facts on previous budgets was received recently from the Reference Service on International Affairs of the American Library in Paris, Inc.:

I. General Summary

It will be recalled that the 1925 budget was not adopted by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies until July 14 of this year. Before the overthrow of the Herriot Ministry in April numerous budget projects had been presented but the Senate and Chamber of Deputies could not agree on any one project. No radical change in the previously submitted proposals was possible under the present ministry, for the budget had to be assed before the adjournment of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies in July. Thus, the new finance minister, M. Caillaux, has in his 1926 budget proposal been able for the first time to present completely his own financial program and "a truthful budget comprising all the state expenses."

The 1926 proposal is in great part modeled on the current budget. It is stated that no marked revision of departmental estimates has proved possible. Rather than a few minor reductions in the expenditures of departments an attempt has been made to produce a balanced budget by means of heavier and new taxes.

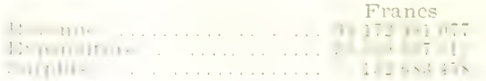
To the expenditure side, under M. Caillaux's project for 1926, are added 1,600 million francs for the incorporation of the war pensions and 360 million francs to cover the expenses arising from the administration of the post, telegraph, and telephone services. While these expenditures are added, important items are withdrawn from the revenue column. The 1,100 million francs forecast in the 1925 budget as the amount to be received from Germany under the Dawes plan is now dropped. Further, the estimated revenue to be derived from the arrears of the special tax on war profits totals 375 million francs less in the 1926 proposal than in the 1925 budget. The revenue to be derived from the liquidation of stocks is similarly estimated at 436 million francs less than forecast for the current year.

This diminution of revenue and increase of expenditure makes at the start a deficit of 3,870 million francs. With all changes in the revenue, including the new taxes, taken into consideration, the 1926 budget shows the following results:

This deficit is to be met by new taxes which are to be secured from "all owners, from all those equally to whom work secures a large income, from those only." Thus the tax on salaries and wages is to be 10 per cent; on salaries and wages combined with invested capital 15 per cent; and on return from movable and immovable capital 20 per cent. These progressive increases, in the words of M. Caillaux, "will maintain between the three sources of revenue that inequality of regime which is the essential condition of fiscal justice." It is widely commented that the burden of the new taxes falls in great part upon the small well-to-do class. On the other hand, the poorer taxpayers unable to work because of age or infirmity are to be exempt from taxation on one-half of their income.

Besides a uniform and marked increase of the income tax schedules the new budget proposes a progressive tax on wealth to an average of 40 per cent in the case of large incomes. This tax is imposed in the form of an increase in the rates of the general income tax, to which it is supplementary.

Finally, heavy taxes are proposed for unproductive capital such as works of art, libraries of rare books, and jewels. When all these new taxes are applied, the budget forecasts a result of:



Expenditures on account of the devastated regions and the interallied debts are to be met by an amortization fund which will be made up of the total of receipts derived from the payments from Germany and, moreover, of recoveries that will be imposed on those who reaped "sudden and unjust profits in the devastated regions." Then, states M. Caillaux, "if the Dawes plan receives, as we should not doubt, its complete application, the annuities which will be received from it, and which from 1930 onward will exceed 1,500 million gold francs, will enable France to meet her engagements."

A direct relation is thus established in the budget between the sum that France will receive from Germany and the payments that may be made on account of the debt owed to the United States and Great Britain. In various quarters this relation of the amortization fund to the negotiations in Washington for a settlement of the debt owed to the United States is freely commented upon.

II. Review of French Budgets

The observation has often been made that even before the dislocation of finances caused by the World War the French Government did not produce a balanced budget. An analysis of all the budgets passed from 1880 to 1913, however, shows that for this period of thirty-two years there was a total deficit of 10,529,000 francs, or, at the 1913 rate of conversion, $2,032,097. During the period 1914-1920 there was naturally a heavy deficit. Since 1922 progress has been made toward a balanced budget, but even for the year 1924 the reporter for the Senate Finance Committee announced June last a deficit of 3,446,-622,014 francs.

For the last few years the balances that are shown are not final and may not in fact be approximate. This results both from supplementary appropriations made after the end of a given fiscal year and from financing which does not appear in the general budget. In particular, mention must be made of the separate budgets for (1) the railways and (2) the post, telegraph, and telephone services. The latter, as already mentioned, is for the first time incorporated in the 1926 budget proposal, where it is placed under the Ministry of Commerce. Finally, recent budgets cannot be estimated with a close degree of proximity because of items such as the results of the Ruhr occupation.

Both before and since the war the state-operated railways have shown a steady deficit. In 1913, for example, the deficit was 79 million francs; in 1923, 1,114 million francs; and in 1924, 458 million francs. For the entire period 1913-1924 the deficit totals 10,395 million francs, or an average of 866,250,000 francs deficit yearly. Thus this item alone would increase appreciably the deficit of the general budget for any given year.

Unlike the railroads the post, telegraph, and telephone services showed a surplus before the war. In 1913 this surplus totaled 132,851,085 francs. Then followed heavy war-time deficits, which continued until 1923, when the adverse balance was only a little over 3 million francs. For the current year, 1925, a surplus of 59 million francs is estimated. The recent material increase in post and telegraph rates in France will account for this surplus.

Finally, in the category of expenses not included in the deficit of the general budget must be mentioned the sums spent in restoring the so-called devastated regions. Up to the first of

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January last some 60 billion francs had been paid in indemnities to those who lost their property in the war; 13 billion francs had been spent on reconstruction, restoration of public property, and railways; 36 billion francs for injuries suffered by individuals; and 19 billion francs for accumulated interest. These expenditures, totaling 129 billion francs, are considered as "recoverable," that is, they are to be defrayed by Germany in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles. The French Finance Minister now estimates that the sums yet to be paid in indemnities in the devastated regions do not exceed 20 billion paper francs. The new budget proposal incorporates this expenditure in the general budget as well as in a special budget.

III. French Taxes

The principal source of revenue from taxation in France arises from direct and revenue taxes. Next in importance comes the revenue derived from registration and from a special tax collected upon payment of all accounts. The following table shows in full the different sources of revenue derived from taxation and the importance of each source:

Kind of revenue	1913	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926
		(in millions of francs)						proposed estimate
Direct contributions, accumulated taxes, income tax	634	1,929	3,495	3,977	4,736	4,897	6,171	8,494
Registration tax	884	2,718	2,765	2,880	3,172	3,661	5,[illegible]	5,678
Stamp tax	241	517	565	617	698	595	976	1,324
Tax on income transmissions	10	25	14	[illegible]	[illegible]	98	187	248
Tax on income derived from movable property	138	568	926	1,018	1,166	1,683	1,849	3,171
Luxury tax, tax on business turnover*	...	942	1,911	2,301	3,041	4,110	4,460	4,950
Customs tax	756	1,596	1,197	1,615	1,610	1,604	2,305	2,221
Revenue from indirect contributions (includes revenue from duties levied on colonial products, automobiles, petroleum, wines, coffee, etc.)	720	2,612	2,[illegible]	3,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3,[illegible]	6,811
Sugar and stockpiling	60	444	567	764	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	345
Revenue from fiscal monopolies	611	1,582	1,711	1,803	2,035	2,252	2,639	2,756
Total	4,135	12,933	15,813	17,479	20,591	25,210	28,017	32,998

A comparison of the total estimates of the 1925 budget with the 1926 proposal [illegible] in the latter of 5,181 million francs.

* [illegible]

On the basis of taxes now in existence the tax per capita in France was 524 francs in 1923, and in 1924 around 637 francs. The new taxes proposed by M. Caillaux in the 1926 budget will, it is estimated in certain quarters, raise the taxation to 1,000 francs per capita. These figures do not, of course, take into consideration indirect taxes. Nor do they include local taxes, which, as the French contend, materially add to their taxation. It is generally pointed out in the press outside of France, however, that despite the increase in taxation, direct and indirect, no drag on industrial or agricultural development has resulted. The lack of unemployment, the surplus of exports over imports, and other factors are often commented upon as being signs of a general prosperity.

IV. The 1926 Budget Proposal

The new taxes and other features of the 1926 budget proposal have been explained in some detail. The proposal itself is now outlined. As is evident from the table given below, no marked decreases in expenditure have been made in the case of departmental estimates.

[illegible] Estimated Expenditure of the [illegible] Budget for 1925 and the Caillaux Proposal for 1926

Ministries and Services	Credits granted for 1925	Credits proposed for 1926	Differences in 1926 proposal
Ministry of [illegible] { Finances / Liberated Regions	22,230,547,105	[illegible]	+1,339,535,795
	533,187,645	[illegible]	[illegible]817,145
Ministry of Justice { Judicial Services / Penitentiary Service	90,259,882	90,702,400	+442,518
	[illegible]	57,175,700	—128,600
Ministry of Foreign Affairs	[illegible]	142,363,200	+10,623,453
Ministry of [illegible]	341,962,789	334,750,400	—7,212,389
Ministry of War	[illegible]	3,967,113,719	+500,164,140
Ministry of Marine	[illegible]	1,496,507,400	+244,533,935
Ministry of Public Instruction and Arts... { Public Instruction / Arts / Technical Instruction	[illegible]	1,586,7[illegible]	+2,674,607
	[illegible]	70,561,200	—4,306,500
	[illegible]	97,289,100	—20,278,017
Ministry of Commerce, Industry and Posts, Telegraphs and Telephones Services	28,839,938	387,353,100	+358,513,162
Ministry of Labor, Health, Social Work	[illegible]	[illegible]	—12,978,880
Ministry of Colonies	[illegible]	270,266,009	+16,152,916
Ministry of Agriculture	227,682,420	217,923,000	—9,759,420
Ministry of Public Works..... { Ports, Fisheries, Merchant Marine,	1,469,463,125	[illegible]	+87,926,575
	281,245,743	288,174,100	+6,928,357
Ministry of Pensions	152,581,700	152,575,000	—6,700
	241,940,240	646,603,400	+404,663,160
Total	[illegible]	36,039,407,619	+2,901,370,284

V. The French Public Debt

For the last three years the sums devoted in the French budgets to the public debt have increased. Further the fundamental principles of a balanced budget are now in part determined by the maturity of internal and external obligations. In July, September, and December of this year, for example, 3,290 million francs, 8 billion francs, and 10 billion francs respectively fall due on the internal debt. It is estimated, however, that not over one-third of these obligations due will be called for by the present holders.

The Internal Debt

The French internal debt is divided into three classes, the annual sums required to meet which are as follows:

	Annuities due [illegible]	Annuities due April 30, 1925	Difference
Perpetual [illegible]	[illegible]	7,141,232,802	+169,874,046
Short term debt	2,139,230,140	2,692,869,140	+553,639,000
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	12,306,685,942	+474,808,046

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The External Debt

The external debt is divided into two classes: political and commercial. The political debt includes those sums owed to the American and British governments, an accord for the settlement of which is now being negotiated.

The principal of the debt owed by France to the American Government as of April 30, 1925, amounted to 2,933 million dollars. If an interest of 3½ per cent, together with ½ per cent for amortization purposes, is paid on this debt, as in the case of the Belgian debt, with and after the eleventh year a sum of 128 million dollars would have to be paid annually. For the first year a sum of some 38 million dollars would fall due, and this would be augmented until it reached the sum of 128 million dollars.

The principal of the debt owed to Great Britain as of April 30, 1925, amounted to 637,828,000 pounds sterling. At the recent conference in London a plan was agreed upon whereby France may pay 12,500,000 pounds sterling annually to Great Britain for 62 years irrespective of the annuities she may receive under the Dawes plan. A partial moratorium may apply until 1930. The British Government, however, has reserved the right to receive payments which are proportional and *pari passu* with those that France may agree to make to the American Government. Thus it is not possible in either case to estimate the exact amount that future French budgets must provide for the payment of the so-called political debt.

The present situation of the commercial debt is illustrated in tabular form as follows:

Commercial Debt

	Nature of Debt	Kind of currency	Amount of Principal in currency		Yearly annuities estimated in	
United States	Loan 1916	Dollars	8,477,[illegible]	[illegible]	114,927	[illegible]
	Loan 1918	Dollars	75,896,000	70,25[illegible]	[illegible]	94,003,000
	Loans 1919	Dollars	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Loans for purchase of Marseille-Bordeaux	Dollars	40,586,000	40,5[illegible]	43,887,672	[illegible]
	Bonds in remittance for stu[illegible]	Dollars	407,341,145	407,341,145	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Balance of the Anglo-French...	Dollars	13,850	13,850	11,232	[illegible]
	[illegible]	Dollars	2,110,000	2,110,000	[illegible]	2,291,000
England	Bonds issued in England	Pounds	[illegible]	4,400,000	[illegible]	28,431,000
	Treasury Loans [illegible]					
	England	Pounds	52,500,000	47,00[illegible]	212,11[illegible]	1[illegible]17,000
	Cession of English stocks	Pounds	7,47[illegible]	6,726,069	3,277,200	[illegible]
Bank Credits	Spain	Pesetas	339,500	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Netherlands	Florins	54,300,000	54,300,000	23,100,000	[illegible]
	Argentine	Gold Pesos	19,425,795	19,425,795	13,598,060	17,182,000
	Uruguay	Urug. Piastre	15,000,000	10,50[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Canada	Canadian $	5,730,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	124,000
	Egypt	Egyptian £	2,000,000	1,000,000	7,072,500	[illegible]
Japan	Loans floated in Japan	Yen	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Treasury Bonds issued in Japan	Yen	20,000,000	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Total		[illegible]	[illegible]	$83,73[illegible]	[illegible]

VI. Credits of the French Government

Finally, in giving a general view of the problems facing French finance the sums owed to France must be taken into consideration. The greatest of her foreign debtors is the former Russian Government and certain intermediary governments succeeding it. Altogether France is owed 16,313,251,000 francs, of which no great part will be realized at least in the near future.

Table of Credits of France with Foreign Governments as of April 30, 1925

	Credits in French currency Francs	Credits in Foreign currency	Against credits in French currency Francs	Against credits in foreign currency
Russia (old regime)	6,411,000,000*	[illegible]	141,453,031	[illegible]
Russia (different governments)	[illegible]	10,553,145 Roubles	[illegible]	[illegible]
Belgium	3,061,000,000	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom	1,940,000,000†	[illegible]	[illegible]81,357	17,226,719 Dinars
Rumania	1,055,400,000	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Greece	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]92,937 Drachmas
Poland	960,000,000	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Czecho-slovakia	490,900,000	$1,149,212	[illegible]	[illegible]
Italy	1,148,000,000	[illegible] £18,8[illegible]	81,614,137	Lire [illegible]
Portugal	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Esthonia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Latvia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lithuania	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hungary	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Austria	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Georgia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Albania	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	16,313,251[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]48,525	[illegible]

[illegible]

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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, mediating between Greece and Bulgaria, is in a fair way to stop a promising young war. Border raids have occurred before; sometimes they have led to wars and sometimes not. In this instance Bulgaria appealed to the League, and Greece reluctantly accepted its intervention. The League will have difficulty in determining who fired the first gun; we may, in fact, never know what truth lies in the mess of contradictory assertions made by the spokesmen of the two governments. But the League will, we do not doubt, force these two unruly little peoples to keep the peace, and in so far as it brings the weight of European authority to bear upon their dispute it fulfils its destiny and justifies its existence.

GREECE IS LITTLE, but France is big. Furthermore, France is not fighting a member of the League like Bulgaria, but a ward of the League, Syria. "The well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization," says the Covenant of the League. And it continues:

> Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory.

All Syria, apparently, is aflame against the French methods of rendering "administrative advice and assistance." A rigid censorship has suppressed the details. We know that France has lost 6,626 men (mostly colonial troops) killed, wounded, and missing in suppressing the revolt of the Jebel Druses. Now the further news leaks out that the uprising has spread to Damascus. Neighboring villages had harbored Druse rebels; the French, in retaliation, gave their Circassian troops permission to plunder these places. They plundered—and killed as they went. And the villages rose, and the Moslem quarters of Damascus rose with them. Of the uprising we have no direct news, but of the suppression we learn more. Artillery and airplanes bombarded the rebellious districts; fires raged unchecked; 4,000 Moslems were killed—and on top of that the French demanded of the natives a fine of 100,000 gold pounds and 3,000 rifles, under penalty of renewal of the bombardment. Thus they execute, as agents of the League, the "sacred trust of civilization."

IF THE LEAGUE MEASURED UP to its job it would order France out of Syria at once. This is not rendering advice and assistance; it is expressing the brute force of modern imperialism and using the humanitarian cloak of the League to disguise the rottenness. France should never have been allowed in Syria; when the League gave her the mandate, against the Syrian will, it made itself a tool for fulfilment of the sordid bargaining of the war-time secret treaties. Let the men who see in the League the panacea for the world's ills have the courage of their convictions; let them turn from Bulgaria and Greece to demand that the League act to stop this murderous war carried on by its agents in its name. That would, of course, hurt the prestige of France; but it would not hurt France. The French Cabinet might not have been forced to resign if it had saved the billions of francs a year which keep Syria crushed.

MR. MELLON and his well-to-do friends, aided and abetted by practically the entire metropolitan press of the country, are engaged in their annual effort to reduce the taxes of the rich under guise of lessening those of the poor. What Mr. Mellon and his coterie are after, of course, is to reduce the surtaxes and get rid of the federal inheritance levies. In order to obtain these concessions for the rich, the bait of general reductions is dangled before the public and played up in the newspapers. When Mr. Mellon's recent proposals to the Ways and Means Committee of the House were made public, for instance, the New York *Times* boldly presented them under a flaring head: "Treasury Asks Income-Tax Cuts for All." Obviously money is being spent like water in this effort to make rich men's exemptions seem like poor men's benefits. The average man is not readily interested in taxes, and when a petition is obtained for the abolition of federal inheritance taxes, bearing the signatures of the Governors of thirty-two States, it is evident that somebody has put up the money for an energetic and concerted campaign. Likewise with surtaxes. Big business is acutely interested in lower surtaxes; [illegible] spending thousands of dollars to prove

how advantageous they would be to the poor man. But the poor man, who is not directly concerned at all, has no one to argue his indirect but vital interest in a taxation policy based on common sense and social justice.

BEHIND MR. MELLON'S PLAN for lowering slightly the rate on small incomes is the naked and all-important proposal to slash the surtaxes by about one-half. He would have them vary from 1 per cent on $12,000 up to 20 per cent on $150,000 or more, instead of at the present rate of 1 per cent on $10,000 up to 40 per cent on $500,000 or more. In spite of all the newspaper palaver, a reduction in the lower classifications of the income tax is of almost no consequence, while a cut in the surtaxes (which is being kept well in the background) is of vast fiscal and social import. The fact is that the poor man doesn't pay income taxes at all. The number of persons who make returns is about 7,000,000, or only a sixth of the total wage-earners. To those who pay small income taxes the exact amount is of trifling importance, although the newspapers would represent it as the all-absorbing question of the year. In 1922, to give exact figures, 6,787,481 persons made income-tax returns. Of this number 4,601,079 paid on *net incomes* of $3,000 or less, and they paid only $47,810,826 out of a total of $861,057,308. In other words, neither the poor nor those of medium income have any personal interest in income taxes. They pay their taxes in another way—*in the prices of the necessaries of life*. And Mr. Mellon and his well-to-do friends are not proposing to lessen these a jot or a tittle by lowering the tariff or curbing our outrageous industrial profiteering. Instead they are engaged in deceiving the public into believing that lower taxes for the rich will be the salvation of persons of small means.

SPEAKING OF SECRETARY MELLON reminds us that the Attorney General, Mr. Sargent, has declined to take any action in response to the unanimous demand of the Federal Trade Commission that the government proceed legally against the Aluminum Trust, of which Mr. Mellon is the chief owner. What would you? Could one member of the Cabinet be so discourteous and ungentlemanly as to set the machinery of justice at work against another? Perish the thought. Cabinets are not built that way, nor family loyalties. Furthermore, Mr. Coolidge's administration is committed to the principle that government shall not interfere with business. For that reason he has made over various commissions, supposedly including the Federal Trade Commission. Its outbreak was not at all according to Hoyle, and we have no doubt that, like his Attorney General, Mr. Coolidge will treat this recommendation with contemptuous silence. Nor do we believe that there is any truth in the Washington report that the President may order his Attorney General to run for Senator in Vermont in opposition to Senator Dale, with whom the Administration is at odds, thus removing Mr. Sargent from the field of criticism and bringing in a new Attorney General who could lay the blame on his predecessor. Mr. Coolidge is out to make his government the tool of big business, and we do not believe he cares who knows it or what anybody says.

AN ALMOST INCREDIBLY BAD APPOINTMENT to the United States Senate has been made by Governor Jackson of Indiana. He has paid some old political debts by sending to Washington Arthur R. Robinson, whose devotion to the Ku Klux Klan is his chief recommendation. Mr. Robinson is not a lawyer of high standing, nor has he to his credit any accomplishments in civil life that would warrant this great distinction being conferred upon him. He was, however, the right-hand man of Governor Jackson when the latter ran for the governorship last year. Both men are capitalizing their Klan alliance and their war records for political purposes. Not unnatural is the report that the Republican dovecotes in Indiana are tremendously fluttered. It was supposed that ex-Senator Beveridge would be Governor Jackson's choice; indeed, it is widely stated that Governor Jackson had given his word to this effect to a prominent Indiana newspaper-owner. The Robinson appointment may well spell turmoil in Indiana politics. It is inconceivable that the anti-Klan Republicans will permit his election next fall for the remainder of the late Senator Ralston's unexpired term. If, as is reported, the Democrats are planning to put into the field so high-grade a man as Evans Woollen of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company of Indianapolis, they should have an excellent chance of purging the State of its present disgraceful Klan control.

THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN is dragging to its tedious conclusion without a ray of light save that afforded by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, the only one who is saying anything worth while, the man who would be elected if candidates were chosen for their individual worth instead of party labels. Mr. Thomas has courage, vision, and understanding of principles; he has talked facts and issues. Mr. Waterman, manufacturer of excellent pens, has revealed abysmal ignorance of the real situation. He has even made the mistake of not giving to his campaign a flavor of the fusion which was successful in the past. As a campaigner he has, moreover, been able to thrill nobody. Doubtless he would make a conscientious mayor if elected, but he will be buried by his Tammany Hall rival, Senator Walker. The best that can be said of Mr. Walker is that he is better than Mayor Hylan, but being shrewder and abler he is the more dangerous. When he is elected the question of interest will be how much this ex-piano player in vaudeville will be the creature of "Al" Smith, and how much he will stand on his own feet. That the metropolis with its six millions of people should be reduced to the choice of Waterman or Walker—that is what it comes down to—demonstrates the abasement of civic government in America and should increase the demand for commission government in New York. Meanwhile it is a melancholy spectacle to see the New York *World* and many old-time reformers repeating the old appeal that Tammany is no longer what it used to be, but really a very nice organization.

GENERAL J. V. CHARTERIS, the former head of the British Intelligence Service who regaled the National Arts Club by telling how he invented the story that the Germans were boiling their dead for fats and fertilization, celebrated his departure from New York by adding what appears to be peace-time welshing to his war-time sins. At least his statement that his confidence was violated is contradicted by the reporter of the New York *Times* who wrote the story; in part by his own lecture manager; and by the president of the club. The general insisted, on leaving, that he had merely told the story to illustrate the point that only truth pays in propaganda! The excuse does not ring true. What propaganda was put forth by either side that was

true? It certainly was not those horrible tales circulated by the Germans that the British and French were gouging out the eyes of German wounded or pouring molten lead into them. There was, of course, no scintilla of truth in the Allied allegations that the Germans cut off women's breasts and children's hands in Belgium. Even the lie that the Germans crucified a Canadian soldier was officially denied in the Canadian Parliament, after the war. No, the whole business of propaganda in war time is as foul and as dirty as any ever invented by man. And it is disgusting that a British general, caught in a bad fix because of his own foul acts and loose tongue, dares not face the music.

BRITISH TORYDOM is out to make a name for the British Communists: it has begun raiding them. There is nothing like a raid, a deportation, or a meeting broken up by the police to advertise little extremist groups, as American experience abundantly proves. One seldom hears of Communists in this country except when they are being jailed, excluded, or otherwise suppressed. Then they win sympathy. Mr. Joynson Hicks, the British Home Secretary, has been having "red scares" in all his recent public speeches, but no one paid much attention to them until he admitted a group of Liverpool gangsters to his special constabulary in order to protect the country against Reds. Now he has arrested eight Communist leaders and confiscated an edition of the *Workers' Weekly*. As a result Arthur Henderson, Jr., has volunteered to act as counsel for the Communists and some millions of stolid Britishers are curious to know what the Communists really wrote or said.

SO THE NOBLE Mr. Coolidge has refused to consider Ralph B. Strassburger's request that the Countess Karolyi be permitted to reenter this country to visit his family. What a chivalrous and manly government we have! It trembles before one brave, honest, and lovely woman. Were we the Countess we should feel flattered by the thought that our presence here might set the American Republic rocking on its foundations. Being Americans, we feel humiliation and disgust at this fresh stupidity of "Nervous Nellie," as our Secretary of State is correctly dubbed. It is another case in which men who by the accident of public life have been put into offices far beyond their abilities and deserts reveal their failure to understand the principles which lie at the bottom of the great American experiment.

"PROBABLY THE QUICKEST WAY to appreciate the power which the presence of (poison) gas has . . . is to picture the fear which a human being has of having his breathing interfered with by smothering or choking and the instinctive dread . . . of losing his vision." This quotation is taken not from an editorial denouncing the use of poison gas but from the instruction book of the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States Army. The little book is explicit on the kinds of gases, from the comparatively harmless tear-gas to "white phosphorus," the "burns" from which "are extremely severe on the body" and "exceedingly painful." Nor does the Chemical Warfare Service lose sight of the fact that poison gas is useful not only in war time but in time of peace, for the prompt dispersal of mobs and for rendering uninhabitable any given locality for the space of a week or so. A most versatile and obliging weapon, in short, and one adapted to all kinds and conditions of men—and even women and children, for they are included in this invaluable little book. Major General Fries, head of the Chemical Warfare Service, when taken to task for the document by *Collier's* and the New York *World*, replied with righteous indignation and an evident inability to see what all the fuss was about. Poison gas? said he. Why not? A humane and sensible method of getting rid of an inconvenience; far neater than drawing and quartering, the thumbscrew, the rack, the water-cure, and skinning alive. War is war, and peace, occasionally, is war also. "Any man, if he be honest," said the general, "cannot but decide with us that the world needs gas more than any other one thing to preserve law and order."

THE ORGANIZATION of a national committee of 100 to induce Congress to prohibit the inter-State traffic in revolvers, especially to bar them from the mails, is a step forward. There is no reason why the purchase of such deadly weapons should be so easy. Crime statistics show that 90 per cent of the murders that take place are committed by the use of the pistol, and every year there are hundreds of cases of accidental homicide because somebody did not know that his revolver was loaded. The existing situation is particularly hard upon those States like New York in which there is a law to prohibit the sale of pistols except upon the presentation of a license. The police chiefs of this State declare that the law, enforced here, is nullified by the ease with which people cross over into New Jersey or Connecticut and purchase weapons, or simply remit to any one of a large number of firms which advertise the sale of their weapons by mail. It will not be easy to draw a law that will permit exceptions for public officers and bank guards, but soon even these officials may get on without revolvers as do the London police.

GENERAL RAJA SIR HARI SINGH has been confirmed by the Government of India in the succession to the throne of the Jammu and Kashmir State. Thus the old gives way to the new. The late Maharaja, a Hindu of the old style, to whom religion was the chief goal of life, regarded Kashmir, "the home of the gods," as a trust for Hindus and Hinduism. He was hospitable to European visitors but hostile to their capital. He suffered none but Indians to own real property in his state; he allowed no foreign money to develop the resources of Kashmir; he prevented the building of a railroad there. His nephew, the new ruler, is his antithesis. Hari Singh, as English in his ways as his environment and meager education will permit, has always been expected to grant the British the concessions which his uncle denied. He owed to the Government of India his original nomination as heir, and the recent scandal in which he figured as "Mr. A." put him still more in the power of the British. His opponents petitioned the Government to withdraw the succession from this irreligious caste-violator and to bestow it upon the late Maharaja's adopted son and "spiritual heir." By treating this petition, supported as it was by certain Hindu princes, with more outward honor than it inwardly inspired, the British have made Hari Singh more conscious than ever of his dependence. It would not be in keeping with their past policy to neglect such an opportunity to exact special privileges from the new ruler. So Kashmir, important politically as a bulwark of India against Russia, valuable economically as the home of water-power and mineral wealth, will be "civilized" into the British Empire.

Bread and Water

DESPITE all the agonizings of the trust-busters—all the Sherman laws and Clayton acts, all the snooperies of the Federal Trade Commission, and all the solemn moralizings of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Coolidge, and the massed cohorts of Rotary in favor of stalwart individualism—the control of American industry through the medium of corporate monopoly moves majestically onward. Athwart these laws and eternal principles it rides like a bull through a china shop. In the past few months we have noted the Nickel Plate railroad merger, the new billion-dollar consolidation in bituminous coal, and now Mr. Ward's four-hundred-million dollar bread combination, which in 157 factories from coast to coast will produce 5,500,000 loaves of bread a day.

Mr. Ward's coup is but the keystone in an arch which has been building steadily for a generation. It is a consolidation of three major consolidations—the Ward Baking Company, the Continental Baking Corporation, and the General Baking Company. Each of the three has snowballed up from combinations of small local bakeries. Mr. W. B. Ward has been the prime mover in the development of the first two, and now he has taken into camp his chief competitor—the General Baking Company—in the giant parent company recently incorporated in Baltimore to be known as the General Baking Corporation. The first member of the trinity operates 18 bakeries in 14 cities. Its profits were $2,800,000 in 1923, $4,300,000 in 1924, and are expected to reach $5,500,000 in 1925. The second member—the Continental—operates 104 bakeries in 82 cities in the United States and Canada. It earned $4,000,000 last year, and is expected to salt away $7,000,000 this year. But to the General Baking Company goes the prize. In 1916 its stock sold for $2 a share. Then came the war, which, with the limitation on wheat prices combined with no limitation on bread prices, proved a bonanza to the bakers. Their war profits were enormous. Returns of 200, 300, even 400 per cent were officially reported in Senate Document 259. The deflation of 1921 carried wheat down to pre-war levels, but the price of bread remained virtually unchanged. As a result of these happy circumstances the General Baking Company earned in 1922 117 per cent net on each share of its original common stock, and declared a 100 per cent stock dividend in January of that year, followed by a 200 per cent stock dividend in December. Thus Christmas found the stockholder who held one share at New Year's with six shares tucked away in his safe-deposit box. These shares were recently selling at close to $200 on the New York Stock Exchange, and in the Baltimore merger they are being turned in at the rate of $225 per share. Six times $225 is $1,350—so what was worth $2 in 1916 is worth $1,350 today!

In the first ten years of its existence the General Baking Company paid out $6,500,000 in interest and dividends on a property valued at a little above $3,000,000 at the time of its consolidation. It is the old and familiar story of capitalizing excess earning power. Preferred stock and bonds are issued to cover the valuation of the physical and tangible property. Common stock without a cent of real value behind it is broadcast on the speculative hope of extra profits by virtue of the consolidation. The hope is realized (the war being a leading factor in the current case), bond interest and preferred stock are paid, a nice slice is larded back into the business, and still some remains for dividends on the common stock. When the rate becomes fantastic, a stock dividend is declared. In order further to confuse the issue of the rate of return on the tangible property, some bright man invented no-par-value stock, which measures dividends in dollars per share, not in percentum rates at all. The General Baking Company has thus followed the usual method of corporate growth, with perhaps rather more than the usual length of snout in the trough.

So these three thriving youngsters are to combine into one happy family. According to the computations of Basil Manly of the People's Legislative Service, the consolidated balance sheet—with common stocks priced at marked quotations—will start its career with some $200,000,000 of water. That is, the net tangible assets are $200,000,000 *less* than the market values of the issued securities, which means that those logical forces which find expression on the stock exchange are firmly of the opinion that the price of bread in the immediate future, as measured against modern machine methods applied to the cost of producing the same, will result in a margin which will not only pay handsome returns on the tangible investment but handsome returns on a $200,000,000 section of water as well.

The spokesmen of the new combination allege with a fine flow of logic that there is and can be no question of monopoly. Hosts of small independent bakeries remain outside the combination, and if worst comes to worst the thrifty housewife can always bake at home. It is true that bread prices charged by the trust are roughly checked by the prices charged by independent bakeries, but costs of production in small inefficient local shops are always higher than those accumulated under machine quantity production. The trust has thus a bigger margin to play with, has immense reserves of capital behind it to throw from one local battlefront to another, and can readily eliminate and control the market. In modern apartment cliff dwellings, furthermore, home baking tends increasingly to become a lost art, and it would take incredibly high bread prices before uncounted matrons would consent to resume it—granting they had facilities for its resumption. In other words, while the monopoly is far from complete in theory, it should operate effectively for all practical purposes.

The final result is that the American consumer will pay about as much for his loaf of bread relative to the cost of living as he has paid in the past, while the trust absorbs every crumb of profit which modern machinery and scientific invention have made possible. Technical progress thus ceases to become a common human inheritance, but is astutely drained off into the pockets of those who, it is to be feared, do not know a British thermal unit from a monkey wrench.

In England they do it better. That is, the consumer does. There great cooperative bakeries have arisen, taking full advantage of technical invention and quantity production. Such turn out a sound loaf at manufacturing cost plus not above 6 per cent on tangible investment. The average price for a larger and more wholesome loaf than the ruling American one is now about five cents. Against the sea wall of such unsportsmanlike competition a bread trust can but dash its head in vain.

Guilt by Association

FROM the time of her graduation from Wellesley Charlotte Anita Whitney has been one of those troublesome people who not only deny that we live in the best of all possible worlds but want to do something about it. As a social worker in California she helped abate gambling, bawdy-houses, and other evils. In the course of time she began to wonder whether the spoiling of people's lives was due altogether to their own private waywardness and perversity—to question the predominance of the profit motive in our law and living. She joined the Socialist Party.

The Russian Revolution inflamed the imaginations of the more vigorous members of the Socialist Party. Its Left Wing engaged enthusiastically in formulating new principles, but the center remained static and the party split into three pieces: a remnant still calling itself the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, and the Communist Labor Party.

Left Wing doctrines had made headway in Local Oakland, to which Anita Whitney belonged. Its delegates (she was not one) were among those who, ejected from a national convention of the Socialist Party, went to another hall and formed the Communist Labor Party. Cast out of the Socialist Party, Local Oakland sent delegates to a State convention at Oakland to decide upon a new State organization. At this convention Miss Whitney was a delegate. She offered and read a resolution in favor of "political action" (participation in elections) as a means of effecting radical social changes. Her resolution was voted down by a hot-head majority, which adopted instead the more Moscovian "industrial mass action" doctrine.

Earlier in 1919 the California Legislature had undertaken to mobilize for peace the minds of California by passing a criminal-syndicalism act. On the heels of the Oakland convention Miss Whitney was indicted for most of the kinds of criminal syndicalism therein specified.

For all but one of the counts in the indictment not even a California court could find support in the evidence. Miss Whitney clearly had not advocated criminal syndicalism, defined as any doctrine favorable to "the commission of crime, sabotage, or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change," "by spoken or written words," "by publications," or "by personal acts and conduct." She had, however, attended the Oakland convention and she was a member of Local Oakland. And she was found guilty on a count charging that she did, feloniously, etc., "organize and assist in organizing, and was and is and knowingly became a member of an organization, society, group, and assemblage of persons organized and assembled to advocate, teach, aid, and abet criminal syndicalism." The California Court of Appeal sustained this conviction, certifying that it had considered and passed upon the contention that the section of the Criminal Syndicalism Act on which the conviction was based was repugnant to the Fourteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution.

This federal constitutional question is interesting and important. Briefly, it is this: does a statute which undertakes to establish "guilt by association" *arbitrarily*, and therefore "without due process of law," abridge personal liberty? Such a statute goes further than those which make it criminal to advocate a doctrine. Association with a group from which proscribed notions emanate does not necessarily involve participation in them. Such organizations may not, and usually do not, exist solely for the propagation of proscribed notions. Association with them may result from a general sympathy as to ultimate aspirations not within the statutory ban. One object of it may be to persuade the organization to promote those aspirations only by means which are not objectionable. The deprivation of personal liberty involved in a prohibition of association is greater even than that involved in a prohibition of free speech, and many whose last hope of liberal constitutional interpretation in favor of free speech had long since gone a-glimmering looked forward with an approach to confidence to an adjudication of the unconstitutionality of the guilt-by-association statutes.

Perhaps they may still look forward to such an adjudication in some other case. But on October 19 the Supreme Court of the United States disposed of the case of Anita Whitney with the curt memorandum: "Dismissed for want of jurisdiction upon the authority of Section 237 of the Judicial Code as amended by the Act of Sept. 6, 1916, ch. 448, sec. 2." The jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States is a fairly technical matter. But the Whitney case appeared clearly to present a question "of the validity of a statute of any State" under the federal Constitution—over which the Supreme Court's jurisdiction is by Section 237 expressly declared. Lawyers who are neither inexperienced nor naive with respect to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court find the Whitney dismissal puzzling.*

After all, decisions, as Judge Hough has said, respond "to the demands of the times as understood by the judges at the time being." The learned judges did not find in their own desires or in the demands of the times a pressure to upset a statute establishing guilt by association.

To jail Miss Whitney must now go, unless the Governor of California should issue the pardon for which she declines to ask. Whatever her views, she is a woman of a high life and a noble spirit. The same may well be true, even though they are I. W. W.'s, of the seventy or more other present victims of the same California tyranny. But Miss Whitney's known character—and perhaps also the fact that she comes from a distinguished family—excites for her a special sympathy and commiseration. That, perhaps, is well. It may awaken people undisturbed by the imprisonment of I. W. W.'s to the fact that laws establishing guilt by mere association, constitutional or not, are more injurious in tendency than the doctrines they aim to suppress.

* The reference in the court's memorandum to the amendment of September 6, 1916, [illegible] The amendment provides that a claim of infringement of constitutional rights [illegible] may be [illegible] only by permission of the court and not as a matter of right. The distinction is [illegible] In Ryan v. Carson, 237 U. S. 378, [illegible] the Arizona anti-picketing law, [illegible] The Whitney case was [illegible] Both of the [illegible] the Chief Justice [illegible] the constitutionality of the statute. The other two [illegible] of constitutional rights irrespective of the validity of the statute, were perhaps not [illegible] upon writ of error. It seems [illegible], however, that the court should have [illegible]

Grammar *vs.* Idiom

ONE obvious purpose of the new-born magazine, *American Speech*, which begins this month to study in detail what Mr. Mencken has rather optimistically named "the American language," is to popularize the conviction that our language (be it English or American) is suffering from the attentions of its grammarians. The ordinary notion undoubtedly is that the grammarian is one who stands guard over his precious native tongue and periodically saves it from destruction by issuing new editions of a book of rules. The contrary notion, that he periodically deals it a kind of death, seems to be nearer the truth.

Long ago Noah Webster, who, as it happens, figures in two of the articles which make up the first number of the magazine, stoutly prophesied as follows:

> The time cannot be distant when the population of this vast country will throw off their leading-strings and walk in their own strength. . . . Numerous local causes, such as a new country, new associations of people, new combinations of ideas in arts and sciences, and some intercourse with tribes wholly unknown in Europe, will introduce new words into the American tongue. These causes will produce, in a short time, a language in North America as different from the future language of England as the modern Dutch, Danish, and Swedish are from the German, or from one another.

Opinions might vary concerning the extent to which this prophesy has already been borne out—Mr. Mencken's conviction is that there actually exists an "American language." It cannot be denied that there are differences today between American speech and English speech. And not a few would be surprised to hear one of the reasons for this—namely, that American speech, far from running ahead of its parent, has lagged behind it. We frequently boast of our inventiveness in phrasing, and we have a right to do so. We cannot boast, however, of boldness toward our school teachers—of freedom in the manipulation of those idioms which are more fundamental in the language than slang can ever be. We still are more "correct" than Englishmen; which means that Englishmen have got further away than Americans from the language which both of us spoke in the seventeenth century.

George H. McKnight, writing in the new journal on Conservatism in American Speech, questions "whether in America there has been a development of idiomatic speech as free as in conservative England." And he seems to settle the question not merely by pointing to the fact that transplanted languages—Irish English, Canadian French—are usually conservative but by a reference to the best current practice in the two countries. Competent English writers today are saying "Everybody has to take their chance," "those sort of things," "Who are you living with?," "It is me," and "It is him." And George Moore has actually written of "a man laying there with foam upon his lips," while Joseph Conrad introduced into his first novel a "corpse that laid right under the white cloth." Probably we are horrified—as we were a few years ago when Mr. Wells began to make his people say "Aren't I?" Probably, also, we are wrong. We do not know what we are talking about when we speak of "correctness." No one does, and certainly not the average well-intentioned teacher, who, to quote one of the book reviews in *American Speech*, is possessed at best of "a mass of ill-digested rules gathered from dictionaries, grammars, textbooks in composition, manuals of usage, and lists of 'words often mispronounced.'" A first-rate philologist, when confronted with a brand new idiom, might hazard a guess as to whether it consorted with the genius of his language as he knew it; but he would hardly attempt to kill it as incorrect, and he would not be too sure that he knew that genius well.

American Speech will endeavor, it would appear, to disseminate this sense of uncertainty before the mysteries of language and hence to encourage tolerance in the regulation of it. Emphasis has been placed upon the popular aspect of the magazine. Doubtless to enough readers it would seem extremely learned, and it is indeed for the most part sound. But very few statements made in this first issue are strictly new, and some of the contributed papers are dangerously slight. A paper on the suffixes -eteria (as in cleaneteria), -orium (as in pantatorium, where pants are pressed), and -ery (as in car-washery), one on the now famous cryptogram which begins with "ABCD Goldfish," and one on The Kraze for "K" (as in Kars Kleaned Klean) are both amusing and important. And a word should be said for the fact that the three editors will operate respectively from Nebraska, Maryland, and California. From Louise Pound as chief much may be expected. From all of the editors—unless a monthly publication turns out to be too much for them to undertake at a time when experts in language are so few—much is bound to come.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

"Flaming Coffins"

By BASIL N. BASS

OUR militarists repeatedly avow that, lacking sufficient funds to maintain permanently a large army and navy, the nation must pin its hopes in case of an emergency on well organized and trained reserves. Noisiest among these are the commissioned personnel of the regular army. Furthermore, the army staff has at last learned, and now admits, that the air service is one of its important arms. So one might reasonably expect to find the army giving considerable attention to the training of its air service reserves. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Take flying and the equipment available for that purpose. I am a reserve pilot and, for the first time since the late war, I reported to the training camp at Mitchell Field last August for two weeks active duty. I found that the ships now being used for preliminary training are the same types that were in vogue in this country at that time. I was somewhat nonplussed at the discovery, thinking that there had been ample time, and certainly plenty of room, for improvement. Imagine my consternation upon learning that the airplanes were not only the same types that were used in 1917 and 1918, but the very ships themselves. When I pondered the fact that the average life of an airplane is normally about half that of an automobile the age of the planes became a fact of startling significance.

However, flying proceeded without mishap while the entire reserve class paid unstinted tribute to the mechanical genius that could keep such ancient ships in the air. Then one afternoon I reported on the line for a cross-country flight and was given a supposedly better plane, one equipped with the fabulous Liberty motor. The motor sounded all right as it was warmed up on the ground (a common habit of airplane motors), so another pilot and I took off and started circling the field for altitude, just to make sure that the machine was up to no tricks. It was just as well; suddenly several cylinders cut out, making a noise like the smashing of many empty bottles, and we were forced to land, glad to be within gliding distance of the field.

We "taxied" up to the line and reported to the operations officer, who turned to the sergeant in charge of the ship and asked how many hours the motor had had in the air. The sergeant said: "One hundred and forty hours."

I gasped, for we had been told in class that morning that Liberty motors should be overhauled after eighty hours in the air, and in no case should they be flown more than one hundred. Then this terse observation from the operations officer: "I guess she is ready for the boneyard."

This situation as regards flying equipment takes on an aspect approaching wanton negligence when one knows that the army has quantities of planes of the [illegible] for preliminary training that have never been uncrated; and that it has hundreds of Liberty motors that have never been used. Why is this material in storage?

In one of the hangars there reposes heavily a ship of titanic proportions, possessing motors, rudders, and fuselages galore. Another pilot and I came across it in looking over the equipment on the field.

"What is this?" my friend asked a passing mechanic.

"That!" contemptuously, "Oh, that is the 'Owl'."

"What do you do with it?"

"Nothing at all."

"Doesn't anyone ever fly it?"

"I should say not. The Post Office Department had it built to carry mail. Couldn't use it, so sold it to the Air Service. It has been here three years now."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Burn it up, we hope," was the mechanic's answer.

The best information obtainable was that it cost the Government close to a quarter of a million dollars. Yet one hears growls from army officers about the lack of appropriations.

One of the instructors said that he would like to show us the plane that has been adopted for pursuit work, the plane that clears the sky of enemy aircraft in time of war, but there were none on the field.

"What field are they on?" some one asked.

"There has been no delivery yet, but the builder has one nearly completed," the instructor said.

"How many have been ordered?"

"Well," replied the instructor, "the army gets a few and the navy a few more, altogether enough to equip a squadron."

Imagine the entire military establishment of the United States possessing one pursuit squadron—twenty-four pursuit airplanes!

There is one pursuit ship on the field. It is a wartime model and entirely obsolete; but it is guarded with the utmost zeal. I heard a reserve pilot naively inquire if he might take it up.

"Try and get it," was the response. It is the only halfway decent ship on the field so the regulars can hardly be blamed for refusing to allow the reserves to fly it.

There are no attack planes on the field because the type has not been finally selected. There are perhaps six bombing planes that could take the air in a pinch, of a design, however, which experts declare antiquated. They might stay up as many minutes.[1] Observation planes? Possibly six (divided between two squadrons) of the wartime vintage familiarly referred to by their pilots as "flaming coffins."

There may be no appropriations for training or actual service airplanes but for the Pulitzer Race it is different. One ship for the army, one for the navy, and one to be held in reserve in case it was needed. Their cost was almost incredible, their speed supposed to be 302 miles an hour.[2] I had not seen these planes so asked, "What will be done with them after the races?"

"Nothing."

"Are they fit for actual service?"

[illegible]

[2] Only the test ship made this speed. The faster of the other two was [illegible] worthy; but authoritative voices are still heard solemnly pronouncing that [illegible] to do so would be [illegible].

"No; they travel nearly two miles while the pilot turns them around; they land at such terrific speed that no one could land them on a wartime airdrome, and besides, they are blind" (constructed so that the aviator cannot see below him ahead).

But to get back to the matter of training. Flying is only part of an aviator's job. He must also be proficient as a fighter, which means that he must master a broad curriculum. Second only to flying is marksmanship with a machine gun. We received some perfunctory pistol instruction and actually shot this weapon on the range. We had no practice in firing machine guns.

We had instruction in operating a wireless set but when I went up and started sending down the position of shell bursts I found that the instrument was dead. I landed to receive the blame for this from an irate officer in charge whose nerves were frayed from too long attempting impossible tasks. I later learned that the ship was sent up all afternoon with the same dead instrument aboard. The result was that no one, and this includes the instructors, knew whether we could spot shots or not. But we received a rating on our efficiency records.

Parachutes are useful in an emergency if one knows how they operate, but the officer scheduled for this instruction had been sent on sick leave by the flight surgeon to prevent a nervous breakdown from too many continuous hours in the air. There was no one to replace him unless other instruction was omitted. The parachute instructor was also listed for bomb sight instruction. A pinch hitter was found who demonstrated an enormous, complicated machine (which was supposed to be a bomb sight) for twenty minutes or so, then suddenly avowed that it was no good because it was always out of commission.

The instructor in aerial photography told the class in his first lecture that it would be given some work in the air with the camera. Before this stage was reached the officer commanding the section was sent on an airways mission, so all instruction was confined to the classroom.

An efficient staff officer, who is an accomplished flyer as well, had been detailed to the field to lecture on the types and uses of military aircraft. However, an assistant-secretary of war decided that he would like to fly up New England way, not in any training ship nor in any so-called fighting craft, but in a specially built passenger plane. The result was that the reserve class lost its instructor for half the training period, apparently for the reason that he was the only pilot in the air service to whom the assistant secretary cared to entrust his precious person.

The responsibility for this state of affairs certainly does not rest with the commanding officer of the field nor with the officers and men under his command. They were impotent to remedy matters and had nothing but apologies to offer for the lack of equipment and the disrupted staff of instructors. I was informed by one of the permanent officers of the field that, according to War Department orders, their first business was to carry out certain extensive anti-aircraft experiments at night. After these experiments came other duties. If any time, equipment, and personnel were available afterwards, the reserves were to receive some training.

Small wonder that a regular officer of some rank was heard to growl: "If this training business isn't given some attention and straightened out, the War Department will find that when the present reserve commissions expire there will be no renewals."

But this reserve training affair is only a line of the story. The whole story before, during, and after the war is the same. In short, the army has completely demonstrated by ten years of bungling that it is absolutely incapable of either training or equipping an efficient air service. Congress and the public must eventually learn that we will never have an air service until it is cut loose from the army and its "official channels," and administered by those who know the air game.

The Water-Power Fight in California

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

TO an Easterner on vacation, California, with its brilliant blue skies, its rugged mountain ranges, its giant redwoods and countless waterfalls, is likely to take on the appearance of a great play-land, undisturbed by the social struggles of the day. And yet in this Pacific Coast State there is now being waged one of the most stirring social dramas in the country, a conflict between the powerful private electrical interests and the people of the commonwealth for the control of the water-power resources of the State.

The fight of most immediate interest is that centering around the Hetch Hetchy power contract. In 1913 Representative John E. Baker secured the passage of a bill popularly known as the Hetch Hetchy grant, giving to San Francisco water and power rights in the Yosemite National Park, about a hundred miles from the city. The bill provided for the development and use of hydro-electric power by and for the people of the municipality and forbade the sale of these rights to private corporations for private gain. Following the grant, the city constructed dams, tunnels, and hydro-electric plants, at a cost of about $50,000,000. While these works were pushed with vigor, the supervisors, for some strange reason known best to themselves, failed to develop a city distribution system. They appointed a committee to estimate the value of San Francisco's privately owned plant —the Pacific Gas and Electric Company—with a view to purchase, but that was all.

The first municipal hydro-electric plant at Moccasin Creek on the Hetch Hetchy grant was completed this year. On its completion the officials of the Pacific Gas and Electric expressed an interest in purchasing all power which the plant might generate.

"We, of course, don't need the power," they protested, "but we hate to see the city plant idle. So out of the goodness of our hearts we are willing to buy from you all of the electrical energy generated at your Moccasin plant."

The supervisors were receptive. Some of them, however, feared that a sale to a private company with power of resale to the ultimate consumer was a violation of the federal grant. So they did two things: (1) They sent a delegation to confer with Secretary Work of the Interior Department; (2) They asked that a contract be drawn mak-

ing the electric company a mere agent of the city in power distribution. A camouflage contract of agency was thereupon presented to them. In reality the contract was one for outright sale of power. The contract was rushed through the Board of Supervisors before Secretary Work was heard from, by a vote of 11 to 7, and signed by Mayor Rolf.

The action of the officials aroused widespread indignation. The seven supervisors who had refused to approve the contract wrote a vigorous letter of protest to Secretary Work:

> We respectfully submit to your honorable department [they declared] that it is a wrongful and shameful policy for a grant of water and power privileges in the Yosemite National Park area to be developed at an expenditure of $50,000,000 by the taxpayers of San Francisco, *only to have its greatest financial and economic asset, the hydro-electric power, diverted into private corporation hands at the instant of completion* to the great benefit of said corporation and at the actual deficit of the people of San Francisco.

They maintained that, by the terms of the contract, the company would receive power at an average rate of five mills per kilowatt hour, nearly three mills less than the cost of power from other sources. While the city, the supervisors urged, was selling the power far below cost and would lose by the deal $165,000 a year, if one considered capital charges, the company would gain a profit of $1,700,000! Mayor Rolf, who signed the contract, maintains that he is still for municipal distribution. In telegraphing from Washington Secretary Work's decision to keep hands off for the time being, he urged the supervisors to "hasten all proceedings to the ultimate acquisition of our distributing system for both water and power." The report of the committee to evaluate the Pacific company's plant is expected soon. That will precipitate a fight.

In that fight as in past contests the advocates of municipal distribution have at least one powerful argument in their favor—the outstanding success of municipal ownership and operation of electricity in Los Angeles.

"We are constantly losing industries to Los Angeles," declared a grieved citizen of San Francisco to me a short time ago, "because the city plant there supplies electrical power more cheaply than do our private companies. The Goodyear Rubber Company is a case in point. It was undecided whether to locate in our section or in Los Angeles. The low rates in the southern city were the deciding factor. The company's Pacific Coast plant is now in Los Angeles."

Shortly after 1900 Los Angeles found itself without a sufficient supply of water. After an exhaustive investigation it decided to construct the now famous Owens River Aqueduct and bring the water from the Owens River in the high Sierras, 250 miles from the city. It obtained from the federal government a right to the water and power needed by the proposed aqueduct. Construction began in 1907. By 1913, in less than estimated time and $10,000 below estimated cost, the great project was completed.

The aqueduct proved more than a carrier of water to the drought-threatened city. From the intake of the aqueduct to Los Angeles, in its path through three mountain ranges and over desert plains, it had a total fall of some 3,000 feet. This made possible a significant municipal experiment in the development of hydro-electric power. William Mulholland, the able chief engineer of the project, was not slow in realizing these power possibilities. The city fathers realized them too, and in 1909, against the bitter opposition of the power interests, the citizens of Los Angeles voted bonds looking toward the preliminary construction of hydro-electric plants and the utilization of the 100,000-odd horsepower available along the line of the aqueduct. This work was pushed under the direction of E. F. Scattergood, and, despite the obstacles, legal and otherwise, placed in the city's path by the electrical interests, the first "hydro" plant finally reached completion and a skeleton distribution system was constructed.

As at present in San Francisco, so a few years ago in Los Angles the power interests spent all the eloquence at their command in an effort to confine municipal activities to the generation of electrical power. The city, however, determined to try its hand at distribution and in 1917 actually sold light and power to the ultimate consumer, and at a price lower than that charged by the Southern California Edison Company. The latter company, faced with its municipal competitor, agreed to sell out its plant within the city. In 1919, the citizens voted a bond issue for its purchase. For three years this issue was held up in court proceedings by the enemies of public ownership.

The city, however, ultimately triumphed. It bought the company's Los Angeles plant and since May, 1922, has operated it. Now the municipality supplies between 65 and 70 per cent of the electricity purchased by city consumers and over 90 per cent of the power used in the industries of the city. It is at present engaged in evaluating the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company, the remaining power company, with an eye to its purchase.

The last big fight of the power interests against the city plant took place in 1924 against the proposed bond issue for needed improvements and extensions. The power interests defeated the city in the first referendum vote, but were snowed under a few months later. In the spring of this year the power companies suffered another defeat at the primaries when Mayor George E. Cryer was chosen by a majority vote over Judge Bledso. At the ensuing elections the citizens defeated all supervisors suspected of opposition to municipal ownership.

The reasons for the recent indorsement of the municipal plant are not far to seek. They include the following:

1. Municipal ownership in Los Angeles has led to greatly reduced rates. In 1902 the power companies' rates were nine cents per kilowatt hour. The city voted bonds for preliminary construction of a power plant. Presto! The rates dropped to seven cents! As the construction proceeded the drop continued. When the city took over the Edison company's plant in 1922 it reduced the rate charged by the company by 12½ per cent and was the chief cause for a similar reduction in the rate of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company. Los Angeles rates are now among the lowest in the country. A compilation of the lighting costs in twenty-five cities of the country with a population of over 100,000, made late in 1923, placed Los Angeles at the bottom of the list, with a monthly rate for twenty-five kilowatt hours of $1.40, as compared with $1.50 in Seattle (also a municipal plant and next lowest on the list), $1.75 in New York, $1.80 in San Francisco, $1.85 in Chicago, $1.96 at Buffalo (right near Niagara Falls), and $2.63 in Boston. The power rates early in 1925 for 75 horsepower a month were 54 per cent lower in Los Angeles than in New York,

45 per cent lower than in Chicago, and 59 per cent lower than in Boston.

2. Despite these low rates the city plant has consistently earned a surplus. This surplus for the year ending June 30, 1924, according to the audit made by Price, Waterhouse and Company, was $3,051,306.45. Before estimating this surplus deductions had been made for depreciation, interest on bonds, and expenses of operation and maintenance. Since 1922 taxpayers have not been asked to pay one cent for matured bonds out of taxation.

3. Municipal ownership in Los Angeles has still a number of other points in its favor. Its construction costs have been about 34 per cent less than that of private companies in that vicinity. Its force of over 3,000 employees under civil service is devoted, efficient, and courteous. Its technical equipment is of a high order. It has succeeded in securing and retaining men at its head of extraordinary ability, industry, and social vision—men of the type of the chief engineer, William Mulholland, and of E. F. Scattergood, in charge of the city's electrical developments.

Best of all, the backers of the Los Angeles municipal plant are spending little time boasting of past achievements. Their greatest developments, they believe, are yet to come. The growth of the city is driving them on. The power from the aqueduct is not equal to the city's needs. Los Angeles is now compelled to purchase one-half of its power wholesale from the Southern California Edison Company at rates more than double the cost of power generated in its own plants. This means a very considerable loss to the people.

The citizens of Los Angeles have become convinced that an adequate supply of power can come only from one source—the Colorado River. That is why they are enthusiasts for the Swing-Johnson bill for the construction of the 600-foot dam in Boulder Canyon. This dam, they maintain, would accomplish three things for the Southwest: it would act as a protector against floods, now threatening the Imperial Valley; it would make possible the irrigation of a million-odd acres of land along the lower Colorado; it would render 600,000 horsepower constantly available for development. By an overwhelming majority Los Angeles in 1924 voted that its officials should contract for the purchase of its share of power as soon as the government project warranted.

As might be expected, the Swing-Johnson bill is being opposed by the power interests. The All-American Canal feature of the bill is likewise being attacked by Harry Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* and others who fear the effects of this canal on the irrigation of their Mexican lands. Certain of these groups have aimed to divide and conquer. They have conducted a "whispering campaign" in the cities and States interested; have tried to impress each district with the feeling that the other city or State was planning to "hog" the chief advantages.

But Los Angeles feels with William Mulholland that Boulder Dam is "an absolute and desperate necessity," and tens of thousands of citizens there and in other parts of the Southwest are looking upon this development on the Colorado River, with its untold possibilities, as a sort of religious adventure. It will be heard about in Washington this year.

The advocates of public ownership in California are not confining their efforts to *municipal* electrical development. They are also conducting a campaign for *State* acquisition and development of the water power resources of California. They have focused their efforts on the Water and Power act submitted in 1922 and 1924 to the people of the State in referendum vote. The act in brief proposes to make the credit of the State to a maximum of $500,000,000 available for the development of water and power, to be furnished to the people at cost, without local bond issues or taxation.

Despite the efforts of its advocates the proposed Water and Power act was twice defeated in referendum vote, in 1922, by a vote of 597,453 to 243,604; in 1904, by a vote of 751,985 to 320,383. One reason was the tremendous fund poured into the campaign by the power companies in opposition to the act. Following the first campaign in 1922 corporation executives and agents admitted before the Jones legislative investigating committee the expenditure of amounts totaling $501,605.68 to defeat the measure. Eustace Cullinan, head of the so-called Greater California League, told the committee, in the course of a searching examination, that his organization alone had expended $244,941.04 in opposition to public development. He received the money, he declared, from some six power companies, the largest subscription, $133,971.80, coming from the "publicly owned" Pacific Gas and Electric Company. His league, he stated, "never had a meeting. . . . I appointed myself president [at a salary of $25,000]. I was employed by the power companies, through Mr. John S. Drum [director of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and the California Gas and Electric Corporation and formerly president of the American Bankers' Association], and met with myself, after the employment, and organized the Greater California League. . . . No one had access to the account except myself."

The disposal of funds during the campaign was of interest. A few weeks prior to election P. H. McCarthy, for years State president of the Building Trades Council, came out with a vigorous statement against the Water and Power act. During the investigation, it was later discovered, Mr. McCarthy had received $10,000 from the manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company "to educate the labor movement that he represented against the act." George Skaller, secretary of the Civic League of Improvement Organizations, was paid by the same manager $4,000 for similar services. Social leaders were not neglected. The same witness stated that he had paid one woman prominent in social and club circles $1,000 for "her extended acquaintance." "It occurred to me," he said, "it would be a very good opportunity to get an entree into these clubs through her to educate the women particularly in the viciousness of that act—and she did her duty well too. I'll tell you she did her duty very well, as the vote shows there." Nor were the newspapers neglected.

The advocates of the act—Rudolph Spreckels, William Kent, James D. Phelan, John R. Haynes, Franklin Hichborn, and a host of others—are not daunted by its temporary failure. They are determined to continue until California has broken the grip of private monopoly and the electrical industry exists for community service rather than for private gain.

Life or Death for the League

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

Geneva, October 15

THE Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations has adjourned until next year. The 200 official delegates from 54 nations have scattered to the ends of the earth in various degrees of satisfaction or disappointment, according to their conceptions of the true purpose of the gathering to which they come each September. The interest of the world has shifted to Locarno. There all the real decisions that affect the political and economic life of Europe have been made.

The League, however, has already granted indulgence to the conclusions at Locarno, by accepting a resolution submitted by its First Committee, indorsing in general terms the drafting of particular, regional pacts of security and treaties of arbitration "conceived in the spirit of the Covenant" and executed according to the immortal principles of the protocol, i. e., security, arbitration, disarmament. Whether the agreements that have just been concluded are, in truth, peace pacts that will pave the way to disarmament or whether they are, in fact, only new orientations of *Realpolitik* remains to be seen. The point we must regretfully make here is that, whichever they prove to be, the League will bestow upon them its apostolic blessing, for the League—to use the language of a faithful English supporter seeking to explain the sabotaging of all the constructive initiatives of the Sixth Assembly by the British delegation—"the League is nothing in itself, you must remember; it but reflects the governments that are behind it. . . . We must change the governments first before we can have the kind of league we want."

That is a large order; and it admits the whole case of the radical argument against the League. For, if we insist upon a change of government in Italy, in Bulgaria, in Rumania and Spain, to say nothing of India, Hungary, Serbia, and Poland, we must wait for a revolution, and probably a violent one, before we can hope to have a league of nations capable of giving expression to the will to peace through justice and the operation of democratic principles and purposes. But after visiting the League and watching it for a fortnight, I do not think the task is as hopeless as that which is indicated by the defenders of things as they are, the spineless futilitarians who affirm, with a show of authority, that we must take the League as it is, poor as it is, feeble as it is, disappointing as it is, because the alternative is chaos. The fact is, of course, that we have international political chaos now. The League does nothing, and says nothing, because its organization will not permit it to do anything to modify the chaos, except perhaps to conceal it a little by sanctifying it.

It is becoming clear to everybody now, as it was to only a few in 1919, that the League cannot even perform the one purpose that might reasonably be expected of it—to draw the attention of the world to the major injustices and obstacles that exist, even if it cannot hope to cure them—for the reason that, composed chiefly of representatives of the governments, constitutional and otherwise, that are responsible for the maintenance of those wrongs and obstacles, the League is obliged to ignore the existence of most of them.

What is the moral? Close observation of the Sixth Assembly leads to a new conviction that the radical solution is the only solution, and that the League must be freed from the creeping paralysis of governmental control and the rule of unanimity in its procedure. Its forum must be opened and made accessible to the cries of the oppressed, without depriving it of its official character. This can be done quite easily, by an amendment for which, even in the League as it now exists, it would be possible to find much support.

Either the representation in the League should be made like that in the other functioning and coordinate international institution established by the Treaty of Versailles—the International Labor Conference, which is composed of two representatives appointed by the government of each participating nation, and one nominated by the employers' and one by the labor organizations—or, like the principle underlying the organization of the Interparliamentary Union, it should be composed of at least one representative designated by the opposition party or parties holding seats in the national parliament of each member state; and these representatives should vote, in the Assembly, as individuals representing opinion, and not as the envoys of states. The lines of division would then be along those of the real divisions of opinion in the world, and not along the artificial and dangerous clefts of nationality which disintegrate all the efforts at international organization wherever they prevail.

We are informed that M. Jouhaux, the eloquent and vigorous labor leader who for two years has been one of the official representatives of France at the League, intends, at the next meeting of the Assembly, to offer an amendment providing that representation shall be modeled, henceforth, upon the principle prevailing in the International Labor Conference. If he does this, every internationalist who believes in the League, or hopes for the League, ought to support him and his effort. His method offers this advantage: in a time when parliamentarism has been dangerously attacked and, in certain countries, undermined by the most primitive cabals, it would strengthen the principle and practice of constitutional government, for in order to obtain a voice in the forum of the League at Geneva the offended minorities would be impelled to participate in the parliamentary life of their own countries rather than to disrupt it by abstention or violent revolt.

In the twilight of the League's melancholy achievement, it is plain for all to see that until the representation in the League is democratized and freed from the monopolistic control of bedeviling governments, in some such way as suggested, it will remain a windy disappointment for everyone who looks to it as an instrument of promoting peace and progress in Europe or beyond.

Walter Hines Page—Patriot or Traitor?

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE balloon of Walter Hines Page's reputation has carried him high, but a significant squall is looming. Viscount Grey recites in his memoirs:

> Page came to see me at the Foreign Office one day and produced a long dispatch from Washington contesting our claim to act as we were doing in stopping contraband going to neutral ports. "I am instructed," he said, "to read this dispatch to you." He read and I listened. He then said: "I have now read the dispatch, but I do not agree with it; let us consider how it should be answered."

Commenting on this the staid New York *Times* remarked:

> For a parallel to this action the records of diplomacy would probably be searched in vain. An ambassador is right in doing all he can to help maintain friendly relations between his own Government and the one to which he is accredited. . . . But an ambassador's first duty is, after all, to the government which he represents. If he disagrees with its policy, he must keep still about it while in office abroad. Should his dissent be too strong for him to endure, he can always resign. But to act as Ambassador Page did was to follow a course for which it would be difficult to find a precedent and which could not be made common in diplomatic practice without demoralizing and disastrous consequences.

Page had a tremendous admiration for Grey, and he constantly returns to it in his letters. He considered it in December, 1915, "a God's mercy for us that we have so far had a man like Sir Edward Grey at his post." His open-mouthed admiration increased as the years went on. Now, Sir Edward is very frank in his memoirs upon his methods with Page and the United States, however much he may have befuddled issues elsewhere. He says:

> The object of diplomacy . . . was to secure the maximum of blockade that could be enforced without a rupture with the United States. . . . A belligerent with superior sea-power always contended for an interpretation of international law that would justify the maximum of interference with goods that might conceivably reach the enemy. . . . *The British contention had not always been the same. . . . ed the maximum right of interference claimed by belligerents.* (The italics are mine.)

Sir Edward, then, clearly understood what his line would have been had he represented the United States, and he presumably expected the United States to pursue such a course at this time. In addition he makes clear that he was to a certain extent subservient to the naval authorities:

> The navy acted and the Foreign Office had to find the argument to support the action; it was anxious work. British action provoked American argument; that was met by British counter argument. *British action preceded British argument;* the risk was that action might follow American argument. (Vol. II, p. 110.)

Grey, then, was frankly busy finding arguments to justify British action. It makes Page's descriptions of Grey (e. g., "a lonely idealist"), to put it mildly, ridiculous. And very funny too is Burton J. Hendrick's comment that "these topics [maritime rights in times of war] engrossed him [Lansing] as completely as the extension of democracy and the significance of British-American cooperation engrossed all the thoughts of Page and Grey."

Britain would have been forced to submit if the United States had been firm, because it was indispensable to her cause that the friendship of the United States be held. Grey admits that:

> The Allies soon became dependent for an adequate supply on the United States. If we quarreled with the United States we could not get that supply. It was better, therefore, to carry on the war without blockade, if need be, than to incur a break with the United States about contraband and thereby deprive the Allies of the resources necessary to carry on the war at all or with any chance of success. (Vol. II, p. 107.)

The State Department seems to have been firm in its contentions, but the counter-activities of Page negatived every bit of firmness which it put forth. From the beginning of the war Page adopted the position of the British. He was a thoroughgoing Anglomaniac who according to the editor of his letters would do "anything" to further an Anglo-American accord. Grey states Page's position well:

> From the first he considered that the United States could be brought into the war early on the side of the Allies if the issue were rightly presented to it and a great appeal made by the President.

Page's method of forwarding the cause was to act as unofficial adviser to the British Foreign Office and to Grey:

> Page's advice and suggestion were of the greatest value in warning us when to be careful or encouraging us when we could safely be firm. (Vol. II, p. 110.)

Page systematically frustrated the State Department of his own country and played the British game. He was pro-British and unneutral to such an extent that he advised England how she could best avoid the consequences of her acts, when Grey himself realized that these acts could legitimately be the cause of grave dispute. It is unparalleled in history to have a man with a record like Page's sold to the American people as an example of the highest patriotism and as "the incarnation of those qualities we love to call American."

Not the least interesting of the various campaigns to immortalize Page is the campaign to establish the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, at the Johns Hopkins University, a school which is to be "a monument to the work and service of Walter Hines Page." This school is to discover and present for use in practical politics

> a systematic body of things known about the complex causes of good will and ill will between the nations of the world. . . . These men will gather facts about international trade, racial psychology, commercial and military geography, diplomatic usage and experience, effects of artificial economic barriers upon international amity, effects of new inventions to expedite communication, and all the hundreds of things that enter into the contacts of nation with nation.

Mr. Page's career illustrates perfectly the need of such training as this new school proposes to give.

Fascism at Work

By THORSTEN SELLIN

Florence, Octol[illegible]

The National Fascist Party
The Fascio of Florence

The Executive Committee of the Fascio of Florence, which represents, to the city and to all of Italy, a youthful company, dynamic, industrious, heroic, and, above all, operating in the light of day, *in assuming all responsibility for the holy yet mild acts of reprisal committed by honest and valorous Fascisti, from the beginning to the present hour,* against the disgusting bacillus of that moral pestilence called the Italian Freemasonry, which, not satisfied with having betrayed Italy in the interest of their French brothers during the Versailles conference, where the fruits of the blood and heroism of the Italian people were thrown away, thanks to a blind sectarian discipline, has today, in an appeal worthy of the most monstrous traitors to their country, tried to ruin the finances and the prestige of Italy in the interest of foreigners and as a base vendetta against those who are safeguarding the honor of the Italian race, COMMANDS all Fascisti to refrain from acts of violence and instead try to identify those affiliated with the Masonic order in order better to realize the useful objectives of a radical, decisive, and necessary punitive action.

Florence, Sept. 28, 1925 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

During the last few days this poster, prominently displayed, had struck me by its intolerant and revengeful attitude. I had been told that the feud between the Fascisti and the Masons was of long standing and that it had lately been aggravated by the publication of some letters purporting to show the international and anti-national spirit of the Italian Masons. Here in Florence, the stronghold of Fascism in Italy, the feeling between the two bodies was particularly intense. That the "radical, decisive, and necessary punitive action" should come so soon was probably not in the plans of the Executive Committee, but on Saturday evening, October 3, something occurred that brought matters to a climax.

A Masonic circular, addressed to a certain Bandinelli, a sixty-year-old bookkeeper, had in some manner been intercepted. When it came into the hands of the executive committee of the Fascio, one of its members was instructed to go to the home of Bandinelli and bring him to the headquarters of the organization "in order to give the necessary explanations." Last Saturday evening, Signor Luporini, the vice-president of the Fascio, a man of sympathetic personality and known as a member of the moderate element of the party, decided to execute the orders he had received. While he and a companion were trying to persuade Bandinelli to accompany them, a young railway employee, Becciolini, who with his wife and little daughter occupied the flat above, entered into the discussion. There are conflicting stories as to what followed, but in the end Becciolini shot and killed Luporini and wounded his companion.

The news of the happening spread with astonishing rapidity. Becciolini, who had taken refuge on the roof of a neighboring house, was soon discovered. While he was being brought to the police station, he was lynched by a mob, while other Fascisti were wreaking their vengeance on the home of Bandinelli, its furnishings being thrown into the street and burned. During the excitement, old Bandinelli succeeded in escaping; he has not yet been found.

Luporini's murder seemed to provide the occasion desired. Soon black-shirted groups were forming, some of them hurrying into the city from the surrounding countryside, all armed with horse whips and stout sticks. The striking feature about these groups was the youth of their members, who seemed to range between sixteen and twenty-five. About 10 o'clock, they went into action, seemingly under orders and according to some plan. "In reprisal, numerous offices of professionals or merchants notoriously affiliated with the Masonic order or with opposition parties, were damaged" (*La Nazione della Sera,* October 5). Doors and iron shutters were smashed, the contents of the stores or offices piled into the street and burned. At least eight lawyers were among the losers, the damage in most cases including both office equipment, library, files of documents, etc. More than half a dozen merchants, including the Underwood agency and the finest tailoring establishment in town, had their stocks partially or totally destroyed.

But the reprisals were not limited to this. About midnight "unknown assailants" entered the home of Signor Gaetano Pilati, a socialist ex-deputy, and wounded him so seriously that his life is still in danger. An hour later others succeeded in gaining entrance to the house of Signor Gostavo Consolo, lawyer and formerly local correspondent of the Socialist organ *Avanti.* In the presence of his wife and children he was murdered "by unknown persons." Although the militia had been called out, no attempt was made to arrest the raiders. It would probably have been futile and perhaps even dangerous to interfere. Certain it is that whatever went on in the minds of the silent and cowed masses that watched the demonstrations, nothing was said and no motion made to stop them.

On a smaller scale, the reprisals continued on Sunday. In the afternoon, when the energies of the raiders seemed about spent, a telegram arrived from the secretary-general of the party, Farinacci, who in the name of Mussolini ordered the cessation of hostilities.

This afternoon, at sunset, Luporini's funeral was held with a pomp that is rarely equaled. About six or seven thousand marched in the solemn procession and many times that number lined the streets and the bridges. But I could not drive from my mind the thought of old Bandinelli, whose life may be in danger so long as he stays on Italian soil, although he has committed no crime. Nor could I help wondering how many dared march behind the coffin of Consolo.

This evening I heard some one say, "Well, tomorrow the Fascio will have a thousand more members, too scared to stay out."

The First Nation Dinner
Thursday, November 12, 7 P. M.
CHINA
The Next Step in 1925
Speakers: Dr. Harry F. Ward
Paul Blanshard
P. W. Kuo
Chairman: Oswald Garrison Villard,
Editor, *The Nation*
Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 27th St. and 5th Ave. Tickets $2.50
(Announcement of the series of dinners will be sent on request)

In the Driftway

HOW his friends, the editors of *The Nation*, manage to produce a paper which is not a tissue of violent contradictions is beyond the understanding of the Drifter. When he strays into the office he always finds them wrangling. They don't like the same plays; they don't like the same books; they have differing degrees of like and dislike for the British and the bankers and the babies, and different ideas upon the way to make clam chowder and apple pie. They are always expressing disapproval of each other's clothes and suggesting improvements in the management of each other's homes and the education of each other's children. When, after these bitter debates, they go off to write editorials in the lonely splendor of their own-populated offices, something of the fervor of these internecine debates must communicate itself to their typewriters. But—except on politics, on which he has no opinions—the Drifter nearly always feels that they are all wrong.

* * * * *

ONE of these editors recently wrote an editorial upon "Native" Literature. "Spiritually, we have little more relation with the Indian," he said, "than we have with the Hottentot." Until the Drifter learned of the indubitable middle-American upbringing and ancestry of the author of those impious words he wondered what shallow-rooted alien immigrant could have been guilty of such nonsense. The American boy dwells for the most important decade of his life in a wilderness populated by Indians. He stalks his neighbors; he engages in scalping-parties; he utters war-whoops; he makes war-bonnets of stray chicken feathers; he paints his face; he camps out in his back yard, deliriously imagining the shadows behind the cherry tree to be populated by hostile red-skins and strange, wild beasts. When the Drifter was ten, or thereabouts, he persuaded a barber to shave his head, except for a scalplock on top. His family sent the young Drifter back to have the hair-cut completed. They were as unappreciative of the poetry and indigenous American tradition symbolized in that tonsure as the author of the editorial in *The Nation*.

* * * * *

NO, the attempt to establish American literature upon a basis of American culture may be hopeless; but the counter-reformation which would altogether deny our Indian traditions is equal nonsense. Our lives, even in the cities, are still molded by the old frontier. As small boys we play frontier games; we ambush the whites and attack blockhouses; our bows and arrows trace their ancestry to Hiawatha, not to Robin Hood; we earnestly try all the Indian tricks which Cooper described and which Mark Twain says good Indians never even tried. Americans sleep out under the stars as the people of no other nation do—the Germans have scarred their mountains with paths, but they never cut away from the trails as our youths do. We paddle our own canoes; we smoke the pipe of peace; and each year at Thanksgiving-time a vague recollection slips through our heads of the Indians who taught the Pilgrims to plant corn and introduced them to that heroic bird, the turkey. So long as there is wood left for campfires—and the automobile has enormously increased the available camping-ground—we shall retain a spiritual kinship with the aborigine which Thompson cannot share. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Jewish Relief Abroad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to reply to Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's letter in *The Nation* of October 7 in which, commenting on the effort now being made in this country to raise $15,000,000 for Jewish agricultural settlement in Russia and reconstructive relief in other lands, he makes the sweeping assertion that there is no hope for Jews in Europe. Planting himself squarely on this assertion which he makes on the basis of what he describes as "a fairly long and fairly thorough study" of the Jewish situation in Europe and in Palestine, he protests "with all possible vigor, with all possible urgency against the investment of one penny of Jewish money anywhere except in Palestine."

Now I wish to make it very clear that I am not an opponent of the plan to settle as many Jews in Palestine in as short a time as is humanly possible. In my humble way I have been doing what I can to aid in the industrial and economic development of the land, so that the lot of those Jews already settled there can be bettered, and opportunities created for thousands of other Jews to enter the land and build up therein a future for themselves. With hardly an exception, the same is true of the attitude toward Palestine Jewish colonization of the hundreds of men in the United States and Canada with whom I am participating in the United Jewish Campaign which is an effort to raise $15,000,000 for Jewish colonization in Russia and reconstructive relief in other foreign lands.

Mr. Lewisohn demands that these $15,000,000 should be devoted to the transportation and settlement of Jews in Palestine and that not one penny of the fund should go toward the amelioration of Jewish conditions in various European countries. That is Utopia. That is something that would not be urged by a single responsible Zionist who is familiar with all of the facts, who is aware of all the difficulties involved in such a mass-migration as Mr. Lewisohn proposes. He fails to take into account the human factors. He fails to take into account the smallness of Palestine. He fails to take account of the laws regulating immigration to Palestine—and especially the very latest ordinances which are greatly disturbing the minds of leading Zionists.

But assuming that Mr. Lewisohn's Utopia were speedily realize—that the $15,000,000 plus the millions raised by the financial agencies of the Zionist Organization were available immediately for the settlement of Jews in Palestine, what then? If Mr. Lewisohn will be good enough to do a sum in simple division, if he will divide the total available for Palestine development and settlement by $5,000, the cost as estimated by the Zionist Organization of settling a family in that country, he will find that a very large part of the 12,000,000 Jews now living in Europe will have to remain there.

Not one penny, says Mr. Lewisohn, should be spent on them, because, if you please, they are victims of various kinds and types of antisemitism, popular or official or clerical or all of them combined!

This is true of the Jews of Poland, of Czecho-Slovakia, of Rumania; this is true of most of the millions of Jews in every European country. In all of these lands the Jews are making a valiant struggle to solve their problems right at home. And that is where they must be helped. They must be helped in Poland, they must be helped in Rumania, they must be helped in Lithuania, they must be helped in Latvia, in Czecho-Slovakia. They must be helped in Russia.

In that country the Jews seem to have found a way out of their tragic dilemma by turning to the soil. Twenty-five thousand of them are already successfully settled on lands assigned by the Russian government for that purpose. Thou-

sands more are eager to go, and it is estimated that if sufficient funds can be raised through the campaign Mr. Lewisohn so vehemently opposes, 100,000 can be settled on the Russian prairie by the end of 1927. Though this back-to-the-land movement has been proceeding apace for the past four years there have been no pogroms, no assassinations, no lootings, no violence of any sort perpetrated against them.

The point about this colonization movement is that all classes of Jews in Russia, from the most extremely radical to the ultra-orthodox and the Zionists, enthusiastically favor it. The only opponents, besides the Russian emigrés living in Paris and hoping that their forfeited estates may some day revert to them, are certain categories of Jews outside of Russia, for one of which, at least, Mr. Lewisohn essays to be the spokesman.

It is this Russian Jewish back-to-the-soil movement that the United Jewish Campaign for $15,000,000, of which I have the honor to be the national chairman, aims to help. Not by carrying on a propaganda for it in the Russian towns and villages, but by supplying to the colonists, once they get on the land, instruction in agriculture, the use of tractors, seed, live-stock, implements, loans for the building of homes and credits so that they may live until they have raised a crop and disposed of it. No money is spent now or will be spent out of the fund for transportation or for the purchase of land, or upon efforts to persuade them to go to the Russian prairie. But all of the money that will be appropriated out of the $15,000,000 fund for the colonization movement will be spent to help these pioneers make a success of their venture.

But the fund is not intended for the colonization plan alone. It was specifically declared by the Joint Distribution Committee in a formal statement published in the American press last May that the funds raised for the proposed "Overseas Chest" will be used also for reconstructive relief in all other foreign lands where Jews have not yet succeeded in re-establishing themselves economically.

DAVID A. BROWN,
National Chairman, United Jewish Campaign

New York, October 8

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To hamper in the slightest degree a campaign for the relief of millions of suffering fellow beings involves such an appalling responsibility that I am sure you will not refuse me some space to point out the ruthless cruelty involved in Mr. Lewisohn's statement that "it is useless to give bread" to the Jews of Russia. No one disputes that "man does not live by bread alone." But if Mr. Lewisohn had enough imagination to visualize the actual conditions of the Russian Jews who have no bread, for instance that of my own cousin who actually starved to death before help from this country could reach him, or of thousands of others who are now near that condition, he would not indulge in the light-hearted, irresponsible rhetoric of such statements as "the bread will wither in the mouths of them that eat it." For the plan attacked is not to dole out charity in the form of soup kitchens but to help a whole people to return to the normal economic independence without which life has been a gruesome struggle.

The indisputable facts which Mr. Lewisohn totally ignores, despite his claims to "a fairly long and fairly thorough study," are as follows: For generations the Jews of Russia have by law been pent up in the cities and towns of a relatively narrow strip called the "Pale of Settlement," thus being compelled to eke out their subsistence for the most part by petty trading. Now that the government is bent, by direct prohibition or excessive taxation, to abolish all private business enterprise, the Jews of Russia are in a worse plight than they were even during the war. Russian factories and industries are not yet sufficiently developed to find places for the great mass of the Jews, and the consequent amount of unemployment is terrific. As this congestion of unemployment in the towns has caused difficulties for the Russian Government, it is planning to relieve the congestion by offering some land in south Russia immediately available for agricultural purposes.

At best Mr. Lewisohn's plan or absence of plan means that we should let the great mass of Russian Jews be crushed in order to save a few for "Nahalal in the valley of Jezreel."

This comfortable but astounding position Mr. Lewisohn justifies with the sweeping dogma that all the Jews of eastern or central Europe are sure to be killed sooner or later, so that to help to keep them alive is to "subsidize murder." I feel too strongly about this to trust myself to characterize such an irresponsible argument. I can only say that it has not the least support in the history of previous agricultural settlements in Russia. Besides, what guaranty has Mr. Lewisohn that the native Arabs who outnumber the Jews of Palestine more than six to one, and who feel the possession of their homes menaced by the Jewish invasion, will never indulge in riots against the newcomers? The actual riots which occurred near Jaffa some time ago make such assurance very risky, to say the least.

New York, October 11 MORRIS R. COHEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's letter "Palestine or Russia?" stirs my interest deeply. It is a great many years since I have heard, in Zionist circles or out, any plea for Zion against the world, against the immediate needs of the Jewry of the world, so eloquent, so passionate, so special, and so typical. The Zionist organization is to be congratulated.

I am a Zionist. I have been a Zionist for nearly a quarter of a century. I have been an assiduous student of the problems of the Jewish position in the Christian world even longer. I am more than ever convinced that the rehabilitation of the Jewish nationality in Palestine is basic to the solution of these problems. Some years ago I wrote a book "Zionism and World Politics," about which *The Nation* said very kind things, wherein I show why such rehabilitation is basic. I have stated my views on this matter in *The Nation* and elsewhere time and again. None can doubt my stand on Zionism as they might Mr. Louis Marshall's. Nevertheless I do not agree with Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn. I do agree with Mr. Louis Marshall.

Whether or not there is any hope for the Jews in Europe, the great majority of the Jews of the world live in Europe. They have lived in Europe for a very long time. They have lived in Europe through very much worse experiences and crises than the present and it looks as if they must continue to live in Europe. Emigration from Europe has not solved their problem. Emigration from Europe has only extended their problem. On the record it has extended their problem also to Palestine. Even if emigrant Jews were liberated by their migration from their problem, for those that remain the problem remains and a majority seems always to remain. Hence, even with the most unrestricted settlement of the Jews in Palestine, with unlimited resources, with a policy on the part of the mandatory completely favorable and cooperative, there would still remain a moiety of Jews in Russia and Central Europe where sufferings and dangers and needs would be at least just as real and just as urgent as those of Palestinians.

New York, October 10 H. M. KALLEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was with extreme pleasure that I read Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's fiery appeal for a preference for Palestine over Russian colonization. I was one of those who attended the Philadelphia conference, called by the Joint Distribution Committee, and offered vigorous opposition to the proposal to have American Jews commit themselves to a policy of investing nine or more million dollars in colonization in the Ukraine and Crimea.

I was appointed one of the committee that framed the peace pact at the end of the session, but in committee and sub-

sequently on the floor of the conference I refused to give my assent to what seemed to be a somewhat meaningless jumble of words. As a matter of truth the conference at Philadelphia was not intended to be a conference but merely a staging for the beginning of the collection of the $15,000,000. The organizers were probably rather surprised that opposition was offered to their pet project, and they sought to overwhelm it by the announcement of princely gifts in favor of their plans.

Personally I believe that $15,000,000 could do more permanent good for the Jews in Palestine than the spending of it [illegible] in the world. I was, however, opposed, and I am still opposed, to this project for colonization in Russia, because I think it is inimical to the interests of the Jews throughout the world and offers more than the normal amount of risk and hazard to the Jews to be colonized, either in the Ukraine or the Crimea.

The men who have made themselves responsible for this policy have never made it clear why they are so certain of the stability of the Soviet Government, and their spokesman, Dr. Joseph Rosen, predicated the whole plan upon his belief in the stability of the Soviet Government, there being fair agreement among Jews everywhere that the fall of the Soviet Government will be followed by the wholesale massacre of Jews. In the second place, the men who assumed the responsibility for this Russian policy, and who are at the same time men who have assumed a certain measure of responsibility toward the development of Palestine, have not made it clear why at this time they prefer to trust the Soviet Government, under which the Zionists are being persecuted, rather than place confidence in the mandatory power which is controlling the destinies of Palestine. They are undertaking to raise $15,000,000, most of which is to be spent in Russia. At the very utmost, they have promised to raise about a million and a half for Palestine, the balance of the funds of the projected $3,000,000 corporation being provided by a merger of existing funds. Apparently, in their minds, Russia stands as ten to one against Palestine.

Mr. Lewisohn has so admirably covered a good deal of the ground as to the position of the Jews in Europe that I do not think that it is necessary to elaborate on the fact that were this Russian colonization policy not viewed as a crushing alternative to Palestinian colonization it would still have to be justified on its own merits.

There is, in the first place, against it a 300 years' experience of the Jews in Eastern Europe, and there is, in the second place, the immediate risk, admitted by Dr. Rosen, that the peasants are seeking to come back to the expropriated lands of Soviet Russia, and, third, that the Jews who are settling are not guided by a love for agriculture but entirely moved by consideration of getting from the soil the food they need to fill their empty stomachs. This last fact implies that at the very first break in the present economic condition in the cities in Russia these farms will be speedily deserted by the colonists.

Among all races and at all times it takes more than need to make a farmer out of a city dweller. As to the attitude of the Jews in Russia, it is becoming more and more evident that they are not exercising a free judgment in this matter. The pressure that compels them to acquiesce in this policy is too obvious to need elaboration in print.

New York, October 16 JACOB DE HAAS

Miracles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *America*, a Catholic review of the week, there appears a challenge extended to you. The reason for this act is set forth in the current number, which also contains the challenge itself. The editors of the Catholic periodical quote *The Nation* as "pontifically disposing" of the miracles attributed to the intercession of the newly canonized saint, Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus, by the remark that "there are many willing to testify that they have been cured of various diseases through her aid," though you go on to add (and to this is exception taken) that "similar miracles, quite as well authenticated, are attributed to Mrs. Eddy, M. Coué, and many others."

The present writer regrets very much that such a statement has come from the pen of the learned editors of *The Nation*. It is much to be desired, in the interest of truth, that the challenge be accepted, for only by a frank and truly sincere discussion regarding the fact of miracles can any light come to the mind that holds dogmatically every claim of the kind to be hopelessly "medieval," "superstitious," etc. The argument, of course, will turn upon the fact of miracles, not upon their possibility, though it is a necessary postulate if the discussion is to bear fruit.

Your kindness, I hope, will permit me to stray a little and to recommend for your perusal as an example of the critical methods employed by Catholic writers in authenticating alleged miracles the work of M. L'abbé Georges Bertrin, entitled "Histoire Critique des Événements de Lourdes-Apparitions et Guérisons," published in Paris by J. Gabalda and in New York by Benziger Brothers. The author of this book is a doctor of letters and professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris.

The Catholic doctrine on miracles is admirably summed up in the following drawn from the Roman Missal for July 1: "Si testimonium hominum accipimus, testimonium Dei majus est."

Glens Falls, N. Y., July 5 JOHN L. BAZINET

Psychological Tests for Judges

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note your comment about an alleged proposal to select judges by means of psychological tests. [*The Nation*, September 23.] That proposal is credited to me. As a matter of fact I said nothing at all about the selection of judges by any method. I do not believe that it would be feasible to select judges by any psychological tests now known, and I never made the proposal.

This is another instance of the distortion of newspaper reporters for the sake of getting a story.

Chicago, October 5 L. L. THURSTONE

Contributors to This Issue

BASIL N. BASS is a New York lawyer and a captain in the air service reserves. He served for two years as an aviator in France.

HARRY W. LAIDLER is secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, and author of "Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," and "Socialism in Thought and Action."

BRENT DOW ALLINSON was in prison for two years as a conscientious objector. He is now in Switzerland.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN wrote The Walter Hines Page Legend in the *American Mercury* for September.

THORSTEN SELLIN, of the sociology department of the University of Pennsylvania, was in Florence during the recent disturbances.

WILLIAM HARD was *The Nation's* Washington correspondent from January, 1923, through April, 1925. For some months he has been making a special study of the failure of the League of Nations campaign in the United States.

LAURA BENET has published a book of poems, "Fairy Bread."

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Newer Spirit."

PITTS SANBORN is the music critic of the New York *Telegram*.

Books, Music, Plays

I Mourn the Dead

By LEON SERABIAN HERALD

I mourn the dead.
The tears of the living
Are not half as mournful
As the laughter of the dead.
The lightning is the overflow
Of the hot grief of the dead,
The quake of the earth
Is the overflow of their sigh.

I mourn the dead.
They weep even with their body.
They perspire even with their souls.
O the dead, the dead, the dead!
They see, but there is no way.

I was with the dead one moment,
But the living say to me—
The living that have ways to see—
They know nothing of the dead,
And the living die.
O the living, the living
March on to die
With Passion their loud drum,
With Greed their shrill fife!

First Glance

THERE are two things that a historian of the world's literature might do if he wanted to seem adequate. He might purvey every known fact about all the books and all the authors, and this would require many thousands of pages; or he might assume these facts and present a body of generalization which would be convincing and attractive, and this could be done in as few pages as he liked. He certainly could not do both things, and it happens to be doubtful whether anyone could do either. John Macy, setting out to write his "Story of the World's Literature" (Boni and Liveright: $5), saw, of course, that it was not for him to drag a net which should catch every author—even every famous author; and so, if one is to believe his charming preface, he cast about for a point of view from which to examine only such volumes and men as he felt it important and interesting to examine. He decided that it was well to "cultivate a kind of impudent curiosity about literature," to scrap the "solemn notion . . . that there is some kind of moral obligation to spend one's days and nights with only the good and the great," and to have the courage of one's conviction that certain "intimate companions" among the minor things may be quite as valuable as the classics. "To save 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'The Bab Ballads' I would gladly throw overboard a good deal of very important literature," says Mr. Macy. And it is an admissible point of view. Moreover, it is a point of view which, if Mr. Macy had continued to hold it, would have made for a volume not only lucid and unaffected—as his is—but literally unassailable.

But Mr. Macy did not hold it. Far from celebrating Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert when their time came, he never so much as mentioned them. And far from confining himself to those books of the world which had aroused his loyalty and affection, he departed into half-hearted disquisitions upon all manner of works suspected by him to be so important—to others—that they could not be left out. He attempted to proceed upon the larger plan after all, which means that he laid himself open to criticism of the sort that he was least prepared to survive. Thus, since he strove for a properly proportioned history, it becomes fair to object—even in the face of his candid confession—that seventeen pages are not enough for the gigantic literatures of China, Japan, India, Arabia, and Persia; that Elizabethan literature outside of Shakespeare does not deserve more space than all of French prose before 1800; that European literature since 1800 is a great deal less than half of all the literature of the world. Since he did endeavor to treat Thucydides, Aristotle, Langland, Ariosto, Milton, Pascal, and Darwin it becomes permissible to observe that he treats them feebly. And since he did aim, however shyly, at an account of the great books which should satisfy several sorts of reader it becomes necessary to say that for many readers his preoccupation with "style" will make him an inadequate historian. He might very well have called his book a story of styles—in which case he would have been free to praise the "readable" authors and those alone. But he calls it a story of literature, and so is reduced, in the seventeen dutiful lines which he devotes to Darwin and Spencer, to saying that the first is greater than the second because he is a better writer!

"The lyric poet is a man of short breath, though he may express the universe in four lines." In such a sentence Mr. Macy is at his best, and it is a pity that he could not have left himself free to write more like it. He obviously is at home among the poets. He is quite innocent of moral obsessions. He prefers honesty, transparency, and charm above all other literary virtues—incidentally possessing them himself in a high degree. He considers the greatest of all literary sins to be dulness—and almost never commits it. May his next book, then, be altogether his own.

MARK VAN DOREN

Lodge on Wilson

The Senate and the League of Nations. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS book might have been called "Henry Cabot Lodge on Woodrow Wilson." Almost half of the text of it is [illegible] which occurred before the Treaty of Versailles came to the Senate. The five appendices consist of a speech by Mr. Wilson, three speeches by Mr. Lodge in criticism of Mr. Wilson's ideas, and a verbatim reproduction of the long colloquy between Mr. Wilson and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on August 19, 1919.

The one thread of new information and of new interest that runs through the book is the historic development of Mr. Lodge's attitude toward Mr. Wilson's personality and behavior. Out of personal conferences with Mr. Wilson he describes the alarm—the trepidation—which came upon Mr. Wilson when he discovered that the Mexicans at Vera Cruz, in 1914, instead of welcoming our marines as helpers and deliv-

erers were determined to fight them. He describes Mr. Wilson's renewed panic when in 1916 at Carrizal the Mexicans attacked the merely protective!—or, at most, the merely punitive!—troopers of General Pershing.

Mr. Lodge says regarding Mr. Wilson on this latter occasion:

> He wanted evidently to do just enough to allay public feeling and avoid war. He was willing to commit one or two acts of war but not declare war. He was torn between fear of losing votes and fear of war. He was in a nervous condition, as when I saw him after Vera Cruz, although not so collapsed as he was then.

Mr. Lodge at that time thought—and in this book maintains—that Mr. Wilson sent marines to Vera Cruz to gratify a personal grudge and to wreak a personal vengeance against Huerta, who had defied him. In this book he further maintains that Mr. Wilson went to war against Germany because of personal resentment against the German Government and against the German Emperor for having seemed to be willing to welcome him as a mediator in the Great War and for then having suddenly rejected him in that role.

With this interpretation of Mr. Wilson's motives and methods, Mr. Lodge, as would seem natural, conceived a dislike for him. Out of a memorandum made by him on May 18, 1917, Mr. Lodge says regarding Mr. Wilson's appearance:

> I watched and studied his face tonight as I have often done before—a curious mixture of acuteness, intelligence, and extreme underlying timidity—a shifty, furtive, sinister expression!

Mr. Lodge denies, however, that he opposed Mr. Wilson's League of Nations because of believing that Mr. Wilson was acute, intelligent, timid, shifty, furtive, and sinister. On this point Mr. Lodge in the shadow of death exhibits unabated the same icy insolence that was his in full life. He remarks:

> Mr. Wilson to me was simply an element to be calmly and coolly considered in a great problem of international politics.

He further remarks that up to the time of the Great War "Mr. Wilson had never crossed my path in any way and never had inflicted any personal injury upon me; in fact, it was impossible for him to do so."

Mr. Wilson overthrew Huerta. He overthrew William the Second. He did not—this book might seem to be written to say—overthrow Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. Henry Cabot Lodge overthrew him.

Mr. Lodge nevertheless repeatedly maintains that he opposed the Treaty—that is, that he sought to amend and "reserve" it—because of the Treaty's demerits and not because of Mr. Wilson's hateful characteristics (hateful to Mr. Lodge). He points to the fact that he had supported Mr. Wilson in the matter of repealing the "free tolls" for our coast-wise ships in the Panama Canal. He points to the fact that he had supported Mr. Wilson in the matter of arming our merchant ships in the spring of 1917. He could have pointed to a much stronger fact.

In 1911, when Mr. Taft, then President, sent to the Senate an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, Mr. Lodge in the Senate took a highly influential part in so amending that treaty that Mr. Taft, outraged, refused to send it to Great Britain for ratification. The fatal senatorial medicine which Mr. Lodge commended to the lips of his enemy Woodrow Wilson he had already proffered—with equal success—to his friend William Howard Taft.

Mr. Lodge further maintains in this book that he genuinely desired the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and of the Covenant of the League of Nations, as senatorially "reserved" and "safeguarded."

There is not one surviving genuine "Irreconcilable" in the United States Senate who will not heartily corroborate Mr. Lodge on this point. Mr. Lodge indeed, in his declining days, sometimes loved, I think, to let it be thought that he actually had been the diabolically subtle creature imagined by the Democrats and that, knowing that Mr. Wilson would never accept certain reservations, he deliberately and for that very reason nailed them to the Treaty.

In this book he puts aside such bed-time playfulness and tells the truth. He could not possibly foresee that Mr. Wilson would really finally refuse to accept reservations which were pronounced acceptable by that wary Englishman Lord Grey and by that exigent Frenchman André Tardieu. He voted for the Treaty twice; and on both occasions it was open to the Wilsonian Democrats to vote with him and with his reservationist Republican colleagues and so carry the Treaty into ratification; and he could not possibly have been sure that the Wilsonian Democrats would not do so.

Mr. Lodge could have strengthened this particular contention of his if he had been willing to recount the painful details of numerous conferences in which the "Irreconcilables" stormed at him and ranted at him and threatened him with the total disruption of the Republican Party in order to prevent him from making his reservations weaker and weaker for the purpose of pleasing the "mild" and "tame" reservationists like McCumber of North Dakota and Kellogg of Minnesota.

Mr. Lodge does not give us those details. If he had chosen to do so, he would have proved beyond denial and beyond doubt that he was never a surreptitious "Irreconcilable" or any other sort of "Irreconcilable" but always faithfully and steadily a reservationist and always willing to send the "reserved" Treaty to Mr. Wilson for Mr. Wilson's possible rejection—*or possible acceptance.*

Mr. Lodge ends his book with certain further unfavorable observations on Mr. Wilson. On reading them, one is again impressed with the undaunted loneliness of much of Mr. Lodge's life.

One of Boston's best, he early and without compunction incurred the contempt of Boston's best for being a "practical politician." A son of Harvard and at one time an officer of Harvard, he at times unflinchingly pursued policies which exposed him to slights from Harvard. He antagonized the Southerners with his "Force Bill." He antagonized both the Wilsonian Democrats and the "Irreconcilables" by his course on the League of Nations. He antagonized the idolators of Coolidge by voting for the bonus; and he went home to Boston to be sick and to die, loftily snubbed by almost all of the petty successors of the great Massachusetts poets and philosophers and statesmen to whose circle he had cozily belonged in his boyhood.

Such loneliness does not conduce to any exuberant cheeriness of views. Mr. Lodge ends his book with a masterpiece of acidity. He says that Mr. Wilson had "the greatest opportunity ever given to any public man in modern times." He says that Mr. Wilson destroyed this opportunity "unaided and alone." He concludes:

> Difficult as such an achievement in the face of such an opportunity was, it does not warrant describing the man who wrought the destruction as a great man.

This is surely excessive; but it came from a man who had suffered much from the excesses of others.

WILLIAM HARD

Young Poe

Edgar Allan Poe Letters, till now unpublished, in the Valentine Museum, Richmond, Virginia. Introductory Essay and Commentary by Mary Newton Stanard. With Facsimiles of All Letters and 15 Illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Company. $15.

WITH the exception of Whitman, no American author has been so assiduously studied as Poe, and yet even today, three-quarters of a century after his death, there still remain unpublished documents which are absolutely essential to the

full understanding of his career. Since Griswold's famous death-notice in the New York *Tribune*, a flood of writings, including four major biographies, has necessitated a constant revision of the story of Poe's life, but even now the bare facts are nowhere completely assembled, and at every turn biographers are balked by misrepresentation and concealment of important facts.

For the initial confusions Poe's own mendacity was responsible. Not only did he lie about the date of his birth and, after the fairly well-established custom of authors, about the date at which he composed his earlier poems, but he dealt in wholesale invention as well; for in the course of the process by which he carefully cultivated his own legend of himself he concocted that romantic story of his expedition to Europe in the interests of Greek freedom which, though by that time regarded with suspicion, found a place in Ingram's "Life" (1880), and was not wholly discredited until Mr. Woodberry's discovery that Poe had enlisted in the United States Army, coupled with Mr. Campbell's investigation of the Allan Papers, proved that he could not possibly have been out of this country at the time when his Byronic exploit was supposed to have taken place.

But Poe's own efforts to obscure his career have since been ably seconded by others. That sentimental view of his character which has gradually prevailed over the acrimonious one supplied by Griswold has not encouraged the relation of unvarnished facts, and, more important yet, the owners of essential documents have stubbornly withheld them, partly, perhaps, from a disinclination to jeopardize an agreeable legend by the revelation of facts, but chiefly from a desire to leave the affairs of the Allan family in safe obscurity. Hence it is that some remain unpublished and others are now for the first time given to the world.

Not since Mr. Woodberry made his discoveries have any facts in the life of Poe been made public which were of comparable importance to those contained in the present volume. The long-continued quarrel between Allan and Poe, which resulted in the latter's being finally cast entirely upon his own resources, has always been as obscure as it was obviously crucial, and though these new letters do not, it is true, throw any light upon the origins of that quarrel, they do enable us to follow as never before its course, and they furnish new material of extraordinary value for a study of the character of the two men. Twenty-seven letters from Poe to Allan and two letters from Allan to Poe cover the period between 1826, when the latter had just entered the University of Virginia, and 1833, when Allan wrote "finis" to the story by indorsing upon the back of a previous communication his opinion of Poe in the following terms: "It is now upwards of 2 years since I received the above precious relict of the Blackest Heart and deepest ingratitude alike destitute of honor and principle. Every day of his life has only served to confirm his debased nature—Suffice it to say my only regret is in Pity for his failings—his Talents are of an order that can never prove a comfort to their possessor." The story which they tell is far from a pleasant one, and one not wholly creditable to either of the parties concerned, for while Poe alternates between the most contemptuous defiance and the most abject supplication, Allan reluctantly doles money, which he accompanies with the most stinging insults; but every page is highly illuminating for both.

No future judgment of Poe's character will be worth considering if it does not take these letters into account, but there will, it appears, remain some difference of opinion. To their editor they seem only to confirm that view of Poe which regards him as the blameless victim of misfortune and cruelty. To me the case seems not so simple. Even if we take Poe's own statements at their face value and take them alone, it is impossible to say whether John Allan treated him fairly or no; for Poe's statements in his angry letters contradict flatly those which he wrote in conciliatory mood. On one occasion he declares that he has no excuse to offer for his "infamous conduct" at the university, on another he charges all his difficulties there to the niggardliness of his foster father. In 1830 he roundly charges Allan with complete neglect of all the duties undertaken when he received an infant into his household, but the following year he writes: "When I look back upon the past and think of everything—of how much you tried to do for me—of your forbearance and your generosity, in spite of the most flagrant ingratitude on my part, I can not help thinking myself the greatest fool in existence"; and so the swift changes go.

That Allan was a coarse-grained and violent-tempered man is undoubtedly true, but that Poe had become utterly unmanageable long before he was completely cast off is equally plain, for the letters which bear ample testimony to his suffering reveal with equal clearness the instability of his temper. There are secrets of his childhood which must probably always remain secrets, but by the time he had become a man even a wiser and more temperate patron than his foster father happened to be could hardly have saved him.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

David Garnett's Third

The Sailor's Return. By David Garnett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE characters that compose this fantastic story are as hot-blooded, highly colored, and tragic as a group of tropical birds, wounded and left to die against the dull shaven green and white of an English landscape. Mr. Garnett has conceived a most incongruous group of people—a retired sailor who keeps a public house, an African girl, and their black baby. Against their genuine love and confidence in each other and defiance of the world he has set the gaping brutality of the village mind which in the end overpowers with its stupid cruelty both Targett's physical strength and fortune and Tulip's innocent candor. The ironic death of the baby, Sheba, after their forced wedding ceremony, is a symbol of this strange fact.

The book is well done. From an aesthetic point of view, perhaps, no figures could better represent creatures of nature going down in the struggle with convention than those of Targett and Tulip. For Targett has many of the simple qualities of his African bride. He has dealt with primeval things, seas and wind, ignorance and superstition, where a blow of the fist or a sum of money would insure him the mastery. Not unlike one of Eugene O'Neill's seamen, he cannot compete with the narrow customs of his family and his land, and his death, caused by a foul blow in a quarrel, is as fitting a climax to his character as Tulip's drab course in an alien country after he is gone is to hers.

Flashes of humor and beauty illuminate the story—Tulip's wild dance in the inn before the heavy figure of Harry, Targett's brother, Tulip's sly bestowal of a purse of money upon her husband's narrow-minded and acid sister in order to keep her evil spells from them, and—most of all—Tulip's recital in the wood of the beauties and terrors of her father's court before she comes home like a happy child to be confronted with her husband's body.

"The Sailor's Return" is a tragical rolling ballad, not a delicate prose poem like "Lady into Fox." It has more meat than "The Man in the Zoo," in which, however, there was the same acute portrayal of the Negro—the average commercialized Negro, not the savage princess that Tulip represents. Tulip is the artistic center of the book, a strange tropical flower that soon withers. Mr. Garnett has the poetic sense of irony and pity. Some day, perhaps, instead of these small, compressed prints he will give us a powerful and heroic canvas.

LAURA BENET

Criticism by Sociology

Historical Materialism: A System of Sociology. By Nicolai Bukharin. International Publishers. $3.25.

IN these parlous days of economic change and political upheaval Bukharin's book comes as a clarifying analysis of the chaos in which we are enmeshed. "Historical Materialism" is monistic in its interpretation of life, Marxian in its exposition of society. It is lucid and argumentative, brilliant and dogmatic. As a contribution to sociology it is striking and significant.

Proclaimed for the first time in "The Communist Manifesto" of 1848, restated with more philosophic inclusiveness by Marx in "The Critique of Political Economy" of 1859, the theory of historical materialism has attained a singular growth in the generations that have followed its birth. In every country in which there has been a labor movement it has been instrumental in the organization of proletarian parties, determined their economic programs and political tactics, inspired their leaders with philosophic vision. In Russia a whole revolution was effected in its name. The theory declares:

> In the social production which men carry on they enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will; the sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society—the real foundation, on which rise legal and political superstructures and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness.

It gained little acceptance in America in circles other than the proletariat until the last decade or two. In Europe, Marxism since its origin has had a deep-lying, permanent influence on philosophic and historical theory. Categorized and defended as "economic determinism," in recent years it has experienced an almost miraculously accelerated growth. While men like Enrico Ferri declare that Marx complements Spencer and Darwin and that "sociology must be Socialist or cease," while William A. Bonger, in the most remarkable contribution to criminology in many years—"Criminality and Economic Conditions"—maintains that the "theory of Marx [has] resisted, like a wall of bronze, all attacks . . . and constitutes a great step in advance in criminology," and while Hausenstein in "Vom Geist des Barock" proves the Marxian origin of the Baroque, it is in the developments in American thought in relation to the philosophy of Marxism that the most outstanding and revealing change in attitude is to be observed. The new historical school is devoted largely to the study of history from the point of view of a social or economic determinism. Charles A. Beard is the best exemplar of this school. In "The Economic Basis of Politics" he makes unconscious acknowledgment of his debt to the doctrine of historical materialism. Schlesinger in "New Viewpoints in American History" admits the superiority of the economic interpretation of history. In the works of Veblen, Farrand, Smith, Barnes, and a score of others, the influence of the philosophic concept of historical materialism can be discovered and traced. None of these men, however, have called themselves Marxians, nor have they in any instance accepted the implications of the Marxian ideology; their work, nevertheless, is indebted to historical materialism, with its stressing of the economic factor in history, for its fundamental inspiration. James Oneal, Nearing, and Simons are our leading writers of pure Marxian type. And the influence of this doctrine does not cease with them.

In these circumstances, the publication in America of Nicolai Bukharin's "Historical Materialism" occurs at a very propitious period. Bukharin defines and develops the doctrine in astute and comprehensive style. Marx and Engels, after all, announced but did not develop their theory in philosophic detail or with scientific exactitude. It was Plechanov who was the first philosopher of Marxism. In this book Bukharin is continuing Plechanov's work. His approach is calm and considerate, deliberate and circumspect, without the soap-box zealotry and raging mania of the propagandist. He devotes the first part of his book to a discussion of the nature of social science, the problems of teleology and determinism, the basis of dialectical materialism. While the arguments against teleology and voluntarism and the defence of dialectical materialism are neither fresh nor new, the form in which they are presented is unusually cogent and impressive. In the latter half of the book the substance is more original. Here the concept of social aggregates, the nature of equilibrium between society and nature, between the elements of society, the character of classes and the class-struggle are treated in illuminating and opulent detail. The social basis of language and religion, of science and philosophy, even of literature and music, is traced in broad but vivid outline. The discussion of the economic basis of religion, a development of the theory of Bogdanov, is exceptionally ingenious if not finally convincing.

It is important to remember, however, that in the age of science in which we live the acceptance or rejection of a theory must be determined ultimately by the criteria of observation and experiment. It is the one weakness of this book that it fails to realize that, despite the value and brilliance of its theory, a multitude of material still remains to be analyzed before the entire historical process can be unraveled. No other theory has explained so much or neglected so little, yet the very fact of its excellence does not entirely excuse a tendency to oversimplification and dogmatism. V. F. CALVERTON

Books in Brief

The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. South Seas Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. 32 vols. 90 cents each.

"Sets" as cheap as this one are rarely so complete or so well edited. Here at last is a nearly definitive Stevenson well within the reach of the average buyer of books. The volumes are small and light, the paper is plain, the printing is good; and the contents are as adequate as could be wished. Much of the material has never before appeared in a popular edition of the author, and some of the letters have never before appeared in book form.

Music

Bayreuth Today: An Impression

IT was rather the fashion for a good many years before the World War to find fault with the festival performances at Bayreuth. This practice was not limited to English, French, and American critics. Bitter words were spoken by Germans themselves. Inevitably the notion got around that Bayreuth, which once proudly laid "Der Ring des Nibelungen" before humanity, and later "Parsifal," had served its purpose. This view of the case gained plausibility from the frequency and the excellence of the Wagnerian performances offered in various cities on either side of the Atlantic. Take New York in the middle and later nineties and the early years of the present century.

Meanwhile Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, and other Continental capitals were reveling in the music drama of Wagner, and the annual summer Wagner festival at Munich dared to be, save for the reserved "Parsifal," an open competitor of Bayreuth.

When on January 1, 1914, "Parsifal" became legally free to the whole world and leading opera houses of France and Italy, as well as of the German-speaking countries, instantly availed themselves of that freedom, it did seem as though the last excuse for going on with Bayreuth had vanished. And when war actually put a stop to the festival of 1914, few can have supposed that it would ever be revived.

Nevertheless it has been. Herr Siegfried Wagner (his mother, the venerable Frau Cosima, because of her great age, no longer shares in the direction) carried out the first post-war festival in the summer of 1924 and the second this summer. Each was rewarded with a generous attendance, and Herr Wagner announces a third for 1927.

It was with knowledge of the various charges formerly brought against Bayreuth performances—exaggeration of this or that, stereotyped histrionics, worship of a false traditionalism, general inflexibility—that I went to Bayreuth this August for the concluding representations of the festival of 1925. But I was not burdened with personal prejudice pro or con for the very good reason that this was my first visit to the Wagner shrine. In the course of the three performances which I witnessed at the Festspielhaus the annoying elements that I was prepared to endure stayed in hiding, and certain important qualities which in my experience are peculiar to Bayreuth stood out in bold relief. First of all, there was the orchestra.

I have listened elsewhere to "Götterdämmerung," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal" conducted by leaders as famous as Dr. Muck and more so than Michael Balling. And yet, remembering these performances at the Festspielhaus, I am tempted to declare that never before had I really heard the Wagner orchestra! One reason is the acoustics of the auditorium, which combine mellowness with brilliance in a way that I suspect is unique. The Prinz-Regenten Theater at Munich, an "improvement" on the Festspielhaus, is in comparison acoustically hard. Then the placing of the orchestra, in relation to the mellow resonance of the house and to the singers' voices on the stage, is such that its most overpowering fortissimo never obscures the word or the tone (be it good or be it bad!) of the vocalist. Of course the fact that the Bayreuth orchestra is composed of picked men must not be underestimated in appraising its achievement. But the playing of these men could not produce the superb effect it does in a house acoustically less fortunate.

For conductors Herr Wagner made a wise choice in Herr Balling and Dr. Muck. The former, though he practically grew up at Bayreuth, never indeed became a world celebrity. But a better "Götterdämmerung" than his one would hardly ask for. The breadth of his tempi (unhurried but never lagging), his fine and vital sense of rhythm, and his evident feeling for the sheer beauty of the music all contributed to a dignified and impressive exposition of the colossal score. Doubtless some other conductor might have carried the funeral music and the final scene of immolation to a more breathless pitch of epic tragedy. But, taken by and large, this was a noble, a beautiful, a satisfying "Götterdämmerung."

Busch of Dresden was to have been the conductor for "Die Meistersinger." When he "disappointed," Dr. Muck "obliged." Temperamentally the sardonic doctor is not according to German standards the ideal leader for Wagner's comedy. One immediately gathered why from the unprecedented speed with which he took the prelude. But as a purely musical expositor only Toscanini in my experience has rivaled him. And if something of the "heavy" German humor is neglected by Dr. Muck, the gaiety of this "Meistersinger" was to a rank outsider like myself absolutely delightful, and the touches of impishness in which he indulged were as authentically medieval as the naughty little demons whose quaint pranks enliven the awful ways of Judgment above the portal of many a Gothic church. As for "Parsifal," there Dr. Muck is rightly supposed to conduct from the tripod. It is enough for me to add that the third act as he led it was from beginning to end one of those rare revelations of what our erring flesh can do which make of praise a futile and impertinent intrusion.

The singing of the chorus (a picked body) I have not heard equaled by any other opera chorus anywhere. In Götterdämmerung" and in "Die Meistersinger" it was nothing short of astounding. Again, the demeanor and acting of the choristers, singly or in groups, suggested not opera as we are accustomed to envisage it but a particularly valuable phase of the Moscow Art Theater's manifestations. The departure of the congregation from St. Catherine's Church in the first act of "Die Meistersinger" and the behavior of the grail knights in the final scene of "Parsifal" illustrated what some folk can do in conquering the visual hopelessness of an operatic chorus.

PITTS SANBORN

Drama

Unspacious Days

CLOSE upon the heels of Walter Hampden's highly intelligent production of "Hamlet" (Hampden's Theater) came two excellent modern plays which serve, among other things, to remind us how far are our days from deserving that adjective "spacious" so fittingly bestowed upon the days of the great Elizabeth. "Craig's Wife" (Morosco Theater), by George Kelly, and "A Man's Man" (52nd Street Theater), by Patrick Kearney, are both essentially tragic in their feeling; but tragedy, which once "in scepter'd robes came sweeping by," has lost her royal robes and with them the grandeur which served to dignify her sorrows and make them tolerable. It is a long way from the palace at Elsinore to the Harlem flat

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beside the "L" which furnishes the scene of "A Man's Man," and a long way from the imperious lust of the most seeming-virtuous queen to the petty schemes of the selfish wife whom Mr. Kelly has so bitterly delineated; but it is the way which the modern mind has come, gradually losing its grandiose visions and becoming more and more absorbed in the trivialities among which it has its being. We can, when Mr. Hampden and Miss Barrymore conspire to make us, recapture for an hour the heroic mood in which the fall of princes seems to epitomize the tragedy of existence, but we can no longer create it for ourselves because it no longer has for us a real emotional validity. We have our tragic sense of life, bitterer, perhaps, than that of any other age, but it is less a sense that man fails greatly, like Hamlet, than that, without grandeur or greatness, he fails in meanness of spirit and triviality of circumstance.

Of these two plays, the most telling which the season has produced, "A Man's Man" is the less finished, but it happens also to be the one which typifies most perfectly the bedraggled muse of modern tragedy. Its hero is a poor clerk, struggling like thousands of his kind to hide from himself his knowledge of his own inferiority by an ardent faith in all the schemes for developing his personality and unlocking those hidden powers which the advertising pages of the popular magazines announce. From a school of success he has received a diploma and he is conscientiously devoting fifteen minutes a day by the clock to the reading of the Harvard Classics in the hope that a bewildered misunderstanding of "Urn Burial" will somehow raise his salary; but all his ambitions are mean, and even they are beyond his reach, for he was born to be a fool and a dupe. He allows a slightly cleverer acquaintance, who promises to "get him into the Elks," to take from him all the money which he can borrow; his wife is seduced by the same man with a promise of an introduction into the movies; and when, his house about his ears, he leaves with the determination to perform one heroic act by performing an assault upon the person of the false friend, he is compelled to crawl back, beaten and battered, to the wife whom he has cast off. For a few agonizing moments he tries to pretend that in this one battle at least he was victorious, but he knows it is no use; and so, collapsing at her feet, he confesses his ultimate failure: "It is not true," he sobs, "I didn't lick him, he licked hell out of me." "Craig's Wife" is less violent than this and in ways much better written; it does not assault so brutally our emotions, for it merely dissects with a cruelly delicate scalpel the soul of a supremely cold and selfish woman; but like "A Man's Man" it carries with it no sense of human dignity which might serve, as that sense always does serve in the great tragedies of the past, to exalt the spirit even at the moment when it is most harrowed. In it dissonances remain dissonances instead of being drowned, as Shakespearean tragedy drowns them, in mightier harmonies.

It is, perhaps, worth noting that some of the tragedies of O'Neill, as well as such a play as "What Price Glory," owe something of the lift which they undoubtedly possess to the fact that their authors have managed to recapture something of the spaciousness which distinguishes the exultant tragedies of the Elizabethan times from those belonging to the strictly realistic genre which the modern consciousness has created; but "Craig's Wife" and "A Man's Man" remain more characteristic examples of the mood and manner of modern tragedy. Each attempts, it is true, to avoid the utter depression of spirits which such works produce, the former by allowing the audience to take in the person of the husband a vicarious revenge upon the wife whom it has been led to hate, the second by a silly and irrelevant tag in which something is said of the promise of the next generation. But there is no concealing the dominant effect of both, for both are, in essence, tragedies which spring, not, as Shakespeare's did, from a sense of the greatness of life, but rather from that sense, which Shakespeare could never have understood, of its essential meanness. Most old tragedies are at bottom confessions of a faith in life; most modern ones a confession of an utter disillusionment. It remains but to say that both are marked by excellent acting, Chrystal Herne distinguishing herself in "Craig's Wife" and Dwight Frye giving a telling performance in "A Man's Man."

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" (Lyceum Theater), an absurd but entertaining comedy by Alfred Savoir, affords Elsie Ferguson the best vehicle which she has had for several seasons. She is both beautiful and amusing.

Orville Harrold and his daughter Patti are given an admirable vehicle for their singing and dancing at the Lyric Theater in "Holka Polka." Here again is delightful musical comedy with both conservative and original music by Will Ortman. A musical comedy with jazz ignored! The scene, laid in Czecho-Slovakia, affords the opportunity for striking costumes and stage effects, and the singing of the chorus is relatively as good as that of the principals. Altogether it is a play which ought to run indefinitely. Miss Harrold has not only beauty and charm and a lovely singing voice (in contrast to an unlovely speaking one) but talent as well. Miss May Vokes gives her usual humorous contribution to the ensemble. There are few character actors as amusing on the stage.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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LECTURES

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Subject: "Two Arms of British Labor"
Tickets at $2.50 should be secured at once from
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RAND SCHOOL
7 E. 15th Street

Prof. Henry E. Crampton
"Evolution and Human Problems."
Saturday, Oct. 31, 1:30 P. M.

Vernon Loggins
"Anatole France and Romain Rolland."
Thursday, Nov. 5, 8:30 P. M.

Nathan Fine
"Labor's Struggle in Europe Today."
Thursdays, 7 P. M., Nov. 5, 12 and 19.

International Relations Section

Press Comment in Bulgaria

TRANSLATIONS of the following extracts from various Bulgarian newspapers concerning the recent visit of Miss Ellen Wilkinson, British Labor M. P., to that country were received from a reliable source within the country itself. From the Bulgarian daily *The Slovo*, September 22, 1925, one of the three dailies unreservedly loyal to the government:

Missions from communistic circles in Czecho-Slovakia and England have recently come to Bulgaria to study Bulgaria's "white terror" and to distribute among the victims money which they claim to have collected by public and *private* subscription. Not long ago we called the attention of our readers to the mission of Miss Ellen Wilkinson, the colleague and intimate collaborator of MacKinder, Wedgewood, and Malone, who precisely on April 16,[1] by a coincidence which has not yet been explained, started for Sofia in order to see personally the victims of the terror. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, like Wedgewood before her, announces that her mission was given the warmest support by the president and secretary of the Socialist Party in Bulgaria, namely, by K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff.

What these people told Miss Ellen Wilkinson is evident from the communication which she herself gave out, namely, that 20,000 people in Bulgaria had been killed or had "disappeared," and that from among the Agrarians only. She says that she also received information to the effect that the Bulgarian Government had ordered the dismissal of all state officials who were members of the Agrarian League or of the Communist Party, for the purpose of increasing the misery of the widows and orphans left by the victims of the "white terror."

We understand this new course of action adopted by our Socialist Party; they are trying to improve their conduct so as to gain favor with the International and to let themselves be taken from within by the Communists. That is their own affair. But when our leading Socialists give out such information merely to cater to Communists from foreign countries, that does not speak well for them.

Worst of all, this is not their first offense. The report of Wedgewood and Company which was full of lies and libels against Bulgaria after the outrage of April 16 drew water from the same spring.

From *The Nation*, the organ of the Bulgarian Social Democratic Party, September 24:

HOW THEY DISGRACE BULGARIA!

The Slovo, the paper of the bankers who are in control of the present government, has again seen fit to direct its slanders and lies against us. In its issue of the 22d it asserts that comrades K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff gave false information to Miss Wilkinson and it charges our party with trying to cater to the Communists and with letting itself be captured from within by the Communists.

These libels and lies concerning the first people in our party and this maligning of our whole party will not help the blind champions of the government to present the bloody cabinet of Alexander Tsankoff in any better light than that in which our own people and foreigners see it. On the contrary, these outbursts show that the advocates of the administration have lost all poise.

And let it be borne in mind that this is not a question which concerns the Bulgarian nation as a whole, but merely one of Bulgaria's many governments, Bulgaria's most tyrannical and bloody government. The state of Bulgaria and the Bulgarian people are one thing but Alexander Tsankoff's cabinet is an altogether different thing; it is not Bulgaria but a temporary and shameful regime in this unfortunate country which had gained the good-will of Europe before Alexander Tsankoff came into power. Foreigners know well enough what the Bulgarians are and what the Government of Tsankoff is.

It is a lie that comrades K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff have given false information to the representatives of the British Labor Party. They not only did not tell them the number of people killed in our country but called to their attention the inaccuracies in the reports which Wedgewood gave out in England. As far as the visit of the representatives of the British Labor Party is concerned, it would be more becoming for the government press to keep still about it.

We ought to keep in mind that no one can close the boundaries of Bulgaria, especially to the representatives of the great political parties in foreign countries. And when such representatives come to Bulgaria it is best to meet them in a humane way becoming to a government which has any respect for itself and not in a savage manner.

Miss Wilkinson is a representative of the British Labor Party in the Parliament of England. Her companion, Miss Phillips, is the secretary of the women's section of the Labor Party. Instead of our representatives cooperating with these visitors and helping them to see what they were interested in here, they kept a gang of detectives literally at their heels.

These representatives of the British Labor Party who had diplomatic passports properly vised, and who went to see Minister Kalfoff as soon as they arrived in Bulgaria, were arrested by detectives in their hotel. No one could come to see them without being shadowed and searched by detectives.

One day a sheriff and two police agents ordered them to leave the country at once. The British Consul and our secretary Neikoff intervened to prevent their brutal expulsion from Bulgaria. They tried to find the persons responsible for our police department and the ministers but no one was available. At last the Minister of War was found in time to save the country from one more disgrace.

Hampered to the limit of endurance by the attitude of the authorities and by the detectives, two of the representatives of the British Labor Party hastened to leave. Doctor Phillips alone remained; she was given an audience by the Prime Minister, to whom she told her unpleasant impressions of the Bulgarian authorities. After that and after she had arranged, with the consent of the Prime Minister, to distribute a certain amount of aid through the Red Cross, she left.

With what impressions did these people go back home, these people who without question are among the most prominent women in England? What will they have to say about Bulgaria, so badly represented by the present Government? What will they say who, although far from our cruelty and wretchedness, came to us with the noble purpose of helping the families which have suffered in the uprisings and in the cathedral outrage?

The Prime Minister at last gave the representatives of the British Labor Party what they sought, but why could not that have been done in the beginning so as not to increase the number of foreigners who cherish a feeling of revulsion toward the present administration? This is important, for the hatred which the Government stirs up against itself will later be attached to Bulgaria.

This is what always happens when a government and its bloody champions lose their poise and sense. But why should poor Bulgaria have to suffer for the folly of its temporary rulers? Is it not high time for these people who continually disgrace the country to resign? And that from purely patriotic motives so as not to have this shame continued?

From *The Radical*, the organ of the Radical Party, September 23:

[1] The date of the bombing of the Sofia Cathedral.

WE MUST BE FAIR

The Government papers are especially displeased at the conduct of our Socialist Party and at that of the Second International. Last night *The Slovo* contained an altogether improper article addressed to them.

When we deal with parties in foreign countries and with international organizations we must be extremely careful. We must not suppose that they are all obliged to make their decisions conform to our desires and even to cover up our mistakes. No, that will not happen and cannot happen. But by the irritation which we cause them we estrange from us the organizations which otherwise might prove useful.

And that is exactly what the Government newspapers are doing today. In their blind efforts to defend the cabinet of Tsankoff, they go so far as to stir up important social and political factors in foreign countries against Bulgaria. And we see before our eyes the consequences of such conduct: *complete lack of success in every phase of our foreign politics and the utter isolation of Bulgaria.*

This policy is dangerous for Bulgaria. And that is easy to understand. As long as personal and party interests are placed above the welfare of the nation nothing else is to be expected. Last night *The Slovo* did not confine itself to general attacks on the Socialists. It criticized K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff personally and accused them of giving false information to Miss Ellen Wilkinson. Pastouhoff and Neikoff will themselves answer this charge, but it appears that the Government papers expected the opposition to join the administration chorus and to deny all that has taken place here, although if they did that they would only compromise themselves, for the people in foreign countries know well enough what has been going on in Bulgaria. This policy on the part of the Government papers to deny everything, even what is most evident, brought Bulgaria into her present situation, from which there is no way out. Mistakes ought not to be denied but corrected. If there are "lies and libels" in certain communications given to the foreign press, as *The Slovo* asserts, they ought to be refuted in a conscientious way, but things that are plain to the whole world ought not to be denied outright.

It must not be forgotten that the Second International is playing and will continue to play an important role in European affairs. The conquered peoples must rely on it to help them escape from the slavery imposed upon them by the peace treaties. Nothing but the democracy of Europe, of which the Second International is a part, will be able to relieve us from our intolerable situation. This is as clear as day, but the administration papers cannot see it, for they do not put the interests of Bulgaria first, but the advantages of their party, the Democratic Concord, and its Government.

From *Svobodna Rech*, one of the three Government papers, the organ of the Finance Minister, September 28:

Our Socialists understand nothing at all about foreign affairs and make a break every time they mention foreign politics. Not long ago they conducted three English women Communists about Sofia in order to distribute money to the Communists, until it was understood, if not by our Socialists, at least by the English women that in a state help cannot be given out by unknown foreigners but by that international institution, the Red Cross.

From the *Democraticheski Sgovor*, the official Government organ, September 25:

HOW THEY DISGRACE BULGARIA

This heading is taken from the Socialist daily, *The Nation*, and exactly fits the Socialists. According to them the Government disgraced Bulgaria by preventing two Bolshevik agents, who had come to Bulgaria to distribute money, from carrying on Bolshevik propaganda, but instead required them to turn their money over to the Red Cross, which was perfectly proper, since they claimed that they had come to do charitable work. What should the Government have done other than that? It acted exactly as every other well-ordered state acts when dealing with the agents of Zinoviev. These agents find freedom of action only in certain countries in Asia and Africa. The Socialists were the ones who disgraced Bulgaria by taking the side of the Bolshevik agents.

Censorship in Bulgaria

FOLLOWING is an account of the sort of censorship of the press exercised in Bulgaria by the Tsankoff Government. The dispatch was sent to *The Nation* from a Bulgarian correspondent also contributing to the London *Daily Herald:*

There are certain things that all the Sofia papers except the *Agrarian Banner* can write about, and other things about which no paper is permitted to write. One of the absolutely forbidden subjects is the matter of the disappearance of persons from the Sofia jails. A glaring example of the way this prohibition works appeared in a recent issue of a publication prepared recently by all the editors in Sofia when no other newspaper was printed. The front page of this common paper carries the picture of George Kostoff, who is described as "a member of the Society of Sofia Journalists." Under this heading there is a two-column description of Kostoff's newspaper activity, in the next to the last paragraph of which we read that "during the whole period of his newspaper work the deceased was on good terms with his colleagues." In other words it is stated in a sort of casual way that Kostoff is dead. That is all that the Society of Sofia Journalists in a common paper of all the editors in Sofia cared or dared to say about the demise of their colleague, although every one in Sofia knows that Kostoff was arrested after the cathedral outrage and that he disappeared from a Government institution while in the hands of the agents of the state. At about the same time in about the same way seven other writers and editors "disappeared," the best known of whom was Joseph Herbst, the cleverest and most prolific newspaper man in Bulgaria.

A Bulgarian Execution

THE diary printed below was published in the popular literary Bulgarian magazine *Hiperion* soon after the Peasant Government had been overthrown by a military coup on June 9, 1925, and after the murder of the Premier, Alexander Stambuliisky and a series of bloody acts of repression. Its author, Ludmill Stoyanoff, one of the ablest of the young Bulgarian novelists, was imprisoned by the military after the appearance of the diary and compelled to issue a statement denying that the story was true.

It is said that in America convicts are killed by electrocution. It would be a pleasant and amazing death.

We are killing men simply—with an ax, like our ancestors. A blow at the back, bones cracked, and the man falls down like a tree cut off. Sometimes the victims are not one but ten, twenty, thirty, fifty. In such a case the task is more difficult, but not impossible: the victims are chained together, and treated as one human mass. It is a bloody bath, a fascinating fight of beasts, a rare spectacle. Thereafter the victims are thrown into some hole for the dogs.

But why this way of killing men; strange, is it not? It is because shooting is forbidden.

Otherwise we should shoot them. We are in a conquered country and keep within the rules of the king's peace. No gun shot. We do not wish to disturb the peaceful population. Yet

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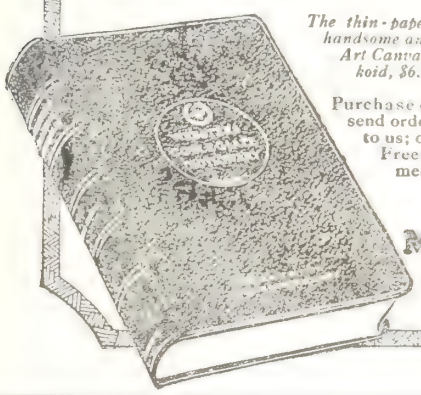

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there is no peaceful population. They have fled or have been exterminated. Towns have been destroyed and burned, their inhabitants are wandering in the mountains, dying of hunger.

Both the captain and I have drunk. He drinks, however, as an old habit. He is a small man with full, round face, swarthy and hardened, with shaved mustaches and large ears. His god is his military uniform, and his church the military barracks. And he is executing the orders of his superiors with a superstitious veneration. Even dogs possess no faithfulness like his. He looks like one of the numberless heads of the monster which, according to the story, devoured the handsomest children of the city. He has jurisdiction over a number of villages, which he is bound to depopulate. That human mission he is performing with dignity and firmness. Even he has never held a cup of whiskey with such firmness.

People come and make divers requests. An old man begs the return of three stolen goats of his. A little girl asks what has happened to her father. An old woman asks permission to take and bury in the common cemetery the heads of her two sons that have been rolled—she says—down behind the mount.

Setting my teeth I get up and go out; though dulled by the whiskey, I am vaguely conscious of the presence of an unspoken horror. This is neither war nor revolution, I think. Some kind of cruel and nonsensical bloodthirstiness, a rare feast of Mars.

Outside our headquarters soldiers are approaching. They are escorting six peasants among whom is the schoolmaster of the neighboring village in whose house I recently spent a night as a guest. My duty is to examine them. The forms of law must be preserved.

I take the prisoners into a separate room and start the examination. They are innocent men as always. One of them was arrested on his return from the funeral of his child. The other was irrigating his garden. The third, fertilizing his field. The schoolmaster does not know why he is imprisoned. I myself know not why I am here, how I have fallen into this veritable hell, and whether or not this is a mere dream. I report to the captain the result of the examination.

"Innocent men," I say, "entirely innocent. Free them, sir, to go about their business."

The captain drinks one more cup of whiskey and bursts into laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Innocent men; that means—guilty. In the decree it is said: no innocent men—do you understand?"

I hand the officer the papers in which is described how the arrests have been made. The man in military uniform goes over the papers with irritation, takes a pen with his hand trembling from drinking whiskey, and writes: "According to decree No. 17, as spies."

"No!" I cry in horror.

"Adjutant!" cries the captain.

A young officer just graduated from the military school comes in. He salutes the captain, takes the papers in silence, says the customary words "I will do it," and goes out. Then the captain drinks a few more cups of whiskey, and in his eyes is reflected cruelty and national dignity.

It is my duty to hear the last words of the victims. A company of soldiers escorts them along the road and stops at the right side in a narrow valley. It is autumn. The grass has turned yellow.

Here has been dug a long, deep hole. The six victims are chained to one another—a live wall, a fence of souls. Their faces are lean and weak. They are bloodless. They know what is going to happen, they know that their doom will not be prevented. They stand upright near the hole, near their very grave, and once more I have to tell them with trembling voice:

"If any of you confess the truth, he will be pardoned."

As I speak this lie I don't dare face them, and I look at the ground. Then the schoolmaster answers me in a low voice:

"Sir, why do you joke now!"

I look at him attentively. His eyebrows are trembling, his lips are cracked. In his eyes a look appears, as if he wishes to tell me: Sir, do you remember that evening you spent a night in my home? Do you remember the dinner served you and me by my modest and hospitable wife in my garden that evening? Do you remember my child with blond hair and bright face who called you "uncle"?

"Come, there is no time to lose," hoarsely cries the captain.

A sergeant binds the eyes of the victims. Their teeth chatter, and their bodies tremble. After a while all are turned with their faces toward the hole.

One hears the command.

I cover my eyes with my hands and turn aside. I hear a common, choking cry, afterward dull noises of stabbed flesh and broken cartilage, ringing of iron into bone, a little fight, and—calm. . . . What happened so quickly?

I turn and open my eyes. The faces of the soldiers and captain are alarmed. Still alive, the victims have jumped into the hole with the hope, perhaps, that the torturers will not shoot them, or simply by instinct. Yet the hole is deep, and at its bottom is lying that human mass sunk in blood and roaring. It is impossible to look at that scene again. On the faces of the soldiers dissatisfaction is obvious. They are disgusted with the unhuman business they are transacting. But Mars is a sly dog; he stakes their own lives upon their obedience.

A short conference starts. It could be so easy: a few bullets and the problem would be solved. But . . . Shooting is forbidden, that's all.

Then one of the soldiers is ordered to jump into the hole. One hears dull blows—one, two, three; the bayonet rings on a stone; at last the soldier, filled with a superstitious fear, climbs out. His bayonet is broken, in his eyes is a wild fire, from his face water showers. The hard job in the narrow hole has weakened him, and he is trembling like a leaf. But from the bottom of the hole new sounds are heard—hoarse, dull, human voices which sound like voices coming from hell.

A second soldier enters the hole. The others stand as if hypnotized, shuddering at the unusual duty demanded of them. The captain himself has lost patience by the prolonged execution. He walks forward and back; at last he bends over the hole and asks:

"Do you finish?"

At this question the soldier gets out, stained with blood, from which he makes an effort to clean himself with convulsive and painful motions. His bayonet is also bent; human life proves to be stronger than iron. The convulsive cries of the victims becomes fainter, only agonizing groans are heard, that little by little disappear. Nevertheless time is rapidly passing; there must be an end of this unpleasant business; the soldiers also have nerves.

"There is no time to lose," cries out the captain. "Throw the dirt into the hole! . . ."

Yet after the throwing of the first shovelful something terrible occurs. I shudder. From the bottom of that hell, we hear a desperate, hoarse, and ugly sound, the voice of the schoolmaster.

"For God's sake! I am still alive!"

I lean over the edge of the pit. Half-standing, with terrible eyes and hands stained with blood, he makes an effort to get out. In his eyes are suffering and both a desire for and a fear of death. I remember him a good gentleman in his house. His wife pours a cup of coffee, and his child stretches out his hands and calls me "uncle." What fate! I unconsciously draw out my gun and point it at him—the only help I can render him.

A strong hand detains me, and I drop the weapon. The captain, wrathful and drunken, stands behind me and cries with trembling voice:

"No more torture! Fill up the hole quickly!"

Afterward all is calm. The hole is filled, the soldiers are ready to march, and soon the night swallows the murderers and their victims.

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NOW THAT THE RUSSIAN Soviet Government is celebrating its eighth birthday, it is certainly time to stop regarding it as a temporary affair. In 1917 and the years immediately following, the fall of the Soviets was predicted hourly; making the wish father to the thought, our best minds pictured Russia about to be freed from the blood-thirsty Communists and delivered into the hands of its friends, the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch or Admiral Kolchak or General Denikin, or any number of valiant royalists. Nothing of the sort has happened, and the White opposition has become only a memory. By whatever methods, the revolutionary government has not only made itself an undeniable fact but has quieted, even among its most ardent ill-wishers, the prophecy of its imminent demise. The articles in the pages that follow show that this government, which was to last, at most, six weeks, is now turning its thoughts to matters which require a considerable amount of leisure, confidence, and stability.

EXPERIMENTS in prison reform, astonishing figures in book publishing, a peasant Soviet carrying on its double task of governing and educating, a flourishing motion-picture industry, a new theater—all these are reassuring and of the utmost interest. The recent two-hundredth-anniversary celebration of the Russian Academy of Science is equally so; and the figures given by the Institute of Planned Economics of the Soviet Union, which compare this year's industrial conditions both with estimates for 1926 and with figures for 1913, the last pre-war year, indicate that Russian industry, also, is being rapidly rehabilitated. Agriculture and industry have each risen to 71 per cent of pre-war figures; next year they are estimated at 89 and 91 per cent, respectively. Russia is no longer on the edge of a precipice; in another five years, with the present rapid rate of advance, the pre-war prosperity, such as it was, will have been passed, and without any outside help, without a Dawes plan, with the aid only of an utterly impossible idea of government—so it has been called times without number—Russia will have pulled itself up by its bootstraps.

WHAT'S THIS, WHAT'S THIS? Here is the Coolidge administration bringing about the indictment of the Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller, and other men, German, Swiss, and American, on the testimony of Roxie Stinson, Jess Smith's former wife; Gaston B. Means, the jail-bird and crook; one Elmer Jarnecke, also a convict; and "Mal" Daugherty, brother of the famous Harry Daugherty, lately Mr. Harding's and Mr. Coolidge's Attorney General. It was for calling these very persons as witnesses that Senator Brookhart and Senator Wheeler, in probing the affairs of the Department of Justice, were denounced by the leading Republican dailies. As for the Republican National Committee, it foamed at the mouth and issued statement after statement demanding to know if all the jails were to be emptied and the sewers to be dragged in order to besmirch dead men who could not rise from their graves and honorable and respected Republican office-holders like Albert Fall and Harry Daugherty. Well, what will the big-business press say now? We do not question that it will applaud this series of indictments as warmly as it opposed Mr. Wheeler's merciless flaying of evil-doers. Mr. Miller is accused of taking a $100,000 bribe to turn back $7,000,000 of German property to its former owners, while $331,000 more is said to have been divided between John T. King (yes, the same John T. King), formerly Republican committeeman from Connecticut, and Jess Smith (the same Jess Smith who killed himself in Harry Daugherty's apartment after having had a desk next to the Attorney General in the Department of Justice).

IT WAS SENATOR WHEELER who uncovered the first traces of these irregularities. The metropolitan dailies that abused him so then will be sure to forget to give him the slightest credit for it now. Which reminds us that the same administration of the Department of Justice which considers the punishment of this corruption "the most important case it has had since Mr. Daugherty got out," and intends to prosecute it to the limit with all possible speed and determination, cannot find the time to bring to trial its second indictment of Senator Wheeler, the case

in the District of Columbia. That, too, was to be pushed with all vigor, but the months roll by and nothing whatever happens. Is the Department afraid to try the Senator again after his triumphant acquittal, or is it deliberately and maliciously seeking to keep this indictment hanging over Senator Wheeler—merely to annoy him, and, if possible, to keep him quiet? Now that it has officially approved of some of his witnesses and testified to the worth of his services, it ought in common decency to act or to have the indictment quashed.

HOLDING A BEAR BY THE TAIL is a pleasant pastime compared with trying Colonel William Mitchell by army court-martial. That energetic officer and his able counsel carried off all the honors in the first week of the trial. They challenged three generals who were conspicuously disqualified because of one reason or another. General Albert J. Bowley, for instance, had publicly attacked and abused Colonel Mitchell in a speech in North Carolina and then proposed to sit as a judge over him—a pleasant way to pack a court! Next the defense compelled the court to admit that War Department officials had been so eager to try Colonel Mitchell that they had breached their own regulations by the lawless manner of doing it—they who are accusing Colonel Mitchell of violating regulations! To protect themselves they declared that the court was ordered by Mr. Coolidge and that the President was in this matter a law unto himself. Whereupon Colonel Mitchell's counsel chilled the hearts of the court by hinting that they might call the President to face Colonel Mitchell as his accuser—how "Cal" must have wriggled at the prospect! It is now plain that the familiar and inevitable army stupidity has placed the prosecution in a bad hole. If the court convicts Colonel Mitchell, it will make a martyr of him. When dismissed he will stump the country and be more aggressive than ever. If it acquits the Colonel, he will continue to talk. How the powers that be in the War Department must be kicking themselves that they did not ask Mr. Coolidge to issue a sharp presidential reprimand and station the Colonel in the remotest parts of Moro-land!

IT IS SIGNIFICANT of the realignment of world politics since the Treaty of Versailles that the important happenings of 1925 have taken place in the Near and Far East, mostly manifestations of the rising spirit of independence and resentment against exploitation by Western imperialism. Growing difficulties in India, violent disturbances in China, the fighting in Morocco (westernmost frontier of the Orient), the clash between Greece and Bulgaria, the deposing of the Shah of Persia, and the warfare in Syria, culminating in the bombardment of Damascus by the French—these are not the minor events which complacent Occidentals largely assume them to be; they are the harbingers of vast world changes which may even destroy or cast into the background the whole fabric of Western civilization. The campaign of the French in Syria has already achieved the proportions of an international tragedy. The French, it must be recalled, have no territorial rights in Syria whatever. They are there as trustees of the League of Nations and have outrageously violated their trust, having shown none of the tact in dealing with non-European races that they have often manifested elsewhere. It is not enough to recall General Sarrail. The mandate ought to be taken away unless France voluntarily surrenders it. There seems to be considerable sentiment in France for such a step, but as usual the bogy of "national prestige" raises itself. The League of Nations could in no way so justify and magnify itself as by exerting compelling influence or taking summary action in this regard.

THE LIBERAL DEFEAT in Canada will surprise no one who has followed the Mackenzie King government, with its compromises, its shifts, and its lack of clear-cut definite policies on the migration and immigration problems, the tariff, the railroads, and taxation. Canada has been prosperous of late—at least the Liberals pointed to the development of its basic industries, its fine wheat crop, and its favorable trade balances as proof that they were conducting the country well. But the half-hearted liberalism of their government has had the inevitable result—many Liberals have preferred undiluted Conservatism. As a result, Mackenzie King and seven of his ministers are defeated, one-fifth of his strength is lost, and the Parliament-to-be is a chaotic one, comprising (as present returns indicate) 116 Conservatives, 100 Liberals, 23 Progressives, and 3 Independents, with 3 seats undecided. No party has a majority. It is, the dispatches report, a situation which has never before arisen in Canadian politics. Beyond doubt an effort will be made to govern for some time without again going to the country, but just how or by whom is not clear at this writing. The regrettable thing is that Mackenzie King has been destitute both of courage and true liberalism, or he would have challenged his adversaries on the nationalization of railroads and would have laid ruthless hands on the tariff.

PREMIER MUSSOLINI is no despot hiding his light under a bushel. Instead he stands up before an audience of thousands, he writes in cold print where it can forever be quoted against him, and what he says is true despot language: "I have always maintained that violence should be timely and chivalrous . . . violence should be exclusively in behalf of the state. Private, individual, and sporadic violence is harmful to Fascism." "Discipline must . . . be substantial and absolute, almost religious. The workers must be taught that their duties are more important than their rights." "The last century was the century of our dependence; this century must be that of our power. . . . Every one of you must consider himself a soldier, a molecule, feeling and pulsating with the entire organism." This is at least refreshing. Despot Mussolini knows what he wants and how he means to get it. And so far he has been eminently successful. From the day, three years ago, when ten thousand men marched unchallenged through the gates of Rome and were met by the King on the steps of the Palace to now, when political opposition is practically crushed, the press is silenced, the labor unions are bound hand and foot, and even local government is in the hands of the central power, resistance to Fascismo has been getting feebler and feebler. If a country has the kind of government it deserves, Italy's crimes must be heavy; if it has the kind it wants or understands, as some of Italy's best friends maintain, then time will remedy matters. Mussolini is a fine maker of phrases but occasionally his reasoning is unsound. "Ministries pass," he says, "but a regime born of revolution realizes all its conquests." He forgot to add that it is built on the flimsiest and least enduring of foundations.

SO JUDSON C. WELLIVER, veteran journalist, has resigned and the position of chief clerk of the White House is again vacant. Now, let no man shy at this title. Here is no ushership of the Black Rod and no Beef-Eater sinecure, but one of the mightiest positions, we surmise, in the gift of the President. No regulations define the duties of the position; its functions are recorded neither in Bryce nor in De Tocqueville nor in any other commentator upon our government. But rumor and gossip have had much to say about it and the years have crystallized some of the guesses that from this official's desk come, for the President to sign, something more than graceful and well-drafted replies to myriads of letters which no President could find time to read. There are those wiseacres who actually believe that in the style of certain Harding and Coolidge speeches that thrilled the country by their erudition, their eloquence, and their godliness were traces of a once well-known newspaper manner. As to that we are in no position to judge, save only that the stylists on our staff have noted in the outpourings of both the last administrations certain variations of the presidential style and certain resemblances of text. Doubtless something in the spell of office, in tradition and precedent, in procedure and atmosphere, makes for weasel words and for the phraseology of uplift and service, not to say bunkum. Perhaps one cannot sleep in the bed wherein reposed Roosevelt and Wilson and Harding without unconsciously absorbing some of their pet words. For even a President the English language is circumscribed; and as for a chief clerk of the White House—but we forbear to speculate. We are merely betting dollars to dimes that Judson C. Welliver's successor will be a journalist who knows how to write.

WHATEVER ELSE CONGRESS does this year it should reduce the number of army officers. Never outside of Mexico was there such an over-officered army as ours. With only 132,000 authorized enlisted men we have 12,000 officers, no less than 470 of whom are colonels. There are so many to be placed in worth-while jobs that the War Department is able to waste 745 on teaching the rudiments of military drill to high-school and college boys—a bit of militaristic folly of which the Germans were never guilty in peace time. Hundreds of others are on detached or militia duty and still others are assigned to battalions and companies that muster only a corporal's guard. Unquestionably Congress will be told that the disproportion in officers is due in considerable part to the number of flyers and the necessity of training military reserves, civilians taking courses at the summer camps, etc. It should not be misled. A surplus of officers makes for inefficiency, not efficiency; barring a certain reasonable percentage, all officers should be serving in necessary staff positions or with troops. If there are not troops enough to go around there should be fewer officers. Millions can still be cut out of the army budget without real injury to efficiency. As for the argument that we must have many reserve officers for the event of war, that could be held as well to justify not 12,000 but 20,000 commissions.

OUR COMPLIMENTS to the Springfield *Republican*. Living up to its fine journalistic traditions it has declined to take part in the conspiracy of silence entered into by the Boston daily newspapers in regard to some strange happenings in Keith's Theater in that city—Keith's Theater, for years Boston's leading vaudeville house, which advertises so regularly in the dailies. But the *Republican's* Boston correspondent shall tell the tale himself:

> One of the most amazing instances of news suppression that has ever occurred in Boston came to light this week, with the detention of the man who for more than ten weeks has been throwing missiles in a crowded (Keith's) Boston theater, and at practically every performance. For more than a month the facts have been common knowledge in every Boston newspaper office, yet not a single paper had the courage to print the facts. Instead, innocent persons were permitted to attend every performance, with the practical certainty that a deadly missile would be thrown and the probability that some one would be hit. Many, in fact, have been hit, but happily none of the missiles has reached a vital spot, although several women have suffered painful injuries to their limbs.

Yet there are still journalists to declare that Upton Sinclair's strictures on the press were exaggerated and there are still innocent souls who believe that the Boston dailies are faithfully serving the city that supports them.

JOHN W. UNDERWOOD lived until his death in a two-room shack at May's Landing, New Jersey. In it he sold candy to the school children who passed his door. Saving his penny profits he invested in real estate, and when he died he left $100,000 to the school board with the injunction to "spend it so that the school children may enjoy the fruits of my labor." Now, the interesting thing is that Mr. Underwood was a colored man. Yet he left his money to white and colored alike, in marked contrast to a certain white millionaire who recently gave a great sum to found orphanages and said that no colored children should be admitted. There are colored people who will feel outraged that Mr. Underwood did not leave all his money to his own people; that is a reaction from the pressure of prejudice to which they are so wrongly subjected. The effect of our treatment of the colored race is to make them eager to advance themselves at the expense of any other group. We prefer the attitude of Mr. Underwood, candy-seller to school children. He knew whom he wished to help and he gave in complete forgetfulness that the great majority of them had a different color from his own.

TO BE A LANDLORD in these days of few houses and many tenants has great joys. Not only is there the financial harvest to reap; there is the pleasure of condescending toward the universe and of appealing a little more openly to the snobbish instincts of mankind than the vendors of almost any other kind of merchandise. In glancing at advertisements of apartments this autumn we realize as never before what a favor landlords are doing us in exchanging a year's use of three or four cramped, stuffy rooms for the price of a palace on the Grand Canal or a chateau in Touraine. We understand, too, that more than cash is necessary to deal with these modern landlords; we must go hat in hand prepared to justify all our past and present life in an inquiry more searching than that of Saint Peter. We note, for instance, that one apartment house calling itself the "de luxe city home" is the "utmost in exclusiveness," while another announces: "Permanent guests discreetly selected." But we are chiefly awed by "a distinguished residential apartment hotel with a pronounced cachet," where "inquiries for leases" are "now given consideration," although "acceptable social and business references" are "essential."

Mr. Gary Prophesies Prosperity

ELBERT H. GARY has made a speech to the Iron and Steel Institute and—incredible as it seems—he has prophesied prosperity, precious, permanent, proletarian, and princely prosperity, for one and for all. Said he: "I tell you, gentlemen, we are on the verge of a great era of prosperity. Before another meeting of this institute . . . you will be turning down orders. The country is all right."

Steel is the barometer of prosperity, and Gary is steel's prophet. But as we read and reread these stirring remarks a dim remembrance forced itself upon us that once upon a time this prophet had said something of the same kind. Turning to the New York *Times*, we found that memory had not played us false. There on January 26, 1921, a great headline stared us in the face: "Gary Predicts Business Revival." "Improvement in business conditions in the near future was predicted yesterday by Judge E. H. Gary," we read. By May 28, 1921, he was able to report that business improvement had come "but the rate is slow." Indeed, it was so slow that the July report of his United States Steel Corporation showed the lowest net earnings for any quarter of a year since 1915. None the less, Mr. Gary declared: "We need not shout in triumph, but we are not compelled to feel despondent." By November 19 of the same year he had got back to his old confident note. "Gary Says Great Prosperity Near." He expected "a return to large prosperity in the comparatively near future."

On March 24, 1922, the headline assured us: "Gary Says Business Now Trends Upward." And on May 14 these were his ringing words: "Lasting business based upon sound principles and investment is not far distant." Within two weeks thereafter came the good news that the "era [of] prosperity [is] near us, says Gary." Even on July 25 he was a "strong optimist and altogether hopeful of the future," perhaps because the quarterly net earnings of his corporation had risen from $21,000,000 to $27,000,000.

The country hearkened. So on October 14 came this paean: "Confidence is restored . . . at the present time this country has a better chance for business prosperity than in all its history." By October 28 the country learned from Mr. Gary that "Great Prosperity Is Near." And on December 11, reviewing the prospects for 1923, Mr. Gary declared with all his old firmness and confidence: "If we do not have prosperity this year it will be because of agitation and laws." But somehow or other 1923 failed to react to the magic wand, and so, on September 14 of that year, the prophet threw himself into the breach and "denied that there was a slump." "There is nothing in sight to indicate a serious depression in business in the near future." By October 26 Mr. Gary had once more espied his old friend Prosperity on the horizon. "Prosperity Ahead," he announced. "Let us have faith in the future and do our part, proceeding . . . toward the goal of the prosperity which we know is ahead and which will be greater than ever before." What more natural than in the following December this dauntless optimist should declare that the "outlook for 1924 is good"? "The day of prosperity in the United States cannot easily be restrained," he asserted. Specifying more exactly, Mr. Gary also declared: "There will be success for those who proceed with good judgment, extending and progressing carefully within the limits of their resources"—a sentiment with which we fancy a majority of our fellow-citizens could safely agree. On January 30, 1924, the country was reassured again. Said Mr. Gary: "The business situation looks bright to me." He felt absolutely confident that "business would continue in a sound position if permitted to pursue its own course." Business evidently was allowed to follow its nose in accordance with Mr. Gary's desire, for on April 30 the good news came that "steel earnings were at a new high mark." Mr. Gary was certain that the tide of prosperity would reach its peak around election-time and he thrilled the country by declaring that "God Almighty gave this country its vast resources and opportunities. Nothing can take those possessions away except God Almighty or our own stupidity."

But God Almighty evidently did not respond quite as well as Mr. Gary had hoped, for on July 31 we find him saying: "Nothing that is reasonable and sound and honest can prevent a *fair* volume of business in this country." On October 29 he was certain that we should have "a wise administration at Washington, a competent and fair-minded Congress, a satisfactory volume of business prosperity."

By December 18 he was on his job again. "Judge Gary predicts a prosperous year." "Industry has turned the corner," he opined; "great business awaits the country in 1925. If it does not materialize it will not be because of lack of conditions or opportunity." Next the judge started the New Year well. On New Year's Day the *Times* announced that "Gary Is Optimistic." Strangely enough he was, and he was also in a grateful mood. "In view of the extraordinary opportunities offered those who are fortunate enough to be inhabitants [of the United States] every individual should . . . give thanks for a kind and merciful providence."

The height of far-sighted prophecy was, however, touched by Judge Gary on April 8 of this year. In his usual clear-cut, daring, straightforward, and unqualified form of statement he gave voice to this memorable utterance, quite without parallel in the history of prophecy:

> The fundamental conditions of the country at the present time are the best in its history. . . . If the crops this year are as good as they now seem to me to promise; if we have no special session of Congress, and if when Congress does convene there seems to be a disposition to get together and to act together, considering only the best interests of the country; if our banks are reasonably conservative and keep the rates of interest where the volume permits—that is, reasonably low, as now seems possible; if we have no epidemic of any kind in business or otherwise; if, in short, we take advantage of the opportunities for actual success, development, and progress, I believe next fall and through next winter we will have no reason to be frightened by the future. If the business men will keep their heads, if they will keep cool and refuse to be stampeded, if they will utilize the resources which are offered to them, we will have success—big success—in this country.

Fortunate steel industry! Fortunate country to have so wise and able a prophet! Without fear we prophesy that death alone will part Mr. Gary and Madame Prosperity.

Trouble in France

CAILLAUX is out; Painlevé has formed a new Ministry in which he himself takes over the Finance portfolio; and the Left parties have adopted a resolution declaring that they will support only a "government resolved to demand from acquired wealth the sacrifices necessary for the relief of the financial situation of the country." The make-up of the new Cabinet indicates that it will endeavor to carry out that resolution, which is a cautious wording of the demand for a capital levy. So France at last stares bleakly at her own bankruptcy.

A capital levy is an emergency measure. It cannot be applied repeatedly; it is a surgical operation upon the national capital. Caillaux refused to consider it; but France, after years of shillyshallying, at last has a parliamentary majority which is ready to face the necessity for heroic action. Very likely there will be a near-revolution before a capital levy is actually carried out. Some of the financial interests which shout most loudly in war time lose their patriotism when faced with such a proposal. Switzerland, when a capital levy was under discussion, watched her rich men shift their capital to other countries as if a plague had struck the Alps. But some such step has become for France an inescapable necessity.

The franc, worth eighteen cents after the armistice, and well above five cents ever since the Morgan credit of the spring of 1924, has again sunk dangerously close to four cents; and unless some real remedy can be found it will sink lower still. The actual deficit—not the paper deficit—of the year 1924 was, according to the careful estimates of Mr. Harold G. Moulton of the Institute of Economics, approximately 16½ billions of francs. Such savings as Caillaux has been able to make have undoubtedly been wiped out by the added expenses of the wars which France has been waging in Syria and in Morocco. New internal borrowing has become almost impossibly expensive. French investors before the war were content with 3 per cent *rente*, but when in November, 1924, the French Treasury floated ten-year bonds with a nominal interest rate of 5 per cent, it had to sell them so cheaply that it was in fact paying close to 9 per cent interest on them. Caillaux's attempt to meet the oncoming floods of short-term obligations by offering to convert them into perpetual bonds with interest payable in gold francs was a failure. The French peasants did not jump at his magic bait, and there are 10 billion francs more of these short-term notes to be met on December 8. What can the Treasury do? The one answer that political-minded doctors can see is: Inflate! Issue more paper money; borrow more from the Bank of France! And then the value of the franc will fall again; the franc will follow the old chase after the worthless paper marks and rubles, and sooner or later France will again face, in the midst of worse disorder and chaos, the necessity for complete reorganization.

Something in the nature of a capital levy seems inevitable. It may come in the form of an attempt directly to tax all France's capital (the justest but most difficult form); it may come in the form of a fiat reduction of the interest charges on the public debt; or, conceivably, it may ultimately come as a repudiation of the debt itself. Failure to pay the inter-Allied debts is of course a form of repudiation, but of much less consequence to France's financial position than a failure to pay the domestic debt would be. For it is a curious fact that the great investing banks, little upset when a nation defaults on its nation-to-nation obligations, have conniption fits when loans made by bankers are not paid on the dot.

Senator Borah says France is prosperous. "John D. Rockefeller," he says, "could not pay his laundry bill if he spent all his money in yachts and wines and hunting lodges." And he points to the facts that France since the war has maintained an active army of from 700,000 to a million men, with a reserve force of 4,500,000; that she has more airplanes than Great Britain, the United States, and Japan combined; that she now has 200,000 men fighting to subjugate the Riffians and the Syrians; and that she has made military loans to her lesser European allies. All that is true. It inevitably enters into the mind of any intelligent American considering the question of the inter-Allied debts. But the amazing fact is that if France wiped out her entire military budget she would not be financially on her feet. *Eighty per cent of her entire revenue from taxation*—and she has enormously increased her taxes since the war—goes *to pay interest on her public debt.* If she scrapped her entire army she would still have a deficit of nearly ten billion francs.

Her inescapable problem, then, is to reduce the public debt. And if she is to do that it will have to be by sacrifices on the part of her men of wealth. The Left parties justly demand that men of wealth be forced to make sacrifices. If they refuse, if they use the conservative Senate as a fortress from which to fight any effort to make them sacrifice, they will only be calling on the deluge. No country is revolution-proof when its rich men refuse to heed the writing on the wall.

An American Paradox

MR. BURNS MANTLE undertakes each fall to issue an anthology which contains in somewhat abbreviated form the text of the ten best plays of the previous theatrical season in New York. In the preface to the latest volume, just issued, he announces with some jubilance that for the first time during the six years that he has performed his self-appointed task he can find it in his conscience to name ten American plays as the best ten, and there seems, indeed, no good reason to quarrel with his judgment. If we consider, as we have a right to do, that such established plays as "The Wild Duck" and "Candida," to say nothing of "The Way of the World" and "Love for Love," are *hors concours*, then Mr. Mantle's main contention is indisputable. Ten is rather a large number; half of his list is composed of the titles of works whose modest merits make the question of their relative superiority to certain imported pieces of comparable excellence not worth discussion, and the omission of "Processional" is unfortunate; but that five—"What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Desire Under the Elms," "The Firebrand," and "Wild Birds"—are better than any play newly imported from England or the Continent will readily be granted by nearly every student of the New York stage.

Now, this fact is a phenomenon. For the first time in the history of the American theater the native playwright has supplied it with its most interesting works. But there is another phenomenon equally interesting by no means so surely a cause for jubilation. Of the five play-

wrights who contributed the five indisputably best plays only one had previously written with conspicuous success for the stage and thus only one has shown that he can be called a distinguished dramatist rather than merely the author of one distinguished play. Eugene O'Neill is no mere comet; he at least is a star sufficiently fixed to be sure of some sort of place in the history of the American drama. But there is no certain reason for believing that the authors of the other four may not disappear as many other meteors and comets have disappeared from our literary firmament, leaving us to scan the skies again and to acclaim new discoveries with new hope.

This fact is the paradox of our contemporary literature and it is observable in the fields of poetry and fiction as well as of the drama. In any given year American books seem as a whole to compare favorably with those which Europe sends us, but our writers build no reputations comparable to those of their transatlantic fellows. We are rich in novels but not in novelists, in poems but not in poets, in plays but not in playwrights. We may rejoice in last year's theatrical season and we may have good reason to suspect that no other country in the world produced so much good work, but before the skeptical Englishman who asks "Where is your Shaw, your Maugham, or your Barrie?" we must remain in embarrassed silence, for we know that they are not.

Our skeptical Englishman draws his own conclusions. We are, he says, a nation of enthusiasts and we are so eager for heroes that we make them overnight. We set up the exultant cry "A genius at last!" and then, next year, we find him out. Nor is this Englishman entirely wrong. There probably never was a time or place where it was as easy to get a book published or a play produced as it is in the United States today, and certainly the young aspirant to literary honors was never so promptly crowned and so eagerly acclaimed. Writers leap into fame and disappear into obscurity within a period of time less than that which served Shaw for his obscure apprenticeship, and reputations are apparently consolidated before they are submitted to any real test.

The situation has another aspect. Literary interest and literary talent are extraordinarily diffused in America. Nearly everybody can read, nearly everybody can write, and, as a result, almost anyone with anything to say is sure of a hearing. Perhaps he is even sure of more success than he deserves and, perhaps, he is thus exposed to the danger of never being compelled to do the best of which he is capable. But our experiment in hospitality is at least a new experiment and it seems to be justified by its fruits.

No world figure has emerged, but none, we suspect, has been actually killed with kindness, and we have at least received from each what he had to give. Five good plays, five genuine contributions to a living theater, represent an achievement worthy of respect even if we must, as it were, glean them here and there and consider them as the produce of a general movement rather than as a proof that any outstanding genius has appeared. We are laying a broad foundation. Every year a large company, not ill endowed, sets out in quest of fame, and the prizes are many. It is not easy to discover in the eager melee the man supremely endowed, and perhaps, indeed, he has not yet appeared. Yet it is surely in the midst of just such a company that he may, sooner or later, be expected.

A Clipper Ship's End

THE newspapers have been telling us that the last of our wooden clipper ships has made her final voyage. After bringing a cargo of lumber from Puget Sound, by way of the Panama Canal, the Benjamin F. Packard has been left in idleness until a tug shall throw a hawser impudently around her capstan and drag her ignominiously away to the scrap-heap. Unless—unless, perhaps, some plan to save her shall come to a head first.

Of course one is bound to squint pretty hard at the phrase "the last wooden clipper ship." We surmise that something of the sort is likely to furnish the newspapers good sentimental stories for a number of years to come. We well recall, for instance, "the last horse car in New York City." It took its "last trip" ten or a dozen times in as many years. Somebody was always discovering a final last horse car about to make its authentic farewell trip, and even today we should not be surprised to find some morning beside the coffee and rolls an announcement that an extra final last horse car was preparing for its positively authentic farewell trip.

So it is likely to be with the square-rigged sailing ship. We have been singing its swan song for a quarter of a century, but even today one can hardly take the ferry from the Battery to Staten Island without seeing a square-rigger at anchor somewhere in upper New York Bay. Of course there are square-riggers and square-riggers. The more careful newspaper historians have been at pains to describe the Benjamin F. Packard as the last *American wooden full-rigged* ship. This is important because during the final years in which the world was still building square-rigged sailing vessels most of them were constructed in England, almost all of them were made with iron instead of wooden hulls, and for the greater part they were barques rather than full-rigged ships. So it happens that the square-riggers one sees afloat today are usually iron barques or barquentines, and fly a foreign flag.

A good many years ago, when square-riggers began to prove unprofitable for Americans to operate, many of our vessels were sold to Scandinavians, and it is possible that there are still American-built, wooden, full-rigged ships under the flag of Norway, Sweden, or Denmark. But members of the Neptune Association—New York City's organization of masters and pilots—seem to agree with the newspaper reporters that the Packard is the last wooden full-rigged ship under the Stars and Stripes.

The exact sequence of the Packard in the long wake of glory which American clipper ships left on the Seven Seas doesn't matter greatly. What is more important is that this vessel, although built in 1883, is almost as sound and seaworthy as when she left the shipyard at Camden, Maine. Her captain said upon arrival in New York harbor that he had not had to man the pumps once since leaving Panama. And whether she is the last of her kind or not, she probably represents the final opportunity for some yachting or other nautical organization to acquire in good condition one of these historic vessels and preserve it intact as a clubhouse. A group of men in the New York Maritime Exchange has such a plan under advisement.

What a place for spinning salty yarns the roomy old cabin would make! What a reminder of American sea history her rugged hull and towering spars would be!

At a Peasant Soviet

By MAURICE G. HINDUS

HE was an uncommonly handsome youth, of not more than twenty-five, short, wiry, agile, with a round blond head, a mobile face, snapping blue eyes, shrewd, good-humored, and overhung by heavy light-brown brows. Himself a peasant, he was dressed simply enough in a faded black blouse with big coarse patches under the arms and in large boots with the freshly applied grease sparkling in little pools in the folds of the leggings. He looked more like a college athlete fit for the football squad than chairman of a village Soviet in Russia, and seemed dismally out of place in the stuffy little corner room where he had his office with its paper-littered floor, its fly-festered windows, its wabbly old table strewn with heaps of documents, and the crowds of peasants coming daily to unload their burdens before him.

For several days I had been a visitor at his office studiously observing the streams of humanity, ragged, smelly, hardy men and women from the surrounding countryside passing in and out of its portals. Did a man steal apples from his neighbor? Was a son neglectful of his aged father or mother? Did a mujik beat his wife? Did a boy wrong a girl? Did a girl object to marrying the man her father had chosen for her as a husband? Did a peasant discover a neighbor's cow or pig in his garden or potato field? Was he too poor to pay his tax; or was he without a horse, a plow, a wagon? They all came to him for counsel and aid, and they recited their grievances with the earnestness, simplicity, pathos which distinguish the speech of the Russian peasant and which make him one of the most affecting talkers in the world.

One day an old woman came dressed in mud-soaked bark-sandals and a tattered jacket, the pockets of which were stuffed with black bread and apples. She was leaning on a tall cane, as bent and battered as she was herself with her humped back, her swollen eyelids, her unwashed face, and her toothless mouth. Timidly and with trembling hands she pulled out of her bony bosom a roll of yellow papers and laid it before the youthful chairman of the Soviet.

"You have no idea, my beloved," she pleaded, nodding her head in sorrow, "how unfortunate I am, so old, so crippled in body, so abandoned. Do sign these papers."

He unwound the various sheets, hurriedly ran his eyes over them, then rolled them together again, fastened the string about the roll, and returned it to her. "Listen, little grandmother," he said gently, addressing her in the parlance of the mujik, "why don't you do as I have told you to? What is the use of coming before me again, if you fail to follow my advice?"

"Ah, dearest," she supplicated, "don't refuse me the favor this time, please don't. It is my land the brute is on, and if I do not get him off soon, the summer will pass, the fall will follow, I shall have no rye seeded and no wheat, and I shall have nothing to harvest, not a single stalk of grain, and I shall be without bread, yes, beloved, without a mouthful of food, like an old cow without a master."

"But," he replied impatiently, "if you do not take the case to the land court and bring witnesses and have a proper hearing as I have advised you, you'll never do any seeding. Can't you see that?"

"Again you tell me witnesses," she burst out in wrathful despair, "when I have told you that nobody wants to testify in my behalf. They are afraid of that brute; he is rich, has loads of hay and rye and wheat and oats, and they are afraid to displease him, this brother-in-law of mine, lest he refuse to make loans to them, and besides, of what good are witnesses? He is on my land, and if you sign these papers I can drive him off like a pig that's dug his way into a garden."

He frowned and shook his head in refusal. "I cannot do it, I cannot sign your papers, I have no right to, it is against the law. Do you understand, little grandmother?" he protested with weary exasperation in his voice.

"But what's the law got to do with it? O, my God!" she wrung her hands in dismay, "how can the law keep me from chasing him off my land? How? And *it is* my land, soaked in my sweat, in my blood, in mine and in my deceased Peter's."

The chairman turned to me with a bitter smile on his lips, like a man whose patience was at an end and who struggled desperately to keep from bursting into wrath. I was moved to pity for him, so youthful, so earnest, so tormented with impossible petitions; and even more for her, an illiterate, battered, broken-hearted woman, with no conception of the meaning of the law, thinking of life and the world, like most mujiks of the older generation, in terms of immediate needs, the gratification of which depended upon the whim or will of the individual official.

"Please," she pleaded again, advancing a step nearer and holding out to him the roll of papers, "please, beloved, sign them—master chairman."

At the mention of the word master he straightened up in his seat with a start and scowled at her. "What? 'Master chairman'?" he growled. "And what sort of a master am I to you? Don't you know that we have driven all the masters out of the land? Don't you know that we have no more masters in our Soviet Republic, that now we are all only *tovarishchi* (comrades)?"

His loud voice cowed her, and, shriveled as she was, she

curled up even more, like a cat in the face of an enemy, and as she stood there humped up, leaning on her twisted cane with her head dropped low, she was to me a symbol of self-abasement, the self-abasement of the mujik, this ageless and deathless sphinx, who has survived slaveries, invasions, monarchies, revolutions, plagues, and famines; who is so simple, so humble, yet so shrewd, so untamed, so tantalizing, and so likable, and who now and for years to come will constitute Russia's chief burden and chief sorrow, whatever the government that is in power.

"How should I know?" she apologized meekly, "what is the right or the wrong way of addressing you? A worthless old fool I am, dark and ignorant, in *lapti* (bark-sandals) that leak, and in rags that protect neither from rain nor wind, a poor creature whom even a learned man like you disdains to rescue from the evil spirits that toss her around like a piece of carrion. . . ."

"There is no use imploring me," he replied, "to sign your papers. I cannot do it."

"What do you mean you cannot?" she protested. "A literate, learned man you are and not a dark-minded fool like me, and here is a pen and ink on your table, and here are the papers. Just sign them and save me from ruin, and I shall always think of you in kindness and good-will, and I shall always speak well of you and praise you to all people, aye, and the good Lord will bless you."

She paused and waited, but he made no reply. "Please, beloved," she resumed meekly, "please master, beloved master," and as he raised his eyes toward her she checked herself instantly and apologized profusely. "*Nu*, let it be comrade chairman. It is all the same to me, comrade, master, if you only sign my papers."

He shifted uneasily in his seat and frowned. "I am sorry, little grandmother. I cannot violate laws. If I do, I'll be put in jail. You are only wasting time here, your own and mine. Come with your witnesses any day, and the land court will give you a hearing, and if your witnesses refuse to come, let me know, and I'll bring them here, even if I have to send the militia after them. But I personally can do nothing for you. Do you understand?" and after a brief pause he added, "Please!" and motioned for her to step aside and make room for the barefooted mujik with the long russet beard who stood patiently waiting for his turn.

She did not stir from her place. The roll of papers dropped from her hands, and as she stooped down to pick it up she began to sob, quietly, convulsively. He begged her to cease sobbing, but she only shrugged her shoulders and wiped her eyes with her red bony fingers. The other peasants in the room and in the vestibule crowded close and gazed at her with uplifted faces and whispered solemn words to one another. The chairman motioned to the bearded man to draw closer, and as he was moving around her so as to come face to face with the chairman she swiftly and wildly elbowed him out of the way, leaped a step forward, and in the next instant she was on her knees, wailing piteously and reaching out for the chairman's hand to kiss it—as peasants have been accustomed to doing since days immemorial.

Hardly had she touched her lips to his hand, when he jerked it back, and sprang to his feet, pale, infuriated, like an animal threatened with attack. He gazed at her in terror and wrath. "Rise, little grandmother," he thundered imperiously. But she remained lying prone on the floor, a huddle of flesh and bones quivering with despair.

"Rise, I tell you," he shouted again. "Rise, little grandmother, rise at once. Slowly she clambered to her feet, choking with sobs and rubbing her eyes with her soiled sleeves. He shook his head at her in silent reproof, and then leaped upon the little backless bench near his desk and turned to the mob of peasants that had gathered there.

"Listen, mujiks, listen, *tovarishchi*," he began, pointing a stern forefinger at them. "When are you going to cease enacting such shameful scenes? When are you going to learn that the Czar is no longer in power, that the landlords are no longer ruling you? When are you going to learn that you are no longer serfs? When are you going to learn you are men and women and not dogs who have to lick the hands of their masters? When are you, dark mujiks, going to cease disgracing yourselves? O, shame on you! You come here and cringe before me and want to kiss my hand and get down on your knees and speak endearing words to me, yes, and bring me bribes, butter and pork and eggs and even home-made vodka, which you are not allowed to make, thinking that you can flatter me into doing favors for you in violation of the law of the Soviets and the honor of the Revolution. O, you silly and ignorant and impossible mujiks! Do you think that your obeisance flatters me? Do you think that your bribes can turn me traitor? Don't you know that we, revolutionaries, despise such homage? What was this Revolution for—tell me—what was it for, if not to set you free and to make you feel that you are the equal of everybody? When will you learn that you are no longer to bow or kneel before anyone or kiss the hand of any human being? When will you learn to be men, proud and brave and self-reliant? When will you learn that I and my associates in this Soviet are here to talk to you, to help you, to serve you, and if necessary to discipline and punish you, but never, never, to receive homage from you, never, never to receive gifts from you? Don't you know that we are mujiks like yourselves? Why can't you be honest with us? Why do you persist in acting as though you belonged to one race and we to another, as though we were here merely for the purpose of inflicting hardship and pain upon you? Why do you persist in exposing so openly and shamelessly your slavish souls?"

He paused as though for a reply. But none came. Not a voice rose in response or comment. They stared at him, those hardy peasants, with wide-open eyes and drawn faces as though craving further admonition. Presently he dismounted from the bench, went back to his seat, and quietly resumed his hearings.

To me it seemed that I was not in the office of a Soviet, of a government institution, but in a classroom, or rather in a kindergarten, a new and significant kindergarten for grown men and women. Communism. World Revolution. How frightened the world is of these words. What wrath and terror they have stirred, and what hate. I was scarcely aware of their existence or their meaning as I sat there in the crowded village Soviet, in that extraordinary kindergarten tucked away in the fat mudlands of Central Russia. For there, far from railroads and from the hubbub of civilization, I heard revolutionaries teaching peasants not the creed of communism, not the gospel of world revolution, but a more prosaic and elementary message—the need and the glory of self-respect.

An Experiment in Freedom

By WILLIAM RESWICK

FOR years Dzerjinsky, former head of the Cheka, has been pictured abroad as the living and palpable terror of the Revolution, who stops before nothing to crush the faintest resistance to the Soviet regime. In Russia enemies of the Soviets tremble at the mere mention of his name, while communists and non-partisans, among them scientists, artists, and writers, who have had personal dealings with Dzerjinsky ridicule the very idea of his so-called cruelty, insisting rumor created an imaginary man-eater.

Dzerjinsky alone is silent, rarely speaks in public, and has never uttered a syllable on the subject. The commissar is known as Russia's hardest worker, his chief pastime being an occasional visit to his "baby" farm, an experiment in penal reform that has the attention of all Russia.

The experiment begun by Dzerjinsky, Yagoda, and Menjinsky, the latter two now actively directing the All Russian GPU (Government Political Bureau), is an attempt to turn some of the worst juvenile criminals in Russia into decent human beings with a sense of honor, duty, and responsibility. Some of the boys on whom the experiment is being tried have committed no less than ten murders each. All of them were burglars, thieves, opium fiends. What Dzerjinsky, Yagoda, and Menjinsky are trying to prove is that given a change of environment the worst of criminals, especially in his youth, may be made into a decent, useful member of society.

To prove their claim the three Commissaries went into the Buterki Prison and picked about fifty of the worst specimens in juvenile crime. The boys were taken to one of the fine estates in the suburbs of Moscow and were told that henceforth they were entirely free to stay on the estate or go wherever they pleased. Should they decide to remain they must make up their minds to learn a trade, to learn to read and write, and try to manage the place on an efficient basis so that in time they might make it a paying proposition and thus maintain themselves instead of being subsidized by the government. There was to be no police, no guards of any kind, no outside restrictions or discipline whatever, except such rules of conduct as the young men might formulate for themselves.

The only outsiders assigned to share the premises with the boys were a superintendent, formerly a director of schools under the Czar, and a staff of teachers, the understanding being that under no circumstances were they to impose their will upon or even mildly criticize the pupils. The criminals were advised to organize a sort of commune and elect their managing committees.

The experiment was started less than a year ago. About six months later I went to the colony accompanied by the superintendent and Braginsky, who has spent years in jail in close association with criminals and now acts as a sort of friend and adviser and does it quite skilfully by speaking to the boys in their own lingo.

We arrived at the estate about 4 p. m., shortly after the boys quit work and were out on the campus in groups, playing football. They were quite free in their manners and speech. Most of them appeared well fed, ruddy, broad-shouldered, and broad-chested; their eyes sparkled with health and vigor. It was difficult to believe that only a year or two ago these boys were murderers and ruffians.

Here, as everywhere else, Russian hospitality proved to be the invariable rule. Before we were shown anything, the youngsters took us to the kitchen and there had the cook—one of them—give us kasha, borsht, and roast beef. It was as wholesome and palatable a meal as one could hope to find anywhere in Russia. While we ate, exchanging compliments with our hosts, the word was passed to open the workshops. The boys cleared out in a jiffy and in less than ten minutes the colony lost the aspect of a boarding school. From various buildings came the buzz of whirling wheels, while in the distance we heard the rhythmic ring of blacksmiths' hammers striking steel.

A short walk across the yard brought us into a small but exceedingly well-appointed shoe shop. Here about fifteen youngsters were cutting, sewing, and finishing. The foreman, formerly a shoe operator in New York, told us with pride that the pupils are beginning to turn out some excellent work, and that the shop is no longer an experiment, as it was actually filling orders placed by various government concerns. We next visited a furniture plant with electric saws and all the rest of the paraphernalia of a modern furniture factory. This workshop was much larger than the shoe plant. Here about twenty-five boys worked as carpenters. From the furniture place we went into the blacksmith shop, where we found a slightly deaf, middle-aged blacksmith in a leather apron, watching four young giants blazing away at red-hot iron.

"These," whispered one of the escorts, "were all highwaymen and murderers with a record of killing people with their bare fists."

Our next stop was at the dairy, where we found about thirty cows and two bulls. Alongside the dairy was a stable with some fourteen horses and a number of wagons and sleighs. There was a stall full of hogs, a beehive, a fine poultry run, and a yard full of pigeons. All the property on the estate, factories, cows, horses, etc., the boys regard as their own, but life on the farm is not all work. The lads have their pleasures as well. They have their own orchestra, choir, classes, a dramatic circle, and a small theater with a miniature stage.

Dusk was coming on fast, and we made haste to get back to Moscow. As I sat in the car, shaking hands with the boys and bidding them goodby, I questioned some of them as to their political views. To my great surprise it appeared that only one in the crowd knew that May 1 was a revolutionary holiday, and even he did not know why or how. The rest of the boys simply knew that it was some sort of holiday but they were hazy as to whether it was a religious holiday or not. Braginsky explained that Dzerjinsky and his colleagues do not care to propagandize the youngsters, preferring to have them form their political views after they get on their feet mentally.

Theater and Revolution

By MICHAEL GOLD

A WORLD exploded. Monuments of dogma scattered like leaves. Ponderous sanities—Money, Career, Comfort, Titles—spouted like sterile rocks from a volcano. Mountains danced the Carmagnole. The stars clanged out the Internationale. All seemed madness to old eyes.

Great days. Boys became men overnight, girls women. Intellectuals who had been sincere liberals for twenty-five years discovered suddenly that they hated the workers, and escaped the country, chattering. Old peasant women began wanting to know how to read and write. Socialists joined the Czarist forces. Former Czarist generals joined the Bolsheviks.

Young drudge-minded factory workers, accustomed to obeying the foreman and to crossing themselves when meeting a priest, cast off their fear of God and man and learned to think and command.

The world was upside down; the money-maker was a pariah and outlaw; the revolutionists became the pillars of society.

It was the Revolution—the end of everything—the beginning of everything. But Mr. Stanislavsky was not impressed.

All through the titan clamor of worlds crashing, the Moscow Art Theater went on playing its gentle, weary little play about sad, aimless little people, "The Cherry Orchard."

While the proletarian Apocalypse thundered, Mr. Stanislavsky, noted director, grieved because good laundresses were scarce in Moscow; his collars were not being starched properly. (At least so an interviewer reported: "Art Is Dead, Weakly Mutters Noted Director as He Presses Own Pants.")

And all over Russia, while art, Mr. Stanislavsky, and the world he represented were dead, the theater bloomed riotously like spring in a thousand fat valleys. In dark mujik villages, in typhus cities and famine provinces, the workers, soldiers, and peasants crowded to thousands of improvised theaters. They needed this. They discovered this. Stages on motor trucks, theaters in icy barns and stables, in union halls, in army barracks, streets, and dugouts. The first revolutionary plays were bold and crude propaganda, like poster art or oratory. They were meant to teach and inspire simple men; they were as naive and earnest as those medieval Christian miracle plays out of which Shakespeare ultimately flowered.

Reconstruction has come in Soviet Russia; the dark days are over and these workers' theaters are flourishing more than ever.

All over the land, in factories, villages, and wherever workers, soldiers, and peasants congregate, the neo-primitive stage flourishes and presents plays bearing such monotonous titles as Red Dawn, Red Earth, Death of a Red Soldier, The Red Star, The Red Wedding, Reds and Whites, Under the Red Flag, The Red Worker.

Titles for bourgeois intellectuals to smile at; so naive. But Red Dawn is a precise symbol of the present hour in Russia. Men must begin somewhere. These theaters of the red dawn are the baby-stammerings of a young giant class growing up into mastery of the world.

The Moscow Art Theater, against this background, seems like a museum where the past is reconstructed for one. The audience is the same audience—the stranded intelligentsia who could not grow with the Revolution. They sit in the classic theater with its gray, sea-gull curtains, and dream they are back in the lovely past, when all was so gray, mystic, and Czarist. The new business man is found there, too, with his wife, mopping up what for years he has been assured is the A 1 quality in the art market.

Other theaters, besides the Moscow Art, cater to this dwindling and incongruous audience. But the masses, the youth, the rising class of worker-intellectuals, soldier-intellectuals, peasant-intellectuals—these go elsewhere.

They are the new audience in Russia, and they have shaken the professional stage from top to bottom. They have let in a great blast of heroism and freedom. There are at least thirty popular experimental theaters in Moscow run on a professional basis that have adapted themselves to the new audience. These theaters have broken up the stiffness, the drawing-room stuffiness, the parliamentary talkiness of the old stage. Acrobatic actors race up and down a dozen planes of action. The drawing-room play has been thrown on the junk-pile of history. Things happen—broad, bold, physical things, as in the workers' lives. There are danger and the feel of elementals. Music and dancing and the circus have been brought back on the stage. Shots are fired—masses pour to and fro. Belly-laughter and high tragedy live side by side, as they did in the glorious plays of the Elizabethans. Satire and heroism—the silliness of the bourgeois world and the heroism of the proletarian world—these are the basic themes of the new stage. Longshoremen, factory workers in overalls, Red soldiers, athletes, clowns—these are some of the new figures that dance and shout there.

Machinery has been made a character in the drama. City rhythms, the blare of modernism, the iron shouts of industrialism, these are actors. Paradox is an honored guest at the feast. Vitality and youth and courage are the Three Graces. And futurism is the fantastic godmother of this swarm of new theaters in Russia; futurism, the cult of a few odd persons in New York. In Russia these futurist theaters are the popular theaters—the mob wants the best in art, the individualist clings to the old and shoddy. The young factory workers, young soldiers, and roughnecks whistle and cheer and enjoy themselves riotously with futurism.

Every theater has its own style in Moscow, the city I got to know best. There is a theater of improvisation; there is the Jewish Kamerny, a marvelous synthetic theater of music and comedy. There is the Prolet-Cult Theater, with its combination of circus and tragedy; the Children's Theater, and the opera companies that have revived the respectable corpse of Western opera and made it dance and laugh with new life. Machine-dance theaters; poets' theaters; peasant theaters; theaters of satire, science, revo-

lution. And each is different: an experiment, fresh, audacious, startling.

And there are plays given by 40,000 proletarians in a city square. And gas-worker plays given at the gas factory, and other such experiments in mass-theater.

Meyerhold is the leader of the young Russian theater. His twenty-fifth anniversary in the theater was celebrated while I was in Moscow, and hundreds of thousands of workers demonstrated in his honor, as if he were a great general or political leader. Before the Revolution he was chief of the largest theater in Petrograd; but unlike the Cherry Orchard intellectuals he did not cry that art was dead and flee the country. He yielded himself body and mind to the great passion of revolution; and gained a new world. He had always been a restless inventor and experimenter, a conflagration of ideas; but the Revolution gave him the audience and the themes he had been blindly striving toward for so many years.

His bare, immense stage is stripped for action, like a steel mill or factory. The flat curtainists and decorative scene painters have been abolished from his stage, and architects have taken their place. Intricate structures, like huge machines created for a function, furnish the scaffolding on which actors race and leap and walk from plane to plane. All that was static in the old theater has been stamped out. This is the theater of dynamics; the moving picture is its avowed model. Drawing-room plays have no place here. This theater is the battle-field of life; it is a trench, a factory, the deck of a ship in storm. And the young workers and soldiers adore the futurist director, Meyerhold. He has influenced every theater in new Russia.

Red Russia is not only the world's laboratory in the forms of collective living; it is also a world laboratory in the arts and sciences. For the next decade young students from everywhere will be pouring there for new ideas as they went to Italy during the Renaissance.

Poems of Revolution

By VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

Translated by Joseph Freeman and Leon Talmy

Our March

Beat on the street the march of rebellion,
Sweeping over the heads of the proud;
We, the flood of a second deluge,
Shall wash the world like a bursting cloud.

Days are a bright steed;
Years drag glum;
Our great god is—Speed!
Our heart a bellowing drum!

What is richer than our colors?
Can we be caught by the bullet's sting?
For rifles and bayonets we have ballads;
Our gold is our voices' ring!

Green meadows grow,
Days burst by—
Rainbow, curve your bow!
Hurrying horses, fly!

See the stars in heaven above us.
Our songs without their help will thrive:
Eh, the Great Bear is demanding
We be lifted to heaven alive!

Sing! Drink sweet!
Our veins flow Spring!
Beat, heart, beat!
Breast of brass, ring!

Decree to the Army of Art

They brag, the old men's brigades,
Of the same old wearisome goals.
Comrades,
To the barricades!
Barricades of hearts and souls.
He alone is a Communist true
Who burns the bridge for retreat,
Stop marching slowly, Futurists,
Into the future—leap!
Engines are easy to build,
Wind the wheels and they go—
But hurl your song like a bomb,
There's a railway depot to blow!
Pile up sound on sound,
March on
With whistle and song;
Loud ringing letters abound
To roll
Under
Your tongue.
Pants creased like a feather's edge—
That's the easy officer's way;
All the soviets won't budge the troops
Unless the musicians play.
Drag pianos into the street,
Let drums rend the air asunder,
Whether drums or pianos beat,
Let tumult be,
Let thunder!
What good to slave in a shop,
To soil your face and growl,
Why stare at the joy
Of others,
Flapping your eyes like an owl?
Enough of pennywise talk—
Wipe the old from the heart who dares!
The streets shall be our brushes,
Our palettes shall be the squares.
The thousand-paged Book of Time
Revolution's songs shall know:
Into the streets, Futurists,
Drummers and poets, go!

What They Read in Soviet Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, October 4

SOVIET RUSSIA is busy devouring the printed word. There are more bookstores in Moscow's central business section than tonsorial parlors, shoe stores, lunch rooms, jewelry emporiums, men's furnishing shops, and watchmakers combined. And each time I return to the Red metropolis there are a few more. In Moscow alone 388 publishing houses work unceasingly to supply a never-saturated market; in Leningrad there are 171 more. The total for the entire country is probably near a thousand. Some are two-by-four establishments, many are much bigger, and one, the Gosisdat, or State Publishing Company, is among the largest in the world, its 1924 output having been 27,000,000 books.

Some of the Gosisdat's products enjoy fabulous circulation. Thus, during the last two years the nineteen volumes of Lenin's collected works have had a grand sale of 1,900,000 copies. A book or brochure from the pen of Trotzky invariably goes through a first edition of 30,000 to 40,000, and often through another of equal size. Bucharin, whose subjects are heavy problems of Marxian philosophy, is a best seller. In 1924 145,000 copies of his works were sold, in the first half of 1925 160,000. No writer of fiction can compete with him. He has outdistanced even Jack London, who, after a high wave of popularity in 1923 when the country quickly exhausted 10,000 editions of twenty of his titles, has now settled down to a more moderate demand.

According to the files of the Gosisdat which were opened to me, the average sale in 1924 of a book which comes under the rubric of belles lettres was 8,300, of a publication in the politico-economic class 19,000, of one on Soviet problems and current politics 21,000. Generally speaking, the character of the things read is what the Russians call "serious." For every book of fiction published there are, it is estimated, five which deal with economic, scientific, political, and social questions. Partly, this circumstance is explained by the nature of the publishing houses. One really cannot expect the Russian Communist Party or the Leningrad Soviet or the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, each of which has its own press, to print Victor Hugo or Tolstoi or even Seifulina to any great extent. But largely, the predominance of the serious is due to the unconstrained taste of the reading public.

Time was when the Bolsheviks attempted, in vain incidentally, to dictate the nation's reading ration. Early in the revolution, for instance, they printed five million copies of the "A B C of Communism" by Bucharin and Preobrazhensky, distributed these free of charge, and said in effect: "Swallow this first. Then we'll feed you some more." No vestige remains of such tactics. Now the variety of books is endless, and all are bought and paid for. More than that, they are read, they are worn and torn as they pass from hand to hand. Books whose sole purpose is the decoration of library tables do not exist. Ninety-nine per cent of the books printed in Soviet Russia have soft, paper covers, usually ugly. The others have hard, paper covers.

In 1924 13,500 titles were published in 109,900,000 copies which contained over 12 billion pages. It is very likely correct to say that these figures for all of 1924 were exceeded in the first half of the current year, for during January-July, 1925, 6,245 titles came from the presses of Moscow alone, and 3,070 from those of Leningrad. These data, by the by, originate with Glavlit, the Soviet institution which censors every syllable that appears in the land. Not a manuscript, be it from the hand of a Stalin or a Zinoviev, not a magazine or newspaper, be it even the official organ of the state or Communist Party, not a theater poster or advertising placard or old clothes man's throw-out may be printed without its special permission. The chief of this ubiquitous censoring machine tells me that in the course of 1924 not more than 126 manuscripts, or approximately 1.1 per cent of all submitted, were returned to their authors with a "Not Acceptable" slip attached. The Glavlit lies in ambush for the politically objectionable, the counter-revolutionary; it has nothing in common with vice crusaders or American movie censorship. But, especially to the persons affected, it is none the less hateful for that reason. The head of the Glavlit makes no secret of the fact that there is no "freedom of the word" in Soviet Russia. It is only out of the inconsistent goodness of their hearts that the authorities permit the Anarchists, Zionists, and Poale-Zionists to have their own little presses.

The hold which the Bolsheviks have on the book market is very strong and far-reaching; it is one of the most important political weapons they control. The largest publishers in the country are the State Publishing Company, the Russian Communist Party, the federal commissariats, the municipal soviets, the cooperatives, and the trade unions. No more than seven books in every hundred are issued by private publishing houses. But these are private merely to the extent that they are not official. A private publisher may be a group of individual Communists or a school of pro-Soviet poets.

By virtue of the censorship and of their almost perfect control of book production, the Bolsheviks have it within their power to direct the reading of the nation. But except in a few cases they are quite sensible to popular demand. Nor is there a ban upon the old masters. Early in 1923 the Gosisdat printed 15,000 copies of Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." The records I have seen indicate that 9,000 copies are still in the warehouses, unsold. On the other hand, a 15,000 edition of "The House of the Dead"—which answers more to the interests of the times—was completely sold out. Half of a 1923 10,000 edition of Lermontov cannot be disposed of to this day, and editions of Belinsky, Uspensky, Goncharov, Krylov, Pushkin, and other classic authors which the Bolsheviks found time to publish in the worst and most fanatical years of military communism have met with a similar fate.

In this connection the statistics of a typical Moscow library which I visited the other day are illuminating. The readers who frequent the institution are in the "average citizen" class—students, women who keep house, some

workers, private business men, officials, physicians, and intelligentsia. Two or three per cent are Communists. (The Communists have their own club and party libraries.) And these readers, most of whom may be grouped under the heading of "bourgeoisie," demand books by Lenin and on Leninism more than anything else.

To judge the tastes of the reading public we will use the ten-mark system. Leaving Lenin out of consideration, Jack London would receive a mark of ten. For every ten persons who ask for London there are ten who ask for Leo Tolstoi and ten for Gorki; eight for Korolenko and Chekov, seven for Nekrassov and Turgeniev, five for Dostoievsky, four for Gogol, and two for Pushkin—these two, according to the librarian in charge, being students who must read him for school. With respect to fiction by modern non-Russians, Upton Sinclair would be marked 8. (Sinclair's popularity is waning, says the librarian; "He does not meet the artistic requirements of the public"), Zola 7, Wells 6, O. Henry 6, and Rolland 4. Joseph Conrad, whom Russia knew before the revolution, benefited recently by a sudden boom, but has again faded from view. As to the new Russian authors, the distinctions would be: Erenburg 10, Seifulina and Alexei Tolstoi 8, and Pilniak 5.

In this predominantly non-Communist library, where Lenin outranks even Tolstoi and Jack London, Bucharin is marked 6 and Trotzky 5. It is the consensus of opinion among all persons consulted that while the general public is still reading more fiction than any other type of writing the curve of books on social and economic problems, and especially on matters dealing with international politics, is going rapidly up. The non-party mass is commencing to read and to buy more frankly communist literature. On the other hand, people note a tendency of Communists to seek relaxation in easy fiction. They are sadly overburdened with work, and tired. After sixteen hours a day of tense office activity and exacting party duties they cannot settle down to a treatise on values and profits or to a dissertation on the sinister motives of the Dawes Plan.

When we speak of the Russian reading public we mean the inhabitants of the cities. With the exception of a very thin stratum of peasant intelligentsia, the village never read. The average mujik may know Tolstoi as a heretic anathematized by the Greek Catholic Church, but hardly as a writer. The real beginning of a change was made in 1924, when the Gosisdat took the first cautious step. This year it will print 60,000,000 books for village consumption in very cheap five- or ten-kopeck editions. The experience of the peasant magazines and newspapers (unknown before 1917), whose subscription lists often mounted to 500,000 and more in a twelvemonth, has proved that the village wants to read. If this desire remains—it almost certainly will—and if the "liquidation" of illiteracy continues to make progress, it is not impossible that the book market will double or triple its capacity in the next half decade.

The Movies in Russia

By PAXTON HIBBEN

AT the junction of Mineralne Voda, in the foothills of the Caucasus mountains, where only the station and a dozen low-lying buildings masquerade as a town, I made my way along the muddy road that passes as Main Street. There were, of course, no lights save the torch flares before wooden shacks where Kakhetian wine and Georgia watermelons were being sold. But half way down the street, the open door of the local club building invited me in. In one corner a table displayed the dozens of newspapers and magazines that seem, nowadays, to be the principal output of Soviet Russia. Around the walls, posters urged the starting of a thrift account. But the scores of young people gathered inside and outside of the modest building were interested in neither. They formed a long line at a ticket window just inside the door where for a quarter one could purchase the inestimable privilege of viewing one of the Great Films of All Time—Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans Gêne."

In Rostov-on-Don, the public gardens and the Bolshai Sadovaya teemed with people as night came on. From cabarets and bars came the strange, oriental music of the Georgians. The gambling houses, frankly open on the principal boulevard, were scantily patronized; the crowd moved steadily toward a dozen spots where bright lights announced Tom Mix or Corinne Griffith or William Hart in the latest releases.

There are some 2,000 moving picture houses in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, as against 18,000 in the United States. Of this number, almost half are in one way or another connected with workers' clubs, thus paying a smaller profit than the commercial theaters. But there is not one that does not turn away a theaterful of patrons nightly, and only a handful that are not showing the products of Hollywood, unadulterated. The theory that American films by their subtle revelation of life in the dens of capitalism will debauch the younger generation of Communist ascetics has no practical effect. If there is anything in the way of extravagance, luxuriousness, revelry, or intemperance that is not to be seen on the silver screens of any Russian small town, it must be too bad for American consumption. For American films dominate, inundate, glut, overwhelm the Russian motion picture houses today. Clara Kimball Young has a theater devoted solely to her in Moscow. In the Arbat, center of the workers' quarters of the Russian capital, a new building celebrates the glory of Douglas Fairbanks in electric letters three feet high. In the leading workers' club and a dozen other places Mary Pickford holds forth. And so on throughout the list of American stars, from one end of Soviet Russia to the other.

It is a bit depressing. The Russians are the inheritors of a rare tradition of dramatic art. Since the revolution, the obscurest towns have organized their own theaters, and the drama has become not so much a national pastime as a national aspiration. But with meager equipment and no funds, native motion picture production has languished on the edge of the grave. What money the Soviet Government can lay its hands on goes to education and to such essential industries as transportation, coal and iron mining, textile manufacturing, and the purchase of agricultural machinery for the peasants. The Soviets have neither the free

capital nor the free time to devote to building up the movies. All the Government has been able or willing to do, after several years of muddling along, has been to unite the various motion picture producing, distributing, and exhibiting companies that sprang up of themselves during the period when nobody gave motion pictures a serious thought, into one semi-official joint stock company in which the Soviet Government is majority stockholder—the Sovkino. And the Sovkino, once formed, was given a monopoly to manage the whole motion picture business, handed a large building in the Mali Gnezdnikovski for its offices, and told to run along and leave the Government in peace. If it wanted capital to refit or build the two or three thousand more theaters for which there is immediate demand, or to produce the 120 pictures that it is expected to provide for next year, or to buy up-to-date equipment for its studios—it might go abroad and get that capital.

The result was, naturally, that the dozen antique, ill-equipped motion picture studios which were expected to supply the whole of the Soviet Union with pictures could come nowhere near doing it. So the Sovkino was forced to go out into the market and buy foreign films—German, French, British, and, more than any others, American.

This is not by any means to say that the creation of motion pictures in Russia has halted, or is in any danger of halting. On the contrary, there have been three kinds of pictures produced right along during these years of stress: news reels, melodramas, and a few highly artistic productions. The news reels the Soviet Government needed in its business and consequently made provision for—not so much to show abroad (though some have been shown abroad and many certainly could be so shown) as to send about the country to acquaint the inhabitants of Kamchatka with what goes on in Bokhara, and vice versa. Factory workers are exhibited to peasants and coal miners to textile workers. Lenin's funeral, maneuvers of the Red Army, the work of the volunteer fleet, model farms using modern agricultural machinery, meetings of the Congress of the Soviet Union, and similar subjects are pictured in detail. All in all, pictures of this sort in Russia are much bolder and more living than our own news reels. For behind them lies the idea of the essential unity of those who, each in his own field, are creating the new Russia.

There is something of this same spirit in the melodramas as well. The revolution offers the most obvious and also the most fertile source of plot. There is, for example, that rousing melodrama, "Admiral Kolchak and the Gold Reserve," with a swaggering, drunken, knout-wielding hetman of cossacks as super-villain, and a fur-capped, fearless girl Communist as heroine. There are scenes of gambling orgies on the trans-Siberian train that served Kolchak as headquarters, and much Cossack riding across endless wastes of snow. But through the confusion of plot and incident there does somehow appear the fact that these leaderless, ill-armed peasants, with no service of supply in the dead of a Siberian winter, did not only survive against an organized military force backed by British, Japanese, and Americans, but in the end prevailed.

The truly artistic productions are of two widely different kinds, the older school represented by the Moscow Art Theater players, and the newer "revolutionary" school of the ultra-moderns. The former have given the screen some fine examples of that exquisite and painstaking work with which those who saw Moskvin play "Czar Feodor" in this country are familiar. Indeed, this same Moskvin and a group of fellow actors from the Moscow Art Theater have just completed Pushkin's "The Station Master," now showing throughout Russia. Except for the technique of lighting and the mechanical end of making the picture (of which the Russians know little or nothing) it is a highly creditable production. A similar though larger cast is to be employed shortly in creating a vast super-film from Tolstoi's "War and Peace." It is to be hoped that before so large an order is undertaken the Sovkino will arrange to send some of its technical staff to Hollywood for a few lessons.

But it is the ultra-moderns who, despite their technical handicaps, represent the most promising outlook for Russian motion picture production. Meyerhold, whose "The Path of Steel" is to cover the development of the steel industry and exhibit the titanic conflict of man with metal, is captain of a group of four directors chosen from among his own followers who are making this picture in the very mines and blast furnaces and rolling mills where the epic of steel has been enacted during the past quarter century. "The Path of Steel" will not be ready until 1926, but it is expected to embody the very soul of the new industrial order for which Russia stands.

In a sense, that is also the effect of Eisenstein's "Strike," which has already been shown throughout Russia. It is a powerful piece of work which, needless to say, will not be seen in the United States so long as the shade of Sam Gompers stalks labor circles. Eisenstein is a pupil of Meyerhold, and a modern of the moderns. At present he is engaged in filming a huge production to be called "1905." But its scope reaches far beyond Trotzky's book of the same title and covers the whole revolutionary movement in Russia from 1905 to the present.

Aside from the capital required, Russia is even now in far better position to work out a grandiose and above all a distinctive motion picture development than were we fifteen years ago, when industry in the United States was at much the same stage as is Russian industry today. The popular demand is far in excess of any supply that can conceivably be furnished from abroad with the limited resources at the command of the Sovkino. On the other hand, there are studios in operation in Moscow, Leningrad, Siberia, Odessa, Kiev, Tiflis, and Yalta—Yalta in that Crimea whose climate and beauty are calculated to drive the most ardent Southern Californian to blow out his brains, if any. There are actors who outrank any in the world, and collections of historic costumes, furniture, and stage settings unequalled anywhere. And, short of putting up funds, the Soviet Government will do anything to help, from turning out the Red Army to furnishing the Granovitaya Palace of the Kremlin as a stage. And above all, there is in Russia a feeling for dramatic art that will neither be degraded by the tawdry nor debauched by magnificence.

Books*

By MAXIM GORKI

Translated by Alexander Kaun

WHATEVER humanely good there is in me, I owe to books, and it has long been my conviction that art is more magnanimous than men. I love books; I regard every book as a miracle, and the poet as a miracle worker. I cannot speak of books without the deepest emotion, without pathos. Perhaps this is laughable, but it is so. They may say that this is the pathos of a savage. Let them say it, but I am—incurable.

When I take into my hands a new book, a thing made in the printing shop by the labor of a little hero, the typesetter, and by the machine, created by another little hero, I feel that into my life enters something living, speaking, wonderful. Here is another holy writ by man about man, about a being beyond which the world has nothing finer, more puzzling, and more worthy of my love, a being whose toil and genius have made all that is great and beautiful on earth. The book takes me into life, and however familiar it be to me, the book always tells me something I have not known, I have not observed in man. At times the whole book contains only one new phase, but it is this that brings one mysteriously close to man, showing another smile or grimace of his.

The grandeur of the starry world above my head, the harmonious mechanics of the universe, so convincingly described by astronomers, leave me cold and unmoved. To me the universe appears not at all so splendid as astronomers have made it; to me there is more senseless chaos than divine harmony in the birth and death of worlds.

Lo, somewhere in the depth of the Milky Way, the sun has become extinguished, and a whole planetary system has sunk into darkness. I feel no regret. But the death of that magnificent phantast, Camille Flammarion, obviously grieves me.

Whatever we value as beautiful has been invented and told to us by man. Unhappily he infrequently invents suffering too, sharpening and intensifying it, as in the case of Dostoevsky, Baudelaire, Leopardi, and others. But even here I see only an effort to embellish and refine that which is oppressive and repellent in our life.

There is no beauty in hostile nature around us; man creates it out of his mind's tissue. It is the Finn who pours beauty into his marshes and woods, into his rusty granite sparsely overgrown with lichen. It is the Arab who has persuaded himself that the desert is lovely. Beauty springs out of man's desire to see it. One is struck not by the lumbering formlessness of a mountain landscape but by the beauty which man's imagination has instilled into it.

It is remarkable how easily and how generously man saturates nature with beauty, the more remarkable since the earth is, essentially, not a very cozy place to live in. One need only recall the earthquakes and hurricanes, snowstorms and floods, droughts and frosts, noxious insects and microbes, and a number of other things which would make life quite unbearable were man less heroic than he is.

Man's existence is thoroughly and inexhaustibly tragic, but man transforms life's innumerable tragedies into works of art. I cannot imagine anything more marvelous, more striking, than this transformation. That is why, in a book of verse by Pushkin or Heine, in a volume of Flaubert or Balzac, I find more beauty and wisdom than in the cold sheen of stars, in the mechanical movement of oceans, in the rustle of forests, and in the silence of deserts. Borodin has eloquently told us in one of his musical pieces about the silence of the desert. Aurora Borealis? Some of Whistler's paintings are not inferior to northern lights. John Ruskin was right when he said that English sunsets have waxed more colorful since Turner. Our sky would be nicer if the stars were larger, more variegated in color, and near to us. Indeed, they have become so since the astrophysicists have told us about them.

My world is a world of little Spartacuses and Hamlets, the world of Othello and Romeo, Father Goriot, Mr. Dombey, the Karamazovs, David Copperfield, Manon Lescaut, Madame Bovary, Anna Karenina, a world of little Don Quixotes and Don Juans. Out of these little persons—out of us—poets create grand figures, and endow them with immortality.

I live in a world where one cannot understand anything concerning man unless one reads the marvelous books created about him by scholars and artists. Flaubert's "Simple Heart" has for me the value of an evangel, and I am ready to shout with joy for man when I read the maddest tales of Poe or Hoffmann, the evil poems of Baudelaire, the diabolically penetrating stories of Knut Hamsun —our greatest epic writer, whose "Growth of the Soil" amazes me as much as the "Iliad" does. When I read the epogee of "Jean Christophe" I know that this is one of the books which my grandchildren will regard with reverent wonderment at the mental and emotional power of the prophet, at his unshakable love for men.

To be sure, I know that this love is nowadays considered old fashioned. But what can you do if it still exists, does not wear out; and if we continue to live with its sorrows and joys? I even think that this love is becoming ever surer, wiser, and more practical, appearing somewhat dry and business-like in its external manifestations yet not losing its intrinsic and everlasting irrationality. Man's mind is the most irrational phenomenon in the fantastic life of our world.

I am a man of the earth, and outside of its men there is nothing I desire to know. Books bring me in friendly and magnanimous contact with men, inspire me with respect for them, and ever deepen my interest in man, master of the earth, creator of all that is fine and great on it.

* The preface to a book on modern European literature, to appear shortly in Paris.

Lloyd George's Land Campaign

By JOHN A. HOBSON

THE launching of a Liberal land policy under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George has a personal as well as a political significance. It was impossible to suppose that so restlessly ambitious and resourceful a being, deposed from the high estate to which war-statecraft had helped him, would long linger in the shade to which the dwindled fortunes of his party had consigned him. After the difficult and imperfect reconciliation of the two factions which followed the decimation of Liberalism at the polls, Mr. Lloyd George lost no time in seeking his opportunity to emerge into the limelight. To improvise a new constructive liberal policy (with a roving eye to right and left in case the need of Tory or Labor support arose) was a personal necessity.

Do not fight your enemy on his chosen ground; choose your own, is the Georgian tactic. Why tie Liberalism to the fight against protection or socialism, if you can find a rallying [illegible] those who till it" is indeed no novel cry, but it has in England greater political, if not economic, potency than ever before. For the war and its sequels have stripped rural England of much of its glamor, and revealed the nakedness of the land. Brains, capital, labor, productivity, and markets are lacking. The triple system which had so long endured—landowner, tenant farmer, landless labor—was becoming difficult to maintain before the war. It is now unworkable. The owner, who supplies most of the capital for maintenance and improvement, is so impoverished by taxation and high prices that he cannot "do his duty by the land."

It is true that during the period of war prosperity a large number of foresighted owners sold out to their tenants at inflated prices. Thus about a quarter of our agricultural land passed into the possession of farmers with too little capital to work it, most of whom are by this time heavily mortgaged. These occupying owners and the general body of tenant farmers have been drained of all their war profits, and in the price slump of the last few years have been sinking into deeper and deeper water. The minimum-wage boards established to secure subsistence for the laborers have collapsed, and labor is in most counties ill-paid, ill-housed, uncertain, and insufficient. More than two-thirds of our food has to be brought from overseas, paid for with increasing difficulty by reason of our diminished exports, while a million and a quarter of our workers with their families are kept in enforced idleness, producing nothing to help pay for the food they consume.

Such is the challenge to land policy which Mr. George and his committee have taken up. Their program is large, bold, and radical. It proposes that the state shall relieve the landowners (except those who can undertake to farm their land themselves) of their ownership, compensating them not by a capital sum but by a guaranteed annual rent, assessed in a land court. But though the state is to become the formal owner, it must not operate agriculture, but leave the cultivation of the soil to practical farmers who will pay rent to the state and will have to satisfy a representative county committee that their farming is efficient. These farmers are to carry out their own improvements and repairs, receiving help in the form of credit, research, electricity, and organization of the market, from the county organization. The laborer is to have not only a guaranteed minimum wage, which is to be a first charge for the determination of the rent, but a favorably situated small holding and the opportunity of getting a larger farm if he shows himself capable of working it. In a word, benefits are to be secured for all three interests in the land. The landlord is to have an income equal to the net income he now receives from the land. The farmers will have full security of tenure at a fixed rent subject to good cultivation. The laborer will have a living wage and an opportunity to get an independent living from the land.

The scheme has had a fair, though scarcely an enthusiastic, reception by the Liberal press, Tory and Labor papers and politicians preferring to regard it with contempt as the wildcat project of a group of political plungers. But there is vigor, money, and influence among the projectors, who propose to pursue an active campaign in every village. They will have to cut through a vast tangle of prejudices and misconceptions, as well as to meet valid objections, if they are to attain any wide acceptance, not to say political success for their policy. Setting aside the not inconsiderable number of those with whom the whole project is damned for its paternity, criticism is bound to fasten on certain features connected with the large part assigned to the state. The state is to take over a damaged property and guarantee its part-owners against further damage. The state is to fix fair rents, and fair wages, through committees on which it must be represented. The county committees are to say what is efficient and inefficient farming in particular cases, perhaps the most delicate of all the operations under this scheme. The state, through county loan boards, is to be the ultimate source or guaranty of credits advanced to cultivating tenants for the working of their farms. The state is to set up a commission to devise machinery for a cooperative system of transport and marketing.

Though most of the actual public work is to be done by local representative bodies and not by a central bureaucracy, it remains true that the state would be called upon to undertake delicate and risky services for which many hold it is inherently incompetent. The state socialism embodied in this scheme will thus be the first line of attack, in particular the displacement of private by state ownership, and the indefinite obligation to furnish one particular industry with business credit at the risk or expense of the taxpayer.

The report thus describes the proposed machinery and procedure:

> In each County Agricultural Authority's area would be established a County Loans Board, responsible to the Central Agricultural Loans Board.
>
> The cultivating tenant would state to the County Agricultural Authority the amount he required and the purpose to which he intended to apply it. The County Agricultural Authority would refer the application to one of its officers who would take into account the applicant's reliability and competence, the suitability of the improvement

suggested, and the possible adequacy or possible extravagance of the demand. The Authority, on the officer's recommendation, would agree, reject, or possibly modify the proposal.

The County Agricultural Authority, using its knowledge of farmers in the county, would recommend approved applicants for credit to the County Loans Board.

On the face of it, this proposal leans too heavily upon the wisdom and integrity of a single official, and seems a poor substitute for the better ordered system of cooperative agricultural banks, prevalent in several continental countries and recently set up in Ireland. The judgment of neighboring farmers about the needs, capacity, and character of a particular farmer would surely be superior to that even of a more expert visiting official. But behind such doubts relating to administration lies the question of financial security. Can English agriculture by the suggested reconstruction be raised into such a condition of improvement or prosperity as to make the substantial credit here envisaged a safe investment for the British state, handling the resources of the taxpayer? To shore up a collapsing industry by state-found money is not an attractive proposition.

One of the great obstacles to success of the proposed reform will be the obstinate blindness to progressive methods among the mass of small farmers, especially in the south of England. Mr. George and his advisers require a willing, if not eager, acceptance of the new order by those who are to be its beneficiaries. But, assuming a fundamental soundness in the plan, it may take the effort of a generation to set it fairly afoot. Those who point at Denmark as an example of what English farmers could do must be reminded that Englishmen are not Danes. In tradition, education, character, and outlook upon life no two European peoples show greater divergencies. The superiority of Denmark in education and in cooperation is rooted, partly, in the necessities of a very small country, and, partly, in the widespread regard for knowledge and peaceful association. Though the great estates in England are being broken up, and the number of cultivating owners and small holders are increasing, it will take a long time before serious, scientific business agriculture can be established over the whole country. In other words, the scheme is a great appeal to reason, launched upon a people soaked in obstinate traditions and deep-seated prejudices. Ultimately reason may prevail: adversity, such as exists at present, is a schoolmaster of great potency. But the scholar is rather dull and a little proud of his obstinacy in the face of new ideas.

Now rapid and eager acceptance is of the essence of the situation—for the politicians. If Liberalism in Britain is to draw new life from such a reform policy it must be put in control of a government with a mandate to carry the policy into effect. Now to describe this as a political impossibility would, perhaps, be putting the odds against it too high. If Toryism went too far in reactionary audacity, and Labor were broken by the temporary success of the Reds, it is conceivable that the country might give Liberalism another trial. But it is grossly improbable that Liberals will again be in a position to form a government. If, therefore, experiments in agricultural reform were seriously attempted, they could only come about by the adoption of the substance of the scheme by the Conservatives or by Labor. Though the scheduled proposals of the Labor Party are more radical than those of Mr. George, they are not so divergent in principles, and even methods, as to prohibit a working compromise. Labor politicians will at present scout the very idea of making common cause with any school of Liberalism in this, or any other, issue. But history shows that such tempers are very short-lived. I do not, therefore, rule out the probability of an agricultural reform policy along the main lines of this report, put into effect by a political combination of Labor and Liberals. The resistance of landowning conservatives would, however, be long and stubborn. Though the landed aristocracy has lost to the commercial classes of the towns much of the political power it once wielded, it has retained almost intact the social power and consideration which count so highly in English life. This scheme of reform would rapidly destroy this social power, would put into a secondary place the sporting and other amenities of country life, and would drive the free breath of business enterprise into an occupation where the spirit of feudalism with its customary rights and privileges for the landowner and its graded status for tenants and laborers has hitherto prevailed. To stop such a "degradation" of country life conservatives will struggle to the utmost. They do not deny that something must be done, and soon, to save British agriculture. They would like to revert to their former remedy—a protective tariff. But their shrewder politicians are aware that to tax the food of their towns for the benefit of the country is impracticable. Their present line of policy, therefore, is a state subsidy to agriculture, conceived partly as a dole to distressed farmers and landowners, partly as a national defense for a country dangerously dependent on overseas supplies.

There is "realism" in this constructive policy, injurious as I believe it to be. For it faces more clearly than do these Liberals the fundamental fact that England cannot grow the foods she imports as cheaply as they can be grown elsewhere. The Liberal scheme implies, no doubt, a challenge to this statement. If science and good business methods and keen industry were put into our land, under conditions of tenure and of reward that called out the full energies of the cultivator, no doubt we could considerably reduce the amount of our dependence on foreign supplies. But if this involved taking brains and labor from other industries to develop agriculture, the total effect upon our national wealth and even our food supply might be injurious. It is no good citing the million and a quarter industrial workers who stand unemployed as evidence that town industries are normally oversupplied at the expense of agriculture. No appreciable number of these unemployed either could or would work upon the soil. Though agricultural reforms might keep some of the rising generation in the country from drifting townward, experience shows that even good offers of land do not make a country life attractive. While, therefore, Mr. George's plan has much to recommend it, it could not go far toward making Britain a self-sustaining country as regards foods or raw materials. We must still rely upon foreign countries for the greater part of these necessary supplies, paying for them with such of our manufactures and other services (shipping, banking, etc.) as other peoples will consent to receive. If we cannot work hard or skilfully enough to produce these export goods at a price the world will consent to pay, then we are doomed to a national poverty, which no reforms of our agriculture will more than mitigate.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter will certainly never have $80,000,000, but if he had he would refrain from dumping it in a lump sum on the head of some small, defenseless college. That college can certainly never emerge from the stigma of being the most heavily endowed institution of learning in the world. No matter what masters of erudition its graduates turn out to be, they will still be pointed to with scorn as being products of an endowment of eighty millions, "when *Harvard* has only $64,000,000." Nor will Harvard men be the only ones thus to sniff and avert their heads. If the butler or the country cousin inherits a fortune, dislike of him is felt from the head of the house to the last and lowest.

* * * * *

THE reason for this unpopularity, of course, is a simple one. Mr. Duke in his naive way believed that he could build a great university as he could build a factory—by going out and buying the brick and stone, the machinery and tools, and the workmen to operate them. He forgot that he was dealing in the most elusive commodity in the world. He could no more create ideas in this wholesale fashion than he could later create a market for them. Thus he started to build his university at the wrong end. He was distressed because North Carolina had no great school; he did not stop to discover the reason for this lack. He assumed that it was want of money—and of money he knew he had plenty. But a careful examination of the ideas which have come out of North Carolina in the last two hundred years might have told him more. If North Carolina had no great university, it might have been that she had no desire for one. Now that one has been wished on her, it remains to be seen what she will do with it.

* * * * *

THE greatest universities in history—Bologna, Salamanca, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge—started with beginnings far less grand than Duke University. A group of students, a handful of books, one or two masters who were themselves hardly more than students; but they had also an invaluable boundless thirst for learning. And in that respect they were as rich as Duke University can ever be, and richer than the Drifter suspects it of being at present. If the president of Duke were a wise man he would invest his vast endowment in a handsome mausoleum for the founder; then with perhaps six of his best students he would retire to the fastnesses of the North Carolina mountains, he would build with his own hands and with the help of his companions—no longer pupils—a modest habitation, and there he would live with them and meditate with them on the workings of the universe. After a while he might be surprised by a visitor; others would come presently. In time he would find that a road had been built to his house—built by curiosity as well as eagerness to share his wilderness. He would profit by modern inventions; books could be had for asking, laboratory equipment would not need to be built painfully by hand. And if he could muster enough devotion to the pursuit of truth, he would in time find that, strangely enough, a sort of university had grown up around his front door. Perhaps it would never fall heir to eighty millions of dollars. But it might become a great university even without it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

California Injustice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue dated August 12 contained an editorial entitled California Justice. It had reference to the third trial and conviction in Sacramento of one Tom Connors for jury tampering. Tom Connors was then secretary of the California branch of the I. W. W. His offense was that he had mailed I. W. W. literature, violently assailing the criminal-syndicalism law, to a certain man on a jury trying an I. W. W. under that law.

In your editorial you use the following language in reference to the Sacramento *Bee* and myself:

> Now, it chanced that at that time in Sacramento, the State capital, there was a trial for criminal syndicalism, involving three members of the I. W. W., Judge Charles O. Busick, and the Sacramento *Bee*. The *Bee*, rather a fair and well-edited paper in other respects, reserves its sharpest stings for the I. W. W. Its editorials are frequently incitements to violence against this organization which its owner, C. K. McClatchy, so ardently hates. . . .
>
> Meanwhile, during the five days of the trial, the Sacramento *Bee* poured forth news items and violent editorials against the I. W. W. and all its supposed works. The jurymen received the *Bee* regularly, and they all knew that Connors was a member of the I. W. W. This, however, was not "jury tampering" and no one suggested arresting McClatchy.

The last paragraph is erroneous. "During the five days of the trial," the news items in the *Bee* thereon consisted of extremely fair accounts of the proceedings—following the unbroken rule of this paper to report all public matters without prejudice. "During the five days of the trial," the California Conference of Social Workers met in Sacramento and by a vote of 153 to 136 went on record as favoring the repeal of the criminal-syndicalism law. That action was reported in the *Bee* of May 28, 1925. The next day the *Bee* contained the only editorial in any way referring to the I. W. W. it published "during the five days of the trial." The *Bee* deemed it alike its right and its duty to defend a law thus attacked. And in so doing it stated in plain English why the law had been passed, quoting this language from the supreme court of California in the case of Steelik, a member of the I. W. W.:

> We hold the record justifies the conviction of the offense of criminal syndicalism, in that the defendant knowingly belonged to an organization which in its nature was a criminal conspiracy to change industrial control and government by unlawful and criminal methods.

What would you?

You say I ardently hate the I. W. W. I hate any organization that teaches men to be vandal Ishmaelites; that not only preaches but constantly practices assault, sabotage, arson, and promiscuous destruction of property as its principal "argument." I think every decent, law-abiding citizen should join me in that hate. And that such is the practically uninterrupted offense of the I. W. W. is no mere bald statement, but an incontrovertible fact repeatedly proved in California courts.

You are entirely wrong in declaring that "neither of the men" to whom Connors was charged with sending I. W. W. literature ever "actually served on a criminal-syndicalism jury." H. D. Arnold, to whom Connors sent such literature, served as a juryman in the trial of Joe Wagner and R. C. Russell, charged with violating the criminal-syndicalism law.

Sacramento, Calif., August 17 CHAS. K. MCCLATCHY,
Editor the Sacramento *Bee*

[Mr. McClatchy is wrong. H. D. Arnold, the complaining witness against Connors, did not serve as a juryman in the

trial of Russell and Wagner, nor did he serve on any other criminal-syndicalism jury. He was once drawn on a jury panel for the court sesssion in Sacramento in which a criminal-syndicalism case known as "Brooks et al." was slated for trial, but he did not become a juror. He was excused. The Brooks case, which also included Wagner and Russell, was never tried. Wagner and Russell were later reindicted with one Vargo, but Arnold was not even on the panel called for that case. See California Appellate Decisions, Volume 45, page 994.

As we stated, Connors (who was secretary of an I. W. W. defense committee, not of the California branch of the I. W. W.) was convicted for corrupting a juryman, by mailing a pamphlet opposing the criminal-syndicalism law to a man whom he had never seen, who never served on a jury. No jury had been drawn when Connors mailed his pamphlet to a list of names from the telephone book, including Mr. McClatchy's.

Mr. McClatchy's remarks about the I. W. W. are sufficiently corroborative of what *The Nation* said regarding his temper. We challenge him to produce court proof that the I. W. W. "practically uninterruptedly" practice "assault, sabotage, arson, and promiscuous destruction of property." He cannot do it.—EDITOR, THE NATION.]

The Negro in the North

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article by Mr. Walter White, entitled Negro Segregation Comes North, in the current issue of *The Nation* [October 21] is interesting, but it skirts the real issue.

You can strike from the record the activities of the K. K. K., whatever they may be, and any concerted desire on the part of white people to "keep the Negro down." I feel quite sure that Mr. White believes they have the importance he attributes to them. But I doubt if they have.

The whites in the white neighborhood who object to the entrance of Negroes as residents are touched severely in the pocket-book nerve. Until both races will see that prime fact and meet that issue squarely, little permanent good can come from discussions.

Detroit, October 17 FRED H. WINTERS

He Would Welcome Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Could you, through your valuable magazine, publish an appeal for a political prisoner, Charles Cline, who has been in prison for the past twelve years. An appeal was published some time ago in *The Nation*, which brought results, but only for a short time. We hope there are people who would be interested in corresponding with him once or twice a month. They can write to Box 32, Huntsville, Texas.

Paterson, N. J., October 10 HARRY WINDRATH

This Chief Is a Lady

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 5, page 156, appears what purports to be a dispatch from this city by the Associated Press with reference to an Indian statue, followed by nearly a column of editorial comment. You headed it Hail to the Chief!

In no complaining way do I call your attention to the fact that the whole matter would have been more historically correct if an Indian squaw had not been mistaken for a chief.

My statue has been mounted on Perrin's Ledge, the most beautiful look-out on the Illinois River and perhaps in the world. But it is the statue of a woman Indian and not a chief. It represents Nokomis, the Daughter of the Moon, whose daughter became the mother of Hiawatha—the Indian savior.

Belleville, Illinois, October 5 J. NICK PERRIN

NATION DINNERS

DON'T WAIT
till the last minute

CHINA: THE ACID TEST OF 1925 is the subject for the first *Nation* dinner, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12. Dr. Harry F. Ward, Paul Blanshard, P. W. Kuo, the first two just returned from China, will speak. Are missionaries of any use in China? Should every foreigner leave China at once? What is extra-territoriality and why is it? Come to the *Nation* dinner and discuss these and other important Chinese matters. China is not just a big yellow spot on the map; it is in the news, it grows in importance as an international problem every day. Come to the Nation dinner; hear about China. Oswald Garrison Villard, the *Nation's* editor, will preside and reservations will be made in the order in which they are received!

The second *Nation* dinner will be held THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10. Clarence Darrow, counsel in the Scopes trial at Dayton, and Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, Pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, will speak on IS MAN A MACHINE? Joseph Wood Krutch, Associate Editor of *The Nation*, will be chairman. On THURSDAY JANUARY 7, Mark Van Doren, the *Nation's* Literary Editor, will preside over a debate between the critics and the authors, with a publisher added for good measure. The subject will be IS LITERARY CRITICISM IMPORTANT? WAGES FOR WIVES? is the debatable subject for the fourth *Nation* dinner, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4. Doris Stevens and Arthur Garfield Hays will speak. Freda Kirchwey, the *Nation's* managing editor, will be chairman. The date of the last *Nation* dinner will be THURSDAY, MARCH 18. Subject and speakers to be announced later.

Bring as many guests as you like to the *Nation* dinners, but reservations may be made in the name of *Nation* subscribers only. Price per plate $2.50; for the series of five, $11.00. Non-subscribers may make reservations by sending in a check for $6.00, and receiving a ticket for one dinner and *The Nation* for a year (regular price $5.00) or $15.00 for *The Nation* and a reservation for the entire series.

ALL DINNERS WILL BE HELD AT THE FIFTH AVENUE RESTAURANT, 200 FIFTH AVENUE, AND WILL BEGIN AT 7 P. M.

The *Nation*:
20 Vesey Street.

Send me *The Nation* for a year and reserve ..... places for me at

(THE ..... *Nation* dinner
(The series of *Nation* dinners.

Name .....

Address .....

Books and Plays

Composed While Under Arrest

(Translated from the Russian of Lhermontov)

By MAX EASTMAN

When waves invade the yellowing wheat,
And the saplings sway with a wind-song brief;
When the raspberry plum in the garden sweet
Hides him under the cool green leaf;

When sprinkled with lights of limpid dew,
At rose of evening or gold of morn,
The lilies-of-the-valley strew
Their silver nodding under the thorn;

When the brook in the valley with cooling breast,
Plunging my soul in a cloudy dream,
Murmurs a legend of lands of rest
At the rise of his happy and rapid stream;

Then humbled is my heart's distress,
And lulled the anguish of my blood;
Then in the earth my happiness,
Then in the heaven my God.

First Glance

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD'S "Two Lives" (Viking Press: $2) was written in 1913, and it is around about 1913 that we are in the habit of supposing the new poetry of America to have been born. That "Two Lives" has exerted less than its due influence directly upon Mr. Leonard's contemporaries—owing to the circumstance that it was never printed until 1922, and then only privately—will seem of little moment to another generation which will read it and call it, I am convinced, one of the best of early twentieth-century poems. Those future judges will have forgotten how Mr. Leonard's sonnet-sequence lived for so long a smothered life, and they perhaps will never have known the reason for this—the painful environment which made Mr. Leonard hesitate to tell his story to any public at all, let alone a wide one. They will see the poem, that is to say, as the work of art which it is. They will recognize in it one of the first signs that American poetry had attained to a mature subject matter and to a truly passionate style. They will compare it not unfavorably with the longer narratives which now for a decade Mr. Robinson has been putting forth, and they will find nothing of its time in England to be set beside it—nothing of Mr. Masefield's surely, though Mr. Hardy in other modes will not suffer from a comparison. And if we now are a little disturbed by touches in the poem of the old rhetoric which we pride ourselves upon having discarded—if we find it not quite so strictly emancipated in form as Mr. Robinson's best work is—they will be undisturbed, looking, as they will, through fashion into matter and mood and essential style.

I would not tell the story if I could, for it must be read in its own powerful and absolutely personal setting. Few pieces of literature have been more personal, and the reason is not merely that the tragedy unfolded is by virtue of its events an intimate one for the author. Mr. Leonard has made it even more so—I am tempted to say absolutely so—by planting it in the center of his own mind and by feeding that mind solely upon its bitter leaves. From the moment in the first sonnet when Mr. Leonard, after a swift glance backward and forward through an eternity of human circumstances, dismisses all that and settles into his theme—

> Large thoughts, before and after; yet they be
> Time's pallid backgrounds for my soul and me—

I understand that the business at hand is one man's life, is one man's vindication of a part which he had played. Mr. Leonard, like Hamlet, must get his story told; and as he concentrates himself upon his need the intensity of his telling grows. Everything is evidence of this intensity, this need—the exhortations to some audience:

> But you who read me, jest not now, I pray. . . .

> But I am ill at ease
> Coping with symbols in the halls of pain—
> As you may mark, confused;

the passages of realism which a more painless poet would have done more vaguely and more safely:

> Whilst I undressed her, as she groaned; detail,
> The critics tell us, makes reality;
> But should I chronicle each look and wail,
> Each garment, as I rent it horribly
> With twitch and twist of fingers, clutch of hands,
> Each ridge in face of me, you'd say I were
> (Though doing the waiting doctor's fierce commands)
> O not the husband, but the ravisher;

the ceaseless probing of conscience, the tireless going over of motives in order to make sure that nothing is left out of account. Here in this intensity, and in the beauty and the strength which by no mere chance come with it, lies at least one reason for granting a measure of greatness to "Two Lives."

MARK VAN DOREN

Two War Books

The War of Lost Opportunities. By General von Hoffmann. International Publishers. $3.50.

Blockade and Sea Power: The Blockade, 1914-1919, and its Significance for a World State. By Maurice Parmelee. T. Y. Crowell and Company. $3.

THE first of these is an important book which should be in every war library. Coming, as it does, from the officer in considerable degree responsible for the infamous Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the man who took Lenin from Switzerland to Russia in a locked car and turned him loose there, who served for two years as Chief of the German General Staff on the Eastern front, it gains weight because of its plain speaking and frank revelations. Compact and concise, it proves once more that the most wonderful military machine the world has ever seen was wrecked by the blunders of its leaders rather than the prowess of its enemies. Nearly everything the German militarists could ask for in 1914 in the way of material was provided, but the master minds needed were not available when the emergency came.

General von Hoffmann reveals the facts that the fatal withdrawal of two corps just before the Marne for service in Russia was not due, as alleged, to any appeal from the army commanders on the East front, and that they arrived too

late to aid Hindenburg in his amazing victories. It is now widely believed that this fatal departure from the von Schlieffen plan for the swing through Belgium was due to the personal intercession of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, who were overcome by the Russian destruction in East Prussia. General von Hoffmann is emphatically of the opinion that even after the disastrous retirement of von Kluck after the Marne, it would have been possible to renew the outflanking movement and begin open warfare again by transferring ten or twelve corps to the extreme German right as suggested in vain by General Gröner. Next he blames General von Falkenhayn, the second German chief of staff, for letting slip two opportunities to destroy completely the Russian Army in the fall of 1914 and the summer of 1915. This officer was also responsible for the incredible folly and slaughter of Verdun, the failure to take Salonica, and the refusal to make a concerted effort against Italy in combination with the Austrians. General von Hoffmann was sure from 1915 on that Germany had lost the war, but he could not move the Chancellor and others in power to renounce all thought of taking Belgian territory and to try in 1917 for a peace restoring the *status quo ante*. Naturally he dwells on the folly of carrying on a submarine warfare without submarines, and on the Von Tirpitz policy of continuing to build battleships that could never count.

General von Hoffmann went through the first Russian battles with General Ludendorff, whom he knew well and greatly admired, but he saddles him with the error of trying to break through to Amiens in March, 1918, and not succeeding because he failed to bring up all available troops and confine his attack to that one point. After the failure of that effort, Von Hoffmann clearly saw that Germany ought to make peace at once. Instead Ludendorff carried on until, on the point of collapse, he had to accept any terms.

It is interesting to note that General von Hoffmann disclaims all responsibility for the abominable terms of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, which he charges to Von Kuhlmann and Czernin. But, by his own narrative, he did more than anybody else to get the Bolsheviks to accept it. His own desire was to have Germany march to Petrograd, set up a new Russian government, and raise new levies to fight for Germany. He attributes the collapse of the German army largely to Bolshevik propaganda spread by German troops rushed in the closing months to the West front from Russia. How bitterly Von Hoffmann must regret having been a party to the transfer of Lenin and his associates from Switzerland to Russia! They were to destroy the then Russian government, but they were not supposed to go further. It is interesting to note that this incident in General von Hoffmann's career is not recorded in this volume.

The translation of the book is poor, the proof-reading and editing equally so. Sentences sometimes do not end. We are never told the author's full name. In the second chapter General von Prittwitz und Gaffron becomes two persons. Peyton March becomes Payton, and titles and names suffer generally. This is a great pity because of the intrinsic value of the book, especially for the light it throws on Russian military blunders in 1914 and 1915.

Dr. Parmelee's book on the blockade is of equal worth. A description of the organization and development of the blockade during the war, it seems to be definitive and of permanent textbook value. Dr. Parmelee, who was one of the representatives of the United States War Trade Board in London in 1918 and 1919, a member of the Allied Blockade Committee, and Chairman of the Allied Rationing and Statistical Committee, traces not only the way the British and French governments developed at home the machinery to handle the blockade of the Central Powers but also the way the blockade was gradually applied to the neutrals as well until they were stripped of every right under international law and became merely vassals of the Allies. He does not fail to blame the United States for permitting this —Ambassador Page aiding and abetting instead of fighting for neutral rights the world over. Indeed, Dr. Parmelee writes as one whose eyes have been opened to the fact that both sides were guilty of great wrongs during the war; that neither had clean hands. He is especially forceful in showing how the Allies persuaded or coerced or forced one country after another to their will. His explanation of the "General Black List" instituted by Great Britain is valuable, but he does not, of course, set forth how that Black List was used during the war, as in South America, for instance, for the purpose of undermining England's trade rivals, not only for war-time, but for the post-bellum period.

Dr. Parmelee pays his respects to the late Admiral Mahan for misusing and misinterpreting historical facts in order to build up a big-navy propaganda, and is flat in his opposition to the control of the seas by the British fleet or any other. Perhaps the most valuable portion of his book is his group of chapters on Sea Power and the World State, which latter he does not find provided by the League of Nations as at present constituted. As he points out, "to incorporate the constitution of a professedly international state into a treaty which utilizes the advantages of victory in war is highly incongruous"; and he insists that a real World State ought not to oppose but to protect any nation which has adopted collectivism or state socialism from the capitalistic nations in order to safeguard the principle of self-determination of racial and national entities.

We cannot believe that this volume will be very popular with the big-business rulers of the world, since it points out how communistic had become by 1918 the whole administration of the economic world by the Allies and the United States, and shows the ease with which, following the precedent of the Supreme Economic Council, it would be possible to organize the world internationally for the purpose of holding and rationing all the remaining natural resources of the world for the benefit of all mankind. Those who think internationalism a crime will find a dangerous adversary in Dr. Parmelee. We cannot overemphasize the value of this book or the extraordinarily liberal and enlightened viewpoint of the author.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Merezhkovsky

December the Fourteenth. A Novel. By Dimitri S. Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Nathalie A. Duddington. International Publishers. $2.

"DECEMBER THE FOURTEENTH" could not have been published at a more opportune time. For in a few weeks from now our newspapers will carry dispatches describing how Soviet Russia is celebrating the centenary of the Decembrist Rebellion, the first organized blow against the ancient Russian autocracy. It is the stirring events of this rebellion, delicately interwoven with the radiant love story of Prince Golitzin, that Merezhkovsky depicts in the present novel.

To those who are acquainted with Merezhkovsky's trilogy, "Christ and Antichrist," this volume will bring no surprises. The virtues and the faults that were manifest there are in evidence here. As a literary artist, and particularly as a writer of historical novels, Merezhkovsky may doubtless be ranked among the masters. He has a rare gift for breathing life into remote epochs and historical personages. The conflicts of the past stand out clear and significant. A man of wide culture, a fine scholar, and a diligent compiler, Merezhkovsky assembles his mosaics at times even a little too meticulously. Possessed of a keen sense for the dramatic, he makes many passages vibrate with passion and beauty.

His chief fault is that he has a theological ax to grind. His monomania is Christianity and its role in the past, present,

and future life of mankind. In itself this is not a serious fault. A bit of Christian mysticism may even add to the interest of a novel. But Merezhkovsky's mysticism is too schematic. His "path is through dichotomy to unity." Everywhere he labors for a higher synthesis: Earth and Heaven, Christ and Antichrist, Paganism and Asceticism, the Flesh and the Spirit, the Church and the State. Since his entire theological structure is built on the Hegelian triad, his characters fall symmetrically into three groups: some illustrate the thesis, some the antithesis, and some the synthesis. To a sensitive reader this sort of balancing, however skilfully done, becomes rather annoying, however agreeable it may be to a critic purely of Merezhkovsky's thought.

As a result of his religious prepossessions Merezhkovsky sometimes presents historical motivation in the wrong light, imputing his own kind of faith to some of his heroes, regardless of the historic moment in which they are made to function. It must be remembered that Merezhkovsky's religion is the expression of a decaying class in a rapidly changing society. After the "gloomy eighties" a feeling that life was unendurable, a sense of impending catastrophe, a hope for a miraculous deliverance pervaded the ranks of the Russian upper classes. These fears, desires, and yearnings were crystallized in an eclectic religious mysticism which had come down from Dostoevsky through Vladimir Soloviev and the decadents of the nineties to the "God-Seekers" of the first decade of this century. For the author to make the Decembrist Golitzin think and speak in the vernacular of a twentieth-century "God-Seeker" is, it seems, doing serious violence to historical verisimilitude.

Furthermore, the lengthy metaphysical discussions clothed in the idiom of medieval scholasticism make the meaning of Merezhkovsky's novels in parts rather obscure, except to the initiate. Strange esoteric symbols speckle his writings. Proclaimed a prophet by a small coterie of fanatical admirers, Merezhkovsky tries to live up to his part. He brands as coming from the Beast (Antichrist) anything he for the moment dislikes: positivist philosophy, science, democracy, autocracy, and, since 1917, bolshevism. In his writings one comes across pages upon pages of veiled language and vague allusions to "something," and "someone," and "somewhere." In occult whispers and stimulated epileptic outcries, *à la* Dostoevsky, this modern prophet heralds a new apocalyptic religion.

Yet, despite the faults which "December the Fourteenth" shares with the rest of Merezhkovsky's works, it is one of the most absorbing historical novels in Russian literature. Though part of a trilogy, it is complete in itself, having its own inner *raison d'être*. Thanks to the discreet efforts of the translator, a good deal of the mystical clap-trap is unceremoniously done away with. What is left is mostly a powerful, tightly knit story of the tragic failure of the rebellion. All the chief characters are historically authentic, and are drawn in a masterly fashion. Nicholas I, the czar by accident and the spy by vocation, is unforgettably vivid. The prison scenes are subtly realistic. And the silhouettes of the five youths swinging from the scaffold are profoundly affecting.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

An Epic of Culture

Sovietskaya Kultura. Izd. Izvestia ZIK SSSR i XZIK. Moscow. (Soviet Culture. Published by Izvestia. Moscow.)

THERE is a fascinating glamor of adventure about the bare facts collected in this volume which makes the book read like an epic even though it does not deal with spectacular events such as those which "shook the world" during the earlier stages of the revolution. It is an epic of creation emerging from the multitude of "dry" figures and data dealing with the practical application in the everyday life of the masses of those principles which they fought for, arms in hand, during the "heroic" period of the revolution. The new period will seem no less heroic to one who understands it.

The book represents a collection of articles and summaries which tell in the language of plain facts of what has been accomplished in the various fields of political, economic, social, and cultural activity during the first six years of the existence of the Soviet republic. And each of these accounts is a tale of bold experimenting, of treading paths upon which no one had ventured before, of the accumulation of new experiences opening up vistas of new possibilities. Not a phase of life is left which has not been touched by the wand of revolution and been subjected to a thoroughgoing change. In government a new system is being evolved which will insure actual participation in the business of government to the largest numbers of the laboring population. In the economic field a system of organization is being worked out whereby intelligent planning would take the place of the bourgeois anarchy which has made a sacred principle of the blind play of economic forces. In the province of social relations, idleness and wealth are supplanted by work, physical and intellectual, as a mark of social distinction. So also in the field of cultural activity we see the beginning of a new culture which is becoming more and more the expression of the awakened and emancipated masses.

It should be remembered that before the revolution the mass of the people had been almost entirely outside the sphere of the cultural life of the country. About 90 per cent of the people had no opportunity even for the most elementary education and they were kept in utter illiteracy. Such things as books, newspapers, theaters, museums were accessible only to the upper classes and the intelligentsia. It was left for the revolution to bring the benefits and enjoyment of culture into the daily life of the masses. But it is also evident that this culture could not be left over from the old order. It was necessary to build anew, to create a culture which would be in harmony with the material, spiritual, and aesthetic values revealed in the revolution, and which would give the most significant possible expression to the masses which have now become articulate.

In this summary of Soviet culture the story is thus told of the new system of education which has been laid down, based on the principles of the unified labor school which would ultimately accord universal general and technical training; of the progress of the tremendous task of abolishing illiteracy; of workers' clubs which have sprung up in each factory; of reading huts through which the book, the theater, and the moving picture are being introduced into the villages; of the educational work which is carried on in the army and among the youth; of "workers' faculties" which prepare workers for higher education; of the new student body which is invading the universities and colleges from the depth of the mass of workers and peasants; of the new press serving the workers and expressive of their needs; of the new motives and forms which are being evolved in the field of literature, as well as in the theater and the other arts.

On the other hand the treasures of the old culture which, prior to the revolution, served for the enjoyment of the upper-class few have been thrown open and brought to the people. Private collections of works of art have been incorporated in existing public museums or form the nucleus for new museums the number of which has grown from 30 before the revolution to 476 in 1924. The same thing has happened to the valuable collections of books which were formerly to be found only in private hands.

The facts collected in this book are those which are most frequently overlooked in the daily chronicling of events. Their significance becomes fully apparent when they are brought together and correlated. The sum of these facts is the sum of the revolutionary change which is burrowing into the deep of the masses and forming the foundation for the new life.

L. TALMY

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Books in Brief

American Poetry 1925: A Miscellany. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

A third volume in the series which Mr. Louis Untermeyer inaugurated five years ago. Although some excellent work mingles with a good deal that is dull, the value of the whole is not quite clear.

Arnold Bennett. By Mrs. Arnold Bennett. Adelphi Company. $2.

A rather silly performance, though not a little picturesque information is purveyed between the gasps of adulation.

Cuchulainn. An Epic-Drama of the Gael. By Terence Gray. Cambridge, England: W. Heffer and Sons. 12/6.

A highly intelligent rendering in rather undistinguished prose of the whole history of Ulster during the reign of King Conchubhar. Conchubhar is the central figure, but Cuchulainn is the central hero; and Deirdre and Queen Maeve make their tragic contributions to the story under auspices which are in many respects new. Mr. Gray's introduction, in which he criticizes the handling of his characters by recent Irish poets and dramatists, is Shavian in its common sense and refreshing in its return to the probable facts. A valuable because unsentimental version of one of the greatest of all legends.

The English Comic Characters. By J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Spirited yet essentially commonplace criticism of some of the comic creations of Shakespeare, Fielding, Sterne, Jane Austen, Peacock, and Dickens. There is room for a truly—even gravely—analytical discussion of Falstaff, Shandy, *et al.* Mr. Priestley is merely one more man surprised and delighted.

John Marston: The Scourge of Villanie (1599). Samuel Daniel: A Defence of Ryme (1603); Thomas Campion: Observations in the Art of English Poesie. Vols. 13 and 14 of The Bodley Head Quartos. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50 each.

Convenient and attractive editions of three documents bearing on Elizabethan poetic theory and practice.

The Panchatantra. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. University of Chicago Press. $4.

The first complete version in English, and one which fortunately is very readable, of this fountainhead of Western story.

Histriophone: A Dialogue on Dramatic Diction. By Bonamy Dobrée. 3/6. *The Character of John Dryden.* By Alan Lubbock. 2/6. *Contemporary Techniques of Poetry. A Political Analogy.* By Robert Graves. 3/6. The Hogarth Essays. London: The Hogarth Press.

Interesting additions to an admirable series. Mr. Dobrée, author of a book on Restoration drama, tries his hand at a critical dialogue in the Restoration mode. Mr. Lubbock contributes, somewhat too much in the style of Pater, one of the best brief analyses of Dryden to date. Mr. Graves, as usual, is both fantastic and shrewd.

Chaplin and Some Others

By GILBERT SELDES

A LITTLE belatedly I come to three of the summer films: "The Gold Rush," "The Merry Widow," and "The Unholy Three." Report on them has been that they were all outstanding; and the first and last easily justify the rumor. "The Merry Widow" is a mixture of very good and not quite so good; it is superior to most ordinary films in the rigorous elimination, almost complete, of the actively bad. I do not know who followed von Stroheim in completing the work he began, and can only guess which director is responsible for which part. What is good is the employment of the camera more consistently than usual, the enrichment of its vocabulary, the growing accuracy of its accent. Technically, as all the movie journals say, the film is a high mark; but this applies more to the way the camera worked than to the way the actors played. There was a deal of attractiveness in Mae Murray at times, a touch of lightness in John Gilbert, of irony in Roy d'Arcy (as I recall the name of the Crown Prince), and something quite good in Tully Marshall; but excepting the last, all of these, at one time or another, played heavily and dully.

In connection with "The Unholy Three" it is quite clear that first credit goes to the director, Tod Browning; but at least a word must be said for Tod Robbins, who wrote the story. For the movies it is wholly unusual—the story of a ventriloquist, a dwarf, a strong-man, and a girl pickpocket, all in a small circus, joining their talents to become a gang of burglars, the ventriloquist and the dwarf masquerading as an old woman and a baby. Lon Chaney, the ventriloquist, was an uncommonly intelligent creation, for he was to just the right degree sinister and attractive; and the dwarf gave utterance to such appalling sentiments, made gestures of such unholy glee at the atrocities of his own creation that even the moderate success of the film, in a world of sloppiness, astonished me. The success is due to Mr. Browning, who did what the movie always can do and has seldom been asked to do. He deliberately removed the picture from the tone of reality. Without marking it "fantasy" and without using the distortions of setting and costume which got the same effect for "Caligari," he managed, largely by taking all his important scenes in obscure, unidenti-

fied corners, to suggest that everything going on was unrelated to our known existence. Four feet of a neutral wall, a bank of filing cabinets, fifteen feet of pavement, the place for three chairs—these hemmed in the extraordinary drama in all the best parts. There was weakness when, toward the end, we had to have a jury trial and a scene in a mountain cabin; yet even here the camera selected far more than it embraced. When Chaney with Mae Busch, who gave a remarkably fine performance as the pickpocket, had to meet for the scene in which she rejects his love, the whole outdoors was suffused with a light quite unreal.

There were many other small things as good; in the main this picture provided fantasy linked with the picaresque; it used the imagination. And its fate has been only moderately reassuring. The intellectuals have been captivated; the public has been startled, but not quite to the point of enthusiasm. Yet it is agreeable to think that a fantastic picture was made not for or by the highbrows, that Mr. Browning has given himself a distinct position among the directors, that Chaney and Mae Busch have done highly superior work in a film more suited to their talents than most of those they work in. They and "The Unholy Three" are on one of the many paths which make up the right way of the movies.

Mr. Chaplin, of course, has never deserted that way. "The Gold Rush" had a tremendous success which ought to persuade Mr. Chaplin again that he is right and has always been right. The hokum was good hokum; the story was not treated too seriously; and the great moments were tragi-comic in the finest way. Nothing I had heard prepared me for the actuality. In the dream which blessedly obliterates the agony of Charlie's waiting for his guests on New Year's Eve he does the Oceano Roll, the little dance with two rolls impaled on forks. It is deft and funny; but what makes it beautiful is that, although you hardly know it, Charlie's face, like those comic photographs in which you appear over a tiny ballet dress, is the focus of interest, miming the dance, filling it with emotion. The scene in which he enters the dance hall, utterly friendless, the loneliest man on earth, going to the one place where all men are companions, and finds himself isolated, is of a rare poignance. Almost without gesture he makes you feel his awareness that he will never become one of the crowd, that they are a rigid society from which he is eternally excluded.

The comic climax of the film comes early, in the scene of the cabin teetering over the edge of the abyss, and that scene is a whole textbook of the art of film comedy. Essentially it is hokum, but it is Chaplin's supreme talent to endow everything he does with life, and the hokum disappears under his magic hands, becoming the pure gold of comedy. In this scene he does it by a hundred touches. The cabin has been blown to the precipice while the two prospectors slept; snow has frozen the windows and doors; and it is the struggle between Charlie's stubbornness and the stubbornness of the frozen door which makes his swing, when the door gives, so funny. When the cabin is almost perpendicular in the air and the two men are crawling up its floor, it is Charlie's gesture and the words "Take it easy" which lift the scene. He in every case creates a picture, imagines something and makes you see what he has imagined.

The day after I saw "The Gold Rush" I revisited two of Chaplin's early masterpieces, "The Pawn Shop" and "The Immigrant." I have not the space to detail the changes and the progress which such a comparative view indicates. But, still feeling that "The Pawn Shop" is a masterpiece in its kind, possibly *the* masterpiece of early movie comedy, I experience no regret at the thought that Chaplin no longer makes that type. For he has grown naturally, according to his destiny; he has kept alive all the essential things, and developed precious new ones. He is still the same because his great moments were never tricks; they were and are manifestations of an actual creative genius. It is a question now of what interests him as raw material; what he does with the material when he has chosen it is always the same and always wonderful.

Drama

Made in Czecho-Slovakia

WHEN in the past the Theater Guild has chosen to squander its unparalleled resources upon the production of a trifle by Molnar I have been disposed to regard the action as a temporary and forgivable vagary, but now that the Hungarian threatens to become a habit it behooves even the passionate admirers of our most dignified theatrical institution to protest in sorrow, if not in anger, for, whatever the conventional theatrical virtues of the complacent author of "Liliom," they are not virtues which stand high in the scale which the Guild itself has sponsored. Back in 1915 when the organization was still in its Third Avenue cradle a wearisome dexterity was generally regarded as the supreme attribute of the dramatist, but the Guild was a breaker of tablets and a transvaluator of values. It, more than any other producing group, taught us to think of the drama in terms of life rather than in terms of the theater, and the first article of its credo embodied the belief that even an unpolished verity was preferable to the most silken of artificialities. Those of us who gathered in the small auditorium at the Band Box deliberately sought it out as a refuge from Molnar and his kind, and as we increased in numbers we enabled the Guild first to establish itself in one of the suburbs of Broadway and then to erect its mansion in the very center of the dramatic world. Surely it does not, as a result, deliberately propose to go over body and soul to the enemy camp; yet it did give last year a place of honor to a trifling comedy by Molnar which a "commercial manager" had previously produced, and this year it opens its official season with a much more pretentious and even emptier play by the same author. "The Glass Slipper" would be offensive anywhere, but to find it sponsored by the Guild is like coming upon a poster by James Montgomery Flagg in the Louvre.

Molnar is, indeed, the exact antithesis of that for which the Guild is supposed to stand. It was, I have always believed, founded to produce plays which were more than merely plays and to show that the drama could be, like the novel, a commentary upon life, whereas the most striking thing about Molnar's plays is their complete theatricality. They are entirely confined within the frame of the proscenium arch and once the curtain has descended upon them they cease absolutely to exist. Their characters, situations, and ideas have a certain reference to one another, but they have reference to nothing else. They remind you of nothing and they set you thinking of nothing because they belong to a world which has arc lights instead of sun and grease paint instead of flesh. One can ask as often as one likes whether or not the wife in "The Guardsman" penetrated immediately the disguise of her husband, but one can get no answer to the fatuous question because the wife being merely a puppet neither knew nor failed to know; one may speculate to all eternity concerning the meaning of "Liliom" because it has no meaning; and one may ask in vain whether the conclusion of "The Glass Slipper," in which a love-sick serving maid is finally united to the middle-aged object of her idolatry, is sentimental or cynical for the simple reason that the question has no meaning in connection with a play whose logic is not the logic of human emotion but merely the logic of theatrical manipulation. As for Molnar himself he neither knows nor cares. For two hours and a half he has pulled the strings and now with the fall of the final curtain he has let them drop. Any one who likes may pick them up again and may make the marionettes perform whatever evolutions he likes, but to expect them to live of themselves or to inquire into their thoughts or motives is as absurd as to attribute a Freudian complex to a sawdust doll. "Why," we might quite as sensibly ask, "does the cuckoo make his hourly sortie from the door of a Swiss clock? Is a sincere

desire for self-expression his only motive or is he, perhaps, merely in search of a wooden worm?"

Fancy, to be sure, has its uses; Pierrot and Harlequin can enact a drama of their own. But Molnar invents no symbols, for he tends always to fall below rather than to transcend actuality. His mannequins are gaudy, but they are not touched by imagination; his situations are strained, but they are only parodies of human complications; and thus it is that every departure from nature only serves to show more clearly the vulgarity of his nature. To say that "The Glass Slipper" is as bad as "The Green Hat" would be, perhaps, a little extreme, but it is hardly better; and to say that June Walker, Helen Westley, Lee Baker, and George Baxter transform themselves into very cunningly articulated marionettes is only to make things worse. If, thanks to them, the public can be made to accept the play they will nevertheless have no legitimate cause for pride.

Unfortunately Sidney Howard's "Lucky Sam McCarver" (The Playhouse) must also be set down as a failure, but it is at least an honest and honorable one. The play, which deals with the conflicting creed of the self-made man and the aristocrat born, is never dull and Clare Eames gives an admirable portrait of the woman of the world, but the intention of the piece is so obscured in the intricacies of the plot that one never quite knows what it is about. At the Little Theater is an elaborated and visually charming production of "The School for Scandal," a play which no one except Bernard Shaw has ever succeeded in disliking during the century and a half of its existence. Doubtless its ethics are a little old fashioned, but the vigor of its wit is undiminished and its various theatrical punches are still strangely effective in spite of their antiquity. Mrs. Insull has not undertaken the impossible task of making Lady Teazle a profound study in feminine psychology, but she is pretty, vivacious, and charming. "Antonia" (Empire Theater) tells the well-worn story of the middle-aged woman who returns for one night to the scene of her former triumphs as the idol of a Budapest restaurant. The restaurant scene is strongly reminiscent of various musical comedies, but in spite of the fact that, this being a play, one waits in vain for the languorous waltz and the passionate farewell which generally furnished the climax to this story, the scene is moderately amusing. Marjorie Rambeau is the lady in question. "The Enemy" (Times Square Theater) is another of Channing Pollock's melodramatic moralities whose virtues are as unquestionably popular as they are unquestionably non-literary.

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International Relations Section

A Soviet Budget for 1926

THE following digest of the "control figures" of the Institute for Planned Economics of the Soviet Union, made by L. F. Winow, of Moscow, has been taken from *International Press Correspondence:*

The Institute for Planned Economics of the Soviet Union recently published its "control figures for the political economy of the economic year 1925-26" (October 1, 1925 till September 30, 1926). In this the methodological introduction is followed by a general and detailed survey of the probable economic and financial results of the coming economic year. The Soviet government has succeeded for the first time in drawing up beforehand an economic plan including every branch of economics, for a whole year in advance. . . .

The "control figures" cannot of course represent more than an attempt to comprise in concrete figures the statistics of the driving forces of the whole of our economic life. . . . It is more than natural that the first attempt at a work of such far-reaching importance cannot be quite perfect or free from errors—but the fact in itself that such a calculation in advance, covering every department of economic life, is possible in the Soviet Union, and solely in the Soviet Union, shows that the new economic policy does not represent a transition from war communism back to capitalism but forward to socialism; herein lies the great importance of the attempt. . . .

Agricultural Production

The material part of the survey, from which we can here only adduce a few of the most important points, b gins with an analysis of agricultural production, showing the output of 1924-25, calculated at pre-war prices, to have been 71 per cent of the output of 1913, as follows:

	Millions in pre-war roubles		
	1913	1924-25	Per cent
Tillage	11,782	8,106	69
Forestry, fishing, and hunting, agriculture collectively	1,044	1,044	100
	12,826	9,150	71

The Institute for Planned Economics calculates upon agricultural production increasing by 26 per cent during the next economic year, so that the probable yield from tillage will be 89 per cent of pre-war production and from forestry, fishing, and hunting 115 per cent.

Of those branches of agriculture whose output already exceeds the pre-war level, special mention must be made of the potato output, which has already attained 116 per cent of the pre-war standard, and is calculated at 127 per cent for the coming year.

With reference to the quantities of goods placed upon the market, these represent for agriculture a value of 2,857 million pre-war roubles as compared with 4,498 million in 1913, or 64 per cent. Next year the value will be 3,369 million pre-war roubles, or 89 per cent.

The ratio of the amount of goods to collective production is thus somewhat lower than before the war, a circumstance partially explicable by the after effects of the enormous reduction in the traffic in goods during the war communism period, and partially by the dividing up of the large landed properties, resulting in a comparatively high increase of consumption among the peasantry itself.

The products of cattle rearing will be maintained at approximately the same level during the coming economic year as in the present year, that is, at 80 per cent of the pre-war production. The mutual relations of the various branches of production pertaining to cattle rearing will, however, undergo considerable alterations. The previous failures of crops have had the effect of inducing breeders to reduce their livestock, but this year's good crops, enabling the animals to be kept, will probably cause a decline in the production of meat and raw leather; this will, however, be compensated by the increased output of eggs and milk.

Industry

With regard to the development of industry, we find a general increase of production to the amount of 54 per cent as compared with the previous year. Next year it will increase by about 34 per cent as compared with this. This development is unequal in the different branches of production. While the beginning of our reconstructive work witnessed the rapid development of small and light industries working immediately for the needs of the masses, the last few years have seen great advances in the reconstruction of the large industries. . . .

Comprehensive Table of Total Production

A. Agriculture

	In million pre-war roubles[1]			Per cent as compared to 1913	
	1913	1924-25	1925-26	1924-25	1925-26
Tillage	11,782	8,106	10,236	69	87
Forestry, fishing, hunting	1,044	1,044	1,200	100	115
Total agriculture	12,826	9,150	11,436	71	89

B. Industry

Large undertakings	5,621	3,950	5,280	70	94
Medium and small undertakings	1,390	1,050	1,370	76	94
Total industry	7,011	5,000	6,650	71	95
Total production	19,837	14,150	18,086	71	91

Price Movement

The control figure commission, after harmonizing various standpoints, considers a fall in the price index for industrial products by 9 per cent, for agricultural products by 8 per cent, and of the total index by 8.3 per cent, to be probable. The price index is thus as follows:

	1913	1924-25	1925-26 probably
Agriculture	1000	1693	1565
Industry	1000	1905	1733
Total index	1000	1796	1647
Percentage of agricultural index to total	100	94	95
Percentage of industrial index to total	100	106	105

The question of the development of wages and of the productivity of labor requires to be dealt with in a special article. It need only be mentioned that in the coming economic year real wages will reach on an average 100 per cent of pre-war wages. The struggle to attain and surpass the European and American wage level can then begin. With respect to unemployment, it may be observed that the rapid increase of production has already brought about a shortage of skilled labor.

Foreign Trade

In so far as absolute figures are concerned, foreign trade is still far below its pre-war level. This is only natural, since the development of export, especially in agriculture, invariably expresses the stage of production reached the previous year, while the amount of imported goods in the Soviet Union is

[1] It is specially pointed out that in the categories 1924-25 and 1925-26 not the actual gold price, but the pre-war price of the amount produced, is stated.

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chiefly made dependent on the amount exported. We may thus say, dynamically speaking, that foreign trade has developed comparatively as rapidly as or even more rapidly than the other branches of economics. Thus we find in the estimate for the coming economic year that this year's export sum is almost tripled (274 per cent). We append a collective survey of foreign trade:

				In million gold roubles		Per cent 1913		Per cent 1925-26 Calculated	
	1913	1923- 24	1924- 25	1924- 25	1925- 26	1924- 25	1925- 26	Pre-war	Gold roubles
Export:									
Agriculture	927	204	353	354	950	22	60	274	265
Industry	378	66	121	108	150	17	32	154	173
Total	1305	270	680	462	1100	21	52	252	238
Import:									
Agriculture	297	145	189	255	475	49	64	130	186
Industry	710	194	329	341	475	27	46	170	139
Total	1007	339	518	596	950	34	51	153	159

The Building of Dwelling Houses

With respect to the provision of housing accommodation, the control figures provide the following program for the next economic year:

	Million gold roubles
For the renovation of entirely dilapidated houses...	100
For the renovation of semi-dilapidated houses and the completion of new houses already begun..	100
For the construction of new houses to replace buildings unfit for habitation	70
For the building of houses to accommodate the increase of population	105
Total	375

The closing chapter of the control figures deals with the process of socialization in the economic life of the Soviet Union. The capital value in the hands in the state at the beginning of the economic year 1924-25 (dwelling houses excepted) amounts to at least 11.7 milliard gold roubles; the value of the cooperative capital amounts to 500 million gold roubles; the total value of the socialized capital thus amounts to 12.2 milliard gold roubles, while the private—mainly agricultural—undertakings have merely 7.5 milliards at their disposal. The capital of the country is thus socialized to the extent of more than 62 per cent.

In detail:

	Socialized up to:
Municipal capital with industry and transport.	97 per cent
Industry	89 per cent
Big industry alone.....	99 per cent
Agricultural capital only to the extent of.....	4 per cent [1]

The following table shows the gradually increasing preponderance of socialized industry in every branch of industrial production:

Gross Production

Year	State and co-operative industry	Private undertakings	Total
1923-24	5562 = 76.3%	1728 = 23.7%	7290 = 100%
1924-25	7550 = 79.3%	1970 = 20.7%	9520 = 100%
1925-26	9186 = 79.7%	2334 = 20.3%	11520 = 100%

The general survey of the economic prospects of the Soviet Union thus gained shows that next year the pre-war level will be nearly approached, and that this pre-war level has already been overtaken in several branches of industry. Most important of all is the fact that industry is developing straight along the road to socialism, to an ever higher degree of nationalization, and to an ever higher form of economic organization.

The struggle for the socialization of agriculture is, however, still in its preliminary stage. We have before us some decades of obstinate struggle for the cooperatives, for the supplying of the poorer peasantry with means of production, and not last for the industrialization of agriculture, this fundamental condition of socialization. . . .

[1] With the exception of the land itself, which is of [illegible]

The Revival of the Russian Industry

FROM the Russian Information Bureau comes the information which follows on Russian industry and trade for the past year:

Throughout the year the Soviet currency was the only major currency in Europe to hold consistently at slightly above the dollar parity. During the year the currency in circulation increased by about 80 per cent. These remarkable gains were made in the face of a severe handicap in the poor harvest of 1924 in a country where upward of 90 per cent of the people live on the land and the yield of the soil is normally an index of the national economy. The poor harvest reduced the grain exports, which ordinarily make up nearly half the value of the export trade, to a negligible quantity. For most of the months during the year there were no grain exports whatever.

The present state of productivity in the Union is the more remarkable when one considers that four years ago the industrial processes were paralyzed, much basic machinery was hopelessly depleted, the output was less than 20 per cent of that of 1913, and the currency was in an advanced state of depreciation.

The grain crop of the past summer was estimated at close to three billion bushels, by far the best since the war. The wheat crop of 660,000,000 bushels marked an increase of 100 per cent over 1924. At the close of September it was estimated that the surplus of all grains for export would be close to 300,000,000 bushels, valued at about $240,000,000. The yield per acre of all grains this year was greater than that of 1913, wheat being 25 per cent greater. This increase doubtless reflects the increasing use of tractors and more efficient methods resulting from increased literacy among the peasants and the steady flow of radio lectures on agriculture into the receivers in village "reading huts." Before the war there were less than 500 tractors in the whole Russian Empire. By September 15 last there were 12,500, most of which had been imported from the United States during the past eighteen months. During the current fiscal year it is planned to increase the number by 22,000 more.

The budget of a socialist state is an index of economic expansion. The budget for the past year amounted to about $1,300,000,000, an increase of nearly 100 per cent over the previous year. The budget for 1925-26 shows a further increase of nearly 40 per cent over the past year and stands equal to the pre-war Czarist budget. The increased resources of the country have made possible a resumption of the ambitious program of national education which was held in abeyance for several years for economic reasons. The amount expended for education last year was greater than in any pre-war year.

The feature of Soviet foreign trade is the steady rise of imports from the United States. Today, despite the severe handicaps, American imports top those of all other countries on the Soviet list. The Russian-American trading companies reported for the first half of the calendar year 1925 a trade turnover of about $59,000,000, of which Soviet purchases here were $53,600,000. The trade turnover in 1913, on a half-year basis, was valued at about 40 per cent of this figure.

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Science and the Workers' Revolution

THE English edition of *International Press Correspondence* prints the following article by A. Lunacharsky, Russian Commissar of Education, on the two-hundredth anniversary celebration of the Russian Academy of Science, which was held on September 5 with great international festivities:

The jubilee of the Academy of Science was turned into a great festival of the whole Union and at the same time of the whole world. The Government arranged a great celebration of this jubilee which found a hearty echo both in the press and among the public. The whole scientific world, and with it public opinion in all countries, devoted considerable attention to this event. The opinions expressed abroad varied greatly. Some scientific institutes and individual scientists were bewildered, some of them even indignant. They did not know what attitude to take toward this jubilee which at the same time as being a great festival in the world of science was also a festival of the hated Union of the Socialist Soviet Republic. But it was precisely the existence of this element of disapproval in the international opinion of scientists and of the public which gave the event peculiar vitality.

What was it that really took place? Would our academicians be right in saying that their personal merits, highly appreciated on all sides, made them, on the occasion of this festival, the center of attention of the whole world? Would they be right if they were to regard the academy's achievements in the domain of science during the past 200 years, which indeed represent a huge number of discoveries and attainments to which everyone must pay respect, as the chief cause of this attention and of the dignified, extraordinary character of this festival?

No. In spite of our extreme respect for the now living academicians and for their predecessors, we must say that the festival of the academy was, of course, impressive and remarkable, but that it owes its immense significance to the fact that a great scientific institution with traditions of extraordinary value *has placed its services voluntarily at the disposal of the first socialist state.*

It is just this which gives the event world-wide historical importance. As a matter of fact, it was proved on this day of celebration that the proletariat and, mark you, the proletariat of one of the most backward countries of Europe, having taken the power into its own hands, knows how to appreciate science.

Is it really conceivable that the shining lights of culture can peaceably work together with the masses of the people who have overthrown the dictatorship of the ruling classes? The festival proved that this is not only possible but natural. It proved to the whole world in the most telling way that Lassalle was right when he anticipated an alliance between "the fourth estate and science."

As the first step in a solemn fraternization between the liberated workers and science, the jubilee of our academy with its impressive celebration has become a magnificent event; at this festival, scientists from all over the world flocked to witness the official, formally celebrated espousals of the workers' revolution with science.

As a rule, official celebrations are dull, the speeches delivered are officially optimistic and at the same time officially uninformed. The festival of our academy was quite different. Every word spoken was original and significant. No single historian of general culture will in the future be able to pass over this powerful manifestation of a converging of social and cultural forces, the final result of which will be the creation of an entirely new world which the Old World is painfully laboring to bring forth.

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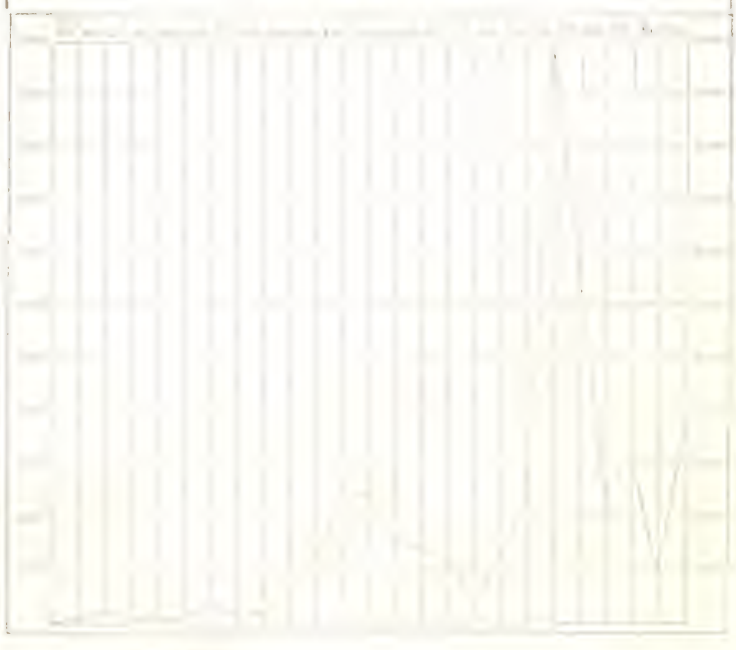

Contributors to This Issue

MAURICE G. HINDUS is the author of "The Russian Peasant and the Revolution."

WILLIAM RESWICK is an American journalist now in Moscow.

MICHAEL GOLD has written a play about the Mexican revolution, soon to be produced by the Provincetown Players in New York.

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY is one of the futurist group of Russian poets. He is about to return to Russia after a visit in the United States and Mexico, as the result of which he has written a volume of American poems.

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow.

PAXTON HIBBEN was a member of the Russian Commission of the Near East Relief whose report on the famine was published by *The Nation* in 1922. He has since devoted most of his time to Russian relief.

MAXIM GORKI is now living in Italy.

JOHN A. HOBSON is an English economist and a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

MAX EASTMAN, formerly editor of the *Masses* and the *Liberator,* has lived abroad for three years, mostly in Russia.

JOSHUA KUNITZ, of the faculty of the College of the City of New York, is writing a book about Merezhkovsky.

GILBERT SELDES is the author of "The Seven Lively Arts."

Notification has been received from the Post Office Department that it is against one of their rulings to extend the time of a prize contest, and that October 15 must officially be considered the closing date for the Student-Worker Contest, as originally announced, instead of November 1.

Editors of The Nation

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The Nation

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LONG SINCE have we passed the stage of taking politicians' speeches at their face value. Yet we cannot but attach considerable importance to Austen Chamberlain's excellent remarks on the Chinese situation at the Guildhall banquet on November 9, for the reason that it is one of several signs that the British attitude toward China seems to be changing, at least in London. Whether the British representatives in China have as yet sensed that and changed their own attitude is open to question; there are certainly many steps for them to retrace. But when the man to whom belongs most of the credit for Locarno goes out of his way at a jubilee over the success of that negotiation to ask a similar outcome for the Chinese entanglement, it is at least a great advance from those recent days when Mr. Chamberlain himself was declaring that the Powers would do nothing whatever until China had set her house in order and established all the domestic reforms the Powers wished her to undertake. Meanwhile, the Peking tariff conference is progressing as well as could be expected. The Chinese have modified their original demands; the stumbling-block for the moment is that the Japanese insist that, under Article 3 of the Washington Treaty, the surtax on imported articles of luxury cannot be increased beyond 5 per cent. This, the Chinese feel, they cannot accept if they are to abolish the likin taxes and institute other reforms. None the less, the outlook at this writing is by no means discouraging.

FRANCE AND ITALY are both in the midst of critical financial negotiations as this issue of *The Nation* goes to press. Italian representatives are in Washington trying to agree with our Debt Commission upon a basis for funding (a polite word which means promising to pay in part) their war-time borrowings. The sum amounts to a little more than $2,000,000,000, or about half of the French debt to us. If an agreement is reached, it will probably be on a more favorable basis than was offered to France. Our Debt Commission must have learned something by the miscarriage of the French negotiations and, in spite of opposition in Congress to substantial concessions, the Administration is more likely to chance a rebuff there than to have chalked against it the record of failure to obtain even a paper promise of money from either of the countries which, Great Britain excepted, are our chief debtors. Meanwhile the franc is fighting for its life in France in what seems to be almost the last ditch. Premier Painlevé has advanced a bold and possibly effective scheme of taxation, including (under a softer name) a partial tax on capital. Some such plan is the only possible exit from a devaluation of the franc likely to carry it presently to a collapse as complete as that of the German mark. Yet, in spite of impending national calamity, the moneyed classes grip their purse-strings and oppose the Painlevé program. Like the aristocrats before the Revolution they prefer the deluge to any personal sacrifice.

THE TROUBLE IN SYRIA grows more serious rather than less so. The country seems to be aflame with resentment and revolt. Damascus is reported to look like a city under siege, with barbed-wire entanglements and other defenses, and the railroad to Haifa has been cut. The French have, or soon will have, 30,000 troops in Syria, but correspondents report that 10,000 more are needed. Beirut, on the coast, is out of the present zone of disturbance, and the dispatch thither of two American destroyers has no immediate significance except to relieve the United States considers that conditions in the country are a danger to European residents. The appointment of a civilian, Senator Henry de Jouvenel, as High Commissioner in place of General Sarrail is a welcome change of policy on the part of the French Government, but it is a question if it has not come too late. When native feeling has been aroused as in Syria the sentiment is hard to change, even with the best of treatment. The French, in their own interest, should get out; otherwise the time may come when they will want to but cannot.

QUIETLY AND UNOSTENTATIOUSLY Persia has deposed its Shah. The ex-Shah was not in Teheran at the time, so he could not be deposed in person. He was busy playing in the gayer French pleasure resorts, but he shows no inclination to contest the matter and so will presumably continue to play—as long as his allowance and the crown jewels hold out. The former Premier, Reza Khan, who urged his Shah two years ago to leave the country and give over the uncongenial job of ruling, has now taken the throne or, according to another dispatch, become the head

of a temporary government awaiting the final decision of the National Assembly. To all outward aspects this unobtrusive ending of a dynasty might be a mere palace revolution—if it were not in Persia. But Persia is rich and on the high road to India. And control of the destinies of Persia is the need and aim of Russia and of England—who fought and schemed to get that control away from one another before a Soviet government was dreamed of in the land of the Czars. And so, when a Shah is deposed in Persia, the world may be sure that something more than personal ambition or a court intrigue has ended his rule. This particular change is reported—by the London correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*—as "another triumph for British diplomacy." The former premier and present ruler of Persia is said to be a friend of the English, an anti-Soviet minister who is willing to play Great Britain's game in Persia. If this is true, England's Tory Government will have forged another link in a new chain of anti-Soviet states and helped to consolidate its strangle-hold on the East—both Far and Near.

THE NEW YORK *WORLD* is responsible for the text of a secret treaty said to have been signed by representatives of Soviet Russia and Italy in 1924. If this is really in existence it reflects discredit on both the countries involved. The agreement relates to the joint interests of the two nations in Eastern Europe and primarily in Turkish territory. It declares that the aims of the two countries are identical in Turkey, and that their interests in Eastern Europe "are not in the least degree contrasted." In the Balkans "both states have therefore perfectly free hands; none the less each will study means to avoid doing anything damaging to the other's interest. This holds good for Rumania as well as for Jugoslavia." As for Jugoslavia, the Soviets not only recognize the special importance of Italy's interests but "undertake to allow these interests free and full development without imposing upon Italy their own political views." The Soviets are given a free hand in Rumania, which means that they will not be troubled by Italy if they decide to get back Bessarabia. More than that, in the event of an Italo-Turkish war the Soviet Government undertakes to send Russian troops against Turkey in Asiatic territory in the neighborhood of Erzerum, the Russian force to be in proportion to the Turkish force engaged, and there is also to be naval action in the Bosporus. In the event of a Turco-Russian war Italy agrees to hold herself aloof but to support Russia politically. Finally, complete secrecy is agreed upon. If this is a reliable document it must constitute a serious blow to the Russians' contention of being opposed to imperialistic gains by force and to that of being engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the capitalist civilizations surrounding them.

THE AMERICAN AVIATORS who have been engaged in the heroic enterprise of bombarding Riff villages in Morocco have quit for the winter, so it is reported, to return to France. We hope this will end entirely their misguided adventure. Whatever may be said about the ethics or wisdom of this rather gaudy gesture, we have defended the right of these men to enlist in the French army if they desired to—and take the consequences; that is, forfeit the protection of American citizenship. But they have not done this; they have tried to carry water on both shoulders. They did not enlist regularly in the army of France but pretended in some way to be in the employ of the Sultan of Morocco (a figurehead in the French protectorate). In other words they were civilians engaged in making war and, according to international law, should have been shot if caught. They regarded themselves, apparently, as super-soldiers, fighting for France under American protection, and wore as insignia an eagle with a bomb in its talons. A recent exploit of the aviators was to land in Tangier (which is international, not French, territory) and then fly back to the war zone. These sophomoric glory-hunters have not stuck to the rules of either soldiers or freebooters, and we hope to hear no more from them.

IN MARKED CONTRAST to the results of the New York City election, the recent vote for Borough Councilors in London and in England at large resulted in a notable gain for Socialist and Labor candidates. The conservative parties attempted a campaign to "get out the vote," and they were successful—except that the aroused electorate voted for somebody else. Unemployment is the great vote-getter, and the Labor Party is the gainer. In London alone, before the present election, Labor held 263 of the 1,362 Borough Council seats; and there is not a single Socialist alderman in New York City. The explanation lies partly in the fact, often pointed out, that in England it may be unpopular but it is not disreputable to belong to a socialist or a labor party. Does it not, for example, make our Stanwood Menkens shudder to hear that not only G. Bernard Shaw, who though indubitably a gentleman is literary and hence a little queer, but Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, a former Cabinet member, and the Countess of Warwick so far forgot themselves as to go bail for the Communists recently arrested on charges of sedition? Here, unless by chance the arrested Communists happened to be of gentle birth, they might languish in jail for the rest of their lives before any of our gentry would lift a finger to get them out.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT of the elections on November 3 was the defeat in Westchester County, New York, of the proposed new charter for remaking the government of one of the richest rural counties in the United States. A commission labored for a long time to devise a governmental machinery which could supplant the hopelessly inadequate county government dating from colonial days. It finally brought forth a document which, besides many admirable features, concentrated tremendous power in the hands of one man. Curiously enough the charter was championed both by civic leaders of unquestioned public devotion and long records of excellent public service and by the dominating Republican machine of which William L. Ward is the sole boss. Every effort was made to win the electorate to it by a vigorous campaign of "enlightenment," but the charter was defeated by about 5,000 votes of those who preferred the present poor government to the prospect of future efficiency plus autocratic control. This is an extraordinary example of intelligent voting, since Westchester usually does as Mr. Ward tells it. But gratifying as is the outcome, it does not solve the problem of how to govern "commuting counties" in the neighborhood of great cities. There are so many of these that it is a matter of national importance that there be soon the beginning of a new effort to draft a charter for Westchester which, let us hope, will find a way to combine efficiency with democracy.

SAN FRANCISCO will soon follow in the wake of her Pacific Coast neighbors, Los Angeles and Seattle, in supplying electricity to her own citizens at cost. So much may be definitely counted on as a result of the election on November 3 which sent to the Board of Supervisors nine candidates of the "minority group" ticket, opposed to the Hetch Hetchy power contract with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and favorable to the development of a municipal distribution plant. The facts back of the controversy over the power contract were set forth in *The Nation* of November 4: the grant of power rights at Hetch Hetchy by the federal government on condition that these rights would not be sold for private gain; the construction by the city of a hydro-electric power plant at Moccasin Creek; the failure of the supervisors to provide a municipal distribution plant; and the sale of power at wholesale to a private corporation for resale to the people of San Francisco. The sequel to this tale was the rebuke delivered to the majority group of supervisors on November 3. In taking the next step—the development of a city distribution plant—the citizens have before them the alternative of purchasing the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's plant within the city or of constructing a new system. The power contract with the company has been declared by many lawyers to be in direct contravention to the terms of the government grant. Will it be canceled? Will it be modified? Or will it be continued until such time as the municipal distribution plant is ready for operation?

THE PROPOSAL to add 300,000 acres to the Yellowstone National Park so as to include the superb Teton Range, the western watershed of the Absaroka Range, and the watershed of the Upper Yellowstone River, is one that deserves all possible commendation. The Teton Range, with the snow-clad Grand Teton, 13,750 feet high, is one of the greatest assets of the nation; under existing conditions it is certain to lose much of its charm and its wildness; for it is being opened up in a way to destroy that pristine beauty which makes of Jackson's Hole one of the most impressive places in America. Under its present superintendent, Horace M. Albright, the Yellowstone Park is an admirable example of efficient government management. It is visited by increasing tens of thousands who can either park in automobile camps or go to the excellent hotels, seeing all the worth-while sights in the easiest possible way with the aid of well-informed and attentive guides. At the same time wild life is protected as never before, and beyond the main-traveled roads the fastnesses of the park are admirably preserved for the scientist or the naturalist or the camper who has time and leisure to penetrate where cars cannot go. Congress should lose no time in approving this recommendation to increase the park and to add 45,000 acres to the Grand Canyon National Park. Advice to do the latter has just been given by the President's Commission on Recreation after a careful study on the spot.

SPORT ENDS where cruelty begins. Hardly anybody will dispute that. But where does cruelty begin? When people in the East first began to hear of the rodeo it was as a kind of Western county fair chiefly for the amusement of the community in which it took place. Its feats of horsemanship and herdsmanship glorified and kept alive the skill and hardihood of the old frontiersmen—a fine spectacle for a younger and softer generation to contemplate. If there was some cruelty, it was incidental and a necessary survival of the old life. Then tourists heard about the rodeo and flocked to it; inevitably its character began to change. From a contest largely amateur in spirit, and for home consumption, the rodeo graduated into a circus, with a crowd of visitors and big gate-money as its chief ends. And soon after criticism of the rodeo began. There was considerable protest at the recent exhibition in Madison Square Garden, New York City; there was still more when the rodeo was introduced to England. Now it appears that the rodeo is encountering opposition in its home bailiwick. Humane societies in the West are attacking it, and although their view is perhaps exaggerated they call attention to certain aspects which American audiences can hardly fail to condemn.

WE HAVE RECEIVED, for instance, a report from the King County Humane Society of Seattle, Washington, in regard to the recent rodeo at Ellensburg. One steer had a leg and another a horn broken. In the course of three days ten men are reported as having been injured—probably only slightly; no details are given. This does not sound formidable. Horse racing, football, and many other sports have as many casualties. What impresses us most in the report is the following paragraph:

> During the time that I was near the chute all or at least most of the steers and wild mules had a white powder called Cowitch put on their back to make them buck. Several of the bucking horses were doctored up, too, with High Life, to make them buck. High Life is a liquid and is usually put in the mane. In questioning one of the riders concerning the use of the Cowitch powder he admitted the fact, and said it had to be done to make them buck.

This is an exploitation of animals that goes beyond the bounds of sport; it is an unjustifiable perversion of the original conception of the rodeo. Similar practices on a race track, when known, result in severe discipline. If the original rodeo was somewhat rough, its justification was that it was a survival from real life. Now that the rodeo has become primarily a public amusement it must conform to stricter standards or find itself outlawed.

OTTO H. KAHN has come to the defense of the Metropolitan Opera in a pamphlet in which he examines at some length the various charges, most of them flimsy, as to the conduct of the finest opera in the world. For us no defense was necessary. We have never believed that there was any discrimination against American composers or artists because the general manager rejoices in the name of Gatti-Casazza. We are convinced that no new American operas are being given because none are being written. The day America produces a composer with even half the talent of a Wagner, or one capable of writing a "Madame Butterfly," the several American opera companies will hasten to honor him. The constant engagement of promising young Americans like Marion Talley and just now the former chorus girl Mary Lewis, is proof positive that neither pull nor social influence is a requisite to a hearing. At the same time we are glad that Mr. Kahn wrote as he did, if only because it gives us an opportunity to voice once more our gratitude to him and to his associates who meet the large deficits of what is a great and a pioneer American institution.

Governor Smith's Victory

AGAIN Governor Smith has handsomely defeated the Republican leaders in New York State. We do not, of course, refer to the municipal election in the metropolis. Any Democrat would have won that. The complete demoralization of the reformers, many of whom joined the Walker forces because of their faith in Governor Smith, the lack of any specific issues, and the electorate's recognition that the Republican machine is scarcely a whit better than Tammany's, all made the outcome a foregone conclusion. In addition, the colorless campaign made by Mr. Waterman, the Republican nominee, added to the Republican disaster; never was there an election which showed more clearly the utter stupidity of trying to decide municipal questions under national party labels.

Though this Democratic victory does add to the prestige of Governor Smith, his real achievement was the carrying of the State for the four proposed amendments to the constitution, especially one granting authority for a bond issue of $100,000,000 for a State building program. The biggest Republican guns were unlimbered to defeat this proposal. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Root, Representative Mills, and ex-Governor Miller all took issue with the Governor, but in vain. The enormous majorities in the city for the amendments defeated the opposition of the up-State Republicans, which, by the way, is clearest proof that if "Al" Smith wishes to be elected Senator from New York in 1926 he need only run.

That this will increase the talk of him as candidate for the Presidency is beyond question. Indeed, inquiry in Washington shows that a number of Democratic Senators have come to the conclusion that Governor Smith's nomination for the Presidency is both desirable and inevitable. These men are Protestants, and they are quite aware of the growth of the Ku Klux Klan and the fact that it has transferred its activities to the North, is dropping the Jew and the Negro as targets for its onslaughts, and is concentrating upon the Roman Catholics. These Washington observers feel that the country is in for another bitter fight on the religious issue, that the Ku Klux Klan will become another edition of the A. P. A., and that the combat might as well be joined now as later. They are emphatically of the opinion that his religion should bar no man from the Presidency. They are rejoicing over the defeat of the Klan in its efforts to elect mayors in Buffalo and Detroit—its success in choosing its own mayor in Indianapolis surprises no one, for Indiana remains the stronghold of the organization, but even there the usual majority was considerably reduced. The point is that Governor Smith has shown himself to be a fighter and to be a master of administrative detail; they have a childlike faith that he will be free from corporate influences should he reach the White House, and there is no one else in the entire party who can be called a national leader in the sense of being known to the country as a whole.

Upon the wisdom or unwisdom of this position we do not today wish to pass. We would merely point out that if Governor Smith should be nominated for the Presidency other embattled groups besides the Roman Catholics would flock to his aid. More than that, Governor Smith ranks as a wet and would so be regarded whatever adherence he might give to the existing prohibition status. Now New Jersey has just elected a wet Democratic Governor by some 40,000 plurality in a stand-up fight with a high-grade Republican candidate who was for prohibition—a remarkable overturn, since Mr. Coolidge carried New Jersey by the enormous plurality of 341,885. There can be no doubt that there is going to be a determined drive for a revision of the Volstead law in other States as well. There is thus a fresh temptation to the Democratic Party, lacking other issues, to take the wet side of the argument, which would again benefit the candidacy of Governor Smith. Of course, we hear it said that the South would go Republican for the first time in its history if the Democrats should nominate one who is both a Roman Catholic and a wet, but that threat has been made so often few people are likely to take it seriously. Indeed, anything that would make the South change its political adherence, even in one election, would be so beneficial to political thinking and development in that section of the country that the nomination of Governor Smith might easily prove to be a blessing in disguise even though not in the sense expected or intended by the party leaders.

All of this puts the Governor in a difficult position. He has positively said that he would not again become a candidate for governor, but as he has declined before and finally changed his mind under party compulsion it is by no means certain that he will not do so again. He must today be asking himself how his political fortunes would be affected by his running for the senatorship next year and, in the event of his election, playing a national role in Washington. If he is really bent on the Presidency it would surely be a mistake for him to retire to private life, for the public forgets much and the politicians still more in two years' time. That he has a great opportunity no one will deny. The decay of the Democratic Party, the death of Mr. Bryan and of Senator Ralston, and the disappearance of other old-time leaders leave the field remarkably clear. Only Mr. McAdoo is at the moment also a contender for the nomination, and we cannot believe that the party or the public will stomach him. The fact that most of the important offices in the country are held by Republicans militates against the development of new Democratic leaders during the next three years. There is no other Democratic Governor and hardly a Senator who stands out against the mass of his party associates. It is not surprising, therefore, that the party interest in "Al" Smith grows. To whom else can it turn?

There is only one thing certain about the situation, and that is that if the Governor should be nominated we should have a campaign that would arouse the country, unfortunately along wrong lines. It may, however, be necessary once more to fight out at the polls the question whether religious issues shall dominate our political life. We have no fear as to the outcome of such a contest. The waning power of the Klan speaks for itself. We cannot believe that the American people for all their love of being buncoed will put up much longer with the brand of bunkum offered by the Ku Klux Klan, with its bigotry, its sham patriotism, and its commercialization.

General Charteris Falsifies Again

GENERAL CHARTERIS, the former head of the British Military Intelligence at General Headquarters in France, having arrived in London and been cited before the Secretary of State for War because of his speech in New York in which he playfully described how the abominable lie that the Germans boiled their dead to obtain fat was originated by him, announces that the aforesaid Secretary of State is satisfied with his denial of the story. "Let me say that I neither invented the cadaver story nor did I alter the captions of any photographs nor did I use any faked material for propaganda purposes." In justice to him we print this statement, but we do not believe one word of it. Neither does the London *Daily News*. It points out that the New York *Times* reporter stands by his story and has reiterated his statement. More than that, General Charteris's own lecture manager, James B. Pond, never thought of denying that General Charteris had told the story as it was printed, but declared that through a misunderstanding the reporter of the *Times* had printed some portions of his speech that the General preferred not to have see the light of day. If the British Secretary for War is satisfied to accept General Charteris's denial without further inquiry, the War Office must have much to conceal.

We are entirely of the belief that it has and that the British Government itself is as guilty as General Charteris and, in particular Lord Robert Cecil, recipient of the Woodrow Wilson medal. We base our belief upon the official record of the parliamentary debate of April 30, 1917:

> Ronald McNeill asked the Prime Minister if he will take steps to make it known as widely as possible in Egypt, India, and the East generally that the Germans use the dead bodies of their own soldiers and of their enemies when they obtain possession of them as food for swine.
>
> Mr. Dillon asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether his attention has been called to the reports widely circulated in this country that the German Government have set up factories for extracting fat from the bodies of soldiers killed in battle; whether these reports have been indorsed by many prominent men in this country, including Lord Curzon of Kedleston; whether the Government have any solid grounds for believing that these statements are well founded; and, if so, whether he will communicate the information at the disposal of the Government to the House?
>
> LORD ROBERT CECIL: With respect to this question and that standing in the name of the hon. Member for East Mayo, the Government have no information at present beyond that contained in extracts from the German press which have been published in the press here. In view of other actions by German military authorities there is nothing incredible in the present charge against them. His Majesty's Government have allowed the circulation of the facts as they have appeared through the usual channels.
>
> MR. MCNEILL: Can the right hon. Gentleman answer whether the Government will take any steps to give wide publicity in the East to this story emanating from German sources?
>
> LORD ROBERT CECIL: I think at present it is not desirable to take any other steps than those that have been taken.
>
> MR. DILLON: May I ask whether we are to conclude from that answer that the Government have no solid evidence whatever in proof of the truth of this charge, and they have taken no steps to investigate it; and has their attention been turned to the fact that it is not only a gross scandal, but a very great evil to this country to allow the circulation of such statements, authorized by Ministers of the Crown, if they are, as I believe them to be, absolutely false?
>
> LORD ROBERT CECIL: The hon. Member has, perhaps, information that we have not. I can only speak from the statements that have been already published in the press. I have already told the House that we have no other information whatever. The information is the statement that has been published, and that I have before me.
>
> "We are passing the great Corpse Utilization Establishment of this Army group. The fat that is now here is turned into lubricating oils and everything else is ground down in the bones mill into a powder which is used for mixing with pig's food and as manure. Nothing can be permitted to go to waste." This statement has been published in the press and that is the whole of the information that I have.
>
> MR. DILLON: Has the Noble Lord's attention been drawn to the fact that there have been published in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and other leading German newspapers descriptions of this whole process, in which the word "kadaver" is used, and from which it is perfectly manifest, and stated, that these factories are for the purpose of boiling down the dead bodies of horses and other animals which are lying on the battlefield [An hon. Member: "Human Animals!"] and I ask the right hon. Gentleman whether the Government propose to take any steps to obtain authentic information whether this story is true or absolutely false? For the credit of human nature he ought to.
>
> LORD ROBERT CECIL: It is not any part of the duties of the Government, nor is it possible for the Government to institute inquiries as to what goes on in Germany. The hon. Member is surely very unreasonable in making the suggestion, and as for his quotations from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, I have not seen them, but I have seen statements made by the German Government after the publication of this, and I confess that I am not able to attach very great importance to any statements made by the German Government.
>
> MR. DILLON: I beg to ask the right hon. Gentleman whether, before a Minister of the Crown, a member of the War Cabinet, gives authorization to these rumors, he ought not to have obtained accurate information as to whether they are true or not?
>
> LORD ROBERT CECIL: I think any Minister of the Crown is entitled to comment on and refer to something which has been published in one of the leading papers of this country. He only purported to do that, and did not make himself responsible for the statements. [An hon. Member: "He did!"] I am informed that he did not. He said: "As has been stated in the papers."
>
> MR. OUTHWAITE: May I ask if the Noble Lord is aware that the circulation of these reports—[Interruption]—has caused anxiety and misery to British people who have lost their sons on the battlefield and who think that their bodies may be put to this purpose, and does not that give a reason why he should try to find out the truth of what is happening in Germany?

To this, Lord Robert Cecil could make no reply, and he made none. What a disgrace to all concerned!

Coolidge and Coal

AS the price of coal goes higher and higher it is interesting to recall the emanations from the summer White House in Swampscott last July. The miners and the operators were in conference in Atlantic City, and the date for the stoppage was known. The country showed signs of being nervous, but real nervousness, under a Republican Administration headed by Mr. Coolidge who had a great reputation as a strike-breaker, was unthinkable. Hence from Swampscott came successive reassurances that all was well.

On July 18 Secretary of Labor Davis, "after a brief conference with President Coolidge," said that "the government has decided upon positive steps to be taken in case of a coal strike." A plan had been thought out "which President Coolidge believes will be effective in the event the miners and operators fail to reach a settlement by the end of August." Ineffectiveness was impossible, for the undisclosed plan "had been carefully worked out by the Department of Labor and other government agencies at the direction of President Coolidge." The next day the President was reported as "determined to prevent a coal strike. . . . He has let the operators know that he will exert all the pressure possible to keep the hard-coal mines operating and prevent the condition of three years ago when the public suffered greatly."

On July 21 it was said that "there is no danger of a hard-coal strike, in the opinion of President Coolidge." Soon, however, came intimations that the piece of Vermont granite might prove to be dynamite; "it is thought by those who know him well" that the plan will be of "a revolutionary nature." If conceivably the Executive should fail—or decide not to act—there was the comforting assurance that the "strike cannot be of long duration."

On July 25 "Mr. Coolidge indicated" that he was giving the coal situation "earnest thought" and that he "was prepared to exert the pressure of the federal government representing public opinion." But as the negotiations neared their failure and the strike began, the tune of the Swampscott press agent changed. By July 27 the President's position was "that it would be premature to assume that this dispute is not going to be settled within the industry."

For weeks Mr. Coolidge's thoughts, plans, and hopes were the daily pabulum of Americans concerned over the price of anthracite.

It was a campaign of lies, of a sort which has too frequently fooled the people—daily pictures of a strong President about to prevent something which nevertheless happens on schedule time. In this case it had this serious effect: it lulled the country into a false security. Almost without exception the newspapers aided what was an advertisement for the President at the same time that it was a sedative for the public. It is possible, of course, that real leadership would have failed to arouse the country and enable the President to force the operators and miners to accept a fair agreement. But a real Chief Executive, though he only wished to act up to the Boston myth, would at least have tried. Even Mr. Harding did that. Mr. Coolidge did nothing—absolutely nothing.

In recent weeks, as is natural, the White House spokesman has said nothing about coal. In marked contrast to the thundering at Swampscott, a Washington news service reports that "the President is apparently going out of his way not to mention the coal strike." Whenever a question has been asked about the strike at the newspaper conferences the President has refused an answer. A special dispatch to the New York *Times* declares that "President Coolidge sees no way at the present time in which he can take an effective hand in the situation despite its growing seriousness." He feels, the dispatch continues, that "all he can do is to await the time when suffering as a result of the strike becomes so acute that public opinion will support him in the exercise in some decisive way, *even though it be beyond the letter of the law*, of the prestige of his office to compel a resumption of anthracite mining."

There you have the great leader in all his nakedness. First, he thunders and fulminates as to what he will do if the issue presents itself. Then, when it comes, he runs away from it, as from every other vital issue. Next he threatens once more, this time that he will turn to illegal and lawless methods—but only when he is convinced that the suffering of the people is so great that it will forget to hold him responsible for acts which he admits are beyond his authority and are not within the duties covered by his oath of office.

College Undergraduates

THE last man in a modern university to know anything at first hand about the modern undergraduate is, it would appear, the president. The reason is simple enough—he is too remote from his humble subjects ever to see what they do or hear what they say in their characteristic moments; he is too busy with policies and appropriations to devote his imagination to their problems or even to remember what undergraduates were like in older—generally it is "better"—days. Hence the misleading remarks which we have come to expect from presidents when they are asked their opinion of undergraduate morality and mentality.

President Lowell, for instance, was recently reported to have complained of a decline in scholarship at Harvard, and to have said:

> If we could make youth feel that scholarship was worth while, we would undoubtedly have more scholars. The question is, How are we to do this? One way is to get rid of the idea prevalent among undergraduates that a man studies hard for honors only because he wants to and does not care for anything else. As soon as students can be made to realize that examinations are not a test of an ability to grind and work unusually hard, but are rather a test of intellectual grasp, mental ability, and general taste, then they will show some interest and see that this kind of work is really worthy of effort.

President Lowell forgets that scholarship has never been attractive to youth generally, and never can be made so. The scholar is one of the rarest of creatures, and one of the most unaccountable. Nothing outside himself ever made him "feel" that scholarship was worth while—nothing except the example of another scholar—and certainly the scholar was never made by being given to understand that hard work is unnecessary. The most obvious as well as the most profound thing about him is that he loves to work hard. He was not coaxed into his career by phrases

about "general taste" and "intellectual grasp"—or if he was, and then advanced through his own efforts, he soon understood their hollowness. If Harvard is like many another American university today, and of course it is, certain young instructors there are well aware of what the president cannot know—that small groups of undergraduates are reading like mad this very moment, talking excitedly about difficult ideas, and thinking their heads almost off. They do not get into the newspapers, for they make no noise. And they do not come to consult the president. More or less brainless alumni come to him and talk exclusively of football, he complains—and straightway decides that football is all. The infant scholars, meanwhile, keep to their rooms and preserve without any encouragement the one academic tradition which is worth while.

The papers may have quoted President Lowell inadequately. It is to be hoped that they quoted the newly installed president of Michigan with outrageous inexactitude. President Little, we believe, was discussing undergraduate morality. We do not know, but here are some of the flowers with which he said what he thought he had to say:

> In the day of highly explosive mixture of youth, gasoline, and liquor borne swiftly on balloon tires to remote retreats; in an era of college comic publications and terpsichorean efforts, skating on the thinnest possible ice of indecency, it would take Hercules himself to guarantee a fair substitute, and I believe he cheerfully would admit that the Augean stables were, in comparison, an early season practice game.

Labor Combats Waste

> Social inequality, industrial instability, and injustice must increase unless the workers' real wages—the purchasing power of their wages—coupled with a continuing reduction in the number of hours making up the working day, are progressed in proportion to man's increasing power of production. . . . We oppose all wage reductions and we urge upon management the elimination of waste in production in order that selling prices may be lower and wages higher. To this end we recommend cooperation in the study of waste in production, which the assay of the Federated American Engineering Societies has shown to be 50 per cent attributable to management and only 25 per cent attributable to labor, with 25 per cent attributable to outside sources.

THESE words formed part of the statement on wage policy, unanimously adopted by the 400 delegates attending the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor at Atlantic City. If tangible action is to follow the declared statement, it is impossible to overestimate its importance. Even as an official pronouncement confined for the present to the minute books, the importance is very great. For it means that the American labor movement has begun to realize that its immemorial slogan of a "fair day's work for a fair day's wage" is not enough, that along with organization, defensive strikes, and a solid front must go an understanding of the physical process upon which our economic life is based and a concerted movement to take an active hand in controlling that process on the engineering basis of maximum output with minimum effort. President Green followed the resolution with these words:

> This action places American labor in a most advanced position on wage theory. It is a position far beyond any position we have ever taken before. We are on the threshold of a great new era. We are in the infancy of a great power. A new condition is here, and we must meet it.

John Stuart Mill once said that it was doubtful if all the labor-saving devices invented to date had lightened the load of a single human being. In the year 1925, within the confines of the greatest republic ever heard of, his words are perhaps not as true as in the fifties, but they remain in substance bitterly true for the two-thirds of the families in the country whose total earnings are less than the Department of Labor's minimum budget of health and decency. Dire poverty is not widespread perhaps, but a shambling, miserable half life is the lot of the majority of our people.

Meanwhile the arts of industrial invention and production are accelerating at a rate unprecedented in human affairs. A machine can make nails 129 times faster than a village blacksmith can produce them; make cotton sheeting 106 times faster than a spinning housewife; make plows 32 times faster than hand labor. In the energy released by our dynamos and turbines we have the equivalent of the hand labor of three billion hard-working slaves. "The use of energy materials gives to each man, woman, and child in this country the equivalent of thirty servants," say Gilbert and Pogue in "America's Power Resources." Power unlimited, machinery unbounded, a technical process capable of inexhaustible output—and seventy millions of us living on the goods and services which $1,500 a year, or less, per family, will buy.

This is the paradox which transforms the whole structure of business as usual—with its "pep," its cleared desks, its conferences, its follow-ups, its "sucker" lists, its double-barreled "go-getters," its adding machines, its protectographs, its bank clearings, and its three million share days on the New York Stock Exchange—into a matter to tickle the ribs of the last god on Olympus and to keep the devil from eating his meals for fear of choking to death. It is akin to that felicitous system of torture whereby the chained victim was allowed to starve to death athwart a table laden with the choicest food. The reasons for this paradox are many and complicated, and most emphatically not to be disposed of on the naive theory of a resplendent plutocracy deliberately robbing a shivering proletariat. But the naked fact of the paradox remains, bound up with the fact that probably half of all our potential power of production is scattered and wasted. The wheels grind, the engines pant, the freight cars take their unending ways from East to West and from West to East—but out of the roar and the hubbub come to the majority of final consumers only sufficient goods of a dubious quality and workmanship to keep life in their bones, coats on their backs, and a jerry-built roof over their heads. Waste takes its toll along the whole line of march.

The official policy of the labor movement hitherto has been to disregard this paradox in toto; to remain ignorant of the growth of the technical arts or of the possibilities of increasing the flow of sound goods and services. The battle has been in terms of money wages with no conception of the physical and engineering factors which lay beneath. But the coming of giant power seems to have ended some of the old incantations. Labor has at last realized that if the good life is to be won at all, it must be won at the price of cooperating with management in the job of understanding and controlling the industrial flow and clearing channels now choked with flotsam and waste.

Taxation by Misrepresentation

By LOUIS W. McKERNAN

MR. MELLON advances the flivver theory of surtaxes, that the lower the surtaxes the more can be sold to the surtax classes. Mr. Couzens, on the other hand, contends sturdily for the aluminum-trust theory of capacity to pay. And it is all on the assumption that the war is over, that is, the European War, for which we contracted a debt of more than twenty-six billion dollars. But, financially speaking, the war is not over. More than half the budgetary expenditures of the federal government are directly in payment for the war and must continue so for at least twenty years.

Paying for a dead horse is proverbially a disheartening job. It is a job for George, if possible. During the period from April 6, 1917, to June 30, 1920 (the war period), the federal government expended the tremendous sum of $38,800,000,000. The receipts for this period were in excess of $16,000,000,000, more than 41 per cent of the expenditures—a remarkable exhibition of paying as you go—but that left $22,000,000,000 of the expenditures of the war years to be paid as part of the national debt. The total debt on June 30, 1920, was $24,297,918,411.53. That is the most expensive "dead horse" in history.

June 30, 1920, is the basic date for purposes of tax discussion. At that time President Wilson was on his sick-bed; the country was in the control of a Republican Congress; deflation of the country's business and agriculture from the war-time basis was an accomplished fact; the election of a Republican President—who turned out to be Warren G. Harding—was a certainty; the Victory Loan had been successfully floated; the great war expenditures of the government were at an end. Reduction of the national debt on a peace-time basis then began. Twenty-four billion dollars in round numbers was the amount of the national debt when the peace period began, and that fact should be clear before everyone, Democrat or Republican, normal-taxer or surtaxer, in fact all who "pay the freight," whether it be "Pittsburgh plus" or "Detroit minus."

Let us consider the debt reduction which has been accomplished since June 30, 1920. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, the last year of the Wilson Administration, the public debt was reduced $321,871,000, making the gross $23,976,250,608. That was the debt burden inherited by Mr. Mellon. Today the public debt of the United States stands at $20,406,090,295, a reduction of $3,570,160,313, a great achievement.

How has this been accomplished? Beginning July 1, 1920, the sinking fund established by the Victory Loan Act became operative. By that means a certain sum is applied each year to the reduction of the public debt. That application is by virtue of an act of Congress and is not dependent on the will or policy of any executive officer. For the Executive to claim credit for the reduction accomplished through the sinking fund is, under the circumstances, a piece of demagogic effrontery unparalleled since Mohammed claimed credit for the miracle of moving a mountain when what he did was go to the mountain instead of making it come to him.

For the fiscal year 1920, as has been stated, there was no sinking fund. For the fiscal years since, the reduction accomplished through the sinking fund has been as follows:

1921	$261,000,000
1922	276,000,000
1923	284,000,000
1924	296,000,000
1925	306,000,000
Total	$1,423,000,000

Accordingly, a reduction of $1,423,000,000 has been achieved since June 30, 1920, by virtue of this act of Congress, conceived by the Wilson Administration, and enacted shortly after the armistice. It was calculated at the time of its passage that the sinking fund would retire the war debt of the United States, minus the war loans to foreign countries, in about twenty-five years. By reason of an amendment to the original act, approved March 2, 1923, securities issues to refund the original war loans are also included, so that the original purpose of the act, the retirement of the war debt, minus foreign loans, is sure of accomplishment, and in a period even shorter than the estimate of twenty-five years. It was deemed a sufficient burden for this generation to pay the entire cost to the United States of the greatest war in history, a war which left the public debt of the country twenty-five times as great as it had been.

But what has been done by the Treasury since June 30, 1920, has been far more burdensome to the taxpayer than the congressional program. While the Sinking Fund Act calls for a reduction in that period of $1,423,000,000, which has been accomplished in accordance with law, the actual reduction in the gross public debt, chiefly through taxation, has been $3,782,000,000. This means that, if the same policy is pursued in the future, and foreign countries pay their war debts in a like period, the entire war debt will be retired in a period much shorter than twenty-five years. It also means that if twenty-five years is a reasonably short time within which to pay so colossal a war debt, this generation is having imposed upon it an unduly high burden of taxation, and that not by policy of the law-making body, which constitutionally controls the purse-strings, but by the policy of the Executive of misleading Congress into the creation of surpluses which are applied by the Executive in reduction of the public debt.

During the five years from June 30, 1920, to June 30, 1925, the taxpayers of the county paid $2,359,000,000 more than was necessary to retire the war debt—exclusive of loans to foreign governments—in less than twenty-five years. And this in spite of the much-heralded tax reductions of 1921 and 1924. How has this come about when we have an expensive Bureau of the Budget, headed first by General Dawes and now by General Lord, aided by the regular government departments, to estimate the revenue requirements of the government, and Treasury and tax experts to estimate what revenue given taxes will yield? For some reason, budget estimates year after year prove

too large and estimates of tax revenue prove too small. The result is that every year we have an unexpected surplus which is applied, with much gusto, by the Treasury Department to reduction of the national debt. This surplus—which is a surplus after sinking-fund requirements have been taken care of—in some years has reached tremendous proportions. The surpluses for the fiscal years 1921-1925 are as follows:

1921	$87,000,000
1922	314,000,000
1923	310,000,000
1924	505,000,000
1925	251,000,000
Total	$1,467,000,000

This means that the taxpayers of the country were compelled to pay not only the ordinary expenses of the government, more than half of which are directly traceable to the war, plus $1,423,000,000 for the retirement of the public debt through the sinking fund, but also $1,467,000,000 to be accumulated by the Treasury as a surplus and applied to further debt reduction. Surely there is something seriously wrong when the Bureau of the Budget and the Treasury experts are so constantly in error in their estimates of revenue requirements and receipts. This goes to the vitals of tax reduction and tax reform. The strangest feature of the situation is that the discrepancies between revenue requirements and revenue produced have been greater since the Bureau of the Budget was established in June, 1921, than before, although one of the main purposes of the budget was to prevent such discrepancies and see to it that only the minimum amount of revenue required should be raised to run the government.

Let us take some of the estimates. The Secretary of the Treasury in a letter dated January 24, 1922 (a half year after the inauguration of the budget), addressed to the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, with respect to the soldier's bonus, said: "It appears from these statements that for 1922 the budget estimates indicate a deficit of over $24,000,000, and for 1923 a deficit of over $167,000,000."

The actual financial outcome of the year 1922 was, as we have already stated, a surplus of $314,000,000, and for the year 1923 a surplus of $310,000,000, a combined surplus for the two years of $624,000,000, instead of the formidable-looking deficit predicted by the Bureau of the Budget under General Dawes and used by the Secretary of the Treasury to defeat the soldier's bonus.

This of course was in the first year of the budget when General Dawes was saving money on the consolidated purchase of brooms. Better things might be expected of later years. However, in the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1923 appears this gem:

> Budget estimates at the beginning of the year indicated a deficit of about $822,000,000, and the fortunate result of turning an apparent deficit into an actual surplus was due, in large part, to increased revenues from internal revenue and customs, and in a lesser degree, to decreases in the general expenditures of the government.

The "actual surplus" for the year was, as we have said, $310,000,000, making a small error of $1,132,000,000. It has been suggested that the demand for a soldier's bonus had something to do with the estimates of deficits for the fiscal years 1922 and 1923, which so quickly turned into actual surpluses once the threat was past.

In the fall of 1923 the Treasury decided to recommend tax reduction. The Secretary of the Treasury's letter of November 10, 1923, makes the following estimates as to the outcome of the next four or five fiscal years:

> After taking into account all these considerations and making the most conservative estimates about the yield of existing taxes and the possibilities of further reductions in expenditure, it appears that for this year, and for the next four or five years, there should be a surplus of something over $300,000,000 a year over and above all expenditures chargeable to the ordinary budget, including the fixed-debt charges payable out of current revenues.

The original budget estimate for the fiscal year 1924 had been a surplus of $180,000,000. This was later raised by the budget to an estimated surplus of $330,000,000. As we have seen, the actual surplus for the fiscal year reached the unprecedented total of $505,000,000.

For the fiscal year 1925, with Adjusted Compensation on the statute books and the Revenue Act of 1924 as law, bringing an immediate reduction which was intended to exhaust the surplus, the Bureau of the Budget estimated a surplus of $68,000,000. The actual surplus turned out to be $251,000,000. With the progressive retirement of the public debt, the consequent reduction each year of interest charges, and the additional foreign-debt settlements made since 1923, it would appear that his estimate for the fiscal year 1926 should be exceeded by even a greater amount. Such appears to be the case, even on the present estimates of the budget and the Treasury, the present prediction being a surplus of $290,000,000 for 1926.

Curiously enough, the Secretary of the Treasury on October 29, 1925, went before the Committee on Ways and Means to make his recommendations for tax reduction without having an estimate for the fiscal year 1927, the first year which will be wholly dependent upon a new tax law. He said: "For 1927 the budget has not yet determined the total of expenditures which will be necessary to run the government."

A remarkable situation! In the first week of December the President of the United States will transmit the budget for 1927 to Congress, but on October 29 the budget is not able to give the Secretary of the Treasury even a preliminary estimate for statement to the Congressional committee drafting a tax bill, which cannot be even started intelligently without an absolutely accurate estimate for the fiscal year 1927.

We have had surpluses since June 30, 1920, totaling by July 1, 1925, the enormous sum of $1,467,000,000, in spite of tax reduction by the revenue bills of 1921 and 1924 and passage of the Adjusted Compensation Law, which were supposed and intended to distribute any possible surplus. These laws were passed on the basis of budget and Treasury estimates, under which there would have been, had they been correct, not only no surplus for those years but even a deficit. That is, because of colossal misrepresentations in estimates, intentional or unintentional, the taxpayer has paid for those five years roughly a billion and a half of taxes which Congress never intended to levy. That sum would have allowed a reduction in taxes of $300,000,000 for each year.

Are we to be taxed through our representation in Congress or through misrepresentation by the Executive?

A Fragment of War-Time History

By ELLEN TORELLE NAGLER

[We are glad to preface this narrative with the information that the verdict described below was overruled by the higher courts and the defendant was set free.]

UNDER the blaze of a July sun the dust lay thick in the cheerless streets of a little city in western Wisconsin where a criminal trial was about to be held in the federal court. A State official at Madison had been indicted by the grand jury for refusing to contribute to a Y. M. C. A. "drive" for war funds.

Seemingly for no better reason than to make the trial as severe a drain on the defendant's courage and financial resources as possible, the judge of the district in which the indictment was returned transferred the court action from the city of his residence to Eau Claire, two hundred miles distant. War fever ran high; the armistice, which was entered into some five months later, was not anticipated at this time, and every train which arrived from the East brought additional strangers to town, witnesses for the plaintiff, mostly, who was no less a dignitary than the Government of the United States of America! Before the day was over the lobby of the principal hotel swarmed with well-dressed people, men and women, who, if one judged them by their carefree appearance, might have been out for a holiday.

The assemblage in the courtroom the next morning presented an equally animated appearance. Representatives of the various war-time organizations mingled with prominent citizens representing no announced organization, but whose presence probably was thought desirable by the prosecution for its effect upon the jury as well as upon public opinion.

Within the railing which inclosed the witness-stand and jury-box were gathered the plaintiff's witnesses and their friends. A tall, narrow-shouldered man with colorless hair and pallid countenance was pointed out as the State secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He was dressed in a striped suit of blue and carried a heavily loaded portfolio under his arm. The well-groomed man who walked about with an air of importance was a deputy controller of the American Red Cross Society. The tall, fair-haired, fashionably dressed woman seated near the judge's bench was the wife of a newspaper editor who had found the war financially profitable to himself and who exhibited an intense hatred of any person not in his entourage. Near the editor's wife sat the elderly wife of a bank president who was the local representative of the Red Cross Society. At one of the tables sat a short, stout, thick-necked man whose drooping mouth and deep-set eyes betokened the bully and fighter. He frequently rose from his chair to look into papers and books on the table, and at such times it was seen that one of his legs was twisted or deformed. This man was B. R. Goggins, the special prosecutor, or special assistant United States district attorney; on him rested the responsibility for the success of the Government's case. In a chair drawn close to that of the special assistant was the nominal district attorney, Albert C. Wolfe, a dark, thin, sallow-complexioned individual who unceasingly scribbled or drew meaningless lines with a pencil on a paper before him, while his assistant ground out the necessary and expected arguments from an all too meager supply of facts.

Another table was reserved for the counsel for the defense. The most conspicuous figure here was small in stature and quiet in demeanor, but his white hair, his benevolent expression, his courtly bearing, and his unquestioned ability won the respect of friend and foe alike. This was Burr W. Jones. Opposite him sat C. H. Crownhart, chief counsel for the defense. Both of these gentlemen were afterward elected to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

The women within the railing carried bags of colored worsted and "purled" as they noted with apparent satisfaction the gathering crowd without. Just so the women of the French Revolution knitted as they counted the heads which dropped before the guillotine. A little white-clad child, the son of the defendant, got inside the railing and ran about, looking up with smiling face into the faces of the adults about him. But these faces bore no answering smile for him; only stern rebuke and condemnation.

Presently a hush fell upon the courtroom. Two judges entered. One, tall and thin with straggly gray hair, took his seat on one of a row of chairs ranged along the rear wall of the platform. The other, a heavy-set man, who walked as if he were trying to conceal a limp, advanced to the front and took his seat on the bench. He was the trial judge, Evan A. Evans, called in to aid the presiding judge of the district.

Counsel for the defense arose and moved a general and special demurrer in the case. The judge listened with obvious displeasure, then answered gruffly: "Very well, interpose a demurrer and the demurrer is overruled."

A jury was then drawn from a horde of men collected in the room and swarming into the corridor. They seemed to take the situation humorously. Some of these men had served before on juries summoned to try cases under the Espionage Act, and they had learned their paces. Later it was charged by counsel for another defendant under the Espionage Act that the fifty-six jurymen selected for this term of the court had not been drawn in the manner provided by law, but had been hand-picked by loyal members of the Councils of Defense.

The panel completed, the judge charged the jury, emphasizing the fact that this was a criminal case and that their minds must be kept free from prejudice. The trial was opened with a speech by the special government prosecutor, Mr. Goggins, who said in part:

> If it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, having in mind what I said before, the statement I made, and so as to enable us to properly question you as to your qualifications as jurors, it won't be necessary for me to add but little more.

The jurors seemed to comprehend this as well as anything that took place at the trial.

Then followed an extended address in which the defendant, L. B. Nagler, was exhibited to the jurors in all his wickedness as a State official who, after having been

thrice canvassed for a subscription to the Y. M. C. A. war fund, persisted in refusing to subscribe, with the result that he was indicted by a grand jury sitting at Madison, the capital of the State. The indictment set forth that on the occasion when the defendant was last canvassed he, in the course of a lengthy discussion, had used the following language, which, under Section 3 of the Espionage Act, was considered treasonable as calculated to obstruct the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States:

> I am through contributing to your private grafts. There is too much graft in these subscriptions. No, I do not believe in the work of the Y. M. C. A. or the Red Cross, for I think they are a bunch of grafters. No, sir, I can prove it. . . .
>
> I won't give you a cent. The Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and the Red Cross is a bunch of grafters. Not over 10 or 15 per cent of the money collected goes to the soldiers or is used for the purpose for which it is collected. . . .
>
> Who is the government? Who is running this war? A bunch of capitalists composed of the Steel Trust and munition makers.

During three weary days, beginning July 29, 1918, testimony was taken which showed conclusively that the defendant had not included the Y. W. C. A. nor the Red Cross in his condemnation, but had used some plain language, not the jargon of the indictment, in regard to the Y. M. C. A. Testimony also proved that his comment on the conduct of the war was wrung from him as a protest against attacks made by his interviewers upon members of Congress from Wisconsin who had opposed our country's entry into the war, men whom he respected and admired, and whose opinions he shared. Senator La Follette and his attitude on the war were particularly in question. Testimony showed that the defendant was opposed to our entering the war, but that he had steadily counseled support of the Government after war was declared; that he was the first volunteer in Wisconsin for civilian war service (he was ineligible for military service); that he had always been a loyal citizen, a man of excellent reputation for honesty and morality in all dealings with his fellow-men, and a faithful public servant for many years; but he believed that the Government should support the war through taxation, and that private organizations should not be permitted to collect funds in that way; financial "drives" by such organizations were wrong in principle and unfair in practice.

All testimony for the defense was ignored or overruled by the court. A witness for the Government testified on cross-examination that in his presence the defendant had counseled a young man who asked his advice to volunteer and not wait to be drafted. This advice the young man followed and with the aid of the defendant was commissioned a second lieutenant. But this testimony was struck out by order of the court.

Other testimony on behalf of the defendant was befogged by the interjection of long dissertations on the activities of the Red Cross and of the Y. M. C. A. While these dissertations had no bearing on the case as testimony they were interesting to the student of history. The deputy controller of the National Red Cross Society testified that Italy would have been lost to the Allies without the intervention of the Red Cross Society. "We went into Italy," he said, "after the first German drive and organized the country for war against Austria. After that we kept Italy in the war by the establishment of soup kitchens, 'colony' formation, and the distribution of men and money to each and every hamlet and town throughout the land. This work," he continued, "won for us the praise of the King of Italy and the War Premier, and it has been continued on an increased scale to the present time."

This testimony was a revelation to the thoughtful of the real function of the Red Cross. Its activities have been commonly understood to be limited to the relief of human suffering, but this national administrative officer of the society testified under oath that its chief function was to precede the armies into a country (Italy, in this instance), to organize the country for war, and then to keep the country fighting.

The significance of his statement that the American Red Cross Society also made Great Britain's occupancy of Mesopotamia possible was lost upon the greater number of persons present. Today a knowledge of the presence of rich oil-fields there is general.

The Deputy Controller waxed eloquent when he emphasized the fact that only prominent citizens who were the possessors of great wealth were intrusted with the control of the American Red Cross Society. Eighteen bankers, grocers, or manufacturers, with former President Taft at their head, formed the executive committee during the war. Yet he deplored the fact that "profligate" methods were often employed in collecting money, as when great balls were given and only a small part of the money received was turned over to the society.

The solicitors for the Y. M. C. A. war fund were not representatives of that organization but citizens engaged in various lines of work. The man who reported the defendant's unwillingness to contribute to the drive was an unsuccessful lawyer, who later became attached to the Department of Justice as a secret agent. He was unable to remember with any definiteness what had been said during the discussion which led to the defendant's indictment. The regular Y. M. C. A. officials whom the prosecution brought on as witnesses had never seen the defendant nor had any conversation with him.

The first of these witnesses was the State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He testified in regard to activities. The Y. M. C. A. operated in Italy, France, Mesopotamia, and Russia, and after the revolution (referred to by the witness as "the fall of Russia") orders were given them to remain in Russia to cooperate with the "better" class of people. He admitted that since the Y. M. C. A. does not confer full membership upon Catholics, Unitarians, and Jews, a man belonging to one of these sects might rightfully feel disinclined to contribute money to its activities.

Struck by the accomplishments of the Red Cross Society and the story of the Y. M. C. A.; impressed by the lack of credence given the testimony for the defense by the presiding judge, who consistently overruled all testimony bearing on the intent of the defendant and refused to give the jury any instructions requested by the defense—

A month later sentence was pronounced in his home city, where friends and neighbors might witness the attempt to humiliate him. In pronouncing sentence, Judge Evans said: "The judgment of the court is that you be imprisoned at the federal prison at Leavenworth for a period of thirty months, your sentence to begin at 12 o'clock today."

Mr. Coolidge's New-Old Message

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, November 6

IF the bump of humor in the American people had not degenerated into a dent, a good many patriots in high public office here in Washington would certainly be laughed off the political stage. And if the popular lack of humor were not combined with a memory collectively crippled and dreadfully infirm, it would very badly cramp the style of some of our most serious and successful statesmen.

Take, for instance, the present predicament of Mr. Coolidge over his forthcoming message on the state of the Union with which three weeks from next Monday he must greet the new Congress. That is, it would be a predicament if it were not for the before-mentioned traits of the common people and an overwhelming and utterly non-critical press support. It is safe to say, for instance, that not one man in 100,000, including the erudite editors whose business it was to digest them, can today recall the recommendations made by Mr. Coolidge when two years ago he sent his first message to Congress. If they did remember clearly, it would very greatly add to his apprehensive embarrassment now. The fact that they do not makes it relatively easy for him with customary solemnity to deliver another message which, however differently worded, in all vital respects will be identical with the one delivered two years ago.

Of course there will be a few pestiferous persons to see and point out the old stuff in the new dress, but their carping voices will be drowned in the great Coolidge chorus of a united press, which so greatly contributes to the unprecedented presidential popularity. The truth is that the rushing tide of prosperity has swept from the public mind all things political save those implanted by the current propaganda or instilled by prejudice.

To the few, however, who do recall the facts, the reason the second Coolidge message is bound to be identical in substance, though not in form, with the first is entirely plain. It can be stated in a few words—of all the recommendations made by the President in 1923 not a single one has yet been carried out. There have been two solid years of marking time. Exactly nothing has been achieved except a reduction in taxes, which every fair-minded man is compelled to admit inevitably would have occurred under any President and regardless of party. Right here it ought to be noted that the tax reduction made was not along lines recommended by Mr. Coolidge but along the lines he specifically did not recommend; that the bill as passed was not the Administration bill and that he signed it with extreme reluctance.

To make things clear it seems worth while to set down the outstanding recommendations of the Coolidge message of 1923, which of necessity must be remade in 1925 because nothing has been done to carry them out and their need has been enhanced by time.

First—He asked for railroad legislation to render consolidation of the roads possible, but Congress did not respond. He will have to ask again.

Second—An ugly coal strike having just ended, he urged legislation that would prevent strikes in the future and protect the public interests. The report of the commission upon which he based his 1923 recommendation only recently has been printed, but nothing has been done with it. We are now in the midst of another coal strike and Mr. Coolidge necessarily will renew his advice.

Third—In the matter of agriculture he very strongly recommended the enactment of laws urged by the commission named by him to study the subject, but not a single law was passed. His Secretary of Agriculture is preparing a new set of recommendations on this subject.

Fourth—In 1923 he urged the Senate to adopt the World Court proposal, but the measure did not even come out of the committee. He, of course, will renew the recommendation this time.

These four were the big recommendations of Mr. Coolidge in 1923. They constituted the bulk of his message. There were some minor recommendations concerning prohibition, veterans of the World War, and immigration—not one of which, by the way, was carried out either—and there was considerable "apple sauce" about peace and prosperity, but these four constituted the vital parts of the message. They will also be the substance of the forthcoming message. There is no way to avoid it.

In the new message there will, of course, be a lot of palaver about tax reduction, which unfailingly strikes a responsive chord in the bosoms of our high-bracket business Babbitts, and there will be much more about economy, in spite of the steady rise in federal expenditures, but it will be old stuff and mean little.

On the subject of foreign debts unquestionably the President proposes to speak in solemn commendation of the "establishment throughout the world of the principle that nations must pay their war debts." He proposes, too, I am informed, to highly approve the Locarno Conference, with which we had nothing at all to do, to speak well and kindly of the nations which have funded their debts and with sympathetic tolerance of those that have not. All that is obvious. He cannot avoid saying those things. What he will not say, however, is that as a result of our pressure on our foreign friends for payment in the face of our own overpowering prosperity, the mountain of concentrated hate of the United States on the other side is higher than ever before in history. Nor will a tone of broad tolerance and an assumption of moral leadership, inevitable in the message, lower the mountain or dilute the hate. Another point not likely to be brought out is the passing of the initiative in world affairs which was ours up to the time of the Locarno Conference. Nor will it be stated that the only important foreign debtor from whom we have any real expectation of ever being paid anything except stage money is Great Britain.

Mr. Coolidge's job is so to word the new that its similarity to the old one will not be noted generally and all his recommendations can be renewed without seeming to confess futility. This is made easy for him by the forgetfulness of the people and the friendliness of the press.

[*This is the first of a series of letters which Mr. Kent will contribute every other week during the winter.*]

In the Driftway

AN anonymous lady, writing in the London *Spectator*, points out certain painful truths with regard to men's clothing. It is perfectly apparent that men's clothes are awkward, hot, constricting, and bulky; what is, one had hoped, less apparent, she sets forth in downright terms:

> The truth is that man's dress today conceals a multitude of weaknesses. Many athletes, even, look anything but their best in working kit. . . . Ordinary men in bathing costume look quite pathetically unimportant and unimpressive. . . . Their long trousers collect mud and dust just as women's draggling skirts used to do. Their collars throttle the neck. . . . Their hats are hard and tight, inducing baldness. Their kidney-exposing waistcoats are ugly. Their braces and their thick underwear are as shameful and comic as women's corsets and clumsy undergarments used to be. . . . If it became customary to expose legs, then vanity would impel men to cultivate pleasing forms.

* * * * *

THIS frankness is deplorable. The Drifter himself, at sight of a worthy captain of industry in running trunks, or of a Methodist preacher in a modest bathing suit, has often shuddered at the unfortunate picture, but he shuddered with the comfortable thought that at least the more decorative and sensible sex was not present making comparisons. Evidently he was wrong, and certainly the anonymous lady is right. Man's costume is ridiculous and man appears ridiculous in it only too often. The feeble attempts that are being made to remedy matters would be pitiful if they were not laughable also. A few bold spirits have permanently discarded the stiff collar; a scattering number refuse to wear a hat in summer, although all but the bravest of these few carry their hats in their hands. The stiff-bosomed shirt has almost disappeared, the heavy woolen suit in summer is going fast, although a man who discards his coat in hot weather and appears in a perfectly decent white shirt is frowned upon as an ill-mannered lout. But see what remains! On May 15, for example, man dons the most cunningly devised instrument of torture ever invented—the straw hat; on September 15 he discards it. If he chooses to keep this strange head-gear on until the day after the middle of the ninth month it may be knocked from his head. He slops about the streets in trousers that the snow has muddied and the rain has splashed. If he rolled them up, or better still, cut them off below the knee, young children would follow him with hooting and derision. Upon his head he perches a felt hat of ugly shape and sour color which he tries to improve by a piteous small feather.

* * * * *

YET in spite of all these undeniable reasons why man will never be called the fair sex, the Drifter finds himself a little reluctant to adopt the amendments suggested by the *Spectator's* anonymous lady: the jumper blouse, the short fur coat, pajamas for the house in "green, bright navy, rust-red, or wine, with full and comely shirts . . . and light-weight flexible shoes of vivid leather." No, something better than this must be devised. Man must proceed slowly; possibly it would be better if, following woman's example, he began to discard his garments one by one. Then he could eventually see which was most useful and at the same time most decorative. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Irreconcilables

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an old and battered, even if totally uninfluential and insignificant, hanger-on of the old Battalion of Death of 1919, may I ask you why you do not give credit for this new magnificent Locarno Treaty to the Irreconcilables who in 1919 and 1920 saved this country from joining the League of Nations and saved Europe from having us Americans act as the arbiters of its destiny?

According to the official intentions of that time, the Goths and Vandals of the Hudson and the Mississippi and the Sacramento were to stand with their threatening swords in the civilized vales of the Rhine and by their savage frontier might were to prevent the infuriated Teutons and the infuriated Franks from rushing upon one another to their mutual destruction.

The argument was: These Europeans want peace. They yearn for peace. There is nothing that they want so much as peace. But they just simply will go against their own natures and burst unwillingly out into fighting one another unless the Americans prevent them.

This role of preventing people from doing what they claimed they did not want to do we rejected. There seemed to us to be something fishy in it. To some of us it seemed that it was an indignity, an insult, to Europe.

Was the continent of Marcus Aurelius, of St. Francis of Assisi, of Kant, of Gladstone, of Tolstoi unable to refrain from shedding its own blood except under the mentorship of a childish continent sprung from its own loins?

Thank God, Europe may now say that it has recovered its own self-respect! All by itself, just out of its own spiritual resources, if it does not want to fight, it can say, with its own lips and for its own reasons and purposes, and bound by its own guaranties, that it will not fight!

It was the Irreconcilables that really protected Europe. It was the Irreconcilables that really helped Europe. It was the Irreconcilables that compelled Europe to seek within its own rich ancient self for its own richer future. It was the Irreconcilables that prevented the cradle of our civilization from becoming its subordinated and humiliated annex. It was the Irreconcilables that kept Europe Europe.

Why not give us our presidential Irreconcilable Americans a little credit for having been the really best Europeans of our time?

Washington, October 25 WILLIAM HARD

Land of the Free!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Jacob Riegel, born in Jugoslavia forty-two years ago, was refused citizenship papers by A. J. Pearson, a Cleveland common pleas judge, on September 17, because his principles would not allow him to subscribe to the oath to bear arms for his adopted country.

"I will support the United States in any other way," Mr. Riegel is quoted by local newspapers as saying, "but I do not believe in war and I cannot promise to fight."

When friends of Riegel protested to William T. Shockley, chief United States naturalization examiner, that many naturalized Americans have taken the oath with the mental reservation that they would not fight in defense of this country, that worthy official replied: "If we ever find them, we will revoke their naturalization papers."

Land of the free! Home of the brave!

Cleveland, Ohio, September 18 CLARK KINNAIRD

Prohibition

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The intellectual confusion with regard to the enforcement of prohibition seems to be ineradicable. The article in the last number of *The Nation* [October 7] says: "Prohibition—so far—has failed: it has reduced drinking, but it has increased lawlessness." But if prohibition has reduced drinking, it has no concern with decreasing lawlessness. Apply the same phrase to stealing and observe the result.

I am vice-chairman both of the National and the New York State Women's Committee for Law Enforcement, which includes representatives of temperance and church organizations, and the only criticism which has reached me is to the effect that the report of the Federal Council of Churches strikes a more defeatist note than the contents warrant. However, we take it for granted that this was done merely to emphasize the necessity of a campaign of education, a necessity of which we are entirely conscious.

No service can be more important than the clear placing of responsibility upon the Treasury Department and the recognition that misused permits for the manufacture of industrial alcohol are the greatest source of the illicit supply. This understanding will clear the ground for all our future work.

We hope that this inquiry will be continued and that it will include a study of the following points: First, the effect of State-wide prohibition on the points raised by the inquiry. Second, the effect on women of the control exerted through a public opinion as rigid as law which effectively debarred one sex from a prevailing indulgence.

I believe that the intellectual confusion is created by the assumption that the majority of the support which the prohibition law has received comes from those who believe that a moral improvement should be effected by it. I believe that any inquiry would show that the favorable majority which has been secured for referendums in California, Ohio, and, lastly, in Massachusetts was made up of persons who supported this legislation as measures of health and public safety.

There also appears to be an extraordinary confusion as to the definition of crime. Does anyone believe that a crime can be created by the passage of law? Drinking, in my opinion, should be classed with the taking of other habit-forming drugs. While neither, perhaps, can be classed as a crime in itself, both are a source of crime and of indescribable misery.

New York, October 7 Margaret Norrie

Binding the Filipinos

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Representative Charles Underhill has been to the Philippine Islands and has come back and been interviewed. He expresses the opinion, in very positive terms, that General Wood should be made an autocrat—given a free hand in the Philippines, "without the impossible restrictions and irritations imposed by the independence propagandists." He declares: "The Philippines are not ready for independence and will not be for many years."

Most drastic methods have been used to make and keep them unfit for independence. To kill, imprison, terrorize, torture, and in all possible ways suppress its advocates is as sure a way to unfit a people for independence as the "Blessings-of-Civilization Trust" can devise. (For above naming see Mark Twain's To the Person Sitting in Darkness, the first article in the *North American Review*, February, 1901.) And so Mr. Underhill says Congress should immediately "pass legislation depriving the Philippine legislature of the power to interfere with the executive and judicial branches of the government."

Mr. Underhill doesn't mention them, but of course there would be proper pains and penalties provided for any independent spirit objecting to this new tyranny. As Mr. Underhill doubtless foresees, this move would give occasion for new "rebellions" and America's protecting guns would then have excuse for killing off some more "independence propagandists" and so keep the islands "not fit for independence."

> When I went to the Philippines it was my opinion that we should get rid of the islands at any price. But I quickly changed my mind. It would be unpatriotic, uncivilized, and un-Christian to give the islands their independence and plunge those people back into barbaric, internecine conflicts.

Mr. Underhill isn't going to allow those barbarians to kill each other. If any killing is to be done—and no doubt that under Mr. Underhill's regime there would be good and plenty—it is to be done by nice, patriotic, civilized, Christian Americans.

Immediately following the blessings-of-civilization talk we are told: "Moreover, we need the Philippines in connection with our industrial development and as a commercial outpost in the Orient. . . . We could grow enough rubber in the Philippines to make us independent forever of rubber sources controlled by other Powers."

And now comes the last paragraph, still further illuminating Mr. Underhill's change of mind: "The Filipino independence agitators so far have blocked the establishment of rubber culture on a large scale by American interests, *realizing that if we develop a rubber supply there we will never get out.*"

Denver, Colorado, September 28 Celia Baldwin

Miguel de Unamuno

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Writing as a subscriber who enjoys the many excellent reviews that appear in *The Nation*, I beg leave to say that the review by Mr. Eliseo Vivas, in the issue of September 23, of the volume of Unamuno, translated under the title of "Essays and Soliloquies," seems to me—although the reviewer is familiar with his subject—singularly inept. Why hurl the epithet "unscientific" at one who (though never disputing the achievements of science) glories in his contempt for "scientificism"? And why urge the lack of practical conclusions against one who has already proclaimed (in this book): "And I will tell them, once for all, that if it is solutions they want, they can go to the shop opposite, for I do not deal in the article"? Readers of your review are likely to picture Unamuno as a poet and dreamer, buried in the past, oblivious to the present, innocent alike of science and of modern thought, and unaware of the pitfalls that await him. They would be surprised to learn that he is a person intensely alive, and vastly read, no less in the literature of the present than of the past, who, moreover, has very explicitly anticipated his reviewer.

Your reviewer disposes of Unamuno's ideas about immortality by explaining that Unamuno—professor of Greek at Salamanca for thirty years or so, who took his doctorate at Madrid in letters and *in philosophy*—fails to see that the possibility of immortality involves the question of the transcendental nature of the ego. I think that no instructed reader of Unamuno will doubt that he has had his course in the transcendental ego—and graduated. This transcendental ego of medieval metaphysics is possibly the most typical representative of that "scientificism" which he explicitly rejects. And this should be enough to suggest that, intellectually at least, Unamuno is far from archaic; he is possibly the most modern of the moderns. And, above all, in the fact (evidently not grasped by your reviewer) that he refuses to permit his point of view to be described as a system of philosophy. Nor has he "set himself to solve" any "problem" of immortality; nor, least of all, to demonstrate the fact of immortality. Unamuno's "problem," which he never expects to "solve," is primarily the problem of grasping and communicating the quality and mean-

ing of this mortal life. And his doctrine of immortality, so far as it involves any positive assertion, is only (but this is much) that any vital interest in life—this life—is inevitably an interest equally vital in immortality. Whether this be true, is a question not for science but for you and me.

Meanwhile, I fear that the readers of your review will get from it no inkling of what the compiler and translator of this anthology has been at such pains to offer—an opportunity to sample the magnificent flavor of the man, of the man Unamuno; to note his wonderful power of expression amidst a careless informality of style; his abundant, exuberant, even boisterous vitality; his trenchantly clear vision and never-failing sense of humor, along with a terribly tragic grasp of the facts of life and a preoccupation with the thought of death.

Princeton, New Jersey, September 26 WARNER FITE

Concerning France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last issue to hand, in three editorial paragraphs and one article, *The Nation* continues its prolonged offensive against France. Do you ever find anything good to say about the French? Anyhow you don't say it. But you are a great lover of the poor, downtrodden Germans, once more goose-stepping under Von Hindenburg. How is it that a man conducting a journal of civilization (as, I nevertheless admit, *The Nation* is) can be afflicted with such an incurable prejudice against that people who lighted the torch of civilization in an otherwise dark world and have kept it aflame for more than a thousand years—a prejudice emphasized by a gushing infatuation for their militaristic neighbor? Or is the latter emotion the cause of the former?

Although convinced that it is, I shall, for its many other good features, not cease to read *The Nation*, bearing in mind, however, that your expressions concerning France will be but the garden variety of Nordic propaganda.

San Diego, Cal., September 10 EDWARD H. WHELAN

"Hobo" and "Gay-Cat"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As to the definition of "hobo," be it remembered that the first strict definition put before the public was that given by Josiah Flynt. Flynt professed to have had his doctrine most particularly from a hobo who declared that the proper spelling was "haut beau." His account was that "hobo" is the distinctive name for such a tramp as will not in any case work, while a tramp who will accept work upon occasion is known in the language of the road as a "gay-cat." Now you are promulgating a directly opposite limitation for "hobo." My conclusion is that "hobo" has as yet all the indefiniteness of slang, and that if it is ever to be established as a word with a precise meaning this possibility belongs altogether to the future.

Ballard Vale, Mass., October 28 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Sauce for the Gander

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there any reason in law or morals why the Chinese nation should not take up with the American Government the recent outrages upon the Chinese in Cleveland and elsewhere and demand reparation and an apology? Chinese military weakness has no bearing, as practically all nations are turning from war to law, at least in desire and hope. Particularly would this demand be fitting as these evil deeds were the official acts of men appointed by the State to maintain civil order.

Strictly, an honorable government would voluntarily apologize and offer satisfaction.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., October 13 JAMES A. TOWLE

A COMPLETE TECHNIQUE OF IMPERIALISM

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

BY SCOTT NEARING AND JOSEPH FREEMAN

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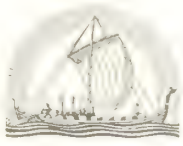

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Women's Suffrage in Belgium

By ANNE SOMERHAUSEN

THE question whether women should vote at provincial elections has interested Belgian politicians during the past summer and may rouse them once more after their return to the Chamber and Senate on November 18. Dramatic incidents will perhaps occur, for "each time motions with regard to women's suffrage have been laid before this House," declared the president of the Chamber, "and whenever an attempt was made to merely find a place on the agenda for discussions of such motions, we have seen the Chamber become a prey to the utmost agitation. . . ."

Why? Because progress or defeat of the various political parties in the Belgian Parliament depends upon women's suffrage! Party considerations keep Belgian legislators from voting upon this just reform. There are no objections of principle. Most Belgian politicians admit that the one million women who work and pay taxes should be entitled to determine the laws under which they toil, and that family interests will be better taken care of when women voters cooperate with men.

No objections of principle, indeed. The Clericals, Belgium's tories, made women's suffrage a party issue after the Liberal and Socialist parties had become their powerful rivals; during the thirty-five years of uncontested Clerical rule before the war, however, the Clericals did not happen to think of women's rights. No objections of principle: the Labor Party, too, carries woman's suffrage on its program. In fact, this party was the first to propose the enfranchisement of women. Unfortunately the Belgian women's trend during clericalism augured so ill for Labor that the party decided to oppose women's suffrage "for the present" and a widely known Socialist minister broke his pledge to enfranchise women. The Liberal Party, small now but still decisive, fights women's suffrage for electoral reasons.

When, in 1920, these three parties gave women the right to vote in communal elections, it seemed logical to enfranchise women entirely during the next few years and to grant them suffrage first for provincial, then for national elections. The communal and provincial legislative bodies, moreover, are complements in Belgium; life in the communes is greatly influenced by the decisions of the nine provincial councils. On the other hand, the provincial vote plays also its part in national politics because the provincial councils elect nearly half of the country's Senators. For this latter reason the enfranchisement of Belgian women has been delayed.

Is women's vote conservative? The Belgian Socialist and Liberal parties are convinced of it. They quote the experiences of Germany and Holland; they attribute MacDonald's fall to the votes of women; they cite the results of their own communal elections in which women participated; Ghent, an industrial city where thousands of women work, had 45 per cent Labor votes during the legislative elections, but only 35 per cent such votes at the communal elections, which shortly followed.

Even Vandervelde—up to last July an unyielding champion of women's suffrage—conceded: "If tomorrow the women voted in the provinces, I admit the results would be worse (for the Labor Party) than if men voted alone."

That "by the grace of women" at the provincial elections the Clerical Party would not only obtain a majority of seats in the Senate but destroy the Socialist majority in the Red provincial councils of Hainaut and Liège has not been denied. If we are to believe gloomy Socialist statisticians, women's suffrage at national elections for Chamber and Senate would give a majority of 400,000 votes to the Clericals and would plunge the country for a hundred years back into clericalism.

"To give women the provincial vote now is an adventure full of perils," declared most of the Socialists when, in 1921, 125,000 women asked for the right to vote in the provinces and when the Clerical Party upheld them.

"Quite the contrary; give women political rights, and they will mature politically," a few Laborites maintained, and seemed willing to grant women the provincial vote if the Clericals, in turn, were ready to make certain concessions to the Left.

Vandervelde, then Minister of Justice, proposed a fair bargain: the Clericals were to consent to a couple of urgent reforms, such as universal suffrage for men in elections for the Senate and a salary for Senators, while a sufficient number of Socialists and Liberals was to guarantee the victory of women's suffrage for the provincial elections of 1925. A more tempting compromise could hardly have been found. The Clericals felt their mouths water when they thought of the victory women would assure them in 1925, and the parties of the Left rubbed their hands about the electoral advantage which men's universal suffrage for the Senate was certain to give them at the polls in 1921. All agreed to the bargain, the Socialist Party solemnly permitting a score of its deputies to vote for women's suffrage against the majority of their own party in order to help put any suffragist bill through in Parliament. Twenty-eight parliamentarians signed the compromise, and among them Vandervelde rejoiced: "From now on it is certain that there will be a majority in both houses to see to it that women vote at the provincial elections in 1925."

From 1921 to 1925 Belgium had a Clerico-Liberal coalition government in which the Liberals opposed so violently the very discussion of women's suffrage that their Catholic partners dared to bring up but one timid bill in its favor. Parliament at once banished the bill to the end of its agenda. It was certain, and the Liberals emphasized it frankly, that an extremely grave misunderstanding would arise within the parliamentary majority on which the Government rested if any suffragist bill was voted upon in either house. Consequently the Clericals remained during four years the platonic lovers of women's suffrage, realizing that, with the 1921 compromise in their pocket, they might demand women's provincial vote at any opportune moment. "Opportune" is a relative term. When, last spring, the Clerico-Liberal Government was replaced by a Clerico-Socialist Cabinet certain Clericals thought matters ripe for a women's suffrage bill, while the majority of their party believed it inopportune.

In fact, the situation had changed but little. Again the Government was based upon a majority which, in regard to women's suffrage, was utterly divided. This time it was the Socialist Party which, with the exception of its few consecrated suffragist deputies, threatened to abandon the

Government if women were allowed to vote at the provincial elections. Nevertheless, a number of ultra-conservative Clericals, whom their party's alliance with the Socialists piqued considerably, insisted upon introducing a suffrage bill and demanding a vote upon it.

They knew that this bill was bound to be successful if all Clericals and the score of left-wing pro-suffrage parliamentarians voted for it. They also knew that the coalition Government would have to fall if the bill succeeded. They hoped probably that then the way would be free for an unadulterated Clerical Cabinet.

The life or death—to put it dramatically—of the Clerico-Socialist Government depended upon those few Socialists who, in 1921, had pledged themselves to vote for women's suffrage. Were they going to keep their word in the face of this grave situation? Were they willing to save the Cabinet by a breach of promise?

What followed in Parliament was rather piquant.

The Vandervelde who, as a minister of justice, had declared before the Senate in 1921: "I like to remember that, in 1895, I was one of the first to propose women's suffrage. I am convinced that the intervention of women in politics will have a salutary influence from all points of view"; the Vandervelde who, in 1920, made a Socialist party council adopt a resolution favorable to women's suffrage; the Vandervelde who, in the name of his twenty suffragist partisans, affirmed at a Labor congress in 1923: "We have engaged our word of honor. Nobody can release us from it. This congress can dispose of our mandates; it cannot dispose of our political honor"—this same Vandervelde and his followers (with two or three exceptions) broke their pledge to support women's suffrage and voted last July against the Clerical bill.

Also under the pressure of the Socialist discipline Madame Spaak, the only Belgian woman parliamentarian, announced she would not be a puppet in Clerical hands, but would vote for women's suffrage only "when the reform should be introduced as a measure of justice, not as a party-political trump."

Scandal! Scenes of incredible uproar, particularly in the Chamber. Insults. The president calls for order and cannot dominate the tumult.

Vandervelde starts seven times his declaration that he feels not bound by his promise, since the regular date of the 1925 provincial elections is past.

After chaotic debates a close majority relegates the suffrage bill to a committee which will meet after the vacation of Parliament, on November 18—and the provincial elections are scheduled for November 8. Women's provincial suffrage is buried for four more years. Vandervelde tries to be soothing:

"I hope that the next elections in the provinces, in 1929, will not pass without our legislation having finally registered the political equality of the two sexes. . . . When the time comes we shall energetically defend the universal suffrage of women for the elections of 1929."

Belgian women will have to resign themselves to the *status quo*. In vain do they protest against "a dishonesty without precedent in Belgium's parliamentary history, a dishonesty which harms the dignity of the national legislature and which is liable to destroy respect for a freely given word of honor." Their rights will continue to be no more than an ace in the party-political game until the Left believes women sufficiently educated to resist clericalism.

Contributors to This Issue

FRANK R. KENT has been vice-president and Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. He wrote the article Mr. Coolidge, in the *American Mercury* for August, 1924.

LOUIS W. MCKERNAN is a New York lawyer, for several years a member of the War Loan Staff of the United States Treasury.

ELLEN TORELLE NAGLER is a biologist, formerly on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin.

RENE LALOU is the author of a standard critical volume, "Contemporary French Literature."

EDWIN MUIR is writing a series on modern British authors for *The Nation*. He has just published a volume of verse, "First Poems."

LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK is soon to have a volume of poems published in London and New York.

COUNT MAX MONTGELAS is author of "The Case for the Central Powers" and co-editor of "German Documents on the Origin of the War."

WILLIAM A. DRAKE is foreign editor of *Books*.

ANNE SOMERHAUSEN is a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Brussels.

The Nation *considers the present Chinese situation so serious that it has sent one of its editors, Lewis S. Gannett, to China for several months to study it at first hand. Mr. Gannett sailed from San Francisco on November 10. During his absence The Nation will have the services of Stuart Chase, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," as one of its editorial writers.*

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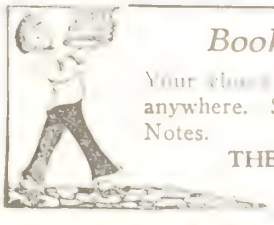

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Foreign Book Section

Fall Books in France

By RENÉ LALOU

AS last winter's publishing season stretched out till the end of July, it is no wonder that publishers have not yet resumed their offensive and that no official candidate has appeared for the Goncourt cup. One new firm has emerged meanwhile, Les Arts et le Livre; and calculated indiscretion, that food of journalism, prompts one to disclose in this a new venture of Georges Crès, the well-known publisher, who has left the old firm he founded and led to such success. To vindicate the name he has chosen, he is going to publish a series of illustrated books on art and life, ranging from Rops and Daumier to Rowlandson and the Japanese, as well as a series entitled Les Prix Littéraires, an anthology of literary prizemen including Giraudoux, Carco, Mac Orlan, and Estaunié.

One of the chief features of present French publishing is the increasing number of translations. Some editors proceed at random, translating things that are not worth translating; others pursue a definite program: Gallimard (*Nouvelle Revue Française*) stands for Tagore, Conrad, Pirandello, Chesterton; Kra for Unamuno, Ferrero, Pirandello, Symons, Dostoevski; Stock for Strindberg, Tagore, Bunine, Moore; Rieder for American authors such as Sandburg and Waldo Frank. Two promised studies by Lucie Delarue-Mardrus (Plon) and Camille Mauclair (Michel) testify to a renewed interest in the work of Edgar Poe. The coming publishing season will also see many books dealing with social problems, especially with bolshevism; two books by Alain, "Elements d'une doctrine radicale" (Gallimard) and "Le Citoyen contre les pouvoirs" (Kra), will set forth a new theory of political individualism; "Nouvelles Aristocraties" (Kra) will be a study of social forces by Lucien Romier, and "Comme je les vois" (Kra) a gallery of French statesmen painted by Jean Piot; while Giraudoux will offer in "Bella" a picture of the Poincaré and Berthelot family feuds. Interest in Jewish problems is also steadily increasing; Gallimard will produce "Jacob," Bernard Lachace's first novel, and Grasset the Letters of Henri Franck with a long introduction by André Spire. Lastly, under the title "Judaisme," Rieder has just started a new series of texts and essays which will run parallel to his "Christianisme."

Plon-Nourrit, on the other hand, is the stronghold of Catholic authors and academicians, and this firm will honor its tradition by publishing Henri Bremond's new work, "Le Roman et l'Histoire d'une conversion." At the same time it is beginning the issue of a new series, Le Roseau d'Or, aiming at what is called "a spiritual revival," and this golden reed will bear without breaking not only works by Ramuz, Max Jacob, and Belloc, but a "Défense de l'Occident" by Henri Massis, the neo-Thomist pamphleteer, and the first part of "Le Soulier de Satin," a drama in the free vein of Shakespeare and Calderon, written by Paul Claudel during his embassy in Japan.

Pure literature is naturally to be expected from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Two works of Stéphane Mallarmé will be published by this house—"Les Dieux antiques," an original interpretation of old myths, and a recently discovered tale, "Igitur," presenting many analogies with the famous poem, "Un Coup de Dés," which will also appear in a new edition. "Albertine Disparue," a new part of Proust's prose epic, will be accompanied by the 1923 "Hommage" in book-form and a pamphlet by Louis de Robert on Proust's first experience with publishers. Then one of the events of the season will be "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," which André Gide describes as his first novel, quite different from anything in his former work. Jacques Rivière's posthumous book, "A la trace de Dieu," with a preface by Claudel, will probably raise many controversies. The series Une Œuvre, un Portrait aims at revealing young talent, and Kra has dedicated his Cahiers Nouveaux to the same purpose. In the last-named series Pierre Girard, René Jouglet, Antonin Artaud, Marcel Arland, René Crevel, and Robert Desnos will propound impressionism, Freudian complexities, "Surréalisme," the new "Mal du Siècle," and other modern romanticisms.

The firm of Stock continues to concentrate on a few chosen writers. In addition to many translations, they will issue several unpublished works by Léon Bloy and Apollinaire, among which the letters of Bloy to Maritain and "Anecdotiques," a miscellaneous mirror of Apollinaire's wanderings through modern art, should be particularly noteworthy. Under the significant title of "le Rappel à l'Ordre" will be arrayed the collected essays of Jean Cocteau—the landmarks of his journey from what he called anarchy to what he is pleased to call order.

Bernard Grasset is the chief publisher of novels. His program for the winter season is as copious as usual, and includes "Battling Malone," by Louis Hémon; "la Revanche," by André Thérive, and "Quand on conspire," by Raymond Escholier. Further, "En Joue," by Philippe Soupalt, and "l'Apprenti Sorcier," by André Obey, will show that those established novelists have competitors in the rising generation. Then Grasset has a knack of discovering a new promising youth every year; and this time it is André Chamson with "Roulé Bandit," who will bear the colors of the firm through the literary contests. The Cahiers Verts are nearing their completion: the last rose of their season will be a book by the Comtesse de Noailles, a prose work poetically named "Ciels." A series of studies on the great monastic orders has also been begun by this same firm under the management of Edouard Schneider, whose first contribution is a fine life of St. Benedict.

Modernity and cosmopolitism are the key-notes of present French thought, from the literary impressionism of Mac Orlan, who is going to publish "Aux lumières de Paris" (Crès) and "Images sur la Tamise" (Kra), to the collective survey of general problems which will be attempted in "Enquêtes" by writers and sociologists. But the past is not really forgotten. Escholier will publish (Crès) the drawings of Hugo, which will throw a new light on the mind of the great poet. Two unpublished works by Sainte-Beuve will appear this winter: a kind of anthology, "Aperçu sur l'histoire de France," and a diary with the minatory title of "Arsenal de mes Vengeances," which is awaited with much curiosity (Plon). Another striking feature is that three series of famous lives are simultaneously advertised by Gallimard, Grasset, and Plon. In every case the author has chosen his own particular hero; Paul Valéry will write about Descartes, Fabre-Luce about Talleyrand, Carco about Villon, Benda about Spinoza, Hermant about Plato.

British Books: Autumn

By EDWIN MUIR

IN works of imagination this season has not been prolific, and from the announcements does not seem likely to be so. A respectable, orderly, but mediocre stream of books, neither very full nor very rapid, has been flowing since the beginning of the season, and if any surprising acceleration is to set in it cannot happen now until the spring. The section of literature auxiliary to fiction and poetry—criticism and belles-lettres—has not quite the same bareness and moderation. But where the publishers' lists are rich is in memoirs, reminiscences, and books of travel: a class of reading very often interesting, but only rarely and by a lucky chance literature. There seems to be at present a fairly keen public taste for this kind of reading, and at the same time, naturally, a ready disposition on the part of all sorts of people to supply it. What further this may connote it is hard to say; perhaps a poverty of creative imagination, perhaps a fresh current of interest in all purely human affairs, which in its turn may give a new impetus to the imagination. Time will tell. A very good sign is the growing number of anthropological and psychological works. These are being produced tirelessly, and a great number of them are valuable, while almost all are interesting. They should not be ignored by the general reader. He will find them infinitely more interesting than most contemporary fiction, and also more profitable.

In fiction there have already appeared Mr. David Garnett's "The Sailor's Return," a repetition of his two former successes, but all the same a repetition; Mr. T. F. Powys's "Mockery Gap," a very fine novel, probably the best he has written; Mr. F. M. Ford's "No More Parades," also a remarkable work; and Princess Bibesco's "The Whole Story," in which this author's sensibility and wit are seen at their best. Among novels which are still to appear are "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair: A Romantic Macabre," by Hugh Walpole; "Broken Ties and Other Stories," by Rabindranath Tagore; "The Mulberry Bush and Other Stories," by Sylvia Lynd; "The Dinosaur's Egg," by Edmund Candler; "The Madonna of the Barricades," a first novel by the experienced and versatile editor of *The Spectator;* and "Old Pairs," a collection of short stories about the English countryside, by Laurence Housman.

In poetry there are a few volumes of the greatest interest. First of all there is Mr. Thomas Hardy's new collection, "Human Shows: Far Phantasies: Songs and Trifles," a volume which cannot but be important. Only less interesting is the "Collected Poems" of Mr. T. S. Eliot, in which will be contained, the announcement says, certain pieces no longer obtainable (among these "The Waste Land," which is out of print), and some not previously collected. There are also the "Early Poems and Plays" of Mr. W. B. Yeats; "Parables," by John Gould Fletcher; "A Poet's Alphabet," by W. H. Davies; "Poems, Brief and New," by Sir William Watson, and "The Londoner's Chariot," by Wilfrid Thorley: a small harvest, but some of it likely to be excellent.

The most noteworthy volume of criticism to appear thus far has been Mr. Middleton Murry's "Keats and Shakespeare." Still to come are "Books and Theaters," by Gordon Craig; "Critical Essays," by Osbert Burdett; "Modern Poetry: A Study," by H. P. Collins; "Kabuki: The Popular Stage in Japan," by Zoë Kincaid, with an introduction by Laurence Binyon (which should be an invaluable work, since the author has exhaustive knowledge and several years' experience of the Japanese stage); "Some Contemporary Musicians," by Ernest Newman; and the Collected Essays of the late W. P. Ker in two volumes.

But travel, biography, and memoirs occupy the center of the scene. In the latter two classes there are (among a host of others) the "Life and Letters of W. T. Stead," by Frederick Whyte, in two volumes with illustrations; "Melodies and Memories," by Dame Nellie Melba; "Monarchs and Millionaires," by Mme Vandervelde, the wife of the well-known Belgian statesman; "The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman, 1863-1864," by S. M. Ellis, containing adventures during a continental tour and impressions of Meredith, Shirley Brooks, and other well-known figures; "Ghostland," by Elliott O'Donnell, an account of occult experiences; "Later Days," by W. H. Davies, a continuation of his "Autobiography of a Tramp," and "Adventures of a Scholar Tramp," by a new writer, Glen Mullin, with an introduction by Mr. Davies; "On the Panel; General Practice as a Career," by a Panel Doctor (conceivably interesting); and a memoir of Brigham Young, by M. R. Werner, which traces the origins of the Mormon movement. From literally hundreds of books of travel I have picked out three or four, whether better than the others I do not know. There are almost the usual number of books about Russia, among which "The New Russia," by Dr. Haden Guest, M.P.; "The Reforging of Russia," by Edwin Hallinger (which claims to be a first-hand account of life under the Soviet Government), and "Beyond the Baltic," by A. McCallum Scott, appear to be the most promising. "The Little World: Sketches of Travel in Many Lands," by Stella Benson, is a volume whose interest will not be chiefly that of its subject matter. And, probably most fascinating of all, a long-expected volume, "The London Perambulator: Impressions and Ideas of London Life and Scene," by James Bone, with collotype illustrations by Muirhead Bone, is shortly to appear.

There remain a few volumes, perhaps the most significant of the lot, on anthropology and psychology. The most exciting of these is the first volume of Sir James G. Frazer's "The Worship of Nature," dealing with the worship of the sky, the earth, and the sun. Also obviously important is "Ritual and Belief in Morocco," by Dr. Edward Westermarck, based on the author's seven years' experience of the natives of that country. "Art and the Unconscious: a Psychological Approach to the Problem of Philosophy," by J. M. Thorburn, is bound to be interesting if it fulfils its program, which is to estimate the value of the work of Freud and Jung toward a theory of art; for that is what we are waiting for. "The A B C of Relativity," by Bertrand Russell, sounds fascinating, as do the three new volumes in Messrs. Kegan Paul's History of Civilization. These are "Mesopotamia: The Civilization of Babylon and Assyria," by Professor L. Dolgorsky; "The Aegean Civilization," by Professor G. Glotz; and "The Peoples of Asia," by S. H. Dudley Buxton. Professor Glotz's picture of Aegean life is based on the discoveries of Schliemann and Sir Arthur Evans. In Mr. Buxton's book the peoples of Asia are described, and some of the larger racial problems of Asia considered. Altogether this is the most impressive division of reading that the season's announcements offer.

Many Gentlemen

By LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK

Many gentlemen there are born not babes.
They will be babes, they will be babes
In the shades.
They will dribble, they will babble,
They will pule in pantomime
Who were not babes in baby time.

Of such infant sorrow
Will they whimper
On Aspasia's bosom
In the shades tomorrow:
Many gentlemen, many gentlemen frowning,
But not Socrates simpering among these,
Who was well weaned of her honey
In his prime and needs no pap now,
Having long ago with baby eyes
Smiled upward to her learned brow.

First Glance

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE had a humbler motive for writing the life of Saint Joan than Mark Twain had, and in "Joan of Arc, Maid of France" (Macmillan: 2 vols., $10) he has produced a humbler work. It has virtues of its own, chief among these being a kind of dogged fidelity to the documents in the case, so that for the first time in a popular biography of the maid we get her whole story as nearly as possible in the words of herself and her contemporaries. But it has not the virtue which makes the "Personal Recollections," if hardly, as both Mark Twain and Mr. Paine have gone on record as believing, its author's best work, at any rate one of his most passionate and gallant. This virtue in the older book is not necessarily a result of the fact that Mark Twain worked hard at writing it—"I have never done any work before," he said, "that cost so much thinking and weighing and measuring and planning and cramming, or so much cautious and painstaking execution." Nor does it follow by any literary law from the fact that he performed all these labors "for love." The significant circumstance is simply that in the story of Joan he found one more key that would unlock the gates of his great eloquence; and this was because he was touched at a point that was of the profoundest importance both for his thinking and for his feeling. As a boy in Hannibal he had been strangely moved by a fragment of the tale which he found on a piece of paper in the street—his sympathy for wronged virtue had been awakened. As a man, growing every year more closely acquainted with those defects of the human animal which in the end so bitterly impressed him as to make him write "The Mysterious Stranger," he continued to be interested in Joan; and it is clear to me that when he began the "Recollections" he conceived his heroine as the one historical spot of perfect white against a background which experience was painting always darker. Hence his worship of "the noble child, the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable the ages have produced." Hence the beauty and the power—whatever may be the extravagances—of the "Recollections."

Anatole France approached the subject in a mood scarcely less exalted, for he declared Joan to be "the sweetest, most ingenuous, the daintiest and most generous being that ever lived upon this earth." And Mr. Paine himself is not without his moments of ecstasy—as when, speculating upon the possibility that Joan's armor still exists, he muses: "It could be identified; there would be a patch on the shoulder, a break in the *cuissard*, the contour of the *cuirasse* would conform to the feminine outline. What a quest to seek for it! Second only to the search for the Holy Grail." But this is bathos, and the reason is that Mr. Paine has for the moment strayed out of his path, which, as I have said, is a humble one. Without the moral passion of Mark Twain, without the erudite curiosity of Anatole France, and without any such generalization in his mind as moved Mr. Shaw to set forth in "Saint Joan" the eternal opposition between the individual and the organized will, Mr. Paine has been content for the most part to tell a conventional story, adding only the bits of topographical information which as a pilgrim to Orleans, Rouen, Domremy, and the other places he has industriously collected. Not for him to hint—what Mr. Shaw seems to have demonstrated—that the members of the Inquisition which tried Joan could have possessed both virtue and intellect. His indignation at them, like his love for Joan, is the standard article.

MARK VAN DOREN

A French View of War Origins

Les Origines Immédiates de la Guerre, 28 juin—4 août 1914. Par Pierre Renouvin. Paris: Alfred Costes.

FOR some years Professor Renouvin has been lecturing at the Sorbonne on the origins of the World War. As a result of his careful study of the diplomatic crisis of 1914 he now presents the students of this vexed problem with a well-informed and most readable book. It may well be called the sanest and most up-to-date volume which has come out of France.

These are the most important of the facts which, owing to the evidence produced by Renouvin, must be considered henceforth as indubitably established:

1. The Serajevo attempt was plotted and organized by Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijevich, chief of the Intelligence Department of the Serbian General Staff. The indirect complicity of the Serbian Government is proved by their toleration of the Pan-Serbian agitation against Austria-Hungary. One can hardly doubt that the eminent French scholar would have admitted as well the direct responsibility of the Belgrade authorities if he had known the latest revelations made by Ljuba Jovanovich, Minister of Finance in the Pachich Cabinet.

2. At the Potsdam conference on July 5 "The European War seems not to have been part of the program." It goes without saying that the myth of the Crown Council is completely repudiated.

3. The Wilhelmstrasse did not join the Ballhausplatz in working out the ultimatum to Serbia. In Berlin they knew only the probable contents of that fatal document, and it must be borne in mind that the Entente cabinets also had succeeded in obtaining pretty exact information.

4. In the beginning Chancellor von Bethmann, relying on the reports received, was entitled to believe that England and France would not be opposed to the "localization" of the conflict. Grey's first proposal of *médiation à quatre* between Austria and Russia "suited the main thought of Austro-German policy, as it did not imply any interference with the Austro-Serbian issue. Bethmann-Hollweg was ready to accept it." This disposes of the legend that Grey's first proposal contained the idea of a conference in London, and of the accusation against Germany that she rejected the *médiation à quatre*.

5. The Serbian answer can be judged very severely. In Renouvin's opinion, a close examination of the note shows that it contains many "conditions and restrictions."

6. Grey's sudden proposal of a conference on July 26 was designed to settle the Austro-Serbian, not the Austro-Russian quarrel.

7. On July 27 the Berlin Cabinet agreed to direct conversations between Vienna and Petersburg and transmitted to Count Berchtold Grey's proposal to accept the Serbian reply either as satisfactory or as a basis for discussion. But next day, the Wilhelmstrasse having got a favorable impression of the Serbian reply and Austria having launched her declaration of war, Germany on her own initiative advised Vienna to limit her military operations to Belgrade and the neighborhood.

8. The highly interesting chapters on the mobilizations in Russia and Austria completely overthrow what has hitherto been the common opinion in the Entente countries. Founding his narrative on a minute inquiry into all of the available evidence, Renouvin demolishes the very basis of the Versailles impeachment by his pitiless chronology. Renouvin's account suffices to stigmatize forever the main war lie that Austria's general mobilization was anterior to Russia's.

9. Chancellor von Bethmann made vigorous efforts to arrive at a peaceful solution by diplomatic means at a time when in Russia military arguments were overriding all other considerations.

10. On the other hand, censure is due the way in which Austria carried on her direct conversations with the Petersburg Cabinet. She should have accepted Grey's last proposal; and General von Moltke, who quite rightly insisted on Austria's mobilization, mistakenly meddled with diplomacy by telling the Austrian military attaché in Berlin that Vienna had better not accept Grey's suggestion.

11. What finally does Renouvin think about Germany's declarations of war? Even here his thesis does not agree with French and English war propaganda, for he writes: "It seems to be the point of view of [all] the general staffs and of [all] the governments" that declaration of war is "a mere formality."

All this has been well known for a long time to impartial historians. The novel thing is that it should be frankly accepted by a French scholar who is lecturing on the origins of the Great War in what may be called a semi-official position and who is not afraid of contradicting the fabulous compositions published by French and British statesmen or of revealing the falsehoods of the French Yellow Book.

It must be added, however, that history will not in the same degree approve of Renouvin's last chapter containing his "conclusions." There he says that the Central Powers "remained tenaciously faithful to the plan of localization" and that Germany, by permitting Austria to declare war upon Serbia, "accepted voluntarily the possibility of Russian intervention and of a European war." Those statements overlook the facts that Germany renounced the program of strict localization as early as July 27 by transmitting to Vienna the English suggestion to treat the Serbian note either as satisfactory or as a basis for discussion, and that on the very day of Austria's declaration of war the Berlin Cabinet made the proposal to "Stop at Belgrade," which is universally considered to have been the sanest expedient under prevailing circumstances.

Dealing with the Russian general mobilization, Renouvin dares not squarely draw the conclusion that it meant war. He admits that the negotiators of the Franco-Russian alliance in 1892 had openly declared: "La mobilisation, c'est la declaration de la guerre." But he adds that this referred to the mobilization of Russia's and France's adversaries, not to their own. The author may be reminded that he himself has said that Russia's mobilization "could not but provoke a reply from Germany." This reply could be no other than German mobilization. If Russian mobilization necessarily provokes German mobilization, and if German mobilization is equivalent to a "declaration of war," then Russian mobilization, too, must be equivalent to war. Renouvin further criticizes the hasty actions of German diplomats after the receipt of the official news that the whole of the Russian army and navy had been mobilized. Nobody will deny the blunders committed in those days in Berlin, but if Russia's mobilization meant war the course of events would have been the same without those blunders.

Finally, Renouvin says: "In July, 1914, the military provocation was the result of a diplomatic provocation; Austria's declaration of war (on Serbia) is the link between both." It must be observed that the origin of the catastrophe does not lie in any diplomatic action in July but in the murder in June. With regard to that crime so much fresh evidence has come to hand that the opinion about responsibility must be revised. Professor Renouvin has done so much toward clearing the way for truth that it may be hoped that loyalty to his country will not make him shrink from drawing the inevitable conclusions.

MAX MONTGELAS

From the German

Faber, or The Lost Years. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Harry Hansen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The Island of the Great Mother. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. B. W. Huebsch and the Viking Press. $2.50.

Fräulein Else. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Robert A. Simon. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

"FABER," the latest of Jacob Wassermann's novels, is the shortest and the most restrained of the four which have reached America. The three hundred and fifty pages of ordinary type which serve to tell its story contrast strikingly with the huge bulk of "The World's Illusion," and a similar restraint is evident both in the conception of the characters and in the handling of the plot. A simple narrative replaces the complicated chronicles embodied in previous books and the gigantic figures which formerly peopled his pages have shrunk nearer to ordinary human proportions. Nor is it possible to deny that something has been lost in the process, for Wassermann's novels owed a part of their impressiveness to the largeness of their scale. An energy of imagination commensurate with their bulk animated them and the grandiose stature of their protagonists suits well the fundamentally mystical temperament of their creator. In an age which [illegible] little of the heroic there was something peculiarly exciting in the work of a man who saw contemporary life not as the mean intrigue it appeared to most of his fellow-realists but as the battlefield of vast spiritual forces, and who created tumultuous phantasmagoria redolent with [illegible]. In "Faber" he does scarcely more than repeat on a smaller scale and in a somewhat subdued manner what he had done before. The hero who returns after six years as a prisoner of war and attempts to [illegible] is the same seeker after the ultimate spiritual verity who has appeared before, and the mysterious Princess who has exercised what he believes to be a baleful influence over his wife is the symbolic embodiment of the same ideal of complete humanitarian self-abnegation which is the implied perfection for which Wassermann's [illegible]. To put it briefly, that which the central character of "Faber" most passionately was not that which the hero of "The World's Illusion" became, and that which the status of "The Goose Man" was.

Indeed, as the increasing number of Wassermann's novels makes it possible to judge him comprehensibly as an artist, his essentially [illegible] becomes evident not only that his limitations are narrower than one might have been led to expect. His sense of the contrast between the thirst for

power on the one hand and mystical self-effacement on the other is so strong as to exercise a positive tyranny over his mind and to make it impossible for him to see either characters or events save as part of the universal struggle between these forces. Every human relationship seems for him significant only as it tends to pull the parties concerned toward one side or the other and every character appears chiefly as the representative of the one tendency or the other, with the result that his world, in spite of all the multiplicity of its details, is curiously simplified. Thanks to the passionate strength of his convictions his novels produce a powerful impression, and thanks to their apparently comprehensive sweep they seem to suggest that their author is a man capable of grasping modern life in something like its full complexity; but his tendency to schematize it becomes increasingly evident and his vision is seen to be less comprehensive than one was led to hope.

"Faber," though it contains scenes of great power, clearly reveals this central defect of its author's work. As long as its problem is held in solution, as long as one is searching with Faber himself for the secret of the fascination which the Princess exercises over his wife, one shares in the emotion which masters him; but no sooner is the secret revealed than it seems somehow inadequate. To manage a house of refuge for mistreated children is doubtless a noble work, but it is not a unique undertaking; and it does not seem to promise an immediate solution for all the ills of mankind. Simple humanitarianism does not burst upon us as a new revelation, and we see no reason to believe that one of its many practitioners would appear, as the Princess does, to be a light from Heaven which would illuminate for Faber all the dark corners of his soul. The solution is too familiar and too commonplace, and it says something of the mind which conceived it. Wassermann has great artistic gifts but he is intellectually a little naïve.

Unfortunately neither Hauptmann's "The Island of the Great Mother" nor Schnitzler's "Fräulein Else" seems more likely than "Faber" to add much to the permanent reputation of its author, for though the second is said to be a European best-seller and both are the work of obviously competent writers both seem to me, nevertheless, more characteristic of the weaknesses than of the strength of the German and Austrian schools. Hauptmann's story of an island matriarchy finally wrecked by the insurgency of the males and the sexual hunger of the ruling women is vaguely mystical and, unless its intention escapes me, rather pointless, while Schnitzler's somewhat lurid novelette is in mood a little closer to the sentimental scabrousness of "True Stories" than is grateful to my taste. Its rather tearful picture of the young girl who went mad and committed suicide because an old roué demanded a sight of her beautiful body in payment for a certain sum of money which she had to have seems to me quite unconvincing and its elaborate psychology false. Undoubtedly there is skill in the telling and every precaution is taken to disguise the banality of the incident, but it remains, however dressed or undressed, a silly story.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Comte Robert de Montesquiou

Les Pas Effacés. Mémoires de Robert de Montesquiou. Three volumes. Paris: Emile Paul.

ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU was without doubt the most accomplished poseur of his generation. Barbey d'Aurevilly, who died in 1899, was a pigmy as compared with this prodigy; Oscar Wilde a twittering imitation, and Maurice Barrès only a fop. Montesquiou alone had an authentic genius for the absurd, and the effrontery to carry off his poses in the manner they deserved. The sire and child of all the extravagances of symbolism, the original of the Des Esseintes of "A Rebours" and the Charlus of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," the most lavish, fastidious, and original entertainer in Paris, he was a figure which it took eight centuries to produce and the like of which our century is not likely to know again. The mystery with which he habitually surrounded his person; the apartments of his earlier years, embellished with all the strange richness of the Orient; his later establishments in Versailles, Le Pavillon des Muses and Le Palais Rose, decorated in exquisite taste; his perverse affectations—the cult of the hydrangea, the symphonies of liqueurs and perfumes, the jewel-incrusted tortoise, the astonishing wardrobe; his monstrous and indefatigable literary activity; his associations with the whole aristocracy of France and the most celebrated literary and artistic figures of his time, and his outspoken contempt of both; his entertainments, unmatched for sheer elaborateness and ingenuity since the Florentine Renaissance; his sympathetic view of himself as a great poet neglected by the stupid public—it may be said that Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac spent his life in the diligent labor of creating his own legend and in the effort to live up to the celebrated portrait which Whistler painted of him and which hangs in the Salon du Champs de Mars.

Although Montesquiou published in his lifetime thirteen volumes of verse and seventeen of prose and assiduously cultivated literary society and esteem, he will perhaps be best remembered in literary history as the first patron of that exquisite poet, Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, and as the protagonist of Huysmans and Proust. Yet it must be admitted that his poems are totally unlike anything else that has ever been written. Let us quote the two quatrains made famous by Mr. Arthur Symons, who remarked of them that, though their composition may not have required thought, it could hardly have failed to demand labor:

> Terreur des Troglodytès,
> Sur leurs tapis de Turquies,
> Et de tous les rats de tes
> Batrakhomyomakhyes,
>
> Homère: Méridarpax,
> Voleur de portioncule;
> Trôxartès et Psikharpax,
> Par qui Péléïôn recule.

"Les Chauves-Souris" was Montesquiou's first book; it was published thirty years ago, in covers of violet velvet, and contains some five hundred pages of poetical enigmas of which the above is only an average specimen. For years artistic Paris had been waiting for this book. Montesquiou had let it be known that he was writing symbolist poems compared with which those of Mallarmé would blanch into a puerile simplicity; the fable grew, with its author abetting it; but Paris was probably not prepared for the shock it received when the formidable volume finally appeared. Paris was flabbergasted; it did not know what to make of this strange poet whom it was so ready to admire. The apparently rigid divisions into which the poems are grouped and the prose commentary in which the poet attempts to explain them would argue that Montesquiou actually aimed at some intangible end; but that any one ever surmised what this might be is very doubtful. Despite the commentary, the poems are so many words—great, gorgeous, flowering, monstrous words, to be sure; words that Phoibos Apollo might have flung at Ares to shame the hot-headed god with his ignorance of Greek roots, but words without the slightest meaning. His subsequent poems only repeat this original obscurity, which no one has thus far taken the trouble to penetrate. Rémy de Gourmont pretended to believe that the vagueness might after all conceal a mystery, but one can see all too clearly the quandary of this affable critic, who wished to encourage even at the risk of insincerity. Extraordinary and memorable as he was as a man, as a poet Montesquiou will probably have to wait long for that celebrity of which he was so certain.

"Les Pas Effacés" is in many ways Montesquiou's best

gift to that posterity, for it reveals a remarkable character in whose consciousness converged the richest social and artistic streams of his half-century. The last survivor of an ancient house, of the first nobility of France, rich, strangely gifted, and determined to reduce every detail of his life to the precious delicacy of a fine art, Comte Robert was by his very nature a romantic figure. A royalist stubbornly demanding all the rights of precedence observed before the revolution, and at the same time an artist avid for the society of writers, painters, and actors, his social situation was unique. He could look down on his aristocratic friends and relatives as bores; he could look down on his artistic associates as boors. He did both. Literature has probably never known a greater snob than the protagonist of "Les Pas Effacés," who adored the earth trodden by the foot of Gabriele d'Annunzio and introduced the poet to Ida Rubenstein, but could never quite forgive him for his humble origins. He is at his best when writing of his illustrious ancestors, and he does so often and at great length. One remembers Des Esseintes when Montesquiou writes of his family, as one remembers Monsieur de Charlus when he writes of art. And his malignity is incredible. He quarreled, literally, with everyone with whom he came into intimate contact throughout his long life (he was born in 1855), from his tutors and the members of his parents' household to his friends in Versailles.

His intolerance was equaled only by his egotism, and when we have said that, we have not said all by any means. He was even capable of regarding Marcel Proust, whom he knew intimately over a number of years, with an indifferent patronage; and he undoubtedly fancied himself to be the intellectual peer, if not the superior, of the most famous of the illustrious throng that frequented his receptions in his Pavillon des Muses.

WILLIAM A. DRAKE

Books in Brief

German Books. A Selection from the Most Important Publications of the Years 1914-1925. Columbia University Press.

Between 1914 and 1925 there were published in Germany about a quarter of a million books. From this number the German Publishers' Association has selected a list of 15,000 representative works for exhibition in this country. The exhibition at Columbia deservedly attracted general attention. For this catalogue, a volume of some 700 pages, makes it clear that the collection offers indeed a remarkably comprehensive conspectus of the German scientific and literary output during the last decade. The bulk of the volume covers, in an admirably systematic and perspicuous arrangement, the whole field of the mental, natural, and technical sciences, with a comparatively brief appendix on belles-lettres and editions de luxe.

J. G. Fichte Briefwechsel. Kritische Gesamtausgabe von Hans Schulz. Zwei Bände. Leipzig: H. Haessel.

Since, in 1830, Fichte's son brought out his father's "Life and Letters" numerous additions to Fichte's correspondence have been published here and there; other letters remained in private hands. All of this material, together with the revised text of the original collection, is brought together in this, the first truly authoritative and adequate record of the great philosopher's intimate life, prepared with remarkable circumspection and accuracy by the librarian of the German Supreme Court. Of the character revealed in this record a glimpse is given in the following passage from a letter written in 1807, during the occupation of Berlin by the French: "People here are near utter despair, and it is hard to see what is to become of us during the approaching winter if these guests are not going to leave us. I, locked up in a lonely garden house and thereby exempt from quartering any soldiers, am doing my best not to let any sound of that despair or of the insults which cause it cross my threshold, so that I may preserve the freedom of my spirit to think out principles of a better order of things." This was the state of mind from which came the "Addresses to the German Nation."

Wanderungen mit Kaiser Wilhelm II. By Alfred Niemann. Leipzig: Verlag K. F. Koehler.

Like the earlier books written under his own name, this defense by the Kaiser dictated to one of his former staff officers deals in large part with his treatment of the great but irritating Iron Chancellor. "The Germans," once said the French journalist Paul de Cassagnac, "are not a great people. If Bismarck had belonged to us Frenchmen, not the Pantheon, not the vault of Heaven itself, would have been large enough to do justice to him." Which is all very fine when it is merely a question of tributes and honors, although it would have been more than ambitious young blood could have stood to dance long to Bismarck's peremptory piping, especially since there is no reason to believe that the old autocrat could have bellowed a growing and discontented populace into submission many years longer. We are strongly inclined to agree with the ex-Kaiser that Bismarck, unless he had become a very different Bismarck, had served long enough for his own glory and nearly long enough for Germany's. "The years 1806 and 1813, 1866 and 1871, 1914 and 1918 were real crises in Germany's history, but not the year 1890," says the former Kaiser very justly. But why not add to the list of years of decision the year 1878, when the passing of the first anti-Socialist agitation marked the open declaration of a class war which was but a symptom of Germany's swelling growth, ambition, and impatience? Students of the Great War and its causes would do well to start with that year.

Aids for Editors

Survey of International Affairs for 1920-1923. By Arnold V. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. $9.

This invaluable volume includes a summary of eighteen international predecessors of the Locarno Conference, a record of the League's work, a short history of reparations; country by country is covered systematically, concisely, and—curiously—interestingly. Extracts from documents and bibliographies dot the text. Harassed editors will find it and its successors more useful than the "World Almanac." Naturally Mr. Toynbee is at his best in Western Europe. Neither Lenin's nor Gandhi's name appears in the index. Asia and Africa appear only when Europe—or Europe and America—attempt to legislate for them.

The World After the Peace Conference. By Arnold V. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

A preface to the Survey of International Affairs, which grew into a book. A few of Mr. Toynbee's pages remind one of the fact that he was the most plausible of British propagandists during the war.

The French Debt Problem. By Harold G. Moulton and Cleona Lewis. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A Washington [illegible] says that this book cost the United States billions of dollars. Certainly no one who reads it will expect large debt payments by France to the United States. It is a mine of facts on public finance of France, exposing the dishonest budget-juggling and virtual bankruptcy of that country. France's chief difficulty is in paying her internal debt charges, and the authors recommend a flat reduction of interest to 2 per cent. Without some such form of capital levy they see scant hope. The dogmatism of some of their conclusions is excused by the effective assemblage and analysis of difficult data. An editor who has not studied Moulton has a poor right to write on the debt settlements.

International Economic Policies. By W. S. Culbertson. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

An unusual book by an unusual man, treating of discriminatory tariffs, international tariff bargaining, the "open-door" imperial preference, foreign loans, monopoly of raw materials, coastwise shipping regulations, with the intimate knowledge acquired as a member of the United States Tariff Commission and a broad but strictly pragmatic international outlook. It includes valuable data on the tariff systems and treaties of other countries.

The Permanent Court of International Justice: Its Constitution, Procedure, and Work. By Alexander P. Fachiri. Oxford University Press. $5.

This is a scholarly, documented account of the organization, procedure, and work of the World Court, summarizing in some detail the decisions of the court in every case that had come before it by the end of 1924. Written objectively by an Englishman, it is the most useful account of the court available.

A Handbook to the League of Nations. By Geoffrey C. Butler. With an Introduction by Viscount Cecil of Chelwood. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.75.

An Englishman explains the League in glowing terms. A convenient chronological table summarizes the work of the various League assemblages down to March, 1925.

The Governments of Europe. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. $4.25.

This is a useful routine textbook, most of which might well have been written before the war. The author's feet are safely planted in the past, and the trend of his mind is indicated by the fact that he devotes 375 pages to Great Britain, 211 to France, 74 to Germany, 35 to Italy, 27 to Switzerland, 22 to the succession states, and 21 to Russia (14 of these to Soviet Russia).

Russia Today: The Official Report of the British Trade Union Delegation, 1925. International Publishers. $1.25.

The most comprehensive report yet issued by any group which has visited Soviet Russia. An enormous task of friendly research lies behind the chapters on politics, finance, industry, religion, education, health, organized labor, and cooperation, which are followed by an effective exposure of the forged Zinoviev letter which played so large a part in the last British electio. .

Problems in Pan Americanism. By Samuel Guy Inman. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Dr. Inman writes of Pan Americanism and American imperialism with a human touch born of personal contact with Latin Americans. He understands their point of view. This is a new edition of a book widely used in college courses and church classes.

Opium as an International Problem: The Geneva Conferences. By W. W. Willoughby. Johns Hopkins Press. $4.50.

The documents in the case, assembled with discrimination by the able scholar who was counselor to the Chinese delegation at the conferences.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Tirocinium

IN some dim and distant past when the soul was still adolescent it learned the subtle chemistry which enables it to unite the hard fact of physical passion with the tender idealism to which this passion so mysteriously gives rise, and since that day every individual adolescent has been called upon to repeat the miracle under penalty of leading a perpetually jangled life if he should be so unfortunate as to fail. The first vague aspirations toward an unknown beauty come with the first current of warm blood in the veins, and woe to him who in his helplessness and his ignorance sets them warring one with another instead of uniting them in the marriage which nature intended. Doubtless the secret, learned so long ago, reveals itself of its own accord when it can, but all the bungling pedagogic theories of two thousand years have been the result of a consistent attempt to make the miracle as difficult as possible. In the interests of morals, of innocence, of discipline, and of God knows what every effort has been made to set the "higher" and the "lower" natures one against the other, to widen the gulf between the two, with the result that youth is normally at war with itself and that the man, emerging from the battle, is more often than not either the dull ascetic or the cynical sensualist instead of the strangely harmonized and strangely beautiful creature which he can sometimes become. When a youth is brought by some crisis to realize that all the carefully inculcated ideology of his boyhood is false, that the repulsive imagery of his dreams and the whispered jokes of the street corner are not the antithesis but the artificially distorted complement of his romantic aspirations, then and only then can he triumph over his education and achieve an adjustment to life.

Of all the institutions which have ever been devised for the purpose of making this adjustment difficult the typical English public school is probably the most efficient. By the complete monastic isolation from life which it affords, and by the elaborately artificial system of activities, interests, and standards which it provides, it makes learning from observation almost impossible, while by herding together a large group of boys who have only themselves for companions it encourages

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the most luxurious development of puerile obscenities. Yet strange as it may seem the tendency of the soul to achieve a normal growth is so strong that even graduates of these English public schools have been known who were neither brutes nor prigs, and even within the walls of these institutions of learning it is sometimes possible that something may be learned. So much at least seems to be admitted by John Van Druten, author of "Young Woodley" (Belmont Theater), for in his play, bitterly critical of the whole system, he nevertheless tells the story of one boy who was able, at the expense of much unnecessary agony, to come through.

It is now nearly a century since the gentle Cowper wrote his sarcastic couplets advising the father to send his son to a public school where a tavern waiter

> [illegible] and bosom friend shall prove
> And some street-pacing harlot his first love,

and several novels dealing with school life in a manner very different from that of "Tom Brown" have recently been published; but no work taking the school as its scene has, I think, shown a more tender insight into the soul of the adolescent or achieved a more genuinely artistic effect than the play at present under discussion. Against an admirably sketched background it tells the story of a tortured boy, unable to disengage his romantic impulses from the filthy associations of the schoolyard, who finds his salvation in the love of a House Master's young wife. Their relations, which have developed no further than an impulsive embrace, are discovered; the boy is expelled and the wife, realizing how fantastic is the situation into which she has drifted, bids him goodby. But the little drama has liberated his soul; he has learned what he needed to know—that passionate love is not necessarily of the gutter—and thus he has triumphed over his education, for he has achieved in his own person the fusion achieved by the race so many centuries ago.

Incidentally the fact that the play was forbidden by the censor in England affords another example of the way in which censorship operates chiefly against ideas rather than against the indecencies which it is supposed to prevent. As most admirably performed here by Glenn Hunter and Helen H. Gahagan the piece is poetically delicate and completely inoffensive. Its frankness is not half so brutal as that of dozens of plays which pass unchallenged, and whether or not the censor was aware of the fact it was not any indecency which offended him. The public school is a revered institution, and censors are a good deal more sensitive to the criticism of revered institutions than they are to any mere impropriety.

Three other plays of the week are unusually successful in achieving their diverse aims. "The Carolinian" (Harris Theater), an honest swashbuckling melodrama taken from Sabatini's novel, is excellent in its way and affords Sidney Blackmer an admirable opportunity to be handsomely heroic, while Owen Davis's hundredth play, "Easy Come Easy Go" (Cohan Theater), enables Otto Kruger and Victor Moore to provoke a good deal of uproarious if not particularly search- [illegible] from the story of the adventures of two youths who seek asylum in a Health Farm. An English comedy, "The Man with a Load of Mischief" (Ritz Theater), has, however, the touch of literary distinction to which neither of the two plays just referred to aspires. Its scene is laid in that heyday of dandyism, the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and it manages to achieve a very distinct flavor by the artful blending of romance and irony. Ruth Chatterton, with her mannerisms considerably chastened since she last appeared, gives a delightful performance and she is ably seconded by Robert Loraine and Ralph Forbes.

"Princess Flavia" (Century Theater) is a lavishly produced operetta with tuneful music by Sigmund Romberg. It is well sung, but the book, taken from "The Prisoner of Zenda," is neither novel nor brilliant.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The Nation

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IS FRANCE GOING FASCIST? The question is not so fantastic, perhaps, as it sounds. But in suggesting the possibility we have our eye less on the formal public emergence on Armistice Day of the "blue shirts," a Fascist organization, than on the financial pages where the exchange barometer registers the fluctuations of the franc. For if a nationalist and reactionary group should come into power in France, either by a coup or by parliamentary means, it would be due less to political and more to economic reasons than in Italy or Spain. It's all bound up in the value of the franc. If the French Parliament fails to pass a drastic taxation law, including in some form a levy on capital, the franc is doomed and in the resulting crash extremists of either the Left or Right—more probably the latter—are likely to come into power. If Parliament yields to the demands of the Socialists and accepts a radical financial program, the resentment of the propertied classes may produce a reaction favorable to Fascism. But the danger is less in that event than in the other because if the franc can be saved the country is likely to stand by those who save it. And fortunately, as Robert Dell shows in his letter from Paris in this issue, the sentiment of the country now leans well to the Left, enabling us to hope for the acceptance of the Socialists' fiscal reforms—the only possible escape from financial shipwreck.

ITALY'S DEBT to the United States has been compromised, as we predicted last week that it would be, on a more favorable basis to the Italians than was offered to the French. Indeed greater leniency has been shown to the Italians than to the Belgians, although supposedly we made special concessions to the latter because of President Wilson's promises. Nothing matters much in these agreements except what the debtor nation promises to pay for the first five years. That is as far ahead as any European country, in these changing times, need look. Before the end of five years a nation's financial resources may have so improved that it can carry a burden that in advance looks staggering; or another agreement with easier terms may be obtained; or a new government may come into power which refuses to carry out the commitments of its predecessor. Let us see, then, what Italy agrees to pay for the first five years. She promises $5,000,000 annually on a debt of somewhat over $2,000,000,000, or about *one-quarter of 1 per cent.* As this $2,000,000,000 is costing us some $80,000,000 annually at 4 per cent interest it is obvious that for the first five years Italy is not liquidating any of the principal of her debt and is undertaking to pay only one-sixteenth of our own carrying charges. Incidentally we accept from her for the first five years a percentage amounting to only a fourth of that which we so cavalierly refused from France.

WE DO NOT SAY THIS in any spirit of unfriendliness toward Italy or of criticism of our Debt Commission. On the contrary we approve of the agreement and hope that it will be accepted by Congress. *The Nation,* as its readers know, would have offered more generous terms and would have done it long ago. Before the growth of the frightful post-war hates and reprisals that have racked Europe during recent years, before the German mark went to smash and the franc and lira tumbled to their present levels, *The Nation* advocated the cancelation of the European war debts to the United States in return for equivalent concessions to Germany in the way of reparations and a restriction of Allied military activities. Our plan met with no sympathetic response in Washington, but our predictions that in any event America would never be able to make substantial collections from any of the countries involved, except Great Britain, have been amply confirmed by the debt agreements so far. Yet Mr. Coolidge's supporters, ably assisted by a careless or dishonest press, are trying to make the American people believe that he is recovering their money just as six years ago they were bamboozled into believing that he saved Boston at the time of the police strike.

THE OPERA BOUFFE PLOT against Premier Mussolini's life proceeds merrily to its not unexpected conclusion. All the elements of the best musical comedy were there: the mysterious stranger who engaged not one but three hotel rooms giving on the Palazzo Chigi, where the Premier was expected to speak; the attentive host who saw, as he was watching the crowds from the sidewalk and waiting for the Great Man to appear, a malevolent eye gleaming from a particular window in his hostelry; the brave police

who, having scented the plot, needed only this hint to rush to the room with the balcony, where they found a man in the uniform of a major general, a black shirt deceptively showing above his tunic, the blinds closed, and the malevolent eye trained along the barrel of a rifle pointed through a slit in the window covering. Then, of course, there were tons of seized documents, dozens of secret meetings, lodgings taken in out-of-the-way quarters of the city, and last, but by no means least, a beautiful young woman arrested as the accomplice of the pseudo major general. Now we have *Te deums*, letters of congratulation, a great meeting of 100,000 in the Piazza Colonna at Rome at which the Premier, with a wave of his hand, quieted the thirst of the crowd for bloody revenge. "You will obey because I wish it," he said magnificently—and of course they did, and went home like lambs. It is perhaps doing Signor Mussolini—who, one assumes, has no real wish to be assassinated—a grave injustice to point out that all this has a fishy smell, especially when it is so promptly accompanied by even severer measures against the opposition to Fascismo. Seven more papers have been suppressed or are daily censored; the jails have been crowded with suspects.

MUSSOLINI HIMSELF, it is said, fully expects to die with his boots on of an assassin's bullet. At any rate, he takes what care of himself he can. At Locarno, where every other minister went unaccompanied and unarmed, he was preceded and followed by a score of guards even when he motored. He was not a popular figure there, one gathers. Of the 200 press representatives present a bare dozen did not boycott him; he was the only important person not invited to the dinner given by the foreign correspondents to the leaders of the various delegations. And the correspondents did not hesitate openly to express their disapproval of his high-handed methods in banishing accredited newspaper representatives from Italy and in his stringent censorship of outgoing dispatches. When the leader of Fascismo tried to bait the correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* by inquiring of him: "Is communism marching on?" the correspondent quietly denied that he was a communist. "I thought you were," replied Mussolini; "perhaps I am mistaken?" "You are," was the reply, and another correspondent standing by added: "As is often the case." Such retorts, of course, do Mussolini no harm; while they may gall him, they break no bones; and they give no indication of the state of affairs in Italy itself. There one hears no such impertinences. A proposed law, which is sure to be passed at the new session of Parliament, will make speaking or writing against the Premier a penal offense and will make him responsible only to the Crown. If resentment brews, it boils below the surface. But the Italians are a hot-blooded race; and Fascism has placed a curb upon them more sudden and more constricting than any modern nation has had to endure.

AT LAST THE ALLIES have done the proper thing; they have agreed to quit Cologne on December 1 and to end civil control in the Rhineland in short order. The former they should have done nearly a year ago, but they deliberately violated the Treaty of Versailles by staying at the bridgehead. In order to do this they trumped up charges that Germany had not thoroughly disarmed, charges which our own Ambassador to Berlin declared to be poppycock and nonsense, but were good enough to be held over the heads of the Germans and used as a means to get further concessions from them. Locarno has changed that attitude, and the Council of Ambassadors met hastily to take action so that the German Government could have the benefit of the news to head off nationalist opposition to the ratification of the Locarno treaty. The abolition of civilian control in the Rhineland will be a special boon to the cities of the occupied area where the French have governed with a high hand, taking the best apartments for themselves, compelling almost bankrupt cities to build huge barracks and apartment houses, establishing brothels and requiring the municipalities to fill them with German girls for the use of their colored and white troops alike, and inflicting all kinds of petty pin-prickings upon the inhabitants that conquerors are wont to inflict upon the conquered—that Germany would doubtless have inflicted had her troops won and held French cities. The ways of conquerors are as old as the ways of men and never do they breed anything but hatred and bitterness and the spirit of revenge. It is joyous news, therefore, not only for the Germans but for all the world, that the Germans are going to govern their own cities in the Rhineland, that the remaining occupation will be purely military and will be considerably decreased—which is the next best thing to getting out altogether.

THE LOSS of the British submarine M-1 with sixty lives has rightly stirred public sentiment here and abroad. There is something particularly ghastly in the picture people have of a boat suddenly plunging to the bottom and lying there with her crew well and unhurt, but beyond all rescue. It does not need a Victor Hugo to paint the horror of such an ending, men slowly asphyxiating, or committing suicide, or going mad, or even dying of starvation. So Lady Astor, Chairman McKinnon of Lloyds, Lords Cecil, Parmoor, and Sydenham, and many others in England have raised their voices to demand the abolition of this terrible engine of war, and Senators Borah and Swanson have joined in on this side of the Atlantic. Senator Swanson, speaking as chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, has recalled the paper restrictions put upon the use of the submarine by the Washington Conference, but if war comes before the submarine is entirely abolished not a nation, not ours, not England, will pay any attention to such rules. Our government, it will be remembered, would have abolished the submarine altogether at the Washington Conference; the opposition of France was the chief factor in preventing such action. Today there is a new and better spirit in France: Aristide Briand, who made such bad speeches in Washington, was one of the leaders at Locarno in ushering in a new spirit of good-will. By all means let us have a new conference to outlaw the submarine, while not losing sight of Senator Borah's admonition that the main thing to do is to abolish war itself, since if war cannot use the submarine it will employ some other brutal and sneaking method of killing.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT has finally condescended to inform the Countess Karolyi's attorneys under what provisions of law she is excluded from this country. It seems that the powers that be are hiding from this dreadful woman behind two statutes—one which orders the government to exclude those favoring revolution by violence, and a second, a war-time law, which gives the

President and his subordinates sweeping powers to control the entry of aliens. Well, the Countess is about as violent a revolutionist as Ramsay MacDonald. As for the war-time law giving the President the power to say who shall or shall not enter this country according to his prejudices or those of some underling of the State Department, it ought to be repealed together with all the other products of war-time hysteria which still disfigure our statute books, including the conscription and censorship laws which automatically go into effect as soon as we enter the next war to end war. All of which does not explain the abject terror of the great Government of the United States at the possibility that one exceptionally well-bred and charming woman, who has devoted her best years to the advocacy of purely American doctrines of democratic liberalism, might enter this country and deliver a few lectures on conditions in Europe. It remains both a base and contemptible attitude which nobody but a Coolidge and a Kellogg could possibly father.

AFTER MONTHS of vacillation Governor Sorlie of North Dakota has appointed Gerald P. Nye, a country editor, thirty-three years of age, who is affiliated with the Nonpartisan League, United States Senator to succeed the late Senator Ladd. The Washington Administration has been determined to prevent the appointment of a Progressive Senator, and so it sent Senator George H. Moses to tell Governor Sorlie that he had no authority to make any appointment since North Dakota had passed no law specifically conferring such a power upon him. The Governor, therefore, issued a writ for a special election in June, next, to fill the vacancy. Now he has changed his mind. The result is that a pretty fight will take place in the Senate when the Senator-designate seeks to take his seat. If the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections follows the Administration's wishes, Mr. Nye will not be seated. The Progressives in the Senate are reported to be welcoming the opportunity to close their ranks and to fight for a man they can all welcome to the Senate. The regulars are equally determined to keep out of the Senate as long as possible another Republican who supported La Follette in the last Presidential election. They are determined that no one shall say to them: "What is the Constitution between friends?"

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK of Boston raises its rediscount rate from 3½ to 4 per cent. An orgy of frantic selling breaks loose on the New York Stock Exchange, and some thousands of small speculators emerge from that sublimest of modern temples, clad lightly in one suspender. Tuesday, the 10th of November, witnessed the biggest day, registered in shares sold, ever known in Wall Street, and the average decline was between 10 and 20 points. This was by no means a panic, but a lot of small platters, with here and there a big one, must have been licked clean. What an infinitely charming and fabulous mechanism our economic system is! A worried federal bank governor in Boston—for Mr. Harding has been through the mill on one memorable occasion before—decrees a one-half of 1 per cent advance in Boston paper, fearing over-inflation; and presto, New York security values drop by the tens of millions, and men turn homeward gaunt and desperate. For the shorn lambs we have no tears to waste, but we await with profound interest the shifting rates of discount registered by the Federal Reserve system. It is this same system which economists and statesmen have vowed to be our protecting wall against the invasions of the business cycle, with its ups of inflated booms and its downs of stagnation, misery, and breadlines. The usual swing which calls for a down has not yet come around—1921 is still too near. When it comes, will this little one-half of 1 per cent—up a peg, down a peg—save five million men from the streets?

THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY has just announced an advance in prices on all men's and women's fabrics containing worsted yarn. The advance ranges from 2½ to 12½ cents a yard, the average being about 6 cents. This is expected to increase the cost of a suit of clothes about 20 cents. But as one woolen manufacturer has pointed out, the garment trades figure their price changes in units not smaller than 50 cents. Thus if the garment trades are to pass the price boost on, it will be on a 50 cents basis rather than a 20. By the time you buy the suit it may be substantially more, for the retailer, and occasionally the jobber, have to move their margins up, again in round figures. While the consumer pays more for clothes, labor in the American Woolen Company has less to buy clothes with. About two months ago wages were reduced 10 per cent. So the American Woolen Company plays both ends against the middle. It forces manufacturing costs down, and forces the cost to the consumer up. At the same time the cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts are trying to play an equally discreditable game. Pleading the pressure of competition in the South, they are urging the repeal of the State's law restricting women's work to forty-eight hours a week. They want to return to a 10-hour day and night work for women. That is not the way to restore New England's waning industrial prosperity; or, if it is, the restoration is not worth accomplishing.

"IT IS OUR DUTY in college to disregard the individual and to turn out a Trinity type." These ringing words are quoted from a recent chapel address of the dean of Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut. If the dean went on to say what form he wished the Trinity type to take, he is not quoted, but it does not matter. For evidently he has not been quite successful as yet. Malcolm Stevenson, the editor of the weekly college paper, himself presumably not the Trinity type, ventured to criticize his dean. "Better a radical with a beard and a bomb," said this young gentleman rashly, "than a type—a [illegible] man without brains enough or courage enough to declare himself." And for this criticism the rash Mr. Stevenson was suspended from Trinity for a month, probably on a diet of bread and water, although this was not made public. *The Nation* suggests that a better punishment would have been to make Mr. Stevenson stand with his face in the corner, after having written "I have been a rude boy" 500 times on his slate—corrections to be made with the eraser and not with the wetted finger. Dean Troxell must see that discipline is maintained, and since he is evidently interested in the discipline of the old first grade, where every little boy is to sit up straight and look like every other little boy, he should adopt a corresponding form of chastisement. Meanwhile, Mr. Stevenson will have his month of freedom, after which he may or may not return to Trinity; and Trinity may go on forming types without his disruptive influence.

Those Grave-Robbing Taxes

THE untaxing of wealth goes merrily on. It is Secretary Mellon's favorite indoor sport. He has done well at lifting the burden of taxation off the groaning shoulders of our live captains of industry and now he proposes to take it off the dead ones too. This, of course, is as it should be, and the governors of thirty-two States rally to the support of the Secretary; the "tax clubs" of Iowa and Texas (by an odd coincidence the home States of the leaders of the opposition to his scheme) descend on Washington to demand the repeal of the estate tax; business organizations shout themselves hoarse in the same good cause; metropolitan editorial pages bristle with raucous denunciations of these detestable and unwarranted grave-robbing taxes. So the Committee on Ways and Means gives ground.

Why all the pother? Because the federal government has since 1917 imposed a tax on large estates at the death of their owners. Receipts from this source during the period 1920-24 have varied between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000 annually. Preliminary returns for the calendar year 1924 show 12,403 resident decedents with a gross estate of two and a third billions, a taxable estate of a billion and a quarter, and a tax something over $100,000,000 at the average rate of about 8 per cent on the taxable estate, or less than 4½ on the gross estate. Under the present law estates are wholly exempt up to $50,000; between that figure and $100,000 they pay one per cent; and above $100,000 the tax rises gradually to a maximum of 40 per cent on that part of the estate which is in excess of $10,000,000. The tax is distinctly a tax on the rich, and this tax the Secretary proposes to repeal. Nearly every State, with the conspicuous exception of that constitution-bound real-estate paradise Florida, has its own inheritance tax in addition, but the federal government grants a rebate, up to 25 per cent of the federal tax, for payments of State inheritance taxes. Naturally enough, the States want the inheritance taxes as a source of revenue for themselves.

There is something to be said for the repeal of the federal estate tax, but most of the arguments that have actually been put forward would make a dog laugh. Last year, for example, Secretary Mellon, apparently with the efficient collaboration of his office-boy as statistician and heavy thinker, produced a book on taxation that was freely presented to the populace. At page 119 we learned to our grief that if all inheritances were taxed at 40 per cent "it would then be only two or three generations until private ownership of property would cease to exist"! But sadder yet, as the government uses the tax for current purposes, "the result would be not that the government had absorbed the wealth of the country, but that the wealth had been spent and none was left"! And such driveling nonsense was acclaimed by the press and the business community as economic statesmanship—but a recalcitrant Congress pushed the maximum estate tax up from 25 per cent to the fatal 40.

Unhappily for the gaiety of nations this particular argument has disappeared out of the Secretary's boilerplate, but from a prayerful perusal of his surviving publicity we learn that men will not try to build up large fortunes just to have them taken away from their families at death. This is too bad too. Of course a few of us will still modestly try, perhaps, to leave to our descendants that untaxable $50,000, and will imagine in our simple ignorance that the inheritor of a $10,000,000 estate will have a comfortable nest-egg in the nearly seven and a half millions he will have left after paying the tax, while a $20,000,000 estate will still yield the heirs almost $13,500,000 after a rapacious government has taken its 40 per cent; but we sorrowfully confess that the Secretary is a better authority on the psychology of rich men than we are, and if he says that they won't work and save under those conditions, then they won't. Meanwhile our thoughts revert, however, to the two and a third billions of property that passed at death last year, and we recall that the grave robbers got but $103,000,000. Then our mind turns to David Friday, who has had the temerity to estimate that in the face of such confiscatory and destructive taxation the wrong-headed American people were actually guilty of saving $12,000,000,000 in 1923. What can a harassed Secretary do with such a people? In sober fact, saving in the United States is going forward today at an unexampled rate. Mr. Mellon's suggestion that the estate tax or any other existing tax is causing or threatening to cause inadequate saving is plain unadulterated nonsense, as the facts abundantly prove. That aside, he has no argument whatever, except for some ill-fated excursions into the field of an economic theory that he does not understand. Lacking argument, he simply shouts that the taxes he dislikes are ruining business, or are going to do so the day after tomorrow, and all his faithful echoes take up the shout. It is all a matter of assertion, catchwords, formulas, based on the ignorance and the prejudices of a lifetime devoted to the eager pursuit of dollars.

Mr. Mellon has not produced, and cannot produce, a scrap of evidence to show that the repeal of the estate tax or the cutting of the surtaxes to his beloved and sacred 25 per cent maximum—by the way, it's 20 per cent this year—would have any substantial effect in reducing the cost of living, which is the bait held out to the small taxpayer to induce him to shift the tax load from the rich man's shoulders to his own. The question is simple. The taxes have got to come from somewhere. Shall we get this particular hundred millions from the tax on large estates or from a tax on the little fellows? Secretary Mellon has a mystical and fanatical faith that it is somehow better for the little fellow to take it from him; but in the nature of the case he cannot prove it, because it is not so.

Why not leave the inheritance tax to the States? Because State competition in taxation will prevent its intelligent use to the legitimate ends of democratic social policy. The federal government can avoid robbing the States of this source of revenue by extending its present system of credit for State inheritance taxes or by adopting the scheme suggested by Professor E. R. A. Seligman of distributing to the States at least part of the proceeds of the federal tax. That great tax authority hit the nail on the head as usual in declaring that the Secretary was attaching too great comparative importance to purely business considerations, and that an inheritance tax is part of the machinery of a democracy. Let people decide where they stand. Mr. Mellon honestly believes that the way to make everybody

prosperous is to build up big individual fortunes, whose owners then will provide capital. Let his fellow idol-worshipers support him in trying to repeal the estate tax, for it is certain to be used in opposition to that theory. But students who have actually studied present tendencies in capital accumulation in the United States and have discovered the possibilities of economic progress and general well-being involved in high wages and widespread saving power will feel no need of allowing inheritance to do its perfect work in helping forward the concentration of wealth. Rather they are likely to agree with our two outstanding older orthodox economists, Professor Seligman and Professor Taussig, of Harvard University, both of whom are on record as favoring a federal tax, with distribution to the States. Taxation is not solely a matter of business.

The Infant Muse

NATHALIA CRANE, twelve-year-old Brooklyn poet, is once more figuring in the newspapers. Two years ago her first volume, "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems," attracted considerable attention, and now the appearance of "Lava Lane" is made the occasion of a rather unedifying row. Acting upon the principle that even the best poetry is not news but that almost anything else is, a Brooklyn newspaper challenged Nathalia's father to prove that she was the author of the verses in question and then, according to her publisher, proceeded to create more news by causing legal investigation to be instituted into her father's disposal of her earnings. As a result Mr. Crane dismisses as palpably absurd the report that $10,000 was received for the British rights to his daughter's poems, declaring that $433 was actually paid as royalties.

Now, even $433 is a rather remarkable sum as the royalties of poets go, but we are sufficiently familiar with poets to know that their incomes are never worth discussing. We are, however, interested in poetry; we have read Nathalia's effusions; and we would be willing to take a large wager that her verses are her own. Our conviction rests upon the internal evidence of the poems. To those who say that they are too good to have been written by a child we would reply that they are, on the contrary, too good—at least in their own peculiar way—to have been written by anybody else.

Nathalia has certainly read the poets. Her diction, often highly artificial and always exact, is distinctly literary, and her manner obviously owes something to those contemporary poets whose admiration for wit has set them studying the seventeenth and eighteenth century masters. She is sophisticated and ironical, but the materials upon which she works are experiences possible to a precocious child, and the result is a curious sort of naivete which mocks itself. One perceives in them a sort of double personality, one-half of which is a child quite frankly absorbed in childish things and the other half an adult who smiles at the immaturity of her twin.

Take, for example, some verses from her first volume. They are in her lightest vein; they contain none of the more serious touches observable in some other poems, and they are no more than pleasantly amusing; but they do reveal a curiously sophisticated self-mockery. The poet in company with a seven-year-old friend has gone to make a purchase in a Flatbush store, but they are overwhelmed with the gallantry of a handsome clerk.

> He smiled at us, we smiled at him,
> And then we went away;
> We were so captivated, yes,
> That we forgot to pay.
>
> Of course we could have sauntered back,
> And settled, don't you see,
> But oh, we could not stain romance
> With monetary fee.

We are not, let it be understood, attempting to set any exalted valuation upon the verses of this youthful poetess or risking any predictions as to her future. We are merely expressing our belief that the verses are the genuine writings of a child who is more interesting than most infant prodigies. She has produced two volumes which at least deserve to stand as interesting literary curiosities, and she has a right to develop in whatever supernormal or merely normal manner may come to her without being disturbed from the outside. Writing verses is not a crime which lays one liable to either cross-examination or investigation by a lunacy commission, and as for the money involved, no poet's income is, as we suggested before, worth judicial inquiry. She who wrote in My Husbands:

> I hear my husbands marching
> The aeons all adown;
> The highest kings and princes—
> From cavern unto crown.
>
> I hear in soft recession
> The praise they give to me;
> I hear them chant my titles
> From all antiquity,

can look after herself.

Loyalties—By Air and on Sea

WERE John Galsworthy following the Mitchell court martial he would surely be tempted to another version of his "Loyalties." For here we have the testimony of the widow of Commander Lansdowne of the ill-fated Shenandoah that Captain Paul J. Foley, the technical aide of Secretary Wilbur himself, and judge advocate of the court of inquiry into the Shenandoah disaster, endeavored to influence her testimony. First there came to her Captain Walter Gherardi, long known as a gallant gentleman and officer, urging her to modify her first harsh but truthful criticism of Secretary Wilbur and the Navy Department the day after the disaster, apparently in the effort to protect Secretary Wilbur from the consequences of his monumental falsehood that Commander Lansdowne had never protested in person or by letter to him or anyone in the Department against sending the Shenandoah on its fatal trip. Then appeared Captain Foley, who not only tried to suggest to her what attitude she should take before the court of inquiry but through the medium of another officer's wife—a medium not original with him—gave to Mrs. Lansdowne a written statement for her to sign and to present to the court martial. This she tore up because it contained several statements which she considered to be inaccurate. It is so grave a charge that Captain Foley properly resigned from the court of inquiry. He has also denied the charge on the witness stand.

There is nothing inherently improbable in the story. Far from it. The bonds of loyalties are nowhere so tight

and so difficult to escape from as in army or navy. There lies the chief offense of Colonel Mitchell. Insubordination is what they charge him with, but his real crime is that he went back on the system and forgot the traditional professional loyalty—that loyalty which in the navy has saved many a man who ran his ship aground, and in the army many an officer who merited dismissal but was a good fellow with a wife and children to support. These are loyalties not unknown in civil life by any means, but they are fealties that are more deadly in such close corporations as the army and navy, with all their inherited prejudices, customs, and traditions.

Colonel Mitchell has not only attacked the system but he has made it possible for officers to appear before the court martial and speak out. We have read numerous court-martial proceedings in our time, but we do not recall a case like that of Lieutenant Colonel W. G. Schauffler, who testified that he had flown 500 feet above the enemy's lines because "the fliers snapped their fingers at anti-aircraft fire." To this General Howze, president of the court, replied: "Now, we were all in France, Colonel Schauffler, and we never saw a plane flying as low as 500 feet." Quick as a flash came the retort: "Then you must have been down in your dugout." True, Lieutenant Colonel Schauffler is only a reserve officer, but even a reserve officer would not have dared to speak thus to a real major general a short time ago.

Other officers who are still active have spoken out with amazing frankness. They have declared that no fewer than 517 flying officers and men have been killed since the war, nearly all because of inadequate equipment or defective machines. They have told the story of one officer being deliberately sent to his death by the commander of a flying field who objected to so many forced landings. They have sworn that if the present rate of casualties keeps up not a single officer of the present corps will be alive twenty years from now. They have even gone so far as to make the gravest possible charge against the Assistant Chief of Staff, General Hugh A. Drum, namely, that he presented to a committee of Congress a report which he knew to be false because it was full of glaring inaccuracies and misstatements, so full that other officers would not touch it.

It is a shocking, an almost incredibly shocking, story which is being revealed day by day before the court martial in Washington. To the credit of that body we must record the fact that it has thrown the doors open wide and that it has not, as we feared, restricted the testimony merely to the question of the insubordination of Colonel Mitchell. That has become a minor incident; it is forgotten in the face of the testimony against the War Department. Already the army stands convicted beyond peradventure of waste of public funds, maladministration, and gross inefficiency. All of this is bound to have a wide repercussion both in and out of Congress. Reports from the West tell us that the people are stirred by what is coming out, as they were not over the far more important and sinister revelations in the oil scandals as to corruption in the civilian side of the government. As our readers are aware, we are not the least bit interested in the military results the inquiry may have; we are for abolishing the whole damnable business of preparing for mass murder. But we do rejoice wholeheartedly that some of the facts as to how the army and navy are being conducted by our professional soldiers who seek to militarize our nation are seeing the light.

The Baby of Courbeck Loo

THE Charteris incident has stirred people's memories as well as their ire. Thus the Glasgow *Forward* is disgusted by the hypocritical comment of the London *Daily Mail* upon the Charteris case that "The special feature of the British propaganda was that it told the truth. Great care was taken in obtaining facts and rectifying them." It reprints a delightful statement by a former *Daily Mail* correspondent, a Captain Wilson. This appeared in *The Crusader* of February 24, 1922, as follows:

> The *Daily Mail* telegraphed out that they wanted stories of atrocities. Well, they had not any atrocities at that time. So then they telegraphed out that they wanted stories of refugees. There was a little town outside Brussels where one went to get dinner—a very good dinner too. I heard the Hun had been there. So I wrote a heart-rending story about the baby of Courbeck Loo being rescued from the Hun in the light of the burning homesteads. The next day they telegraphed me to send the baby along, as they had about 5,000 letters offering to adopt it. The day after that baby clothes began to pour into the office. Even Queen Alexandra wired her sympathy, and sent some clothes. Well, I couldn't wire back to say there wasn't a baby. So I finally arranged with the doctor that took care of the refugees that the blessed baby died of some very contagious disease, so it couldn't have a public burial.

And he got Lady Northcliffe to start a creche with all the baby clothes, concludes the account.

Since the end always justifies the means in war time the baby creche undoubtedly paid for the invention of that touching baby of Courbeck Loo. And now the *Daily Mail* and all the Rothermere-Beaverbrook newspapers, which were the chief liars during the war, are howling for a parliamentary inquiry into General Charteris's allegations.

The town of Dumfries, which is represented in Parliament by General Charteris, also writes the Glasgow *Forward*, has before this had some experience with war lies. Early in the war much publicity was given to the case of a Dumfries nurse in the army. The press said the poor thing had had both her breasts cut off in Belgium by some bestial "Huns." Naturally, all Dumfries saw red and its boys flocked to the recruiting stations—until the outraged nurse in question, who happened to be not in Belgium but in the good British town of Huddersfield, read the story of her mutilation and telegraphed a denial. That was bad taste, we admit; had she been a true patriot, she must have acquiesced in the loss of her breasts. Some curious personal pride in the perfection of her anatomy kept her from assenting. But the London *Times* was equal to the occasion. It pointed out that this outrageous journalistic carving-up of an entirely complete British woman was due to a story circulated by a German spy!

Even the New York *Tribune* now concedes that the atrocity business was faked. At least in its issue of November 15 it allowed its London correspondent to say that a few months ago General Charteris's indiscretion would have been bluffed out on the ground that all is fair in war. Today, he declares, "with a more or less shame-faced recognition that all the belligerents told a pack of lies during the war there is anxiety that this country should not stand out as the champion liar of the war." Hence there is even the belated admission of the truth of Admiral Sims's statement that stories of German submarine atrocities were greatly exaggerated. Thus truth, crushed, rises again.

The See-Saw in France

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, October 19

THE congress of the Radical Party, which ended yesterday at Nice, showed that the great majority of the party is, on the one hand, dissatisfied with the general policy hitherto pursued by the present Government, and, on the other hand, determined to revive, if possible, the "Cartel des Gauches." It will not be the fault of the Radicals if the alliance with the Socialists is not resumed. On the two important points that caused the Socialists to withdraw their support from the Painlevé Cabinet—Morocco and the financial question—the congress adopted the Socialist point of view. It called on the Government to declare its willingness to grant the Riff "the widest political, administrative, and commercial autonomy within the limits of the international treaties" concerning Morocco, and it defined the financial principles of the Radical Party as being: (1) The predominance of direct over indirect taxation; (2) a progressive income tax; (3) a special tax on all forms of capital. Further the congress called on Radicals in Parliament to support only a government resolved to apply without hesitation the program of the "Cartel des Gauches" and thus to exclude from its majority the members of the "Bloc National."

From *l'Ère nouvelle*

AFTER LOCARNO

"Satisfied, John Bull?"
"Yes, but what does Uncle Sam say?"

Thus, although the Radical congress has not declared against the present Government, it has not given the Government its confidence. The Government is put, so to speak, on its good behavior. At the end of the last session the Government was saved from defeat on a question of confidence by votes of the Center and the Right against the great majority of the Radicals and the whole of the Socialists. The Nice congress says in effect that the Government must not do it again or the Radical Party will go into opposition.

M. Painlevé's speech at the closing banquet of the congress yesterday, at which he was invited to preside, although he is not a member of the Radical Party—he belongs to the "Republican Socialist" group—suggests that he at any rate is ready to fall into line with the program of the congress. Whether the "Cartel des Gauches" can be resuscitated depends on the Socialists. If the Socialists continue to refuse their support to the Government, the latter will have no majority without votes from the "Bloc National." In that case M. Herriot expressed definitely his opinion that the Government should resign, and there is no doubt that the great majority of the congress agreed with him. It is possible that, if the support of the Socialists cannot be obtained for the present Cabinet, M. Painlevé will resign and then form a new Cabinet more definitely to the Left. M. Herriot is unlikely again to become Prime Minister, but another possibility is a revival of the Herriot Cabinet or something very like it under some other Radical Prime Minister such as René Renoult. There is also the possibility that the Socialists will refuse to revive the "Cartel" on any terms and that a "Cabinet of Concentration" will be formed, but that seems to me improbable. The feeling of the country is so plainly on the Left that a Center Government could not long survive. Moreover almost the only political leader capable of forming one is M. Briand, and it is unlikely that he would be willing. He knows which way the wind is blowing. I doubt whether he would consent to become Prime Minister except as head of a Government of the Left with the support of the Socialists. Even after the resignation of M. Herriot he made the support of the Socialists a condition of accepting the premiership and refused it because that support was not forthcoming. He has more reason to make the same condition now, when the various local elections held this year have confirmed the victory of the Left at the general election in May, 1924. The difficulties of the Painlevé Cabinet are mainly due to the fact that it was formed before the municipal elections, which everybody then expected to be a setback to the parties of the Left. For that reason a policy was adopted calculated to appease the moderate electors. The result of the municipal elections was a great victory for the Left, and the Painlevé Cabinet was put in a false position.

Perhaps it would be easier for another Prime Minister to redress the situation. The liquidation of the Riffian adventure is the most urgent necessity. It is now plain that there is no likelihood of finishing the war this year. The French troops will have to go into winter quarters to start again in the spring, and the campaign is likely to be a long one. Curiously enough, although the war is very unpopular, there is less open protest against it than in its earlier stages. This may be partly because the partial Franco-Spanish successes have produced an excessive optimism and a belief that the war will soon be finished, but probably more because the French people are so exhausted and so morally anemic that they seem incapable of any reaction.

The terms of peace offered to Abd-el-Krim are far from guaranteeing the Riff such an autonomy as the Radical congress has demanded. They are so vague that the offer was a farce. Who, for instance, is to supply the police force mentioned in the terms? Presumably the French, in which case France would have something like a joint protectorate with Spain over the Riff. It is probable that Abd-el-Krim would now abandon his demand for complete independence if he were offered a genuine autonomy, extending to everything except foreign relations. The French objection to giv-

ing the Riff complete independence, including separate relations with foreign countries, is that it might lead to the introduction of some other Power—Italy is, of course, the Power indicated—into Morocco. But there is no valid objection to granting complete autonomy, short of the control of foreign relations.

The difficulty between M. Caillaux and the Socialists arises from the opposition of the former to a capital levy, which he frankly expressed at the Nice congress, although the majority of the delegates were evidently against him and agreed with the Socialists on this point. In the resolution finally adopted and accepted by M. Caillaux the term "capital levy" was not used and, as I have said, that of a "special tax on capital" was substituted for it. M. Caillaux opposes a capital levy, not for any reason of principle but because he believes that it is not practicable. In my opinion, he is probably right, and in any case a special additional tax on incomes derived from invested capital, which M. Caillaux is prepared to accept, would serve the same purpose. A capital levy is merely a way of compounding income tax.

The member of the Government whom nobody criticizes at this moment is M. Briand, who has returned from Locarno with the laurels of victory—a pacific victory. It is, of course, in itself a great gain that Germany has at last been admitted to a conference on terms of equality. The Western Pact will be chiefly valuable in so far as it inaugurates a new policy and a new spirit, and leads to a practical revision of the Treaty of Versailles. If it has not those results its value will be smaller. The pact puts England in the position in which she should have been in 1914—that of taking sides against whichever party is guilty of an aggression—and a definition of aggression is provided by the agreement to submit all disputes to arbitration.

This is much, but nevertheless a change of spirit is essential and, although it is needed both in France and Germany, the need is greater here. The latest example of the temper that prevails is the outcry against the invitation given by the Minister of Education to a German professor to follow as an observer the classes in some Parisian lycées. The protests both from professors and pupils were such that the arrangement had to be abandoned. In Germany Frenchmen are being appointed to lectureships in the universities. Of one thing I have become quite certain since I returned to France seven months ago—hatred of Germany is more widespread and, above all, more deep-seated here than is hat ed of France in Germany. It may be hoped that the Western Pact, by relaxing the tension between the two countries and giving the French a sense of security, will gradually bring about a change for the better.

From [illegible]

BRIAND-LA-PAIX

Anthracite Country

I. The Patch

By ANNE HARD

BLUE-BLACK against the sky, pyramidal, looming—the "culm." Unleafed scrub, purple in long ridges; suddenly torn downward, shelving hundreds of feet in wide bands clay-yellow beside black and clay-yellow again—the "strippings." Long, deep valleys torn by terrific eruptions in which, deadly black, lie sodden marshes—the "drift." Weather-worn gray in twos or rows, in twos or rows the "Pennsylvania" red; now and then a forlorn tree or two; wooden fences, picket or board; a scatter of geese; wind-blown chickens; a bit of garden or an occasional vine—"the patch." A wagon goes down the road, a wagon curtained and weathered as the patch. It is the prized alternative to the company store for the marketing miner's wife. Over the ridges lie the towns—fine cities like Scranton, dyed to the tip of her tallest spire with the black of the mines' dust. Fine towns like Hazleton, clean, brisk Hazleton, with her Broad Street lined with shops of as pretty things as any fine lady need to wear, flowered satin comforts and pink blankets for the cold, furs and fruit and the latest pictorial magazines, taxis and glittering cinemas. Dingy towns like Pottsville, brilliant towns like Sunbury, crowded places like "Shenandor"—as they call Shenandoah in the patch. In that town there are three churches, in this town six. Side by side in the same town are the thin spire with its single-armed cross of the Roman Catholic, the onion-dome with its double cross and the onion dome with its Greek cross of the Greek and the Slavish, and the flat spire of the Lutheran. "Why," said the Greek priest, "do they quarrel so among themselves but unite in the union?"

And they are united in the union. There is no question about that. Even the women, the older women, the miners' women, who have no voice about anything at all in the affairs of their men. Perhaps that is the reason. For it is a man's world, this world of the anthracite country. Titan struggle tore those hills to shreds, heaped those rocks, bored seven stories deep below. Struggle with nature duplicated by struggle with one's fellow-man. Rough men doing rough jobs, getting from their women hard-won help. No frills here: cooked food, a help with washing the man's back when, just up from the mine, he sits in the round tub, tin or wood; a sponge-off with blackish-green "sand-soap"; a clean shirt; hot broth when he's laid up; and always the unexpressed confidence of the simple.

But unity is not merely bound up in this confidence. It exists because they—these women—have a memory of their own childhood, of their own fathers in the mines, of their mothers crying, of a scuffle of feet in the yard, and of moving away from the tiny two rooms they had called home, of a thousand incidents pitiable and terrible which the union has gradually fought away from them. Their attitude toward this strike, toward any strike into which the leaders may take them, is impossible to understand for one who looks at this situation of today with fresh eyes unenlightened by the family stories of these dwellers in the patch.

I left a town in which a fine bank, with its offices above, glorified the name of a certain absentee mine owner.

His grandfather had scored out the valleys for miles about, and I stood upon a height with a miner I know and looked down at his terrible and enriching heritage. Beyond upon the further slope, tiny in the distance, were the weathered houses of his workers. And my miner friend pointed to one of them, quite clear because of its color, among the others.

"My mother lived for forty-nine years in that house," he said, "and when my father was killed in his mine, *he*" (bitterly he mentioned the name of the banker) "put her out in three days' time. Do you wonder I love him, and don't forget?"

There are thousands in the mines who have no traditions, but there are other thousands who have. It is a bitter tradition which the women do not talk much about but which they feel none the less keenly. Be sure that you can have no sense whatever of the reality of this strike as long as you regard it as a phenomenon unrelated to the history of this terrific country.

An American woman, daughter of a Polish mother, her children playing about the floor, other children off at school, pulled her bread out of the oven and laughed across at her husband. He had just stamped in, his black and white checked mackinaw open at the throat. He threw down on the shelf a fat rabbit he had shot. She passed a capable hand across a high white brow over blue eyes, straight nose, finely molded mouth. A beautiful woman. Her father was a miner, her husband is a miner, her son is a miner. She has been married twenty-three years and she looks not a day over thirty. She has two rooms downstairs and two rooms up. Her stove is black in its ironwork and white in its enamel and shiny in its nickel plate. She has cooked and cleaned and nursed and watched. Her brothers went to work at eleven years of age. Her son at eighteen. It is a step. She thanks the union. She is inarticulate but understanding. She knew—they all or nearly all of them sensed, even last spring—that this might be a trying winter. She has canned the beans from her tiny vegetable garden. She will have two geese for Christmas and all her relatives will come. Twenty-three will sit down, the grown-ups first and the children after. Chickens, too, will help out for Christmas. Strike or no strike, there will be that dinner.

An American woman whose father and mother came to this country from Italy when she was a baby draws the water from outside, cleans the lamps, and tends the coal stove—but she bakes bread in great brick ovens in the yard, fourteen loaves at a time, bread the height of three ordinary loaves, bread that melts in the mouth, bread golden of crust and fleecy soft within like a veritable food of angels. She feeds it to the babies, along with thin slices of wonderful Italian cheese formed into a flattened pineapple, moldy without but bursting from its wrappings into fine flecks of perfect cheesiness. Another handsome woman. Another capable and determined and perfectly assured woman, though her husband has been at home now for four months with a leg broken in a slip of rock in the mine.

I cannot imagine these women being terrified; they were born and reared in the atmosphere of terror and it has lost its salt for them. Women who from babyhood have seen the men brought home maimed, agonized, dying from any one of a thousand unexpected causes, with any one of a thousand inescapable consequences, are not given to hysterical speculation about a simple lay-off due to a strike.

The younger generation? That may be different. For one thing, there are those magnificent schoolhouses where the girls and boys of the miners' families spend the years from nine or ten or eleven to sixteen or eighteen that their fathers had to wear out in the breakers. You will see the motion-picture houses packed in the mining towns, even during this strike, and you will see autos drawn up by those old weathered houses, and you will see fine fur coats and pretty clothes and dainty shoes on the miners' daughters. Not everywhere. But let your stern-browed ancient see only one and it is enough to damn the strike. One said to me: "You'll see them living in one of those terrible little houses and coming out dressed in fur coats."

One might argue that the miners' families have no choice but to live in the houses which they cannot buy and are obliged to rent if they would work. They get them cheap enough, from the five-or-six-dollars-a-month shanty, with no conveniences, yet with a curious picturesque charm inside, to the newer, plumbing-and-electricity-included, stark ugly houses at seventeen or eighteen. The girls are going to work for themselves in various mills and factories. The boys who leave the mines have left the patch, of course, and the boys who are now on strike are hopping freights to Baltimore, to the South, to El Dorado Florida.

I think the girl gets her fur coat for herself. For many of the old men of the mines, the Czechs, the "Slavish," keep their bank accounts safely tucked away beyond the knowledge of wife or daughter or son, under some strange name like "Crow" or "Owl." Not a cent of interest is touched.

There is yet no more than the usual tale of necessity—such cases as always occur from time to time in any community. The hard-luck stories are told by the local merchants who for some time before it began felt the strike in the curtailed expenditures of their regular customers. But as to actual suffering, both workers and merchants indignantly deny it.

Big "Slavish" women, shawled, carrying dish-pans of coal upon their heads, looking like Caryatids, easily walking; Italian women carrying home bundles of twigs for their brick ovens from the woods nearby; Irish and American women canning, cooking, washing again what has been washed too often already—they know how to manage, these women. They make possible to their men the liberty to follow their leaders in this strike.

Glacier

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Your cool, selective memory moving slow
Is a smooth glacier down a mountain pass.
All those who slipped and fell in Arrowsmith
To the long track's appointed end must go,
Set preciously in old moraine and snow
The coldly treasured jewels you amass
Borne in a frozen pageant under glass.
This is the valley where the ice will flow:
I who am dead but living wait that space
Though it be years until it come so far,
To see, intact in you, my own dead face.
Waiting for light from an extinguished star
Would be like this: my life is held in trust
Until I see that dead face turn to dust.

Stockholm, 1925

By ROBERT C. FRANCIS

AMERICAN optimism may be a virtue or it may be a fault, but when it strays beyond the shores of its natural habitat it is likely to receive some hard knocks. The American delegates to the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work went to Stockholm this summer full of vague hopes. Just what became of those hopes between August 19 and 30 will never be known. It is certain that days before the conference was over these delegates were assuring one another that "after all the great thing is we have met." Now the people back home are being assured of this indisputable and not very glorious fact. Since the war, groups of business men from various countries have met and accomplished something. So have educators and politicians. Churchmen have arrived at the point of meeting one another. This was not, of course, the minimum degree of success possible. The conference might not have held physically together. One or more of the delegations might have left before it was over, as a few disgruntled individuals did. But that the conference did hold together is not to be marveled at. It was obviously and quite necessarily the concern of its leaders that it should. What is truly marvelous is that men and women who had hoped for so much should now rejoice in so little. Such is the invulnerability of American optimism.

The opening service in the Storkyrkan, or Cathedral, will probably be remembered after many of the other sessions have been forgotten. Against a background of noble architecture and music, and in the presence of a large, distinguished audience, the King and Queen of Sweden with other members of the royal family passed slowly down the central aisle to their seats near the altar, followed at a short distance by the most remarkable ecclesiastical procession we had ever seen. Bishops and archbishops, patriarchs and metropolitans from many countries and communions, with their miters, croziers, robes, and crowns. It was as if the history of the medieval church had come to life, and characters from various chapters had formed this procession for the instruction of a later age. There were faces and figures, too, as well as vestments which seemed to belong somewhere between Constantine and the Reformation. No one could look at this solemn pageant unmoved, but the emotions aroused in the audience may well have been diverse. One young delegate from America was fascinated by the ugliness of the spectacle. The longer he watched the uglier the whole affair became until the force of the impression grew almost unbearable. Amusement came as a relief. Here was a personage with a golden crown and scepter, wearing a golden robe whose train was carried by a hardly less gorgeous fellow-cleric. There near the end of the line came Bishop Brent and Bishop Cannon marching together, the former looking much at home in his episcopal robes, the latter pitifully naked in a mere cutaway. After some fine music and a sermon the procession, in which the whole audience now joined, moved out of the cathedral. As the delegates filed through the crowd on their way next door to the royal palace for further ceremonies the general observation was passed about that the conference had enjoyed a most auspicious beginning.

In the regular sessions which began the next day we soon became aware of a continued effort to have the conference think and speak together. Having met it was assumed we must agree; but agreement usually meant reaching a lowest common denominator. This process was interfered with by the more spontaneous effort to be frank. The result was what usually happens when a person tries to sit in two unconnected chairs at the same time. We were too frank to agree, and we agreed too well to be utterly frank.

The feeling of lack of unity was partly due to the dissent of the German delegation. It was a delegation and not merely a group of delegates as the Americans were, for example. The Germans soon let it be known that they did not share the hope that had presumably brought us all to Stockholm—the hope of a better world here and now. They were as other-worldly as American fundamentalists, and they clung to this pessimistic attitude with a stubbornness that was now only wistful and now almost bitter. This frame of mind was not inexplicable. It reminded the rest of us of what Germany had passed through during the last decade, and it gave us hints now and then of that curious mixture of humiliation, revolt, resignation, and perplexity which is always the reward of the vanquished.

A lack of frankness was most felt where it could be least avoided. On the subject of birth control one passionate protest against our would-be unanimity aroused some applause, but apparently met a convincing response from a good German Frau who argued that the regulation of population, like other mysteries, should be left to God. The quest for unanimity on alcoholism was, of course, a *reductio ad absurdum*. The Americans were hampered, doubtless unconsciously, in their efforts to justify prohibition by the grand municipal banquet scheduled for that very evening at which most of them would join in the toasts with their brothers of other lands. Of course, advocacy of prohibition is not the same thing as the practice of total abstinence. But one does rather imply the other. The question of war, one would have supposed, would arouse both frankness and unanimity. That it did not was a real surprise. The conference condemned "the horrors of war"—as any group of experienced soldiers would have done during the past few millennia. Unanimity rather than frankness triumphed on the last day when the message of Stockholm to the world was presented for acceptance. Four diehard devotees of frankness prevented an absolute and technical victory of unanimity, but its moral victory was on this occasion assured.

If the attempt to capture both frankness and unanimity in the same net was doomed to fail, there were other failures that ought not to have been. Both distinguished thought and careful expression were noticeably absent. Many times the only escape from utter boredom was to stop trying to listen and to do some looking. The officials of the conference sat on the platform, possibly to facilitate this very thing. The Bishop of Winchester, head of the British delegation, would have been taken anywhere for an Anglican bishop—portly, white-haired, florid, with an habit-

ual expression of sweet loftiness which lapsed only occasionally into vacancy. It was in his accustomed cheery, chirrupy voice that he remarked, "as our King George once said, the home is the foundation of the nation." Beside his lordship sat Dr. A. J. Brown, president of the American section, a capable presiding officer, but a disappointed-looking old man. Germanos, Metropolitan of Thyateira, probably enjoyed his place among the big four more than did the others, for it did not entail the burden of presiding. Several years of contacts with the West had taught him to leave most of his ecclesiastical paraphernalia at home, and the role of a frock-coated Occidental gave him obvious gratification.

But all of these men together did not attract as much attention as did Dr. Söderblom, Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of Sweden. In appearance he might have been one of those medieval cleric statesmen who ruled their monarchs along with their monarchs' kingdoms. His centrifugal, sandy hair emphasized the height and breadth of the forehead which often wore a frown when other faces, and sometimes his own, were smiling. Now he would sit back deep in his chair, projecting against the ceiling the problems and solutions which his mind bred. Or he was jumping up to hail a page for an errand which he alone had thought of. When he spoke, he graciously confined his thoughts and words to the three official languages of the conference. But he was too tactful to make a good presiding officer. In ticklish moments he would jiggle the gavel and look at us rather helplessly. What supreme diplomacy hesitancy can be! That the archbishop should have a medical degree with his others, and should also be something of a musician, seemed quite fitting. Clearly he was the real thing, although we had supposed that centuries had passed since the last of his kind had lived.

More serious than the absence of good speaking was the lack of spirituality. It was significant that Pastor Gounelle of France should have turned to the Germans in his address and pleaded with them for mutual love and trust. It was more significant that the Germans sat stolidly in their seats and refrained from any expression of emotion or their inmost thought.

What helped as much as anything to keep the morale of the conference at a low level was the greediness of speakers in regard to time. The incident of Bishop Cannon is typical. He was reading a paper on prohibition that was too long for the allotted time. He felt that the conference must hear all that he had to say, for the bishop is an ardent prohibitionist and most of the others were not. First the warning bell, then the final bell which means "positively no further." The bishop only quickens his speed. Ominous rumblings of feet. An old man calls out repeatedly "time, time, time." The bishop can no longer be heard, but he valiantly continues his fight against time. When he finally gives in, he tells us with a smile that he had just a few more sentences. There is applause. Why?

Fortunately no such incident marred the final session on August 29, which really touched the heights. The auditorium was crowded, for the Swedish Crown Prince, who had faithfully attended all the sessions, was to make a speech. Although it was a good speech and in excellent English, it did not prove to be the great event. Nor did the speech of any of the representatives of delegations. The great moment came near the close when the Archbishop of Upsala rose to speak. A minute before he had been seated in his chair, a magnificent picture of gloomy abstraction surrounded by a sea of standing, applauding, cheering humanity. Now he had risen slowly to his feet. Suddenly we saw the man. We saw that this conference was his. It was he who had dreamed it and labored for it with all his great powers. Now he was taking a last look at his creation, resolved to see it as it was and not as he had hoped it would be. We hoped that we did not appear too disappointing. We were sorry that we had not worked harder, sorry that we had ever been amused or bored. He spoke with wonderful gentleness as St. Francis must have talked to the birds, and Christ with little children. He was confessing our sins from which he did not claim exemption. "There has been much littleness, meanness in this conference." He was looking far ahead. "I do not know whether men in the future when they look back at this conference will call it great." He was standing watching us. The conference was over.

What were the results? Not a proclamation with which to return home and conquer the world but just some new problems with which to return home and struggle. And one of these problems is: Shall the next step be toward unanimity or frankness?

The Vegetarian and the Tiger

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

A THIN vegetarian was once gathering herbs in the forest when he met a tiger.

"Take care not to eat me," said the vegetarian. "It is wicked to destroy life."

"Bah!" roared the tiger.

"I understand what you mean," said the vegetarian, nervously. "Of course, in a certain sense, the herbs, too, have life. But meat-eating is very bad for the health."

"Bah!" roared the tiger a second time, coming closer.

"Yes," stammered the vegetarian, "you do seem to be in excellent health yourself. It is true I am a mere bag of bones. But in the next clearing is a stout beef-eating woodchopper who would make a delicious meal for you."

At this the tiger switched his tail contentedly and trotted off to the next clearing.

"See," said the vegetarian, "how virtue triumphs even over the wild beasts!"

Logic

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

A CLERGYMAN, a judge, and a banker met one morning on the corner of a public square. There they beheld a shabbily dressed man seated on a bench, reading a book.

"That fellow must be a communist," said the judge.

"Yes, and a socialist too," said the banker.

"An anarchist as well," added the clergyman.

They hailed the president of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, who happened to be passing by.

"Yonder sits a communist, a socialist, and an anarchist, reading a lascivious book," they cried.

"How do you know it is a lascivious book?"

"Because," they answered, "he is a communist, an anarchist, and a socialist."

Boston Insults Its Heroes

By R. L. LURIE

Boston, November 12

WE stand together on the Common watching the marchers as they tramp to the bandstand. Along Tremont Street the floats have been diverted and are being carried away to dismantlement and death. Before us march men and women, serious of face and expression, some young, some old, moving forward between silent spectators who occasionally are stirred to applause, more often to hissing. Banners, flags, slogans—"Law Not War," "War Is Hell," "War Is Not a Biologic Necessity," "My First Wish Is to See War Banished from the Earth—George Washington." A little girl bravely carries a placard. A group of sideline youngsters jeer her. She looks neither to right nor to left, and is gone. A pause as we wait for the next division. A voice behind me: "Most disgraceful thing that ever happened. Look at their faces. Not a regular he-man there, not one!" The speaker is tall, square-shouldered, with watery eyes, pugnacious jaw. A group of young men of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, robed in ancient classic style with legs bare, carry a miniature Greek temple to symbolize the age-old struggle for peace.

Indignation simmers down to sly comment as the Sargent School girls march into view. White middy blouses, blue serge bloomers, gymnasium costumes. Sturdy, healthy women marching to spirited, steady beat. Other detachments come by, more and more women, now young, now old and feeble, but all marching forward. A college delegation. Then, followed by a murmur of anger, and sheltered by a flag proudly borne, a compact mass whose slogans mark them as Socialists. "We believed in peace in 1917. We believe in it in 1925." "Workers of the World, Unite." A thick voice growls: "Yeller dogs. A hell of a Governor, Fuller, reviewing this parade!"

A forest of national flags, indicative of the membership of the League of Nations. Costume-clad representatives fenced in and guarded by aisles of ribbon. And now a delegation from a fundamentalist Bible school. More theologians behind, and then the steady beat of drums. Around the bend marches the Salvation Army band leading its section with stirring music. Here march the children.

Suddenly there is heard loud and harmonious singing of deep-throated men: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here! What the hell do we care, what the hell do we care"—endless repetition by a body of legionnaires who flock to seats before the bandstand. An amen of cat-calls. Enthusiastic, robust cheering. On the platform reporters move about with eager, pleased expressions.

The presiding officer of the meeting steps forward. He is strangely unperturbed as he faces the hostile crowd before him. Police stand about in wooden-soldier paralysis, facing the crowd. The chairman speaks of the significance of the day, of the cause for rejoicing at the armistice, of the great debt the nation owes to the dead, of the resolution that war must come no more. There is silence. Announcement is made that speakers will limit themselves to three minutes each, that veterans of the war, including German and Austrian, will be heard in the cause of peace. There is an instant uproar. The chairman pauses. The uproar continues, subsides. The chairman leans forward. "We will wait for the gentlemen to retire!" The veterans, encouraged by the police, withdraw loudly to a neighboring hill and its lonely sentinel, the Soldiers' Monument. There a sour-voiced singer yodels in praise of their valor. Harsh comment spiced with profanity is hurled at the "yellow dogs" and "Bolsheviks" below. Inspiration strikes some uniformed leaders. The men are marshaled into lines and are marched down toward the bandstand. The police head them off, and they commence a wide-diametered circular swing singing, yelling, jeering.

There seems danger of a riot, when an ex-soldier, shoulder-borne, shouts that they will have a meeting of their own. The encircling march continues. Darkness of night bitten into by the sharp teeth of the gleaming bandstand. The program finished, the leaders of the peace demonstration leave. Only the reporters and police remain—and part of the crowd. A rush by the protesters to the platform. A self-appointed chairman calls for quiet. He denounces the march of the people that afternoon through the streets of Boston as a shame and a disgrace. This day is the day of the veterans. He protests at its being taken away from them. He introduces a Gold Star Mother.

Chivalry instantly appears, every hat is removed, and the Gold Star Mother speaks.

"I believe in peace, as you all do. But this is your day. It is a day I couldn't bear to see used for any celebration of any sort except of the spirit of the boys here before me and those you left overseas.

"We didn't want to see today the banners of foreign countries massed in our streets. We want our boys; we want all our boys and nothing but our boys today. The people of the world don't even yet know what you suffered, and we must have Armistice Day for you boys. This must not happen again in Boston."

An answering roar of agreement. The emergency chairman reads a hastily drawn resolution:

> To the Patriotic Citizens of Boston:
>
> Resolved, That we, the war veterans of Boston, assembled on Boston Common, who viewed with a sense of shame and outrage the unforgivable insult cast not only upon us but on our own dead comrades sleeping in Flanders Fields by the parade through the streets of Boston and the demonstration on historic Boston Common this afternoon of the "peace-at-any-price" fanatics and the hundreds of misled individuals who participated—hereby resolve that
>
> We protest vigorously and declare that we, the men who fought and won the war for our beloved country, believe that Armistice Day is our day, because we won it by our blood, and never again do we want to see such a demonstration on this day as disgraced the fair name of Boston; because we want peace; peace with honor, protective peace, a peace that will warrant the respect and admiration of all men and all nations.

The insult cast upon them is recognized in one tremendous shout as the resolutions are adopted. The chairman takes his final slap at the peace parade: There had been no singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner"! Mentioned, it immediately rises in the air and the crowd joins uncertainly.

Fragments of the crowd pass by in heated argument. "Goddam right," shouts a voice, "The Mayor wouldn't review those yeller dogs. Jim Curley knows them all right!"

An old lady, hat askew, skirt trailing on the walk, turns and screams in shrill anger: "Jesus took his place! Jesus took his place!"

In the Driftway

THE Drifter contemplates writing sometime a pretty little ballad; it will have for hero the author of some great work; the creation will be stolen by another, who will make his fortune out of it, and the real author will die in poverty bemoaning his lost masterpiece. The recent death of Hugh D'Arcy, who wrote "The Face on the Floor"—corrupted by prohibitionists to "The Face on the Barroom Floor" and put to a use that its author never even remotely intended—is merely another instance of this sort of misfortune. While the immortal ballad was being recited by thousands of young women in white dresses and with blue ribbons in their hair, Mr. D'Arcy was vainly trying to obtain his rightful royalties from the publisher. A cruel world, almost as cruel as the one pictured in the ballad itself.

* * * * *

MEMBERS of an older generation will remember how it began:

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there
That well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the Square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

The derision that greeted his poor appearance left our hero only a little sadder:

. . . Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud. . . .
Say, give me another whiskey and I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise too;
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think,
But I was, some four or five year back, say, give us another drink.

Duly fortified, he proceeded with his unhappy story. "I was a painter. . . . I saw the star of fame before my eyes."

And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

The Drifter's readers know the rest only too well. Young love returned and then betrayed: "The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead." And then the denouement:

That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while. . . .
Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here the picture of the face that drove me mad; . . .
Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man,
Then as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

* * * * *

A TOUCHING tale and certainly superior to the "Red Hot Mama, She's Some Charmer" style of ballad that the Drifter hears on every hand in these degenerate days. Those were the days when barrooms were barrooms, when honest sawdust covered the floor, when the free lunch filled many an empty stomach. A tramp with such a history today would not gain access to the company of gentlemen taking their leisure behind their convivial glasses; he would never compel the tear of pity. Even our estimate of immortal verse is different now. But fortunately, Mr. D'Arcy's ballad remains.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Walter Hines Page

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your publication of November 4 contained an article, Walter Hines Page, Patriot or Traitor.

The effect of Mr. Hendrick's biography as well as the memoirs of Viscount Grey reflects unfairly upon Dr. Page in that they leave out of consideration his very effective work in matters where there was a conflict between British and American interests.

Out of respect to Dr. Page's memory, and as one who represented a great many Americans whose shipments had been unlawfully seized, I wish to pay tribute to the very vigorous attitude Dr. Page took against the British Government in connection with violations of international law. Unfortunately, there appears little reference to this in Mr. Hendrick's biography, but I have no doubt that a record of the protests of the American Embassy in England would completely bear out this statement. Time and again the letters of Dr. Page were so strong in his protest and resentment at the violation of American rights that they were, perforce, toned down by Mr. Laughlin, of the embassy, in order better to accord with diplomatic procedure. In fact, unable to express himself as an ambassador with the vigor of his indignation, he accepted letters from American lawyers and representatives, not written in diplomatic language, and forwarded them to the British Foreign Office with a covering letter stating that the inclosures represented the position of the interests involved. This was continued until a time when, to my knowledge, the British Foreign Office returned a letter on the ground that it was contrary to diplomatic usage to address another government, even indirectly, in such vigorous or, I think the word was "insulting," fashion.

I know of no one engaged in the defense of American rights with the British Foreign Office, the Board of Trade, the Procurator General, or the British Prize Court who ever complained that he did not receive the most sympathetic and effective support from Dr. Page. And I know that he was continuously greatly exercised over the illegal actions of the British.

I find little of this in the work of Mr. Hendrick. In fact, I find many things that indicate the contrary, such as the anecdote about the Dacia. Having known Dr. Page intimately at the time, I have some doubt about these incidents because they were so directly contrary to the fighting spirit he showed in matters in which I personally was interested, among them, incidentally, the Wilhelmina case.

Page was pro-British, but beyond and above this, pro-American. Wilson's admonition of neutrality could hardly be expected to imply that an ambassador should not advise his own government and associates of his personal views, although it undoubtedly did imply that in those views he did not pretend to represent the United States and that those views should not be a matter of common knowledge. Dr. Page was fond of repeating the story of an American lawyer who, in talking about one of his cases with a representative of the British Foreign Office, was asked: "What is the use of a big navy unless you can use it to strangle the enemy?" To which the American responded: "What is the use of a big army unless you can use it to march through Belgium?"

I have stated here matters with which I was personally

familiar. There may be many other things that reflect the other way, but both Mr. Hendrick's biography and the memoirs seem to me to reflect on Dr. Page, and this out of an excess of desire on the part of both writers to paint a picture which, in their view, would do him great honor. Those who know the other side should present the facts so that Americans may have a true picture.

New York, October 30 ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

Russian Agricultural Progress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So many other aspects of the Russian situation have been presented in your columns that it seems appropriate for a returning farmer to indicate what he considers significant. Taking a typical rayon, a geographical division which roughly approximates our county, I found that 93 per cent of the land was in the hands of the peasants. What is perhaps even more important than the actual increase in the amount of the peasant's land since the revolution is the fact that it has been given him in fewer and larger pieces, and because of its distance from the village has necessitated the removal of the peasants from the central village, laying the basis for a new order.

Gradually three processes have begun to define themselves in the reorganization of the peasants' life in this rayon:

1. The continuation of the old process of dividing the land into pieces, some near and some far from the village, so that each peasant should have a share in the good, the medium, and the poor land. Under this system the peasant actually leaves his village in the middle of the night to work the land far from the village, returning to work the nearby land the following day. At any time of the day or night you may see the peasants sleeping on the seats of their wagons, their camels or oxen or horses, as the case may be, ambling along undriven —for the only time for sleeping this plan of peasant production provides is during the drive to and from his land.

2. In the next stage, already well defined, the peasant takes part or all of his family with him to the far-away fields, camping there until that land is entirely worked before returning to the village. In dry steppe country, water must be hauled along with the tillage tools.

3. The third stage, which is just beginning, undoubtedly offers the ultimate solution of the problem. This is the breaking up of the old concentrated village into smaller artels or collectives which move out of the village group permanently and form smaller groups living right on the land, which is operated collectively. There has been a great increase in these artels during the last two years, as the peasants have come to realize the impossibility of continuing the individual operation of scattered pieces of land far removed from their homes.

The significance of this third process lies in the fact that, for the first time in history, economic conditions are forcing the peasants to cooperate as producers by the collective use of the land; that this movement is being worked out gradually by the peasant himself and is in no way the result of conscious propaganda by the Soviet Government, although they are encouraging it and helping to finance its development with long-term credits for machinery; and, finally, that it means that the old system of working the land from the village is changing into the American system of living on the land that is operated, but unlike the American farms the land is being operated by groups of farmers who, while working the land collectively, maintain their individual homes and lives and problems.

The Russian Reconstruction Farms, which has just been established this summer on 15,000 acres of land turned over to us by the Russian Government, and is building up a model demonstration farm to teach the peasants modern methods of agriculture, is in the center of the typical rayon of which I speak. It is being organized as the service station for these artels, providing education and material assistance to the peasants who are adopting this new system. The greatest contribution of this group will be in helping to demonstrate for the first time that the solution of the farm problem the world over lies not merely in cooperative buying and selling but in cooperative production.

New York, November 5 HAROLD M. WARE

Visas and Immigrants

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After I had prepared an article for *Service Talks*, in which appeared the sentence, "Thousands are emigrating, but America and the colonies cannot absorb them quickly enough," your editorial in the issue of October 7 came to my attention. In that editorial you indicate that Great Britain fell short of its immigrant quota in the year ended June 30, 1925. In order that I might not make an inaccurate statement, I checked this material and find that while a casual study of the statistics of the Labor Department would support the figures which you give, the truth is that while the number actually coming in to the country was below the quota figure, yet the number of visas issued equaled the full quota and persons holding unused ones are eligible for admission after June 30 in addition to the quota of the present year.

Philadelphia, October 9 J. M. SHAW,
Editor, *Service Talks*,
Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company

Drink and Modern Industry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It occurs to me that the revolt against prohibition is also a revolt against our present industrial order. Drinking, even in moderation, implies carefreeness, and there is no place for that in the order of things under industrialism. Workers have to be sober, rigid, and staid in their habits. Speed and efficiency give no quarter to anyone who wants to take the time to sip a glass of wine. They don't even permit a leisurely manner of eating.

New York, October 9 MORGAN MAYO

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

ANNE HARD will send *The Nation* another report from the coal district.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES was formerly on the faculty of the University of Oregon.

ROBERT C. FRANCIS was an official delegate at the Stockholm conference which he describes in his article.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS wrote "A Spoon River Anthology," "Domesday Book," and other poems and novels.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury* and author of "The American Language."

ZONA GALE is the author of "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Birth."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

LOLA RIDGE is the author of "Ghetto" and "Sun-Up."

DOROTHY GRAFFE is on the editorial staff of *The Nation*.

JAMES MURPHY was a British correspondent in Rome until last summer. The Fascist censorship made his work so difficult that he went to Paris, where, he writes, "we know much more about Italy than they do in Rome."

An important letter was sent last week to all the subscribers of The Nation. If you have not received a copy, send a post card with your address to the Extension Department, The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

Books and Plays

Walter Hines Page

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Saying that England's freedom was our own,
So he served England with our sovereignty,
And ripped the breeches for his lord to see
His faithful legs shamed by the cloth unsewn.
Smiles flickered. There were whispers from the throne—
About the stockings? Or the bended knee
Of shanks so shrunk with that diplomacy
Which told our secrets in an undertone
From a hand-guarded mouth? Still as of old
The High Fate has His jest, and may forswear
Peace for the eucharist, or a woman's hair.
But that servility and flatulence rolled
The drums and guns to thunder—was it fair
To have the idiot's tale by these retold?

First Glance

ALL that was said a few months ago about Robinson Jeffers will have to be said again with greater emphasis. For "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems" (Boni and Liveright: $3) not only contains those poems which, given an opportunity to strike the critical world, struck then so hard; it marches forth with several important new poems, one of which I am sure is a masterpiece. Tamar, The Coast-Range Christ, and Continent's End, to name only three of the earlier performances, made it clear enough that Mr. Jeffers was one who stopped at nothing in narrative because some powerful thing behind him pushed him on; that he had nothing to learn about the use of free verse in an extended poem; and that he commanded a dark, rich music which liked best to unroll itself in uncommonly long lines. Now, however, in The Tower Beyond Tragedy and certain other pieces he goes past all that to a point where he reveals the ideas which impel him. And, as might have been expected, they are interesting.

They are in reality one—which is enough for one man in one world. And this idea, unfortunately for the critic, cannot be stated in a few words of prose. Fortunately for the poet, it calls for and justifies epics and dramas. I got my first hint that it was statable at all in a short poem here called Night, and particularly in these lines:

Truly the spouting fountains of light, Antares, Arcturus,
Tire of their flow, they sing one song but they think silence.
The striding winter giant Orion shines and dreams darkness.
And life, the flicker of men and moths and the wolf on the hill,
Though furious for continuance, passionately feeding, passionately
Remaking itself upon its mates, remembers deep inward
The calm mother, the quietness of the womb and the egg,
The primal and the latter silences: dear Night it is memory
Prophesies, prophecy that remembers, the charm of the dark.
And I and my people, we are willing to love the fourscore years
Heartily; but as a sailor loves the sea, when the helm is for harbor.

This is far from being Mr. Jeffers at his best, but it is Mr. Jeffers saying what it is that he thinks about. He sees the universe, I believe, as a vast and utterly black cloud enveloping a small and intensely brilliant scene. Men walk that scene, unmindful of the cloud out of which they have stepped and into which they will step again, and they are not uninteresting. But the interesting thing is the whole—the dark and the light together.

The idea is not new, but it does not need to be. And Mr. Jeffers, since it is his own, makes his own titanic uses of it. It profoundly enriches those lyrics in which, standing in his stone tower on the coast of California, he sings submission to the night that stretches west over the Pacific and east up over the mountains. It builds the background for those narratives wherein great people grope half in sun and half in shade—Clytemnestra, Cassandra, and Orestes, for instance, in The Tower Beyond Tragedy, which is Mr. Jeffers's chief work to date and undoubtedly one of the great American poems. And it furnishes the energy out of which his various demonic characters—Tamar, California, Electra, Peace O'Farrell—draw their life. For, although no man or woman can fill the void of the world, yet some men and women try. Humanity, says Mr. Jeffers in Roan Stallion, is

> The mold to break away from, the coal
> To break into fire, the atom to be split.

Always with Mr. Jeffers, as with other major poets, humanity breaks into fire.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Vulgate

The English Language in America. By George Philip Krapp. Two volumes. The Century Company. $10.

This is a large work, and of the utmost importance. It represents years of diligent labor by a highly competent philologian, and is packed with interesting stuff. In his first volume, after a preliminary survey of the field, the author presents chapters upon the American vocabulary, American proper names, American literary dialects, American style, American spelling, and American dictionaries. In his second, he devotes no less than 254 pages to the history of American pronunciation, and then adds a brief but valuable note upon American inflection and syntax. A bibliography follows, and an index of words. Altogether, the two volumes run to 732 pages, and there is scarcely a paragraph in them that does not show hard work and sound sense.

It is almost appalling, indeed, to think of the labor that must have gone into the volume on pronunciation. In this field, save for a few essays by C. H. Grandgent and a few scattered notes in periodicals, there was no literature at all, and so Mr. Krapp had to go to the sources—that is, to the early spelling books, dictionaries, and town records. The materials they offered were seldom complete and never wholly satisfactory. There were inconvenient gaps and even more inconvenient contradictions. Thus Mr. Krapp was thrown upon his patience and his wits. There are few evidences of these aids failing him. He stuck to his problems relentlessly, and nine times out of ten he solved them in the end. No one will ever write about American pronunciation hereafter without leaning upon him heavily. Nor about any of the other subjects he discusses. I point, as an example of his thoroughness in small things, to his pages on the familiar American euphemism, *darn*. Here his vast philological knowledge and his immense industry combine to dissipate a mystery that baffled even the staff of the New English Dictionary.

Like most academic writers upon American English, he is

inclined to be conservative. That is to say, he believes that the differences between British English and American English are not many or important, and that they do not tend to increase. Here, I believe, he often goes beyond the plain facts—even beyond his own facts. For example, in discussing such doublets as *brakesman—brakeman, coal-hod—coal-scuttle,* and *workhouse—poorhouse,* he argues that "in most instances the words could be transferred from one list to the other without violence to what one might feel to be the proper character of either type of English." This is palpably not true, as Mr. Krapp will quickly discover if he gives attention to English reviews of current American books. It is, indeed, precisely such small differences that most violently irritate the English, and inspire them to their most furious denunciations of American usage. They bear it with equanimity when we call a quail a partridge—a gross and inexcusable piece of ignorance—but when we say "a quarter *of* six" instead of "a quarter *to* six," they are somehow lifted to high dudgeon. The incessant, ill-natured hammering of American books that goes on in the English reviews is chiefly caused, I believe, by this sensitiveness. The English feel that the abominable Yankee colonial is presuming to debauch the mother-tongue, and so they have at him. Certainly it is unwise to dismiss such differences as trivial. They may be so philologically, but their social importance is great—and language is a social matter quite as much as it is a matter of roots and inflections.

But here, of course, Mr. Krapp is entitled to his opinion, and that opinion must be heard with respect. He lays himself open to very few such challenges. The things he presents as facts are seldom open to question. His mountains of materials lie massively behind him; his conclusions are always reasonable, and often extremely shrewd. The chief defect of his two volumes lies in the gaps in them. His treatment of American surnames, for example, is cursory and unsatisfactory. What he has to say is obvious, and he overlooks much that is interesting. Nor is his discussion of literary dialects complete, save in the matter of Negro dialects. But such gaps are bound to show themselves in a work that ventures into a new field. The study of American English has just begun. Many men and women will have to labor at it before it is brought to order. They will all find invaluable aids in Mr. Krapp's pioneering.

H. L. MENCKEN

A Critical Creator

Other Provinces. By Carl Van Doren. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

"FOR the adventurous reader," says Mr. Van Doren in his preface, "nothing can be so exciting as to come upon a library of unwritten books. But that is exactly what ordinary existence is. At least it is to me. . . . Not for years have I talked with anyone without catching sight of a whole novel built up around him."

Mr. Van Doren now presents a group of these studies, everyone the center of a potential novel. His aim being "not to tell stories but to present characters," he gives the reader material to construct novels of his own. Rather, he writes the novels, everyone in its twoscore or fewer pages. Of the persons whom he submits, each one is that which he calls every living creature, namely the protagonist of some action. In The Shadow of a Triangle his method is to disclose the geometrical arrangement merely by the acts of the three Angles—acts of whose significance the Angles are unaware. From the moment in which the wife develops the tendency to defer to her husband in trivial matters of opinion, through her delight in having her suitor conquer her in the water games, and on to her swift, indignant choice of her husband when the other man worsts him in physical encounter, she and the two men, all instinctive creatures, sophisticated but not sensitized, move with but a low fraction of the awareness of their recorder. But in The Bitter Outline a man enters and chiefly lives within his own words; and through this study, which in purity and clarity is like an artist's proof, Mr. Van Doren has, with some soft acid, bitten upon his plate a figure as memorable as that of Ethan Frome—this stark New England figure, weak, near blindness, wifeless, fortuneless, sitting on the porch of his decaying farm, his look on his meadow and his swamp, and he, quiet, wise, reflective, measuring the pace of cloud shadows, absorbing the whole of "Jean Christophe," visited once by an aging woman whom he now divines to have loved him. "What pressure of life must have been called for to discipline him to this pitch of inconspicuousness!" In that moment of convalescence, in which he says that he finds it hard to forgive them that they have not let him die, there is etched an outline which will not be lost from the literature which contains it. In The Life and Death of a Dilemma the simple truth that character makes destiny is given a treatment which composes it as a fresh discovery.

These studies would not be so searching if into them there had not gone the critic's practiced power of beholding, the power to see a man in all his projections, body, mind, and spirit; and to discern what projection, or projections, may be working at a given moment. To discern thus, moreover, through having arrived at a balance of his own power of divination, so that his body does not try to appraise another's spirit, nor his mind the body of another. To have achieved such a balance is the rarest arrow in a critic's quiver, and for a creative writer, with his more sustained performance, it forms one great secret of that arc which he is or is not able to send curving from his hand straight to another's heart. This leisurely and appraising aim does not make for a crude zest, and there may be those who will in this work miss that zest, originally derived, perhaps, from spirited accounts of the chase and the barbecue. Such zest these sketches lack. But here is another enthusiasm, rising not so much from self-identification with the characters or from a creative brooding on their deeps as from that priceless flash of literary second sight without which no writer is great. Most nearly conceived with literary gusto are the brooding and irony and pity and joy in The Scholar, in The Barbarian, and in The Gypsy. For sheer charm these three little figures, emerging from so mysterious a marble, exceed anything in the book. And the Barbarian, protesting, at three, "I like to drown," and the Gypsy, chanting rapturously

> What care I for my new-wedded lord?
> I'm off with the raggle-taggle gypsies-O,

are not less memorable than the controlled and almost meditative passion of the prophecy made for the Scholar, refusing, as prophecy should, either to triumph or to ache. It will not do to try to discern all that the race might have been spared if it could have had, in childhood, such cosmically understanding expositions as these; but at least a race so endowed might have started out with, and often gaily remembered, a gift that is, here, singularly like a light.

Self-identification is really used only in Burglar's Dark, and there emotionally communicated by the skilful rhythm of fear and reassurance, fear and reassurance, played in many keys. There is needed only the irony of The Last Heretic and In Search of a Majority to disclose in Mr. Van Doren that which his criticism has always revealed hardly less than has his former creative work, a fictionist who, if he cares as little as in this book to capture a more primitive power, will now set down some of the novels through which the human being perpetually wanders, and wanders in spirit as well as in body and in mind. There is waiting a fiction which will know deeper and more exquisite dealings than those which we now record; and in particular it will not be afraid of just such themes, and just such conclusions, as lie in both the Triangle and the Dilemma of this book. When that fiction comes it may very well be pitched in the key of these studies, entering not so

much an aristocracy as an individualism in letters, selecting as delicately as if it were alive. Meanwhile this work moves in an area of superb detachment, a serene and never a bitter detachment—an area which literature may share with the sovereign creative level of behavior itself.

ZONA GALE

The Philosopher's Stone

The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

HALF our available man-power going to waste day in and day out year after year; twenty out of us forty million workers either spending our days making useless and injurious things or standing idle because no man has hired us or beating the air with fruitless activity in industry and trade because of bad organization—such is Stuart Chase's picture of our industrial order, the order that is at once our despair and our hope. The sober-minded reader will probably declare at first that the picture must be exaggerated; as he examines Mr. Chase's calculations and estimates, he is not unlikely to conclude that the case is even worse than it is stated or, to put it more hopefully, that the possibilities of increased production through waste elimination are even greater than this.

Mr. Chase approaches the problem as an engineer and economist, not as a business builder, wherefore he may be without honor in some parts of his own country. He quotes Wesley Mitchell: "From the business standpoint the useful goods produced are merely by-products of the process of earning dividends." Every economist knows this, but it is not polite to say it in a world whose business slogan is service. Mr. Chase's own standard of waste is that of the functional society. Great savings are possible under our acquisitive society, but "back of these devices stand—like a great peak among the foothills—the possibilities of waste elimination and increased well-being in a society organized definitely and relentlessly for its own provisioning." Mr. Chase is much impressed with the achievements of planned organization during war time, but he is not advocating a socialistic or any other reconstruction of society. He is only applying to our existing scheme the economist's criterion: How far does it satisfy organically good wants with a minimum of painful effort?

The first great channel of waste is the consumption of bad and useless things. Mr. Chase is no stern moralist. In his functional society he still leaves room for soldiers, alcohol, tobacco, speculation, gambling, even vice and crime; but the commercial stimulation of such tastes and the consequent increased provision for their gratification he rightly denominates sheer waste. How much labor goes year by year into the production of such "illth," into useless military preparations, into harmful drugs, narcotics, and patent medicines, into adulteration, into institutionalized speculation and gambling, into quackery and get-rich-quick activities, into fashions artificially stimulated for profit, into super-luxuries and cheap imitations, into perverted professional service like that of the lawyer, into commercialized recreation and vice, into advertising that the advertising men themselves declare social waste? Mr. Chase locates some eight million such workers, and believes that there are two million more. Whoever would quarrel with his figures should try at what point to reduce his estimates; the exercise will at least prove stimulating, and Mr. Chase will not mind, for he has no illusion concerning his accuracy.

The loss of man-power through unemployment, labor turnover, strikes and lockouts, absenteeism, preventable accidents, and sickness has been much studied of late years. The figures are here brought together into another startling total of six million men constantly idle. Yet further, within industry itself, the industrial engineers, and notably the Committee on Waste of the Federated American Engineering Societies under the leadership of Mr. Hoover, have been digging up astonishing wastes due to faulty technique and management, the ratio of waste to production in six typical industries examined by Mr. Hoover's committee ranging from 30 to 50 per cent. The loss of man-power in the whole field of production figures out at no less than four and a half millions, with another two million workers whose labor in the field of distribution is wasted. This loss Mr. Hoover describes as the natural outgrowth of the competitive system, and as capable of prevention only by collective action. His words are not those of agitation and discontent but of thoughtful exhortation. Such also are the words of Mr. Chase as he brings together his figures into a single impressive total of at least twenty million man-years of wasted human energy per year, as he points out that we waste a full half of all our labor and our materials.

But what of it all? Just this. Even today, Mr. Chase insists, we are not producing enough to go round in terms of adequate food, shelter, clothing, and modest comforts. We are still short of subsistence as thus defined. Waste elimination would mean the possibility of raising every family above the line of economic insecurity without the necessity of dividing up or leveling down. But the removal of the dead hand of waste would mean not simply a flow of more materials.

> It is important because it holds out the promise of giving the spirit of man a chance to forget roast beef and bathrooms and boots, and to develop whatever creative impulses lie within. It provides a method for getting the chores done and out of the way in the morning with the afternoon free to read in the garret or go on a picnic or dance a new dance or sleep in the sun. It does not call for speeding up; it calls for speeding down. . . . It calls for the life more abundant—for living instead of existing.

To dream such a dream is to turn economics into poetry, which is all that makes it worth while.

And how shall the dream be made real? Mr. Chase does not answer, but he points to certain hopeful signs—to the cooperative movement cutting wastes in distribution, to the labor movement with its growing intelligence and responsibility concerning waste, to the governments making progress in all sorts of conservation, to Ontario with its giant-power system, "like a beacon on a hill," to the various groups working on community planning, to the studies of Mr. Hoover and his colleagues, to the growing cleavage between stock-and-bond business men like Judge Gary and engineer business men like Mr. Ford. Maybe, as he suggests, following Mr. Filene, men of the latter type will supersede the former, thus ushering in a sort of functional society while the radicals are still shouting for the abolition of the profits system. Maybe—if only enough men can come to dream the same dream with this economist-poet who ends his book with an apostrophe to rushing, roaring, wasting New York and a call for the scientists and statesmen of the future who shall "dig their hands and brains into this roaring wilderness—so finely wrought in isolated detail—and bring from it ordered cities, impounded waters, terraced and tended forests, the sweep of great transmission lines, clean rivers, workshops planned with the unity of cathedrals, and the end of grime and poverty and despair." And the dreamer of today shall be the architect of tomorrow.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Sweet Out of Hard

Honey Out of the Rock. By Babette Deutsch. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

THIS book of poems is aptly named. There is little softness and no dream-indulgence. Its sweetness has been drawn out of difficult and hard places. Its intuitions do not leap down like flame that glances and pierces: rather, like virile plants spiring out of dark earth, they press upward, drawing at the

light. One feels here a spirit deeply rooted, yet responding subtly to the fluctuating forces about it. The inner, almost armored life remains uninvaded, but there is a shivering surface sensitiveness like that of a flowering rock.

Pose of any kind is alien to Babette Deutsch. Often, preoccupied with the intrinsic emotion, she gives too little thought to her presentation. This sometimes results in facile and worn expressions that are incongruous with her fresh and individual approach to life. But even the immature poems hold the definite contours of an original and forceful entity. In others, such as Old Women, there is trenchant power and a bitter irony:

[illegible]
As dogging hatred [illegible]

Marseillaise is threaded with a dark fire, and its explosive lines rock with the thud of heavy, implacable feet. As is evident in Capriccio, Miss Deutsch can, if she so wills, play adroitly, or, as Maxwell Bodenheim would put it, gracefully romp with words. But her chief concern is with the eternal values—with the movements of wind and sky, with love and birth, and especially with death. Her desire seems never to be completely divorced from fear. Though she holds tenaciously to love and all her pity is for valiant youth with "the tossed bright head of folly, the soft impatient hands," she is cognizant always of change and old age and decay. Even when, holding her unborn son, she awaits the light of a new dawn, her thought somberly traverses the quenching years to the final darkness of the moment when he, too, must die. Hers is not an outward but an ingoing vision. It is unblinking and direct, halted but not daunted by obstructions; nothing is permitted to interfere or divert to either side. Her steadfast concentration of purpose is almost like that of the blind. Even in her pictures of the objective world it is as though she perceived by an exquisite sensitivity of finger tips rather than by sight. Her consciousness revolves upon itself, poised, avidly possessive, and, with a slow and steady attraction like that of the earth, draws inward the life about its circle. The love poems are stripped, intrepidly seeking. In a low contralto she chants of love

who would take hold
Of the Beloved like wind and iron;
To clasp, to keep, to search and environ.

But with all her candor she stands well back, affording us only a fortuitous glimpse—as when in an elevated train at night life glimmers and is lost again in the flowing windows. Always she feels for the "secret texture" of things. So she would force all secret doors, even of the Beloved's soul.

Though she notes parks "winter-plucked" and "bus tops swaying with awkward merriment," the abiding gestures of nature hold her graver attention.

A cloud-puff is a milk-weed soberly
Shredded by breezes with the fists of boys.

And, as if the mellowed and pastel colors of the fall became her, she draws September about her, as though it were a wind-blown scarf.

Of the sonnets several are very good; and her Biblical ballads move with a young and vigorous stride. (I hope, however, that she will not become ensnared by the sonnet form—whose beguiling rhythms are as destructive as a happiness that arrests the artist's growth by stroking him to sleep.)

Since her early book Babette Deutsch's tone has become more resonant and has achieved that timbre which distinguishes one voice from all other voices. Her presentation is sometimes inadequate to the richness of the content; but there is a quality of sure, unhurried growth which betokens a future greater stature. To quote from the last poem in the book, The Soul, her consciousness

[illegible]
It has yet to adventure to the far frontiers.

LOLA RIDGE

Animals for Children

Tony Sarg's Wonder Zoo. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. $1.
Tony Sarg's Book of Animals. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. $2.
The Jungle Man and His Animals. By Cravath Wells. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. Duffield and Company. $3.
David Goes Voyaging. By David Binney Putnam. With a solemn foreword by William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

IT is probably significant that so many of the best children's books have to do with animals in some way or other. Leaving out of account the noble or sentimental or pious tales that endow beasts with human emotions and follow them into their dens to describe in detail what they do there, the best of the animal books fall into two classes: those that refuse to take animals, or anything else, seriously, that invent absurd and amiable creatures with more or less human capacities, and that picture them living in a paradise of games and foolishness, and the other class written by someone who has patiently and honestly observed them in their homes, who does not try to find out what they are thinking but who can describe them as they are, strange and wonderful and inexplicable. The first kind is no more meritorious than the second; one induces laughter, the other wonder—and incidentally manages to provide information.

Mr. Tony Sarg, of course, is a master in the first class. His pictures, brightly colored in green and red and blue and yellow, show hippopotami as happy as larks, pigs on whose features joy shines like a moon, mice that laugh, and elephants that cry. These happy beings live in a perpetual carnival. If their retreats are invaded by human beings they show no surprise, but admit the intruders to their sanctums with the utmost good humor. The two little dogs who, escaped temporarily from their mistresses, are dumped from an airplane into the jungle are conducted through the animals' amusement park, where they slide down the elephant's back, ride the merry-go-round propelled by two whirling ostriches, slide the complicated chutes which require, for the apparatus, a giraffe's neck and the backs of various other animals at different levels, and are returned comfortably to their trundle-bed at night. The text, of less excellence than the pictures, does not matter much. Any child who has ever been in a zoo can look at the illustrations and laugh.

Tony Sarg also illustrates Mr. Wells's admirable book of jungle animals, and this time, strange to say, the pictures matter less than the text. The latter is a plain account of the most breath-taking wonders, the strange things that Mr. Wells has actually seen in Malaysia and elsewhere, the fish that climb trees, the bush that folds up when it is touched, the birds that sleep upside down, the insects thirteen inches long. Mr. Wells has spent many nights in the jungle and he tells exactly what it was like the first time; he discourses on man-eating tigers and falling, vine-wound trees and mischievous elephants. He knows as little of the animals as he does of the trees—he has only seen them; he cannot say what they are thinking or what they do when they are not within the reach of human eyes and ears; but his account makes exciting and thrilling reading.

In as honest a book, 12-year-old David Putnam describes his voyage with William Beebe on the Arcturus. It was a cruise of wonders; there were not only the fragile and brilliant creatures of the [illegible] and birds that were friendly because they did not know man. And David saw and touched many of them, and kept a baby penguin for a pet, and was treated respectfully as a full-fledged member of the expedition, which he undoubtedly was. His book is worthy of a sailor and a man of honor, and it will arouse in the breasts of many less fortunate 12-year-olds the bitterest envy.

DOROTHY GRAFFE

Children's Books in Brief

When We Were Very Young. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

The King's Breakfast. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The first is a reprint on larger paper, with the beguiling illustrations of last year's jacket on the cover, of what has already become a classic. The second gives the words of the most popular of Mr. Milne's verses, set to alluring music.

The Adventures of Pinocchio. By C. Collodi. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Copious and irresistible pictures adorn a text that has some drawbacks. Pinocchio is a cruel and slippery little rogue and turns to virtue only when vice has been proved unpleasant. Too heavy to handle conveniently.

The Disappointed Squirrel. By W. H. Hudson. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Animal stories for children by an accomplished story teller; clear, simple, interesting, and in the main true.

Little Sea Dogs. By Anatole France. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Beautifully written and delicately imagined tales of children of another race—both peasant and Parisian.

Doctor Dolittle's Zoo. By Hugh Lofting. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

The fifth volume in a series that does not grow dull and never repeats itself.

The Boys' Book of Ships. By Charles E. Cartwright. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A highly technical book that would drive almost any adult out of his mind and would prove completely fascinating to the boy—or girl—who was in process of making himself an expert on an esoteric subject.

The Happy Dragon. By A. Thatcher and C. J. Hogarth. Brentano's. $2.

Fairy stories with an amusing twist which makes them suitable for grown-ups who read aloud.

The Voyagers. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Company. $2.25. *The Forge in the Forest.* By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Brave retellings in lovely language of fine old tales and stirring adventures. Boris Artzybasheff's drawings for the second book are a treasure in themselves.

Chi-Wee. By Grace Moon. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Stories of a little Indian girl who lived near the desert, and who cared for her goat and learned to make pottery jars like her mother's, and had many adventures with Loki, her Navajo playmate.

The Sly Giraffe. By Lee Wilson Dodd. Illustrated by Clarence Day, Jr. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A grateful whale, a simple-minded hippopotamus, Tooting Birds with beaks like a penny trumpet, all combine with the sly giraffe to make Mr. Dodd's absurd tales amusing. The illustrations are pure joy.

The Fat of the Cat, and Other Stories. By Gottfried Keller. Freely Adapted by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

One of the year's best collections of legends and fairy stories, told in sprightly fashion.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Symbols

THERE is, so it seems to me, no better test of a writer's mind and art than his treatment of a traditional story. A legend proves by its very persistence the fact that it has a fundamental significance; it challenges the author who employs it to interpret an eternal symbol in terms of the thought of his time, and the meaning which he is able to give to it is the measure of his soul. In the hands of a great man Faust or King Arthur, Tristram or Helen takes on a new vitality and a new grandeur. The greatness of the racial imagination which created them is recognized; but they are, as it were, given a local habitation in the particular world of thoughts and ideas in which the artist lives. Thus, Faust, without ceasing to be Faust, became Marlowe's symbol of his age's thirst for power and Goethe's symbol of his own aspirations toward transcendental knowledge.

In the hands of a small man, on the contrary, all symbols become small, and the substance of Rostand's "The Last Night of Don Juan" (Greenwich Village Theater) is the most conclusive proof of the feebleness of the author's imagination; for he never [illegible] the meaning of the legend and he leaves the hero smaller than he found him. In [illegible] all his plays, he is, it is true, free enough with the grandiose gesture; he sets his first scene at the mouth of hell where his blustering Don wins a [illegible] and he does not hesitate to bring the devil himself, along with the ghosts of a score of the Don's victims, upon the stage; but here as always the intellect or the passion which would make the grandiose grand is lamentably lacking and his heroes and

villains, for all their mouthing and their strutting, bring no exaltation to the soul and strike no terror to the heart. In his hands the sinister but resplendent figure who has fascinated the imagination of the world for more than four centuries shrinks into insignificance and becomes merely the feeble exponent of a commonplace moral. For the first time in the long history of his many transformations Don Juan denies his essential nature. Libertinage, he confesses, doesn't pay; and when Rostand makes his hero say that he is not interpreting a symbol but rather destroying it—for if Don Juan is anything at all he is the projection of a fundamental protest against conventional morality, the imaginative embodiment of an ideal unrecognized in the acknowledged codes of the people who have loved him—that hero simply ceases to exist.

Now, any genuine artist must recognize this protest as the essence of Don Juan's meaning, though he may interpret it as he will. He may make the Don, as the early and pious chroniclers of his deeds made him, simply a type of that rebellious Nature which is the antithesis of God; he may, as apparently Mozart did, see in him the triumph of the gay over the solemn; and he may even, like Bernard Shaw, make of him one of those Devil's Disciples whose rebellion against respectability is only the beginning of a search for morality; for all of these are possible meanings of the protest which gave him birth. But no real artist can sweep the Don away with a gesture of that conventional morality the very inadequacy of which can be the only possible reason for the persistence of the legend in the hearts of generation after generation. To attempt to do so is merely to prove that one is incapable of grasping the meaning of the legend which one presumes to use, and so it is that Rostand's repentant Don Juan has no life because he has no function, while the real Don Juan will continue to live as long as there exists among men and women any rebellion which he can typify.

Even the actors who play in the present production seem to have realized too late this chilling, for though their playing is, like the play, vociferously declamatory it is singularly lacking in feeling or emphasis, and they mouth their lines with little attention to the inflection for which the meaning would seem to call. Strikingly in contrast with this flashy *pièce de résistance* is Vildrac's charming little incident, "The Pilgrimage," which is given as a curtain raiser. Though Vildrac's sentiment is somehow a little out of accord with the mood of the moment it is a genuine and beautiful thing, as those who have seen "The Steamship Tenacity" and "Michel Auclaire" know. Augustin Duncan, who is an unimpressive Devil in the Rostand piece, has opportunity to give a very moving characterization in "The Pilgrimage."

The "Charlot Revue" (Selwyn Theater) promises to repeat its success of former years. Though it is, by the standard of American revues, far from lavish, it includes four performers, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Buchanan, and Herbert Mundin, of very unusual ability, and thanks to them it is, perhaps, the most continuously amusing entertainment of its sort now to be seen. Some of the skits are bright, some a little thin, but they are all carried along admirably by the verve of the principal performers. In "Naughty Cinderella" (Lyceum Theater) Avery Hopwood has adapted from the French an excellent farcical vehicle for Irene Bordoni. It is funny, spirited, and very innocently naughty.

The current production at the Provincetown Theater illustrates the difficulty facing those interested in experimenting with a new stagecraft, the difficulty being that it is apparently impossible to find plays written in the required form that are worth producing. Some of the settings in "Adam Solitaire," especially that of the bridge scene, are eerie and beautiful, but the play is desperate nonsense.

"The City Chap" (Liberty Theater) is a musical comedy based on "The Fortune Hunter" and made amusing by the acting of Richard Gallagher.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Clarence Darrow

and

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN

will speak at the second *Nation* dinner

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THE DRAMATIC SENSATION

CRAIG'S WIFE

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International Relations Section

Italy's Despotism

By JAMES MURPHY

I. Local Tyranny in Italy

ON October 31 Benito Mussolini deposited the ultimate straw on the back of the Roman camel. He appointed Filippo Cremonesi Governor of Rome.

Who is Cremonesi? Soon after the Fascists came into power Mussolini scrapped the whole municipal outfit in Rome and appointed one of his own accomplices as civic dictator, officially styled "royal commissar," to take the place of the mayor and aldermanic council. Filippo Cremonesi is the name of the commissar thus appointed. True to the principles of Fascism, he was endowed with full power to clear the last cent from the pocket of the plebs and spend it in whatever direction seemed good to him, without incurring the liability of eventually having to show the receipt. Beyond this, Mussolini accorded him credit from the state Treasury, so that there should be no limit to the orgy of municipal spending that has gone on in Rome for the past two years and a half. The atmosphere of the orgy has been so mephitic that even Fascist noses have twitched. And this accounts for the strange fact that the manacled press was accorded sufficient liberty to declare that on the first big deal put through under the commissariat regime—that for the repaving of the principal streets—the black camorra cleaned up something in the neighborhood of $350,000. This is a tremendous sum for a town like Rome, which is not one-eighth the size of New York in point of population and much poorer financially than the average British or American provincial town of the same size. Since the commissar gained control of affairs all contracts have been given out privately, generally to friends, who have remarketed them. And thus the scandals piled up—the financing of houses for government employees, selling and reselling of municipal property, laying down of new trolley routes, and so on and so on. Pilgrims to Rome during the Holy Year must have stood agape at the saturnalia of municipal spending that met the eye. The American and British taxpayers must have asked themselves how it was that these people could not afford to pay something off their international debt when they could do themselves so superhandsomely at home.

A law has now been made whereby the last municipal rights of the Eternal City are definitely abolished. For the future the capital of Italy is to be what is called a "governorship," to be ruled by a governor with dictatorial powers, assisted by two vice-governors, ten rectors, and an advisory council, all to be appointed without any reference to the wishes or votes of the people. Rome sinks thus to the level of a crown colony wherein the natives are not considered as sufficiently civilized to be intrusted with the management of their own affairs. The appointment of Cremonesi is a hint of how affairs are to be managed.

A curious anomaly, in the inrush of Fascist anomalies whereby Italy is being inundated every day, is that the new plan of municipal reform places Rome on the same level as the small municipalities which have a population of not more than 5,000. Except for Rome, the recent legislation does not touch the municipalities that have a population of over 5,000. These will continue to be governed by an elected council and a mayor, or syndic, chosen from the councilors. But all municipalities that have only 5,000 inhabitants or less are henceforward deprived of all civic rights. They must return to the medieval system of the *podesta*, in other words, to the absolute sway of a local dictator appointed by the Premier. The podesta will have all power in his hands. He will be like the chief of an African tribe and he will be Mussolini's henchman. Technically he will be appointed by the government through the machinery of a royal decree; but that is only camouflage. A law is being passed to make the Italian premier responsible only to the king, and no longer to the parliament. The cabinet ministers are no longer to share responsibility for their respective administrations. As the king is only a figurehead, the premier becomes absolute potentate. Therefore all appointments by the central government are at the whim and wish of the premier.

This strangle-hold on municipal freedom seems inconceivable to the average outsider. What is its meaning and how is it possible that it can be tolerated in the land of Garibaldi and Mazzini?

The peculiar conditions of municipal government in Italy have no counterpart elsewhere. In Italy there are no rural districts, in the statutory sense. Every acre of the country, whether bog or mountain or snow-capped Alpine peak or the burning lips of Vesuvius and Etna, is part of a municipality. The national territory is divided into practically 9,200 sections—I think the exact number is 9,186. These sections are called municipalities. The majority of them are not towns but merely administrative sections of national territory on which there may be anything from five scattered dwellings to large centers like Rome and Milan. The important point is that each municipality, whether a mere circumscribed patch of mountain or a great city, has fundamentally the same civic status as any other. Each is a municipality and each has its syndic, or mayor, all mayors having the same statutory positions. So that the mayor of a community having only one hundred inhabitants is as much of a mayor as the syndic of Rome.

This grouping is not merely haphazard in its origin, as ours is, but is a state administrative division. The municipality is the ultimate pivot on which the state rests and operates. Practically all the state services reach the citizen through the agency of the municipality. It is the latter that collects all taxes of inland revenue, arranges for the calling up of conscripts, takes an inventory of all taxable property, grants all sorts of licenses, and exercises general supervision on behalf of the state. This condition of affairs will be better grasped if it be remembered that most of the Italian municipalities have a history that stretches back to the Middle Ages, when they were self-contained civic units in the midst of the political anarchy of the time. They were incorporated as such in the modern state; so that they form, as it were, a general commonwealth, each municipality retaining a large share of its old political autonomy, or autarchy as it is technically called, in the administrative sense. In other words, the municipality is a state within the state; and this is so true that an Italian municipality actually issues passports to its inhabitants for the purpose of facilitating their journey to a neighboring municipality.

Go into the typical *palazzo communale*, or town hall, any day you wish and you will find the populace streaming to and fro to register their belongings, cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, mules, pianos, billiard tables, on each of which there is a tax assessed and paid at the commune. So that the communal official is practically the incarnation of the state as far as the ordinary citizen is concerned. Therefore, it is clear that whoever has charge of municipal administration is in practical control of the country. He can make life impossible for the natives if they do not conform in his bidding and the non-conformist loses not only him the vote in order to escape annoyance. The new law lays it down that all municipalities of only 5,000 inhabitants or less must henceforth be governed by a podesta, appointed by headquarters. The number of such municipalities amounts to 7,500. This accounts for almost exactly 40 per cent of the whole Italian population. By a few strokes of the pen the Fascists have assured themselves of 40 per cent of the national vote at any parliamentary elections.

The Fascists already hold a majority of the remaining municipalities. According to Italian law the central government can dissolve a municipal council when it wishes and appoint a royal commissar to reign ad interim. In the case of nearly two thousand municipalities the Mussolini Government has already availed itself of this loophole in the constitution; so that when the new decree operates the number of municipalities left with mayors and municipal councils will be easy to count.

One of the immediate purposes of thus securing dictatorial control of the municipalities is the facilitation of Fascism's shady finance. It is well known that a favorite trick practiced since Mussolini got control of things is to falsify the state budget by transferring state expenses to the municipal budgets. All the municipal budgets show a deficit; but this does not appear in public. And there will be no chance of its coming into the light now when there will be no local supervisors appointed by the people. The system will be understood if we imagine all the municipalities as subordinate corporations grouped under the one parent corporation, which is the state. The balance sheets of the subordinate corporations are being thrown more and more into a state of insolvency in order to make the parent balance sheet look healthy. Yet the solvency of the parent corporation is solely dependent on the solvency of all the subordinated corporations taken together.

American financiers who have visited Italy have been too simple-minded to spot this trick. They have also been too simple-minded to ask for the treasury accounts and collate them with the budget. And so the Fascist financial bluff has gone ahead triumphantly. Mussolini wants to show the unwary Yankee how splendidly everything is going in Italy, so that he can raise loans in the United States. We need not ask into what pockets the money is to go. John Bull was not so easily taken in when Minister De Stefani went to London to talk business.

How do the people of the rank and file envisage the new curtailment of their local autonomies? In reality they look on it as a change from a greater to a lesser evil. At the present moment the municipalities are governed by a system of violence and intimidation practiced by the local Fascio, the head of which is technically called a *ras*, which is the euphonious term for a protected rowdy. He dominates the community and the police are afraid of him. The people think that the new podesta will be, in the greater number of cases, an ex-army man and may have a sense of discipline. He may turn out to be a tyrant; but anyhow he will be a responsible tyrant and he may restore the morale of the local police.

This also is undoubtedly one of the purposes in the mind of the cabinet group that framed the law. This is the nationalist group, headed by Federzoni. The nationalists are hoping one day to snatch power from the Fascists. They made a bold bid for it last December, when Federzoni tried to bring about the resignation of Mussolini on the occasion of the publication of the Rossi memorandum. Now they are going to work more slowly but more surely. As the nationalists are strongly backed by the army chiefs and as they hope that the podesta to be appointed to 7,500 communes will be an ex-army man, in the majority of cases, they think that he will be able to oust the local Fascist potentate and so change the local sway of the dagger and cudgel for the sway of a military absolutism, which is the ideal of government according to the political doctrines of Federzoni's intransigent nationalists.

II. Fascism on the March

> The revolution is on the march. I am silent; but my plans are well laid and I shall not be turned aside from them by any confusionary talk. When a certain point will have been reached one *deed* will strike the multitude dumb and it will be a revolutionary act which will complete the revolution and bring it to its inexorable goal.

THUS spake Benito Mussolini in the course of an interview granted for publication in the current issue of a Fascist periodical entitled *Ordine Fascista*. We are given no inkling as to what will be the nature of this new revolutionary deed which will strike the multitude dumb (*troncherà il brusio*). Will it be the murder of the Pope and the looting of the Vatican? Or will it be the burning of Rome, with Mussolini playing his fiddle on the dome of St. Peter's, from which the cross will have been torn down and the lictor's ax placed in its stead, as was threatened by Mussolini himself in his own paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, on the occasion of the founding of Fascism?

It is useless to attempt an answer to these questions. The retrospective value of the Dictator's pronunciamento is of more pressing interest. "The revolution is on the march," he said—and he said that immediately after the Florentine atrocities had taken place. Nothing else was in the public mind at the time. The Florentine shambles were undoubtedly an integral part of Mussolini's plan. We must allow him the merit of being outspoken in his acknowledgment of responsibility. This acknowledgment is also backed up by reliable information from independent sources. It was Mussolini himself who ordered the dogs of war to be unleashed at Florence. And it was Mussolini who ordered the cessation of hostilities. These statements are corroborated in a solemn document recently published in Paris by the Italian section of the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme. "The responsibility for this atrocious crime," the document affirms, "must not be confined to the wretched apaches of the Florentine Fascio, notoriously made up of the most squalid scourings of the city. The political and personal responsibility rests with the head of the Government."

What were the immediate causes that led up to the organization of the Florentine massacre? To that ques-

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tion there is a particular and a general answer. I shall give them in the order named.

In Florence the clandestine periodical *Non Mollare* has been published regularly for the past twelve months or so. It has come to be recognized as the most authoritative journal in Italy, now that all the others are mere transcripts of government orders or else have to be content with material that does not affect current issues. The Fascist authorities have tried to suppress *Non Mollare* but failed. It published the Filippelli memorandum and circulated it through Italy. It is always to the fore with authentic revelations of a startling character. And its information has always turned out to be reliable. In its issue of September 20 *Non Mollare* forecast with perfect accuracy, as proved by the event ten days later, the findings of the prosecuting attorneys in the Matteotti case. On the same date the clandestine paper published information which directly indicted Mussolini as sole authoritative promoter of the Matteotti murder. The arrest of Rossi, Filippelli, and Marinelli was simply a piece of camouflage. This information was recently sworn to by Mussolini's press agent, Cesare Rossi, during his secret examination before the grand jury of the Senate in connection with the De Bono indictment. Rossi explained how Mussolini was the prime mover in founding the Cheka, how Dumini was enthusiastically taken on by him as hired assassin and was employed directly by him in several criminal undertakings, how Mussolini was responsible for the Matteotti murder, and how he lost his nerve and became terrorized when he found that the public had taken up the hue and cry.

All this and more came out in *Non Mollare* on September 20. Fury raged in Rome. The Freemasons of Florence had long been suspected of knowing something about the publication and circulation of the clandestine paper. Else how could the circulation have been so effective and how could the secret have been so well kept? The result was that a massacre of the Freemasons was ordered and the names were carefully picked out.

That is the particular cause which brought about the order to let the Fascist hordes loose in Florence. The more general reason is stated rather succinctly in the document issued by the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme to which I have already referred. The circular states:

> The savage onslaught on Masonry now organized at Mussolini's instigation is nothing more than a move to use these artificially provoked sanguinary upheavals as a plea for indefinitely putting off the date of the Matteotti trial: because Mussolini knows that at the public hearing of the evidence in court it will not be possible for him to prevent the disclosure of his own direct personal participation in the atrocious crime, as having given the order to the murderers.

What took place at Florence? The whole story has not yet been told. The Tuscan capital was turned into a veritable shambles during the first week of October. Shops were looted, safes ransacked, unarmed persons bludgeoned. At least eighteen respectable and law-abiding citizens were slaughtered by Mussolini's black-shirt soldiery, which is a regularly constituted army, supported out of state funds, and which acted under the orders of its officers during the massacre. That is a point of international importance. All militant Fascists are now enrolled in the national militia. Therefore, when they engage in organized slaughter they engage in it as government troops. Foreign subjects were among the victims in Florence. What will the foreign governments do? On Sunday, October 4, crowds of terrified visitors fled from their hotels and took refuge at the consulates asking for protection. The Swiss and British and American consulates ran up their national flags as in time of war. Yet the foreign press was kept in the dark about the whole affair.

How and why? The why is simple enough and ought to make editors of foreign newspapers take notice. It will be remembered that when the press decree was introduced immediately after the Matteotti crime, for the purpose of keeping Mussolini's complicity in the affair out of print, the first draft of the press law contained a provision whereby foreign correspondents in Italy would be obliged to submit their cables to the local authorities before sending them abroad. But the provision was eliminated under pressure from the more enlightened members of the Cabinet. That does not mean, however, that Mussolini has not found a way of illegally enforcing it in practice. Cables are scrutinized by the Fascist postal officials and destroyed when they contain unfavorable news. More often they are subedited, so that the correspondent is made to say things which he has in reality not written in the cable. But the more prevalent and more effective system is to manufacture false news and send it out through the international agencies, the Italian offices of which are now entirely under Fascist supervision. Ingenuous correspondents take the information manufactured for them and send it abroad in all good faith. Mussolini and Farinacci are not journalists for nothing. They know the value of getting the first story in. And that is how they managed the Florentine affair. They made up their own version and had it sent out through the agencies. According to this, a leading Fascist was killed on the night of October 3. Reprisals set in. The mob called for vengeance and unfortunately one or two persons fell victims to the uncontrolled fury of the Fascists acting in accordance with the violent demands of the multitude. But the Government soon got the situation in hand. That was Farinacci's story.

Liar! The Florentine atrocities started during the last week in September. All had been prearranged and had been openly announced in the Fascist press. Luporini, head of the Florentine Fascio, and a companion of his named Pucci had been carrying out punitive expeditions for ten days previous to the night of October 3. For instance, they invaded the local communal tax office, bludgeoned the doorkeeper and an employee named Bencini. Then they vented their rage on the secretary and left him at death's doors. They next visited the Palazzo Vecchio, the historic city hall of Florence. Here they attacked the non-Fascist employees, seriously wounding a clerk named Lisini, also engineer Torsellini, who was in control of the technical department, and insulting the general secretary, Dr. Magnani. From there they visited police stations and actually bludgeoned a well-known officer who has lost an eye as one of the results.

It was in the course of these organized attacks that Luporini and his accomplices visited the home of a respectable citizen named Bandinelli. They had letters which Bandinelli had written to third parties and sent through the mail. How did they get these letters? Simply enough. The Fascists now control the post and all mail coming or going is submitted to them. Luporini went to Bandinelli's house and demanded an explanation of something which Bandi-

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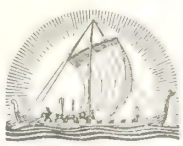

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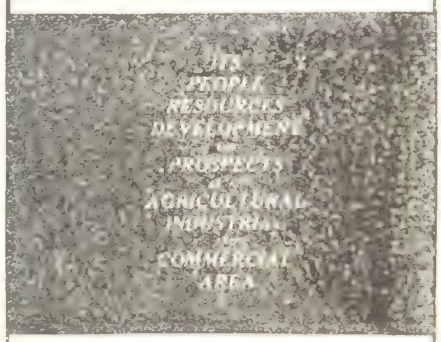

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nelli had written and also demanded the names on his list of correspondents. Bandinelli refused and a noisy altercation ensued. As the Fascists had broken into Bandinelli's home by violence and as it was well known that they had been terrorizing the city for several days, a man from the upstairs flat, named Benciolini, came to the rescue of his neighbor. He was armed with a revolver and in the scuffle Luporini was shot dead. That was made the excuse for turning the city into a slaughter house.

Only when foreign consulates protested did Mussolini call off the wreckers. Farinacci sent an order to cease hostilities on October 5. Then Mussolini gave the prefect and local chief of police a vacation, in order to throw dust in the eyes of outsiders. But he sent congratulations to the Fascist murderers by appointing the notorious Balbo as chief inquisitor and sending him, with plenary power, to hold an inquiry on the whole affair. Balbo was commander-in-chief of the national militia until a year ago. He had to resign because it became public that he had used the militia to carry out murders in the north of Italy and also to protect the murderers against the police. Balbo is famous as the great upholder of the doctrine that all crimes committed by Fascists are done in the sacred cause of the revolution and that therefore no Fascist must be brought to justice. His appointment to temporary supreme control in Florence is a message to the local black shirts that they may safely laugh at any demand made on the part of the people in the interests of common justice.

"I morti pesano," Mussolini once declared, when he began to grow afraid of the crimes in which he found himself being involved, in 1921. The dead weigh heavily. The body of Giacomo Matteotti weighs heavily on Mussolini. He becomes more and more terror-stricken as the possibility of a public trial approaches. He sometimes has fits of uncontrolled terror and envisages plans of escape from Italy. Recently, for instance, Baron Fassini's steam yacht had orders to stand by on the Mediterranean shore, for the purpose of taking the dictator abroad. Did he intend to escape to Spain? One hears all kinds of rumors. But this fact at least is certain: The Florentine horrors were organized principally because a local paper, *Non Mollare*, had published information about Mussolini's complicity in the Matteotti crime based on evidence laid before the magistrates. If the same evidence had been given in such a case in any other civilized country all the newspapers would have been entitled to publish it. But then if Mussolini had been in any other civilized country he would have been impeached long ago and brought to justice.

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WHAT DOES THE WORLD WANT? As we survey the turbulent, restless scene it seems to us that the world needs—and most profoundly wants—intelligence, in high degree; tolerance, of all sorts; fraternity, in increasing measure; peace, in unlimited amount. We are wrong. A bulletin issued by the Department of Commerce on "What the World Wants" tells us that England has a poignant desire for "offals" and the aspirations of Uruguay are for "insecticides" and "clays or mud, facial." Spain does not want relief from her political dictatorship but "soaps in sticks for removing spots on clothing"; Peru asks for "diving suits and equipment." We had supposed that Haiti wanted most of all the return of her independence. Quite otherwise. Her wish is for "fish, salt," while, across the Caribbean, Costa Rica longs not for more abundant life but for "undertakers' supplies and equipment, including caskets." On the other side of the world India, seething with discontent and oppressed by poverty, clamors shrilly for "blue and annealed wire," while China, beset by the Powers without and rebels within, will be satisfied with "chrome kid" and "soda ash, 20 tons." Half a dozen countries, from Canada to South Africa, want "radio sets and parts" and almost as many sigh for "automobiles, low-priced." It is enlightening if not inspiring to learn thus what the world wants. And the disconcerting thought is that perhaps the Department of Commerce is right. How easily is the world satisfied!

WRITES THE LONDON *Daily News* of President Coolidge's speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce: "It is not easy to think of any parallel to the amazing address of President Coolidge except a certain notorious prayer. The author of that prayer also thanked God that he was not as other men and recorded with the same smirking self-satisfaction his financial right-business and his virtuous self-restraint. No rich parvenu can ever have addressed the humblest poor relation in a tone of more offensively oleaginous patronage than this." Which seems to us the most perfect characterization of this sickening utterance of the President, with its glorification of America's ungenerous policy toward Europe, and its toadying to Big Business—toadying softened, of course, by some warnings to Big Business not to get wholly into the trough, Mr. Coolidge thus carrying water on both shoulders in the established manner of presidential politicians. We confess that we do not know whether we are appalled most by the fact that we have a President who could make such a speech or by the fact that the New York Chamber of Commerce stood up and cheered it for five minutes. Our only consolation is that the editorial comments of out-of-town newspapers which we have seen have confined themselves to a rehash of the President's speech and made little effort to glorify what surely cannot be glorified.

THE NAVY continues to furnish the public with exhibitions of that mistaken loyalty to which we referred editorially last week. Thus, the Shenandoah court of inquiry, after hearing Mrs. Lansdowne, the widow of Commander Lansdowne, called Captain Paul Foley, and after hearing his testimony unanimously whitewashed their brother officer and thereby declared Mrs. Lansdowne to have testified mistakenly or falsely. This is a most extraordinary procedure, for this court was constituted not to try Mrs. Lansdowne or Captain Foley but to investigate the Shenandoah accident. Further than that, the court took the amazing step of ousting from its sacred presence Mrs. Lansdowne's lawyer, although it permitted Captain Foley to be represented by counsel. Of course Captain Foley admitted on the stand that he had been to see Mrs. Lansdowne before her testimony and that he had prepared the statement which she emphatically rejected as false but merely out of kind-heartedness in order to make things easy for her. The Shenandoah court emphatically stated that in calling upon this witness before her appearance and coaching her Captain Foley had acted in accord with navy legal procedure. We can only say that if further proof were needed of the character of our court-martial system this would furnish it. How easy it would make the system of justice in our civil courts if custom and prejudice permitted the prosecuting attorney for the State to go to dangerous witnesses before trial and hand them a statement as a kindly aid to them in formulating what they should say!

THE SWEEPING CONCESSIONS made to China by the Peking Conference would seem to indicate that, in spite of the foreigners in China who look with disfavor on any "softening" on the part of the foreign Powers, those

Powers are beginning to see a light. Touched on the pocket-book nerve they react generously and have yielded without conditions to China's demands for complete tariff autonomy. Thus a dispute which began three-quarters of a century ago, as the informative article in this week's International Relations Section shows, is brought to a just and sensible conclusion. Beginning on January 1, 1929, China is to determine her tariff rates for herself, without foreign interference; the present restrictions on the rates, based on treaties with the various Powers, are to be abolished and a sub-committee has been appointed to settle upon rates for the intervening three years, with the Chinese proposals at the Washington Conference—a tariff rate of 12½ per cent effective—as a basis. In return China is to abolish the likin taxes on goods carried within the borders of China itself. The sub-committees will concern themselves with determining a proper substitute for the likin, with the consolidation of China's debt, with the allotment of funds for constructive undertakings, and with the administrative expenses of the Chinese Government. Without any weapons except economic ones, China has managed to defeat the best-armed nations in the world. This should teach the opponents of disarmament a useful lesson.

ANOTHER FRENCH CABINET has gone down before the baffling problem of national finance. It is not surprising, since Painlevé has run back and forth between the Right and Left, changing his program daily in the effort to attract votes. His situation has, of course, been desperately difficult, but it is hard to believe that any adequate plan for financial reform can be devised which depends for its content upon a continual barter for votes. Perhaps a new election will be necessary to lay the basis for an acceptable measure, though such a course would seem to be more or less futile without a definite, drastic program to put before the voters. "Strong Premier Is Sought," says a newspaper headline. Surely; but where is he? And where is the support for him if found? Must some one rise like Mussolini (say it softly) and insure his power by crushing all opposition? Meanwhile, Italy, having been a good child and signed a debt agreement with the United States, gets the promised sugar plum in the form of a $100,000,000 loan floated by the house of Morgan and a long list of our most elite bankers. The loan returns to Italy twenty times what she will pay the United States in the first year—which latter, incidentally, is only one-sixteenth of our own interest charges on the Italian debt.

THE MOST ILLIBERAL BEHAVIOR, we have noticed, often supplies the elements of a liberal education. The present exclusion of the Countess Karolyi, not to mention the gagging of the Count last year, has provided the American people with a thorough course in the fundamentals of democracy—an educational treat which they show no immediate signs of profiting by. The same variety of back-handed enlightenment is being offered the students of Antioch College by a similar act of illiberality. A well-qualified Negro boy, of good background and high intelligence, has been denied admission to that interesting and ordinarily democratic institution. President Morgan referred the matter of his admission to the student government officers, and that body voted against him—on "grounds of expediency." The boy was then refused entrance, though the future policy of the college is still to be decided. Meanwhile the students talk and think and worry about the matter. The *Blaze*, a non-official student paper, published by a group of lively and independent boys and girls, has opened its few columns to a debate on the subject. Racial characteristics, democratic principles, the value of expediency, the question of coeducation are all discussed; and the supporters of tradition—this time a liberal tradition—are triumphantly quoting the words of the founder of the college, Horace Mann: "Antioch College shall stand always a place where neither sex, color, nor creed shall ever bar young people from an education." The Negro applicant merely by applying for admission to Antioch has provoked almost enough thought and inquiry to recompense him for his lost opportunity if he were interested in becoming a martyr. And next time a Negro tries to enter Antioch we predict that he will be admitted.

WE CANNOT permit Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol to return to his post in Constantinople as the accredited representative of the United States to the Government of Turkey without a word of appreciation of the extraordinary value of his services to the United States. Selected by President Wilson in 1919 to act as our diplomatic agent in a country with which we still have no treaty to reestablish our relations as affected by the war, he has borne himself with tact, skill, and extraordinary common sense despite the difficulties of his anomalous position. These can be illuminated by recalling that, not being a regularly appointed diplomat, he has never met the extraordinary head of the new republic which promises to make a new and progressive state of ancient Turkey. Meanwhile Admiral Bristol has won golden opinions from Americans and Europeans who have come into contact with him either in Turkey or at the Conference of Lausanne and by his talks to interested groups while on this his first visit to his own country since he was sent to Turkey. *The Nation* is happy to record these facts, first, because it often has to criticize a different type of admiral and, second, because Admiral Bristol is proof that we have the right kind of material for public service abroad if only our executives would look for it without regard to politics or expediency.

ON JUNE 26, LAST, the International Tailoring Company, one of the largest and most powerful of clothing manufacturers, locked out the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in its New York and Chicago shops. The company declared for the open shop and proceeded to hire non-union operators. The union declared a state of war, and proceeded to do everything in its power to frustrate the new arrangement. In the end the union began to pull out foremen—a most harassing measure. For eighteen weeks the struggle continued, relentlessly and bitterly. A few days ago the company, with thousands of dollars' worth of orders on its books and no workers with which to manufacture them, ran up the white flag and capitulated horse, foot, and guns to the union. It has agreed to every provision of the standard union agreement. The winning of this strike means much to the Amalgamated. In beating one of the key employers it has immensely consolidated and strengthened the position of the union. And as a by-product, in that the strike was won by the administration, the left-wing elements in the union, which have been prophesying disaster and collusion with the bosses, are left without that argument. This has made for a much greater measure of internal unity. The fact that locals all over the country have

been pouring money in to aid the strikers, and that the investment has now proved more than worth while, is also an important element. Watch the Amalgamated. By and large it has the most able generalship of any labor organization in America. Its aim is an efficient industry, elimination of waste, joint control with management—and the highest possible standard of living for the worker.

THE PULLMAN PORTERS, under the leadership of A. Philip Randolph, are organizing. They have the moral backing of the American Federation of Labor, the Railway Brotherhoods, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The Pullman Company counters with a trained-seal union and an employee-representation plan. A referendum is being taken in respect to the plan. If 51 per cent of the porters vote for it, the company union becomes the official representative of the men. Mr. Randolph charges that the company is attempting to coerce votes by demanding of a porter whether he has voted before he is assigned to a run. Meanwhile Perry W. Howard, a Negro political leader of the State of Mississippi, late on the legal staff of the Pullman Company, and now special assistant to the United States Department of Justice, has issued a blast against Randolph's organization, seeing, according to tradition, the dread hand of Moscow directing its destinies. Great corporations have used the government to crucify their workers often enough, but seldom with such charming audacity.

WHEN BEAVERS BUILD A TOWN they insure not only their water supply but space, light, and ventilation. New York City has a magnificent water supply, but in all other respects it must bow to the beaver. As witness after witness tells his story before the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning, the accelerating chaos of this—the greatest city in the world—becomes luminously evident. New York has not been built for people to live in, or do business in; it has been built in order to sell real estate by the front foot. The main object has been achieved—even Florida and Los Angeles cannot boast such columns of doubloons per square inch—but in this glorious pageant of paper values it becomes (though it ill behooves a local booster like *The Nation* to admit it) each day increasingly difficult to move, to sleep, to turn around, to breathe. At least so runs the overwhelming preponderance of the testimony before the commission. Mr. Clarence Stein, the chairman, declares that he detects something in the eye of the witnesses that promises concerted action. But it will take us a long time to come abreast of the intelligence of the beaver.

THE CROWNING FASCISTA OUTRAGE has now come to pass. Not content with destroying one newspaper after another, with rigidly censoring those that remain and forbidding them to print any criticism whatever of Fascism and its leaders, Mussolini's organization has now invaded the most sacred of editorial rights—that to accept or refuse manuscripts. With its eye on the votes of contributors, that committee of Fascism which deals with the activities of intellectual workers proposes to take from editors the power to say what articles shall or shall not appear in a daily, weekly, or monthly. Knowing the editor for the dull, unfair, and biased person he is, a Fascist committee composed of persons of "recognized and proved competence" is to pass upon all manuscripts and decide which shall see the light of day. We admit that there are compensations in this; as editors we feel that it would increase our hours for golf and matinees, and yet our blood boils at the thought of our being denied the privilege of attaching our own generously worded rejection slip to the manuscripts we choose to discard. There are some people whose work we reject on sight with savage satisfaction (after making sure that none of the pages are stuck together as a test of the extent of the editor's reading), and others—but we forbear to reveal further editorial secrets. Our mind leaps ahead to the day when Fascism controls America. We can guess the make-up of the committee to accept manuscripts for *The Nation*. It will comprise Elbert H. Gary, Calvin Coolidge, Reed Smoot, Nicholas Murray Butler, and the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

GOVERNOR HARTLEY of Washington has just thrown out a challenge to the intelligence of that State. In his message to the extraordinary session of the Legislature he dwells upon the large amount expended by the State on education and the small return. Many caustic and generally true remarks are made on the inefficient manner in which the State institutions have been conducted. The Governor's remedy for the educational situation is, however, remarkable. He would abolish the fixed tax levies for the institutions of higher learning and cut their appropriations. If colleges are inefficient, even with large incomes, why not try what they can do on small incomes? Secondly, he would abolish the separate boards of regents for the different institutions and substitute a single board appointed by the Governor. Because the separate boards have not been sufficiently in touch with the educational needs of their constituents, why not try a single board still more out of touch with them? Finally, he would abolish the "fads and frills," i.e., cultural subjects, in the grades and high schools. If Greek and Latin fail to educate, why not try home economics and stenography?

FIRST EDITIONS are temperamental affairs. To the non-collector a catalogue of these rarae aves is hard to understand. Why, for example, should first editions of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw never ascend above $4 for one of the former and $15 for the latter, while those of Joseph Conrad, John Masefield, Walter de la Mare, and even John Drinkwater hover near or pass the hundred mark? If $200 is a fair price for a first edition of "Mansfield Park" it seems far too much for one of "The Man of Property." The uninitiated would certainly suppose the former to be the more rare, even assuming that they were quite equal in merit. Austin Dobson brings only $12, George Eliot $20, and a presentation copy of Carlyle's "Past and Present" is offered for $50. Of course the price of a first edition depends upon its rarity; but why should some be given up so cheerfully and some hoarded with such care? A far-seeing person would doubtless lay up for himself treasures for the future; he would buy Mr. Huxley's "Antic Hay" for $4, he would hastily purchase "John Bull's Other Island" for $5, he would cheerfully spend $5 for "A Passage to India." And in twenty-five or fifty years he might have—what? Three rare "firsts," maybe, worth large, fat sums. Or perhaps only three books which together he could not sell for $1.

The Tariff Happy Family

BEFORE us lies a letter of one of the foremost American bankers interested in international finance which reads in part as follows: "If we insist that the Europeans shall pay their debts to us and yet realize that the only way they can do so is through the medium of goods or services, if at the same time we bar out their goods by our tariff laws and bar out their services by our immigration laws, we set them a pretty difficult task." Many similarly placed financiers hold like views. They are going so far, some of them, as to state privately that they are ready for a tariff for revenue only, if not for free trade. They have loaned enormous sums to Europe and, notably in the case of France, they are beginning to be much worried about their ability to get their money back. Their prestige is deeply involved since they have placed billions of European securities among their customers throughout the United States. Some of them are not only beginning to feel that we have set Europe "a pretty difficult task," but frankly consider it an impossible one.

They are, therefore, out of self-interest, if one pleases, working quietly under the surface for a modification of the whole range of duties, and they must find themselves compelled to admit the correctness of the declaration last week of Representative Cordell Hull of Tennessee that the easy terms granted to Italy in the settlement of her debt are due to the tariff.

"Our existing high tariff," he says, "virtually eliminates the factor of payment in goods of Italy. . . . The United States is now at the crossroads with respect to this entire problem as it relates to the tariff. . . . For several years Republican leaders have pushed up their tariffs and at the same time preached that not a dollar of our foreign debt should be forgiven." He insists that later on this will mean the virtual loss of foreign indebtedness to us.

This attitude brings the bankers into conflict with the protected manufacturers, and for the first time since the era of high tariffs began in America we have a rift in the ranks of those who have cajoled or bought or threatened the government into going into partnership with them in order to insure themselves generous profits. The cleft is going to widen as time passes, for the money we have loaned to Europe is not coming back soon, if at all, and the manufacturers, many of whose establishments are kept alive solely because the government indirectly guarantees prices, are certain to rouse themselves to great efforts to retain the existing status. For this purpose they may be relied upon to use to the fullest extent the shibboleths which they and the bankers invented years ago. Would you have the bread taken out of the mouths of our American workmen? Would you have the war-wrecked countries of Europe, especially our recent enemies, dumping their pauper-made goods in this country? The manufacturers are certain to draw the most touching pictures of what will happen to this country if we lower any tariff by a single cent. Indeed, they may be counted on to point to the situation in the New England cotton industry as a reason for higher, and not lower, tariff taxes. In that case it is Southern and not foreign competition which is rousing the New England mill-owners, but that will not affect the arguments. Speaking for an industry with an investment of more than $500,000,000, which employs 125,000 workers and produces $600,000,000 in goods annually, the Massachusetts mill-owners demand the return of the ten-hour day, the removal of the ban which prevents women working after 6 p. m., and the reinstatement of the double shift. Every argument used by them against Southern competition, such as child labor, longer hours, lower wages, "lenient industrial laws," and geographical advantages, will be used just as stridently when the proposal to lower the tariff is made by the bankers. Would you ruin America to line the pockets of the victims of our bankers who knew what chances they were taking when they sent their capital abroad? This will be the chief query of the manufacturers, whose standards will, one and all, bear the slogan "America first."

But the question of the foreign indebtedness to us, whether incurred by governments or private individuals, is not the only foreign development which is worrying our tariff devotees. In a recent address Secretary Hoover denounced the government control of raw materials abroad as an international menace. "This sort of control of production and price," he said, "exists today in coffee, silk, nitrates, potash, rubber, quinine, iodine, tin, sisal, some dye-stuffs, quicksilver, certain canning extracts, and some other things. To demonstrate that this is not an inconsequential matter requires only the recitation of the fact that we expend annually about $800,000,000 for imports now subject to such control." There you have the typical American attitude. We wish to hog our own markets and we build high-tariff walls in order to keep the other fellow's goods out, and then when the other fellow decides to utilize his monopolies for all that they are worth and to fix high prices we denounce him for his selfishness and his outrageous misapplication of one of the practices of the war when the Allies established a control of raw materials and parceled them out in the amounts and at the prices that they saw fit. Yet Secretary Hoover thinks he is quite justified in rebuking those who seek simply to profit by their natural resources, while he favors letting the owners of our own natural monopolies and resources have their own sweet way with the rest of us Americans, charging us what they see fit and regulating their products as they rig the markets. It is astonishing how the boot pinches when on the other foot!

Still another complication for our happy tariff family is the growing demand of some of our farmers for more and not less protection for their produce. True, some of the farm organizations are beginning to see the folly of this, but if our information is correct the President is merely seeking an excuse not only to keep up the tariffs on agricultural products but to raise them still further, with an eye to decreasing the farmer revolt in the Northwest. The Tariff Commission now plans to send to the President some twenty recommendations in regard to existing tariff rates prior to January 1. Mr. Coolidge will therefore be compelled to show his hand on some of these unless he pigeonholes them all, as he did the commission's recommendation on sugar. Finally, a large delegation from the Pacific Coast has been in Washington for weeks complaining bitterly against the flood of imports at their ports. Uneasy lies the head that wears a tariff crown!

Saintsbury, Octogenarian

THE London *Times* saluted George Saintsbury on the occasion of his eightieth birthday a few weeks ago with the remark that he must still be a young man because he had always written like one and still continued to write like one. The truth of this remark lies more, perhaps, in its implication that Mr. Saintsbury has never changed than in its attribution to him of all the qualities of youth. For in a sense he was already very old when he began to write reviews a half-century ago for the Manchester *Guardian*. He was old, that is to say, in a fashion not inconsistent with the vigor of fewness of years—he was both a tory and a boy. A recent editorial in the *Guardian*, presumably by one who remembered Mr. Saintsbury in those early days, records among other things that he seemed even at thirty to have read every book in the world and to have heard every idea; and one can be sure that he composed his first paragraph for print with the same appalling sophistication, the same energetic contempt for highfalutin novelty, that has distinguished him from all other British critics during two generations. But whether he has continued to be young or to be old, there can be no doubt that continuance has been his virtue; he has not changed in character, and he has not lost in strength. And what is more of a compliment still, he has not ceased in any degree to keep the respect of the newest literary generation. Few men of letters at eighty are attractive to their thirty-year-old contemporaries, and almost no critic ever is. None in America is now, and on the continent of Europe Georg Brandes is conspicuous because unique in this respect.

"I have never yet given a second-hand opinion of any thing, or book, or person," wrote Mr. Saintsbury in the preface to his "Notes on a Cellar-Book" five years ago. That is one of the reasons why he has continued to be fresh. Another is contained in the following remark from the latest of all his books: "I have never tried to be in the fashion for the sake of being in it, and seldom, I think, to be out of it merely for the sake of being out of it. Logic and history have been the only external guides I have accepted in temporal things, except where pure taste has reigned alone—as for things not temporal one need not speak here." And there must be many more explanations for the fact that the author of "A History of Criticism," "A History of English Prosody," and "The Peace of the Augustans" has known for eighty years how to enjoy a green old age.

It is to be hoped that future historians of English criticism, when they are assigning the various reasons for Mr. Saintsbury's great position, will not neglect to mention one of Mr. Saintsbury's own reasons. Speaking of the wines which he had experienced through a long career devoted in one or another aspect to what he likes to call "the fruit of the tree of knowledge," he said in the "Notes on a Cellar-Book": "When they were good they pleased my senses, cheered my spirits, improved my moral and intellectual powers, besides enabling me to confer the same benefits on other people." Mr. Saintsbury in his later years has revealed himself as a delectable taster and connoisseur of wines no less than of books. Prohibition—threatened in England and accomplished in America—has been his particular torment in a time when there are enough torments for a tory anyway. And he has improved every opportunity to speak his mind upon the matter. It may not be out of place to record that one of Mr. Saintsbury's most interesting observations in this connection is to be found in a foot-note to page 40 of "Notes on a Cellar-Book." This is the foot-note:

> One of the most agreeable incidents of my life in connection with port is quite recent. Soon after I had published something about wine in the *Athenaeum*, and since America "went dry," two students of that misguided country wrote to me saying that they had found it impossible to refrain, after reading the article, from sallying forth, purchasing some so-called port wine (I hope it was not very bad), and drinking my health in it. It would be difficult for a teacher to have a more gratifying testimonial to the efficacy of his teaching; especially when he remembers the boasts of prohibitionists as to bringing on prohibition by sowing pseudo-scientific tarradiddles in United States school-books.

We think we know who these two students were, and we are wondering whether we should hand them over to the executioner.

College Athletics—Play or Work?

A FORMER football player of Harvard University, George Owen, Jr., of the class of 1923, has written an article for the *Independent* of November 7 in which he says:

> It is a crisp Saturday afternoon in October, and we are among the thousands of spectators at an important college football game. "Wouldn't you like to be in there, George?" comes the question from a neighbor. "No, I would not," is the spontaneous reply. In view of the fact that I played college football for four years and was fortunate enough to be a member of winning teams, this may seem a strange answer; but it was the only honest answer I could give.

The writer expresses his belief that a majority of college football players do not enjoy playing the game. The reason is the "terrific grind necessary to keep in the running." He continues:

> You can't play the game and smile both. I well remember a coach who, on finishing a preliminary "fight talk" to a team two hours before it went on the field for an important game, said: "I don't want to see a smile on any one of your faces before [illegible]." ... As a result, the possibility of failure prays so on the mind of the player that his capacity for enjoyment of the game as a game is, in many cases, completely [illegible] only after the season is over that he can look back with any pleasure on what he has been through, and then the degree of pleasure is measured largely by the degree of the team's success.

No one who knows anything about our colleges will question or be surprised at these statements. And they may be extended from football to apply to all branches of what are known as "major athletics." The most interesting thing about so frank a confession, perhaps, is that it should be made by one who is barely off the college campus. That college athletics are beginning to lose some of their glamor for the undergraduates (though not yet for the alumni) seems possible if for no other reason than that a change in fashion is about due—a rising sense of boredom against so artificial and absurd and top-heavy an institution. We note, for instance, an editorial in the *Ohio State Candle* for October in which college athletics receive a merciless keelhauling.

Of course the argument of Mr. Owen, that college football is more of a grind than a pleasure, is not necessarily a condemnation. Indeed it may be regarded as quite the contrary. Since in most colleges athletics are the chief—possibly the only—means by which a student may attain fame and popularity, competition in them is going to be the most serious purpose of such undergraduates as feel they stand any chance of success. It is fortunate, therefore, that the competition is a "terrific grind"—that it affords the discipline which is a big object of a college course.

It is not the athlete that is so much to be pitied as the nine-out-of-ten college students who can't get on teams and have to content themselves with the mere hurrah of the grandstand. When they come to see that their part in college athletics is the apex of ludicrousness and futility—and that time may be at hand—there is likely to be a change.

Fortunately when the mass of undergraduates sense the absurdity of their athletic worship, the way out is easy. There is no "problem" to it, although timid university trustees often talk as if there were. The abolition of intercollegiate contests, and the substitution of interclass games, would at one puff blow over the whole exaggerated, lopsided, professionalized structure. The officers of most of our colleges don't dare do anything so drastic. But some day the students will.

The Revolt Against Military Training

> The object of all military training is to win battles.
>
> The inherent desire to fight and kill must be carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor.
>
> The principles of sportsmanship and consideration for your opponent have no place in the practical application of this work.

WITH such maxims as these, taken from the prescribed "Manual of Military Training," did the opponents of compulsory training at the College of the City of New York launch their remarkably skilful and energetic campaign against it. The college publication, the *Campus*, took the lead. The whole college was aroused. Although an optimistic dean expressed the opinion that not more than half of the regularly enrolled students would vote on the question of a petition to the trustees for the abolition of compulsory military training, before the end of the second day of balloting over 2,000 out of 3,200 had voted, and the final vote was 2,092 to 345. We are informed that this is the largest total vote which any referendum among the students of the College of the City of New York has ever called out. The interest in the question was obviously intense and the result of the referendum is decisive and immensely encouraging.

What the trustees will do with this petition is another matter. Sidney Mezes, the president, is already on record in favor of continuing compulsory military training. Mr. Mezes will be remembered as the man who marshaled the American experts on peace in behalf of his brother-in-law, Colonel House, when we were preparing to make a peace appropriate to victory in a war to end war. According to one newspaper report he believes that this training in killing is good "both for the health and the patriotism of the students." It must disappoint even his optimism to find that his students have so little appreciation of what is good for them.

As a matter of fact, none of the conventional justifications for compulsory military training in our colleges is intellectually creditable. Military training is by no means the best form of physical exercise. Military discipline demonstrably has not produced that type of self-discipline upon which the best citizenship depends. It is only for propaganda purposes that army officers speak of military instruction as a training for citizenship. When they are candid they admit that its real object is "to win battles." Least of all does the kind of teaching given to our Reserve Officers Training Corps tend to produce the friendly spirit which is essential to international peace. Thus an Iowa student writes: "While I was in military classes I was having nurtured in me distrust of other nations." He went on to quote his officers as having said: "We are getting the dirty end of the stick on the 5-5-3 ratio. Other nations are not disarmed like the United States. Look out for Japan."

Universities and colleges which owe allegiance to the world-wide republic of letters and science are the last places where this sort of teaching should be given—where an element so alien to academic freedom as the typical military mind should be given such large powers over students. It is therefore intensely disappointing to those who look to our institutions of higher learning for intellectual and social leadership to find the average college president the eulogist of a system of compulsory military training which in so far as it is effective is necessarily destructive of the highest ideals of his profession. The tendency of many of our colleges and State universities to make military training compulsory for their students, without any necessity whatsoever in law, is in itself a kind of disloyalty to the deeply rooted American aversion to compulsory military training and service. Whatever the law says, it is compulsory military training and service when a boy anxious for an education can secure it only at the price of at least two years' required work in military courses.

If the attitude of many college and university authorities is disappointing, the increasing spirit of revolt in student bodies is correspondingly heartening. Students of the University of Wisconsin took the lead in the campaign which forced the State legislature to abolish the compulsory feature of military training in that great university. Students in Pomona College persuaded the board of trustees to end compulsory military training in that institution. Last spring students in Howard University and the University of Minnesota made notable protests against compulsory military training. An effective agitation is beginning at Ohio State University and we know not how many others. The University of Missouri, like the College of the City of New York, recently arranged for a student referendum under supervision of the Student Council on the question of compulsory military training. But before the vote was taken the regents unanimously indorsed compulsion and at the request of the president the vote was called off. Influential groups of students, however, are so determined that they are already talking of following the example of the Wisconsin students and carrying the fight to the State legislature. In examples like these—and they are increasing fast—is new ground for confidence in the spirit of youth, new ground for hope that America may be restored to leadership in the pursuit of world peace.

Giving Europe Another Chance

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

London, November 13

CYNICISM is often chosen by old age to smooth its pillow and make its bed comfortable. That does not necessarily mean that age has abandoned the faith of youth; it may only mean that the kind of experience which life affords for those who deal much with men makes them patient and tolerant with human weakness and inclines them to receive what Carlyle regarded as the great and grand verities, certainly not without honor and homage, but with a familiar pat on the back. I confess that the Locarno Pact puts such thoughts into my head.

When it was signed, and still later when it was published, I was in East and Middle Europe, and though moving in places where public men rubbed shoulders and exchanged views, the interest in it was quite secondary. These countries were full of war problems. Indeed, I do not exaggerate very much when I say that the only reason why there was peace in some of the places visited was that the countries had no resources upon which to fight. When in due course my English newspapers came glowing with Locarno, and when even the *Times* tuned its harp up to millennial pitch (an outburst which gave great amusement in a diplomatic circle one night), it was difficult for me to adjust myself to the strange contrast between my environment and my newspapers. Even when correspondents informed me that Locarno was being made in England a purely party triumph and was being used to enable the Government to recover some of its lost prestige and influence, I had to come nearer home before I could appreciate its significance. In the theater where war is most likely to break out and from which it is most likely to spread, Locarno was of remote interest.

What is its real significance regarding the more Western states? One is told that this pact means that Germany is to accept forever the Rhine frontier arrangements imposed upon it by the Treaty of Versailles (just as if France had signed a pact about 1880 binding itself to remove from the Place de la Concorde the statues of the forfeited towns and dream of Alsace-Lorraine no more) and that both countries bind themselves to submit all quarrels to arbitration. Certainly a document with such words upon it looks to be worth something, and as practically every newspaper in Western Europe welcomes it, it is worth something on that ground alone. The newspapers welcome it but not for the same reasons; indeed they differ profoundly in that respect. Public men, like the newspapers, unite in acclaiming it, and quarrel as to the reasons that happen to have brought them together. But we must not be too meticulous on these points. Whoever can get Europe to believe in peace, to believe that it is secure, to believe that it has found a cure for itself, will have done something to give Europe peace, security, and cures. It is really something to get the whole of Western Europe saying with its prayers every morning: "I am good; I am getting better in every way day by day." The document that sets Europe doing that may have as little in it as the proverbial doctor's prescription of *aqua pura*, but it may be of great benefit. The quack cures as well as the doctor. Here genial cynicism comes in, not to destroy faith but to protect it by widening its foundations. The psychological effect of the Locarno compact will give Europe a chance of putting its house further in order. It is true that about half the German population will decline to accept Locarno just as a similar instrument would have failed to get the support of a united France in 1880; it is true that the moral wrong done by some provisions of the Treaty of Versailles will defy all instruments of peace till they are removed; it is true that a quarrel between France and Germany about the Rhine frontiers would not be the direct cause of a European war if such a thing ever comes again; it is true that the arbitration provisions are obscure in relation to the actual processes by which another war would come; it is true that the pact does not touch the really dangerous problems of Europe and has several unlocked back doors through which war can escape to ravage mankind. When that is admitted, and when to that is added that a courageous handling of the European situation would have produced a better and a wider agreement than this, Locarno may be made a historical landmark in the development of our political civilization.

If this is to happen, however, the pact must be approached in the mind of critical and reserved welcome rather than in that of our relieved and thankful government newspapers. We have been too often deceived by these pious appearances and superficial promises of all being well. Locarno does not deal with any immediate cause of European war; it only deals with matters that would be reopened in the event of a European war breaking out; it provides that France and Germany would not fight over their own quarrels, it does not provide that they shall not fight over other peoples'; its declarations are good, but they do not visualize the ways in which Europe will be involved in war. If the good psychological effect of this agreement is allowed to wear off without a removal of the real causes of wars being effected, Europe will look back upon these days with regret and disappointment. Locarno settles none of the real war problems of Europe; it does predispose men's minds to become busy about their settlement.

We may assume that Germany will now join the League of Nations. This will be, so far as substance goes, a security for peace worth a dozen Locarno pacts. Indeed, it seems to me that the diplomacy which would have brought Germany to Geneva and then worked the League of Nations with all its new authority to remove the causes of war and prevent those that remained from becoming effective would have been far sounder than that pursued at Locarno. To divide Germany on what Europe considers to be a great instrument of security by putting into that instrument declarations of good behavior upon matters imposed upon Germany by the fortunes of war is of doubtful wisdom and may well give rise to fears in other parts of Europe that as important political sections in Germany refuse to sanction Locarno the security which it offers has not in reality the moral backing of the nation. This, however, is a matter of judgment, and by wise subsequent handling the grounds for this objection can be removed.

Suffice it to say that the entry of Germany into the League opens many doors for a day-to-day harmonious cooperation between the nations. That is the main thing to aim at. Here I have in mind among other things the continued existence of the Conference of Allied Ambassadors in Paris and questions arising out of the occupation of the Rhineland and the Saar and the military control in Germany, which [illegible]

The problems of the Middle and the East of Europe are still untouched save in so far as they may be dealt with under the Covenant of the League itself. The solution of some of them—like the treatment of minorities—should be hastened, however. To this, again, the presence of Germany on the Council of the League should contribute greatly. Akin to this is the question whether Germany should receive mandates for colonial responsibilities. Every scientific student of colonial administration knows that Germany was making some fine contributions to the subject. Like the rest of us, it was making some bad mistakes, but nothing it did was worse than what has just happened at Damascus, and its colonial record suffered during the war from stories of the same class as the human fat boiling vats. The world cannot afford that the scientific research work into subjects like tropical disease, which Germans were conducting before the war, should be brought to a sudden end.

Furthermore, behind all problems of national security is the question of disarmament. The reference to this in the Locarno Pact is not satisfactory, though in actual operation it may become so. This has to be pushed ahead with sleepless application so long as the psychology of Locarno lasts. If that goes, the chances of disarmament on any drastic scale go with it. For the moment the political powers are master of the military services and can issue orders to them. If these services are allowed to assume the almost sovereign authority they exercised before the war—when they were creating conditions that made their assistance necessary—no political agreements will stand the pressure of a growing fear and lack of confidence. Now is the moment to drive trust away from armed force on to political wisdom. Let us destroy the altars of the false gods and it will be easier to induce the people to bring their offerings to the altars of the true ones.

In a sentence, the value of Locarno depends upon how the opportunities it presents are used. Of itself, it may indeed mean nothing; if it is regarded as an opportunity of doing work that is substantial and that really removes the causes of war and creates in the world an instrument endowed with unchallengeable moral authority to secure peace, it may mean everything. So, even while one may look upon it with feelings of genial and generous cynicism and in consequence of it philosophize on the strangeness of crowd psychology—the flimsiness of the foundations of hope and fear alike—all that the cynicism may amount to is this, that the most strenuous of well-doers may have to be reminded that the whims and the weaknesses of mass opinion have to be humored, and that the baseless confidences of the crowds may, as a matter of fact, be turned into solid foundations for very substantial structures.

More Power to the Bankers*

By W. Z. RIPLEY

TWO changes in the nature and conduct of corporations, characteristic of the post-war period, have a direct bearing upon the future of private business in its relation to the supervisory or regulating agencies of the state. They are both bound to increase the likelihood of an extension rather than a lessening of the powers and activities of such bodies as the Federal Trade Commission. Fundamental these changes are, inasmuch as they strike at the very taproot of our capitalistic system. For this system is founded upon the theory that the private, as distinct from the common, ownership of property best conduces to the public welfare, because such possession involves the giving of a gage or guaranty by the owner to his fellow-citizens for thrifty, efficient, far-sighted, and public-spirited management thereof. His is the reward if he be successful. And he bears the loss in case of misdirection. Otherwise stated, it is the fundamental principle, interwoven throughout all human relationships, that power and responsibility must ever be yoked together. It is because these two developments directly assail this principle that I hold them to be sinister and of grave public import.

The first of these changes is the divorce of the ownership of property, represented by securities emitted by corporations or trustees, from any direct accountability whatsoever, for its prudent and efficient management. The second change is the wide and ever-accelerating diffusion of a considerable portion of this ownership, represented by stock holdings of employees and of the direct consumers, both of public utility corporations and of private business companies as well. The net result of both changes is the assumption of an absolute control by intermediaries—most commonly bankers, so-called—in place of the former responsibility for direction which, theoretically at least, rested upon the shoulders of the actual owners.

Both these tendencies menace alike the welfare of the private owners themselves and of the working classes; and they put the public interest in the sound and straightforward management of these businesses in jeopardy—not because bankers, as such, are more frail than other people in general but simply because the possession of uncontrolled power is always certain to entail abuse, whereby both innocent and guilty are alike dragged down. The result, therefore, unless present tendencies are taken in hand, will necessarily be the extension of the activity of such bodies as the Federal Trade Commission, acting for the protection of those who have unwittingly made themselves wards of the state in respect of their possessions.

The practical disappearance of the individual and partnership forms of business organization in favor of the corporation took place before the war. Almost a thousand companies are now listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone—163 railroads and 763 other corporations. The pres-

* Address delivered by W. Z. Ripley, professor of political economy [illegible] the annual meeting of the Academy of Political Science, New York, [illegible] published in the [illegible]

ent transformation is merely in respect to the seat of power over their direction. All kinds of private businesses are being bought up by banking houses; and new corporations are being substituted for the old, in order that the purchase price (and more) may be recovered by sale of shares to the general public. But the significant change is that the new stock, thus sold, is entirely bereft of any voting power, except in case of actual or impending bankruptcy. General stockholders, to be sure, have always been inert, delegating most of their powers of election. But, at worst, they might always be stimulated to assert themselves; and, in any event, they all fared alike as respects profits or losses. Under the new style of corporations, such general stockholders are badly deprived of all rights in this direction, and new preferred stocks are sold up to the hilt of the value of the assets, if not beyond. The issues are called preferred stocks. They are really bonds. And, instead, as formerly, of being limited to a half or two-thirds of the tangible assets, no limit is now set, except the powers of absorption of the investing public.

Every kind of business is being swept into this maelstrom. All of our public utilities, except railroads; chain and department stores, foodstuffs, washing machines, refrigerators, confectionery, make-believe silk stockings, toilet and beauty preparations, our daily bread, our cake, and our ice cream—even our home-made pies! Every conceivable article of direct or indirect consumption is covered by the change. The recent Dodge Motors Company is typical. A banking house buys up a private business for, let us say, $146,000,000. This sum and more it recovers by the sale to the public for $160,000,000 of bonds, preferred stock, and 1,500,000 non-voting shares of "Class A" common stock. But not a single one of the 500,000 "Class B" voting common shares is thus sold. The promoters have virtually paid themselves a handsome profit for the assumption of the entire directorial power, having mortgaged the property to the full amount of its original cost, including both assets and capitalized earning power.

Perhaps the baldest case of this sort is that of an artificial silk concern, which thus sold (let us hope?) 598,000 shares of non-voting "Class A" stock, reserving 2,000 of the total 600,000 shares as "Class B" stock carrying *exclusive* voting rights. There is no concealment about it. But who, may we ask, has given a hostage to fortune for honest and economic management of the business? The promoters stand to lose only the amount of their stake—a minus quantity in dollars, leaving aside, of course, the moral obligation. It is the public stockholders who stand to lose their all in case of misdirection. And most of them have parted with any hope of participation in future profits over and above their fixed return: by agreement in the subscription to forfeit all "preemptive" rights in the issue of new stock. How can there be other than a whirlwind of abuse of power under such conditions?

As for the second financial fashion—the wide distribution of stock to employees and to consumers of the corporation's product, whether electric service, steel, or what-not—the effect is bound to be cumulative with that of insinuation of banking power between ownership and operation. Corporations have always been susceptible to control by concentration of voting power. Far less than half of the capital stock may be as effective for such control as possession of an actual majority. But it is elemental, requiring no proof, that the larger the number of shareholders, the more easily may a small concentrated block of minority holders exercise sway over all the rest. With a dozen owners, probably 51 per cent will be necessary for dominance. With 300,000 scattered holdings, a possible 15 or 20 per cent of the votes can never be overmatched at an election. In 1923 there were 250,000 new stockholders registered in the electric light and power companies alone. The total number of stockholders in all sorts of concerns has almost doubled since 1900, rising to an aggregate of 14,423,000 in 1923. These shareholders now possess over $70,000,000,000 worth of stock at par, on the showing of the federal income-tax returns. Such possession used to be confined to the wealthy and the well-to-do class. Now it comprehends the small householder and large numbers of wage-earners. The former concentration of wealth is now yielding place to so wide a diffusion as to call for public recognition by way of legislation or oversight. But the important point to note is that the wider the diffusion of ownership the more readily does effective control run to the intermediaries, in this case promoters, bankers, or management companies.

The foregoing dangerous tendencies are much aggravated, also, by reason of the operation of a number of highly artificial legal devices which serve to isolate still further the property owner from control over his investment. The holding company, voting trusts, trusts set up for the living, the moribund, or the dead, the investment trust, and finally the intervention of the life-insurance companies as investing agents for their policy-holders—each and every one of these has latterly insinuated itself to still further set off ownership from responsibility in management. It is all cumulative—and, in the aggregate, fraught with the gravest possibilities.

Many remedies for undue concentration of power of direction of corporations have been suggested. There is one which stands forth preeminently. Publicity of accounts and their standardization are likely to be most serviceable as a check upon otherwise unrestrained control. These millions of investors and the public, even if they have so confidingly given their possessions over into the care of others, have a right to full and complete unmitigated information. There lies an appropriate function for a rejuvenated and enlarged federal commission to discharge an obligation of the federal government to a great and in many respects a helpless body of our citizens.

Autumn Nocturne

By DAVID MORTON

Listen how slow the rain is stepping there,
More to itself than any other thing,
For never leaf or blossom, now, will care
What song of all her songs the rain will sing.
For thus the summer world is sung asleep,
Hearing the surest rainfall on the ground
Fainter . . . and faint—till slumbers grow too deep
For listening any longer to this sound.
Tomorrow I shall see, as I go by,
How leaf and petal, delicately curled,
Are drowned in sleep and lost to earth and sky,
Where nothing is remembered from the world,
But all things are forgotten that were plain—
Even this last-heard, drowsy sound of rain.

The Democrats Desert

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, November 23

BEYOND doubt the outstanding thing about the present political period is the extraordinary swing of the country away from the old attitude of belligerence toward Big Business and its general acceptance of the benevolent belief that the prosperity of the little fellow wholly hinges upon that of the big fellow, that if only the latter is well looked after automatically the former will be cared for and need no special consideration.

While it is not often stated as nakedly as that, political students of all parties and sections are in complete accord as to the truth of the change. Loads of examples could be cited but they are not needed. The dominating presence of Mr. Mellon in the official Cabinet and of Mr. Morrow in the unofficial Cabinet are enough. Ten years ago an open connection, public or private, with either would have put a political blight upon any Administration. Reflections upon the reasons for the about-face of the public in regard to our money kings open up an interesting speculative field, but in the end it all gets back to the basic fact of the general prosperity.

That is the key to the nation-wide political situation. It is the full explanation of why, with the prosperity current still swiftly flowing, it is not possible to interest the people in any issue or question whatever save that of keeping it flowing. Why bother about anything else so long as business keeps up? That is the thoroughly natural and nearly unanimous feeling of the American people.

No better illustration of the strength of this tide need be sought than the present attitude of the Democratic leaders in the House toward the Coolidge-Mellon theory that the way to reduce taxes is to cut those on the big incomes first and most. They have gulped, but swallowed it. Apparently their purpose is to join the Republicans in reporting a revenue bill heavily slashing the maximum surtax and less heavily taxes on smaller incomes. It will be the Mellon bill all right, although astonishing pains, for such righteous people, are being taken to keep it from being called the Mellon bill. For their acquiescence in the feature about which the Administration is particularly concerned, namely, the cutting of the 40 per cent surtax, the Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee are cordially praised by one section of the daily press, while grudgingly given credit by another for the sense to cease opposing the tax program of the great and good Mr. Coolidge.

As a matter of fact, they deserve no credit—these Democrats. Whether the Mellon theory with which the country has been so completely saturated is right or wrong—and there are certainly two sides to it—in their hearts these Democrats do not believe either in it or in the Coolidge-Mellon-Republican doctrine that the little fellow is bound to be all right if the big fellow gets what he wants first. They would not be Democrats if they did not hate that doctrine. That is a Republican, not a Democratic idea.

It is the little fellow who has always been the particular care of the Democrats. They have in the past always championed his cause. It is true they never did much for him, but still they were his consistent advocates. It was the big fellow to whom the Republicans cottoned, the business interests which they championed. This line of cleavage between the parties was deeper than that of the tariff or any other issue. It was the real difference between them.

Now we find the House Democrats swung completely around to the Republican view and as eager as their opponents to batter down the surtax on the big incomes. It is not, however, a matter of conviction with them—it's merely a matter of cowardice. It is not the Democrats who have changed on the country but the country that has changed on the Democrats. The crumbs from the prosperity banquet table at which for nearly four years the big fellows have been gorging are so numerous, succulent, and satisfying to the little fellow that all his old truculence toward the "interests" has evaporated. The great gratification of getting a share of the easy money of the period makes it impossible to divert him from the effort to make his share as large as possible or get him excited because somebody is getting very much more. If he were not getting his he could be more easily stirred to wrath at the inequality of things. As it is, he has no time to reflect on that.

Then, too, the newspapers and periodicals upon which the millions intellectually feed, and which formerly preached that the big corporations and very rich men were powerful enough to protect themselves and it was the average citizen who needed help, have, since the first Mellon bill two years ago, strongly taken the other tack, and now with curious and significant unanimity hold that the tax burden must be lightened first on the very wealthy in order that the very poor may prosper.

The extent to which the country is soaked with this idea is practically unprecedented. It is too much for the House Democrats. They have thrown their hands in the air and given up. Disbelieving in the theory, disputing the soundness of the two main Mellon arguments, first, that reduction in the surtax will release more capital for industry and, second, that it will induce rich men to transfer their fortunes from the tax-exempt to the taxable securities; believing, as some of them do not hesitate to say, that it is a backward social step, they have agreed to it, they privately concede, because of the impossibility of getting any sort of real backing for a fight for what should be the natural Democratic view. Back in their districts the influential newspapers and important Babbitt Democrats, as well as Republicans, are all for the Mellon idea. It isn't in these House Democrats to continue to stand against that sort of sentiment. As a matter of fact, it is too much to expect of them. Said one of the best of the lot the other day: "What's the use? The party in power is bound to get the credit for the reduction and if we fight the bill because the principle is bad all we get is hell for standing in the way. Every newspaper and every bank director is for the surtax cut. Nobody is going to stop and reason the thing out. The propaganda is too overwhelming. We can't get backing for a fight and it's bad politics to make it. The thing for us to do is get this taxation business over as quickly as possible and take up something else."

The at least temporary political expedience of this can hardly be questioned, but no claim that it is high-minded

has yet been made. It is, however, in the Senate the real test will come. What the House does in these matters is more often than not entirely negligible. At the other end of the Capitol are a number of fairly determined men who believe the right way to reduce taxes is from the bottom up, not from the top down, and who have been neither sufficiently gullible nor sufficiently craven to fall for a propaganda more powerful and persistent than has been concentrated upon any other single legislative step in this generation. There will be a fight over there.

Anthracite Country

II. The Town

By ANNE HARD

"FOREIGNERS"—whose names for one another are as bewilderingly unlike the ethnographer's categories as these black rivers are unlike the silver streams of New England or the tawny streams of the South. These dwellers in "the patch" are not always as destitute as you would guess from a cursory glance at their paintless houses, their tumble of shed and fence. They draw themselves into a stove-warmed room when the wind whistles coldly across these mountains. They live under the slight shade when the untempered summer sun blisters the blackened hills and reflects from the ovens of the culm heaps and piles of slaty refuse. They extract some comfort from circumstances in their own way. But they tuck their money into savings.

When they first came here — when they first were fetched here in their hundreds, unbelievably innocent of American things, they got no interest on their savings. Instead, they paid the banks to keep those savings safe for them. Those days—like many other matters of the anthracite country—are over. Now those savings lie in the banks of Scranton and Wilkes-Barre and Hazleton untouched and with their interest accumulating upon their heads.

"Do you know who we like to see come into our store to buy?" said the wife of a local hardware dealer in a certain mining town. "Not the Americans. No. The 'Slavish.' An American woman comes in with a fine coat, buys a cheap dish-pan, and pays part down. The 'Slavish' woman comes in—maybe with a shawl over her head, asks which is the very best dish-pan we have, takes out a fat wad, and pays cash."

It is some miles of tangled roads, a trolley trip or a spin in a car to the next "step up" from the patch. In the patch, foreigners and their old ways. In the mining towns—in Pottsville, in Hazleton, in Mahanoy City, in McAdoo, Shenandoah, and Shamokin—they are becoming "Americanized." The greatest local excitement in McAdoo —no one knows who named it; it has some hundreds of bleak frame houses up and down half-paved streets and about a dozen churches, sharp-spired and onion-domed against the sky—in McAdoo the greatest local excitement after eight weeks of the strike was a "Charleston" competition. They talked about the strike but they grew voluble about the merits of Mr. Wida against Miss Parsnik as exponents of the "Charleston."

Hazleton is a mining town. It is said 80 per cent of it depends upon the mining industry, although there are some other interests there. I choose to speak of it as an example of that next "step up." How fast it may be made! "Gift shops" with just the same things you may find in Connecticut Avenue in Washington, or Michigan Boulevard in Chicago, or the forties, say, in New York. Book and stationery shops—"We have the best class of traveling salesmen," they said, "Carter's ink, Dennison—all the best." Fur shop showing squirrel and the latest narrow-striped muskrats and fox. High-heeled, dainty, brilliant-buckled shoes, gowns of ivory or flame-colored georgette, smart hats with matching patterned scarfs in the windows. "These girls think nothing of coming in here and buying a hundred and fifty dollar coat-suit," a merchant said. A big new hotel lined with creamy stone, with softly-toned woodwork, mezzanine lounge in rich blues, nice prints, ballroom with its crystal, banquet room and perfect service. There meet the Rotary and Kiwanis. On Armistice Day the Legion turned out from its headquarters across the way, headed by two large bands, very effective in their white and blue capes. They were the bands of the two local high schools. One of these schools alone has about 1,200 students.

Hazleton is unique among the anthracite cities. Shenandoah, Mahanoy City are less beautiful, more crowded, more "foreign." But it is nevertheless a coal city. Its population is of the mines. And therefore, away from that street of shops, with its theaters—also crowded after eight weeks of the strike—lead narrow, undistinguished streets of "homes." Little houses, postage-stamps of houses, with heavily upholstered "suites" crowding the most expensive kind of radio sets, a dining-room constantly wearing its white cloth over the table, line these streets.

You do not see expensive goods by the yard in the shops. You seldom see a sewing-machine in the houses. But the young lady of the house will be wearing the newest of frocks, the gayest of sport stockings. It is America!

The furs are not sables or ermine, but they are furs. The cars in the street are not Rolls-Royce and Pierce, but they are cars.

It is interesting to speculate upon the operators' point of view when the question of wage negotiations arises, familiar as they are with this background. But should we or would we have it otherwise if we could? Is it our determination that "Americanization" shall be confined to courses in our schools, or shall it be a thing of its own growth, producing extravagant blossoms of a not altogether lovely kind at first, perhaps, but eventually by its own mistakes flowering into something really fine? Anyway, we cannot stop it. It is imitative of what it sees and quickly so.

The men bewildered—and therefore the hardest to deal with—of superiors and of superintendents are those who are most benevolent. A few of the coal families keep old homesteads near the mines and live in them occasionally. In spite of the new ways these families preserve their somewhat feudal point of view about their men, and the men still have, in those few cases, a little of the feudal allegiance somewhere deep down in their sympathies. One of these families once built a road many miles long across a certain ridge, where the grandmamma of the present owner and her sister and her friends would drive in their carriage and pair. It was a very convenient road, linking two excellent patches of rabbit-country without a detour of some miles for the foot-farer and the men used to like to short-cut by it. Every now and then one of them would be thrown off or perhaps even arrested for "trespass." Now it is a public road, frequently used. It is a symbol.

Article 13

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

AIRPLANES, submarines, dreadnoughts; Big Berthas, tanks, poison gases. With such damnable contraptions have the confounded scientists spoiled man's supreme sport—the thrilling, the 100 per cent patriotic, soul-stirring, glorious game of war. They have ruined war because they have made it so expensive a luxury that you lose even if you win. Witness the lean pocket-books of France, Italy, even England.

Horatio at the Bridge; Washington Crossing the Delaware; Gettysburg, Thermopylae, Richard Coeur de Lion; Don't Shoot, Boys, Till You See the Whites of Their Eyes. Is it possible that a machine-run world is to substitute for such splendors the tiresome decisions of a dull World Court?

But let us not despair. The World Court is perhaps not so toothless an affair as may be supposed. There is the nice question of enforcing the court's decisions. In the answer to that query there still resides a hope for something more vivid than the deadly arguments of prolix lawyers in a sleepy courtroom.

I have before me an essay by Professor Manley O. Hudson, Bemis Professor of International Law in the Harvard Law School, in which the professor, arguing for the existing World Court, attempts to demolish Senator Borah. But does he succeed? Discussing the World Court as now existing and functioning, he writes:

> The World Court is related to the League only in that (1) the expenses of both are paid out of a common budget; (2) the judges are elected by the Assembly and Council of the League; and (3) the court may give advisory opinions when requested by the Council or Assembly.

Is that statement of his quite complete? Is not the Court a closer relative of the League than his statement indicates? Is not the World Court established pursuant to the Covenant of the League of Nations? If so, how about Article 13? The pertinent parts of that article declare:

> The members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration or judicial settlement . . . they will submit the whole subject matter to arbitration or judicial settlement.

So far, so good, if jurisdiction is made dependent upon acquiescence of sovereign states. But the able gentlemen who drafted the Covenant did not stop there. Some of them, at least, were practical statesmen. What would be the good of a court with power to decide if there is no power to enforce? This was evidently in the minds of some of the draftsmen of the Covenant.

Hence Article 13 has something to say on this subject of enforcement:

> The members of the League agree that they will carry out in full good faith any award or decision that may be rendered and *that they will not resort to war against a member of the League which complies therewith.*

The italics are mine. Since the members agree that they will not resort to war against a complying member, what will they do to a member who does not comply with the decision? Make war? What other implication can reasonably be gathered from the words? But if it be needed to make the matter clearer, let me quote the last sentence of Article 13:

> In the event of any failure to carry out such an award or decision the Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto.

Does this mean that the Council shall have power to cause the League members to make war against the non-complying member? If not, what does it mean? What does that word "steps" mean? And how about the word "failure"? The language is "in the event of any *failure*, etc.," not "in the event of any *refusal*, etc." Suppose a nation fails to comply with a decision solely because it is financially or physically unable to do so. Is the Council nevertheless to have the power of life and death over that nation?

But the matter does not end here. Article 16 declares:

> Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13, or 15, it shall ipso facto be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not.

Thus it appears that the whole power of the League and of every League member is invoked against any nation which resorts to war in violation of Article 13; and since the World Court is created to carry out the provisions of that article, I take the liberty of asking Professor Hudson whether his statement quoted above is quite complete.

The fact seems to me to be that the World Court is not only joined with the Covenant like a Siamese twin but is backed by the whole power of the League and its members.

What of it, you may ask? Just this. Ordinary courts have sheriffs and marshals attached to them to levy judgments, execute warrants of arrest and dispossess, writs of replevin, etc. But when you come to a World Court, your sheriff—if there is to be one—is an army; and if Article 13 means what plain words indicate, the army behind the World Court would be one ordered into the field by the Council of the League.

Again what of it? You may ask whether a court having power to decide but none to enforce is worth the bother of bringing it into being. Would such an emasculated court be of any use? But that's another story, a story which will appear in *The Nation* next week. Meantime, I, who am an enthusiast for a world court—a court of justice, backed not by arms but only by acquiescence and a decent respect for the opinion of mankind, ask the champions of the existing court as now constituted and functioning to tell us whether Article 13 means what I have gathered from its words.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a hard time keeping up with his colleagues on *The Nation*. He disagrees with them so often and so thoroughly that sometimes a statement of theirs gets by him because he is too busy contradicting what they have said the week before. For example, there was the misguided opinion, advanced a month or two ago, that "slush" in journalism was a new departure, that it was unknown in the good old days. As proof of the contrary, he is glad to offer the following, which appeared in a Dublin paper of May 30, 1784, a description of the first appearance on the Dublin stage of that pearl of womanhood, Mrs. Siddons:

> From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy at beholding a mortal goddess! The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold—with thousands of admiring spectators that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! This star of Melpomene! This comet of the stage! This sun of the firmament of the Muses! This moon of blank verse! This empress of the pistol and dagger! This chaos of Shakespeare! This world of weeping clouds! This Juno of commanding aspects! This Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! This Proserpine of fire and earthquake! This Katterfelto of wonders exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweetbriar, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, auricula, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus. Where expectation was raised so high it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who was injured; several fainted before the curtain drew up!

* * * * *

ONE gathers that it was an unusual occasion, to say the least. Evidently we have no such actresses nowadays, or if we have, our audiences are more calloused, for the Drifter avows that in all his long life he has never seen such a scene as is further described in the Dublin reporter's lyric burst:

> When she came to the scene of parting with her wedding ring, ah! what a sight was there. . . . One hundred and nine ladies fainted, forty-six went into fits, and ninety-five had string hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth when they are told that fourteen children, [illegible] old women, one hundred tailors, and six common councilmen were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips and the lower to increase the briny pond in the pit. The water was three feet deep and the people were obliged to stand on the benches and in that position were up to the ankles in tears. An Act of Parliament against her playing two more will certainly pass!

THE Drifter challenges his colleagues to produce any example of modern newspaper hyperbole to compare with this. But lest it be said that this, after all, was only mock-serious, he is glad to quote from the Washington *Capital's* story of the assassination of President Garfield. Here was no room for burlesque, but a most solemn occasion.

> The late Czar, when fired at before the Nihilist bomb blew him into eternity, shrieked and fainted with terror. The phlegmatic Emperor of Germany never recovered the shock of a slight wound from birdshot fired so far off that it would scarcely have killed a reed-bird. But the President of the American republic, with a bullet as large as that of a Remington rifle tearing through his vitals, sets his teeth without a shudder and says: "I'll chance and I'll win!" and softening his face into the sweetness of a lover's smile, whispers to his dear wife as she kneels beside him: "Sweetheart, have no fear; I'll pull through!" Such heroism, such manhood, cause the blood to surge in the heart of every American!

* * * * *

TODAY this sort of thing simply does not happen. We have our own type of "slush," but nothing so soul-compelling or heart-wringing as this. There are times when even the Drifter believes that the world is moving in the right direction.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

America, the League, and Syria

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your statement in *The Nation* of November 4 that "if the League measured up to its job it would order France out of Syria at once" seems to me to mistake entirely the nature of the League itself. The League is not a super-state. It is not a political entity. It is not a power in itself. It is simply a method of doing business. It is a machinery for co-operation between fifty-five governments of the world. Now, if you say that these fifty-five governments should order France out of Syria, your proposition becomes a very different one. The fifty-five only act unanimously in using the machinery which we call the League. The fifty-four have not been given power to order the fifty-fifth out. Few of the fifty-five governments feel special responsibility with reference to Syria. Most of them feel about it much as our government does.

But you will say that Syria is under a League mandate. You are obviously forgetting recent history when you say that "the League gave the mandate to France." It was the Allied and Associated Powers which allocated Syria to France, though the Council of the League of Nations approved the mandate. The United States participated in the allocation. American armies helped in the victory which made it possible. An Amer[illegible]

But fifty-five governments, not including that of the United States, are maintaining a method of getting regular accounting with reference to these mandated territories. The Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations was meeting in Geneva last week. It received petitions from Syria and at once asked France for a report concerning same. It will [illegible] meeting in February to consider France's report. The meeting will air the facts and give world opinion a rallying point, at any rate. Meanwhile, what share of responsibility is the United States taking? And one reason why it takes none is that *The Nation* has grasped every opportunity to attack this cooperative method of handling international affairs.

You speak of "the men who see in the League the panacea for the world's ills." I do not know any practical people who take such a view. Of course there are a few enthusiasts who misrepresent the League, precisely as there are critics who constantly misrepresent it. But why do you allow yourself to flare at the extremists? Why not see the League of Nations as it is: namely, a machinery, a method of taking common counsel about common interests—not a new political being but a new symbol of cooperation? Of course the League as a method will not always be used in cases of international difficulties. Of course

it will not be used as frequently as you and I should like to have it used. We even dislike at times the action of the Congress of the United States. You admit that the League method was usefully employed in the Greek-Bulgarian case. Why not welcome the method for the possibility of its use in some cases where fifty-five states are willing to use it? In other cases, why not blame the governments of the world rather than the method which they do not use? And in blaming them, don't forget your own government, which almost never uses this method, partly because you object to its doing so.

The difficulty with *The Nation* seems to me to be that it has allowed the League to be greatly oversold to it. You expect the impossible. Why not see it as it is? And if you would, I think your criticism should first be leveled against the attitude of the Government of the United States, which in common with fifty-four governments that are in the League of Nations is not proposing to throw France out of Syria.

Cambridge, Mass., November 4 MANLEY O. HUDSON

Capital Punishment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 21 I read: "A total of 288 murders in 279 days in Cook County would seem to indicate that as a deterrent capital punishment was somewhat lacking." Now, according to recent statistics, out of 180 murders there in 1924, *only one accused has been hanged.* Some perverse people will think that what is needed in Chicago is a few hangings. From Cleveland comes the following: "There were 205 murders in the last three years, but *only two persons were sentenced to death,* and their cases are still pending." One would hardly say that in these two great cities, which are fairly typical, capital punishment exists.

As is well known, the number of murders in all England, a vast scene of hunger and unemployment, falls far below that of any great American city. Those obstinate English almost invariably hang the accused. In Canada, notwithstanding its "wild west," murders are extremely rare. There too a bad habit of hanging. And so in Australia and New Zealand, with all their wildernesses.

The fault, it is said, is in society. Yes, but in several respects. Society has in this country been too lenient. During my lifetime I have seen one law after another passed to make ruffians more comfortable in prison and to soften or shorten their punishment—the parole laws, the indeterminate sentence, the improvement of prisons, and the showering of pardons, while European governments have remained as stern as ever—yet the number of violent crimes among us has not diminished. Signor Ferri is cited. Now, in Latin countries the bulk of murders are from emotional causes, and I am one of those who believe that in this country, also, it is useless to pass death statutes against such as murder out of passion. What I believe can be and must be enforced is the death penalty against those who murder to get money, a class increasing with terrible rapidity. In Italy it will be noticed that when they had to deal with just that class, they put them to death. When the Italian Government finally decided to break up the Mafia, they used rough methods, and crimes of this class of criminals disappeared.

It will be noticed that in Northern Europe the street and house bandit is practically unknown. Why? Over there his business does not pay. Here it does. When I was a boy the bandit was practically unknown in the Eastern States. Why has he multiplied so terribly? In America his business pays.

What is going on in our country now is a guerrilla warfare against society by bandits. Surely few people would deny the right of our soldiery or police to shoot into thugs and kill them if they came in an army, bent upon assault, murder, and robbery. Yet what we have to face in this country is about the same thing. The thugs do not come upon us in armies but as guerrillas or snipers. The chances today of any extreme penalty are very small, and these rascals know it. When they are hanged after crimes, as in Canada, England, and Northern Europe, they at least content themselves with larceny and leave us our lives.

Wilful persons commit crimes for money when they see that the worst penalty is a short term in a comfortable prison, besides a good chance of not being punished at all and a still better chance of being speedily released from prison by weeping ladies and gentlemen who have not yet been shot.

Those who, because hanging does not deter some kinds of murderers, think it deters none defy common sense. They resemble those who still deny that vaccination ever arrested smallpox.

Seattle, Washington, October 28 FREDERICK BAUSMAN

From "Kiver to Kiver"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is only one thing a university student should do with *The Nation,* read it from "kiver" to "kiver." It pays.

In the last year I have read it entire, except Bertrand Russell on relativity and the articles on China. Now I'm hunting up my old copies of *The Nation* for supplementary reading on relativity for a philosophy class and to write a paper on the Chinese situation for a course in Oriental politics.

Those who neglect *The Nation* neglect a valuable source of pertinent information.

Iowa City, Iowa, October 10 O. F. GRAHAME

Can Any One Help Her?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you be good enough to tell me something that I can use in the opening exercises of my third-grade class, in place of the salute to the flag?

Almost all the pupils in the room are children of overworked, underpaid laborers, and I feel not only guilty but ridiculous at hearing the pathetic daily repetition: "One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

I am twenty-one years old and very ignorant.

———, *Illinois, October 21* H. F. M.

Contributors to This Issue

RAMSAY MACDONALD, the first Labor Prime Minister of England, writes frequently for *The Nation.*

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY is professor of political economy at Harvard University.

DAVID MORTON'S latest volume of verse is called "Harvest."

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun,* is sending *The Nation* biweekly letters from Washington.

ANNE HARD'S first article from the coal district appeared in last week's *Nation.*

JAMES N. ROSENBERG is a New York lawyer who has written on the subject of the World Court for the *Columbia Law Review.*

HELENE MULLINS has a book-shop in New York City.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER is professor of English history at Columbia University.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG wrote The Predicament of American Labor, in *The Nation* for September 30.

LULA MERRICK is assistant editor of *Art News.*

PING-TSANG CHEN is secretary of the Chinese Students' Alliance and Sterling scholar in political science at Yale University.

Books, Art, Plays

Deirdre

By HELENE MULLINS

I have not heard a lovelier tale than this:
How once Queen Deirdre, cruelly betrayed,
Turned from her lover's tender lips to kiss
The lips of death, and how on her was laid
The earth's dark quilt, who should have slept beneath
Delicate laces nuns went blind to make;
And none brought praise to her, nor queenly wreath,
But tears or curses, for her lover's sake.

This is a tale that poets love to tell
When they are drunk with beauty; and I go
Among the wise men who have loved her well,
And learn from them the sad strange things they know;
Learn of the tall young lover and the king
Who hated him, and of the haughty way
In which Queen Deirdre died, and everything
Is beautiful and gracious that they say.

First Glance

CHINESE drama in one form or another is something like four thousand years old, but there is no history of it either in China or elsewhere. For his volume on "The Chinese Theater" (Little, Brown: $7.50) Mr. A. E. Zucker consequently was forced to rely upon scattered articles and books, and it may be said to his credit that he remains under no illusion as to the completeness of his record. There are inevitable gaps in it—gaps which Mr. Zucker hopes that he will inspire someone to fill. Yet it is both an informing and an amusing record, and certain circumstances combine to make Mr. Zucker's book one of distinct value for the American audience to which he has addressed it. Mr. Zucker was familiar with the Peking theater over a period of five years, during which time he took notes, interviewed actors, playwrights, and critics, and in general applied himself to an art for which he had already an affection. A student of comparative European literature, he was better equipped than most visitors in China to decide what was unique about her drama and what about it had interesting analogues in the drama of the West. More important still, he had a sense of humor and an eye for the genuinely picturesque; it is these qualities, joined with a pleasant if respectful curiosity, which make "The Chinese Theater" on the whole so satisfactory. Mr. Zucker has connected and explained the stray morsels of fact which had been the food of our understanding until now. He has pried behind the strangest of the conventions and demonstrated that after all they are not so strange; or if some of them do indeed happen to be strange he has given us the full color of their charm. It is his distinction in general to have brought a distant subject close.

The chief reason for Mr. Zucker's success in this latter direction is his conviction, decidedly borne out by the evidence which everywhere he presents, that the Chinese theater is China in a nutshell—it is in China herself, apparently, that Mr. Zucker finds himself most interested. Between the walls of a Peking or a Shanghai playhouse, he points out, we can become acquainted with "the old legends of the nation, the famous novels read by the masses, intrigues such as occur on every hand, the music of the various provinces, and the moral ideals of the four hundred millions in general. . . . We see the corruption of officials, the callousness toward suffering, the selfishness of parents, the eagerness for compromise, and the lack of physical or moral courage; on the other hand, we see the polite civilization with its long tradition, the respect for the past and for learning, the love of poetry and art, the general kindliness and honesty of the people, the love of humor, the extreme democracy in social relations, and the reasonableness and lack of fanaticism." These happen also to be my own concerns. So that while I am grateful to Mr. Zucker for his sketch of Chinese dramatic history, for his expert summaries of certain famous plays, for his elucidation of the conventions, for his interview with Mei Lan-fang, China's greatest actor, for his account of the laborious discipline to which all actors are submitted, and for his remarks upon the new Europeanized drama, I am particularly indebted to him for the clearest picture I have ever been given of a Chinese institution in the flesh. This is the theater itself as he describes it—noise, dirt, cold, and all—in the first few pages of his sixth chapter. There is as much beauty in these pages as there is in the paintings on silk which adorn other sections of the book; and there is quite as much China, I suspect, as is to be found in libraries of official reports.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Industrial Revolution Reconsidered

Industrial Society in England Towards the End of the Eighteenth Century. By Witt Bowden. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IN this lucid and scholarly monograph Mr. Bowden makes important contributions to our knowledge of the beginnings of modern industrialism. The period to which he has given intensive study is that in which machine technique established itself in the leading industries of England and demonstrated its competitive superiority to older systems of industrial production—approximately the three decades following 1760. As the title of the book indicates, it is with the social, not the technical, aspects of the Industrial Revolution that the author is concerned, with the social factors behind the changes in industrial processes and with the social readjustments that followed those changes, not with the new technique itself. Diligent researches in a wide range of sources, some results of which Mr. Bowden has published previously, have enabled him to throw new light upon many phases of the economic and social transformations in which contemporary civilization has its origin.

After presenting impressive evidences of the spirit of mechanical invention which characterized English society in the latter decades of the eighteenth century, the author passes in review a number of conditions that have been regarded as causes of the inventions. Many circumstances, he concludes, were favorable for mechanical improvements.

But the "determining factor" was "the opportunity for the profitable use of mechanical inventions." This opportunity was afforded by the extraordinary demand for commodities, and he thinks that it was "in respect to the demand for English goods that the eighteenth century differed most radically from earlier periods." Behind every historical event or movement there is always, of course, a complex of antecedents that may have been influential in causing it, but the student of history would do well to recognize the fact that there is no means of ascertain-

ing which of these antecedents had a determining influence. We cannot reset the stage of history, call back the actors and repeat the performance, eliminating one antecedent after another and recording the differences in the outcome; which amounts to saying that history is not and cannot be made an exact science. It cannot be established that Mr. Bowden's "determining factor" was in reality a *causa causans;* it should be presented merely as one element in his "complex of forces."

Study of primary sources has led the author to a number of conclusions at variance with opinions that have been more or less generally accepted. One of these opinions is that contemporaries were unconscious of the economic transformation which accompanied the use of the new machines. Devotees of "pure" literature do seem to have been amazingly blind to what was going on in the vulgar realm of work, but outside of this chaste circle many writers, Mr. Bowden shows, were aware of the momentous character of the economic changes, which they characterized as "extraordinary," "astonishing," "almost miraculous," and "unparalleled in the annals of the world." It is clear that to many contemporaries they seemed revolutionary. Most rapid and most astonishing to observers was the transformation in the cotton industry.

In its beginnings, during the period under consideration, the new industrialism exhibited most of its later characteristics. The early English free-trade movement of the late eighteenth century has generally been regarded as a product of economic theory rather than of economic interests and in this respect different from that of the later Manchester school. Mr. Bowden takes sharp issue with this view and gives evidence to show that the manufacturers of the eighteenth century who had adopted the new machine technique were the true fathers of free trade. According to Adam Smith the manufacturers of his day were dominated by the spirit of monopoly and protectionism, but the author shows that he failed to take account of the transformation already in progress which was turning the new manufacturers into champions of free trade. On this point, however, some of Adam Smith's contemporaries showed more insight than he did, and attributed to the new manufacturers an attitude toward commerce practically identical with that of the great industrialists of the days of Cobden and Bright. The former, in their desire for cheap raw materials and for a lowering of English import duties as a means of enlarging their foreign markets, as well as in their attacks on the Corn Laws and the Navigation Laws, clearly foreshadow the Manchester school. The Anglo-French commercial treaty of 1786, the first step taken by Great Britain in the direction of free trade, was regarded at the time as a great victory for those branches of English manufacture in which the new inventions had been adopted.

But while force of circumstance was rapidly transforming the new manufacturers into champions of economic liberalism, they seem to have been uninterested in political liberalism. Unlike their successors of the nineteenth century they were indifferent to parliamentary reform. Complaints that the new industrial centers were not represented in parliament did not come from the manufacturers, who apparently prided themselves upon their lack of interest in political questions. Like the townsmen of the Middle Ages they wished to be let alone to pursue their economic activities. They did not hesitate, however, to bring pressure to bear upon the government when their personal interests were involved, and the General Chamber of Manufacturers of Great Britain, organized in 1785, the precursor of a host of similar associations in later times, was able to exert decisive influence on parliament and the ministry in matters of taxation and commercial policy.

In a very informing chapter on the workers in the new industries Mr. Bowden addresses himself to the problem of explaining why the introduction of machinery, which led to such an enormous increase in the production of commodities, did not produce a marked and permanent improvement in the status of the laboring population, why the prospect of social betterment for the masses which the new inventions opened up was not realized. He rejects the theory that the wretchedness of the new industrial proletariat was caused by unemployment resulting from a displacement of labor by labor-saving machines, and shows that contemporary observers were in agreement that the spread of machinery led to an actual increase of employment. They agreed, also, that the economic condition of the new laborers, in the early period of industrialism, was superior to that of older groups of workers; for example, there was less pauperism in the new industrial towns than in the rural parishes. Mr. Bowden's examination of conditions on the farms and in the older industries, from which the new proletariat was recruited, shatters completely the romantic conception of a merry England on the eve of the Industrial Revolution, tenanted by sturdy, self-respecting peasants and independent craftsmen inspired by the instinct of workmanship. Conditions on the farms, as to wages, housing conditions, continuity of employment, and hygiene, were bad in the extreme, and in the old "domestic system" of manufacturing wages were being forced down below the level of subsistence.

The tragedy of the Industrial Revolution, as Mr. Bowden sees it, was lack of social control for the common welfare. The government was dominated by aristocratic conceptions of labor and, while adopting a policy of laissez-faire for the employing and propertied classes, placed new restraints upon the workers. The "public," in the language of the day, did not include the masses, and a fecund and poverty-stricken working class was supposed to be the necessary basis of "national" prosperity. For this traditional, aristocratic attitude toward labor, as Mr. Bowden points out, the landlords were more responsible than the new "lords" of industry. Under such circumstances the industrial workers could not look to government for protection, and it is the author's opinion that they failed to work out their own salvation because they came from sources that were polluted and suffered from the "blight of inferiority."

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Vagabonds

Dark Laughter. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

WHEN one thinks of the contemporary commentators upon the American scene the names of Messrs. Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson come naturally to mind, and yet it is a curious fact that though these names are so frequently linked the men themselves belong to the two different classes into which all societies are divided. The mass of any population is composed of those whose nature it is to play, as it were, the game. They clear the forests when forests are to be cleared, they build the industries when industries are to be built, they catch the rhythm of the step when their comrades march away to war; and in whatever world they happen to be they definitely, in the words of the Hairy Ape, "belong." Mr. Lewis, by virtue of his peculiarly American vigor, of his zeal, and of his positive, confident determination, is a member, in so far as any artist can be, of this group; for satirist though he be his participation in the life of his time is active and enthusiastic. But there is another class, composed, like every class of big men and little men alike, of those who are the vagabonds of body or of mind. The spirit of their own or of any age seems never to grip them; they do not understand the value set by their fellows upon the prizes for which the races are run; and in the midst of the bustle they stand wondering by. When one of them charms us we call him a dreamer and when one, vaguely ineffectual in the performance of some task

we have set him, moves our anger we call him shiftless; but we know the class to which they all belong—they are the moonstruck ones who seem never able to share the unquestioning faith in the worth of this or that which keeps the others so intent on their pursuit of wealth, of fame, of respectability, and of comfort. The most articulate and the most self-conscious of the class write the dreamy poems, essays, and novels which fascinate without ever deeply entering into readers in whom the will is more dominant; but even in the midst of the busy American civilization one may see the lower ranks of the order who have calmly detached themselves from the hurly-burly and are sitting, perhaps, by the banks of some stream into whose waters they are contentedly dangling lines never yet bitten by fish.

That Mr. Anderson's father was such a one Mr. Anderson revealed by the delightful picture which he drew in "A Story Teller's Story," and that he is himself his father's son grown sophisticated and self-conscious his own novels confess. The old man who could always find some excuse to leave his family behind and wander about the country fascinating the inhabitants of lonely farms by the resplendent and lying tales which he could so readily imagine is the true begetter of the novelist Anderson, for he too, when he lets his fancy wander, can form the most delightful of day dreams. But partly because he happens to have been born in an age but little inclined to yield to the charm of fancy and partly because he has become too sophisticated naively to indulge the day-dreaming faculty, he holds himself in check and describes rather the deeds and the souls of those who, like himself, belong to that moonstruck class whose members find themselves temperamentally alien to the orderly and busy world in which they happen to have been born. The hero of "Dark Laughter" is such a one, and though he has a story—the story of how he escaped from the routine life into which he did not fit, how he wandered dreaming here and there in search of he knew not what, and how finally, with fitting irony, he stole the wife of a respectable though unexciting manufacturer while the latter was taking part in an Armistice Day parade—this story has actually neither beginning nor end, and the charm of the book lies in the author's evocation of the vagabond mood.

Anderson is not a deep thinker, and it is one of the absurd results of the conventional thought-pattern of our age that he is taken seriously as a critic of society; but he is, nevertheless, a poet who feels things deeply in his own particular way. His characters live chiefly by virtue of that part of them which is himself; certainly his two most vivid personages in the present book—the hero himself and that middle-aged fellow-workman of his who is accustomed from time to time to slip away for a night with his wife and a bottle of whiskey, ostensibly to fish, but really to lie in the moonlight by the river and feel himself as free as an animal from the thoughts and responsibilities of man—are vivid because of the extent to which their mood is his own; and he is best of all when he is communicating to the reader by delicate exposition, by vivid picture, or in Whitmanesque prose-poems that soft, vague reverie, too little definite to be called thought, which all have known in some moment of summer idleness but which is the natural mood of those who are born like himself to drift gently through life. In many a passage of "Dark Laughter," especially in those which describe the life along the river, he has caught it with a nearly flawless art, and realizing that it is an attitude to be felt rather than a philosophy to be intellectually defended or understood he has wisely refrained from argument and left it to be symbolized by that mellow, careless laughter with which the Negroes, the perfect vagabonds, greet the situations over which those of another race puzzle their heads and search their hearts. There are some who choose to breast a current, but there are others who find it sweeter to drift dreaming downstream.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Why Social Conflict?

Races, Nations, and Classes. By Herbert Adolphus Miller. J. B. Lippincott and Company. $2.

IN an admirably concise yet astutely tentative introduction Mr. Miller rests a thesis. Emotionally, modern man is still pretty much at the Cro-Magnon level. The *élan* in our *élan vital* is mostly the coeval savage ancestor within us, who with cunning ferocity resents the constant pressure of a social and economic culture which demands his civilization. Hence the abyss that frightens the Great Society into the nervous disease which it now is. This fright shows itself in numberless rationalizations: an irrelevant religious "modernism," which would "reconcile" science and religion; "social engineering" schemes, which do not touch the sore spots of competitive production; jesuitical panaceas such as Fascism, the Klan, "Americanization." These "anxiety neuroses" show themselves, according to Mr. Miller, in "superstitions" which explain fear in terms of bigotry and in "pseudo-science," a more sophisticated form of superstition in which the half-educated take out their maladjustment, sneaking in under the modern prestige of science and imputing to it a melioristic magic which it neither does nor should possess.

In his outlook and terminology Mr. Miller quite clearly accepts the psychoanalytic approach to social problems. This, of course, is not novel. His novelty lies in his effort to develop his position persuasively rather than strictly, thus guarding it against pedantic controversy. Nowhere is he officiously "scientific." Nowhere does he make the "social discovery" that social antagonisms would disappear of themselves under technical "community organization." He knows the epistemology of bona fide science too well to fall for this meretricious neo-Spencerian uplift. He knows that sociology must never contradict science, which is all that science demands of social philosophy. Accordingly he prefers to sift his vast sociological experience not on the basis of true-or-false but on the far more relevant basis of wise-or-foolish. And Mr. Miller's mind is a very shrewd sieve, which makes these 191 compact little pages deliciously quotable at random.

Our instinctive life, in its ambivalence, tends to struggle as well as to cooperate. Modern psychology does not claim that conflict can be completely "sublimated" into collaboration—which is the romantic fallacy of the professional brokers of social conflict in church, college, and philanthropy. But Mr. Miller does feel that society must learn to struggle about present realities and not about emotional fixations carried over from geological antiquity. Today the great social conflicts are almost altogether atavistic. Look at the agenda of the League of Nations: To what degree is it permissible for Great Britain to poison China with Indian opium? What is the least offensive method of fleecing the German workers for Germany's sole "guilt"? Is the "mandate" the most humane technique of imperial brigandage? To compromise with these savageries is but to "suppress" them still deeper into the unconscious of social forces. They must be faced and fought. And Mr. Miller proceeds to do so in one of the most mercilessly searching and objective analyses which such conflicts have yet received in contemporary social psychology.

He divides these conflicts into two major groups. Race (a convenient anthropological hypothesis), religion (a relic of primitive man's fear of reality, as troublesome as the vermiform appendix), and nationality (a useful geo-cultural conception) form the three "vertical" groups of conflict. Class and caste are the "horizontal" groups. Then he proceeds to illustrate the cross-collisions of these conflict groups. He takes the reader through the Dr. Caligari asylum of Central Europe. He diagnoses the psychosis of anti-Semitism. He analyzes the

"white man's burden" of colorphobia. He shows the maniacal variety of patriotism as distinct from the natural affection for one's own culture group. And every time he bares the effects of these "oppression psychoses" on the oppressors, who rationalize their tyranny into "superiority," and on the oppressed, whose psychiatry shows all the symptoms of the inferiority complex.

This is by far the best job in the very creditable Lippincott series of sociology. The only thing that mars it is Professor Hayes's "editorial introduction." Professor Hayes bitterly hates the Russian revolution, whose "pathological character . . . has [been] demonstrated." After this "Ceterum censeo Russiam esse delendam" he recommends this book, though it expressly blames all revolution on reaction. Mr. Miller "makes an important contribution," according to his editor, "toward the comprehension" that "social interaction, the causal efficiency of human relationship, is the predominant factor in securing both order and progress." Whether Mr. Miller does so or not this reviewer is unable to tell, for he finds Professor Hayes's English incomprehensible. But if the latter had read the typescript of the book carefully he might have learned that Mr. Miller "made an important contribution toward the comprehension" of academic cuttlefish who emit an inkburst of verbiage whenever they are frightened by social forces beyond their understanding. BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Books in Brief

Words and Idioms. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Under this title Mr. Smith has collected five pleasant, scholarly essays that dilute for the general reader some of the vast materials stored in the "New English Dictionary" and the other great lexicons. English Sea Terms discusses the varied sources from which the technical vocabulary of the English seaman has been drawn; The English Element in Foreign Languages traces some of the words that, taken over bodily or translated more or less literally, have got into other languages, particularly into German and French. Four Romantic Words follows the picaresque career of four critical terms—*romantic*, *originality*, *creative*, and *genius*—from the mid-seventeenth to the early nineteenth century. There are also a somewhat vapid essay on dialect and standard speech and a rich and suggestive collection, filling nearly half the book, of English idioms and figurative expressions.

The Tragic Life of Vincent Van Gogh. By Louis Piérard. Translated by Herbert Garland. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

After Meier-Graefe's incomparable life of Van Gogh, which gives the very body and pressure of the painter's genius, any biography of the man seems presumptuous. Measured against the German volumes, the English version of which is in itself a high accomplishment, Mr. Piérard's book is a halt and stammering affair. But for those of us who cannot afford Meier-Graefe, this succinct account of Van Gogh's tragic history must serve. The author was apparently at pains to make contacts with those who remembered Van Gogh, and visited with eager piety the various odd corners of Europe which were the stations of the painter's cross. The fact that the mining center of Le Borinage, where Van Gogh preached during 1878 and 1879, is M. Piérard's native place, considerably helped this biographer in the reconstruction of that period. Nevertheless his work wants that burning glow, that sullen intensity which must always associate themselves with Van Gogh's name. The awkwardness of the translation is not a little responsible for the lack one feels here. The twenty-four reproductions of the painter's work go a good way toward redeeming the book.

Letters on the American Revolution, 1774-1776. Edited by Margaret Wheeler Willard. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50. *Letters from America, 1776-1779. Being Letters of Brunswick, Hessian, and Waldeck Officers with the British Armies During the Revolution.* Translated by Ray W. Pettengill. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

It was a happy thought of Mrs. Willard's to make a selection of letters written from America and published in the British newspapers between 1774 and 1776. Moore's "Diary of the Revolution" (1865) was an early attempt to use like material and is still useful; but Mrs. Willard's collection is not only useful but readable, and it is well edited. The writers add little to our knowledge of the difference with the mother country and the military operations; they do bring into prominence personal features and give a natural expression of individual convictions. Many of the letters are from merchants or factors visiting the colonies for a special purpose, and they reflect impressions rather than convictions. The messages from besieged Boston and New York under the threat of occupation are good history. Only one letter is signed—that of the Bradfords, printers—and the reader is often piqued to realize how successful has been the caution to conceal the writers, whether in army, navy, or civil life. Reputations for sanity in a time of madness could be made if only some clue to the writers were given. The second work has less novelty, for the Hessian letters have already been translated, though imperfectly, from Schlözer's "Briefwechsel." Mr. Pettengill gives a smoother and better rendering. The more interesting letters are those on the Burgoyne expedition written by one who was intelligent and observant. He gives an excellent account of the conditions encountered in Canada and of the march to the final catastrophe.

Social Struggles and Socialist Forerunners. By M. Beer. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

It is an adage that the "social problem" is never solved. This third volume in a well-known author's comprehensive history of socialism and social struggles not only illustrates the adage but raises in the reader's mind the query whether socialism itself will not shortly appear as another phase of that endless class conflict which he here traces through peasant revolts, religious upheavals, political revolutions, and economic crises with their attendant utopian dreams from the end of the Middle Ages to the early nineteenth century.

The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers. By A. Edward Newton. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

Another miscellany by the man who has made book-collecting in America almost a parlor game. The papers are best which stick most closely to the subjects of bibliography and collecting.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to

inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Art

Dorothea Dreier

THE reception given the current exhibition of paintings by the late Dorothea Dreier at the Worcester Art Museum recalls the approbation accorded these paintings when they were displayed last year at the Brooklyn Museum and when the press and the public were so generous in their praise of a gifted American painter who during her lifetime was so engrossed in her art and so modest concerning her achievements as to shun general admiration. It was not until nearly two years after her death that her sister, Miss Katherine Dreier, decided to bring this work to public notice. Criticism has proved that she was right in her judgment; the collection will go from Worcester to various cities throughout the country.

The fact that Dorothea Dreier had tired of the academic and sought to record her subjects in the broader, more emotional manner long before modernism became known as such showed her independence of thought, her originality and alertness of mind. Her selflessness in portraying her subjects and her disinclination to exploit her talents in the every-day manner brought rare results in structural design and helped her to achieve the spiritual aspect of beauty as she saw it. She was versatile in her choice of themes and painted in various places—in Holland, Switzerland, New York, the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, and at Riverdale, New York, catching the spirit of each with sympathy and understanding.

Her experiences were wide, and devoting almost her entire life to art, working out problems with a mind that was as intellectual as it was artistic, she gained headway beyond that of the average painter. As early as 1908, when most painters were following the then popular schools of purely intellectual trend and at broadest were succumbing to impressionism, Dorothea Dreier was abandoning prescribed rules for the breadth of vision which was leading her toward the modernist movement. Yet in the true sense of the word she was not a modernist, but rather, as Louis Lozowick says, "a link between the older romantic lyrical period now disintegrating—as shown in her landscapes—and the newer, neo-realist, epic period still in the process of formation—made evident in her cityscapes." It was as though she thought mainly of the creative importance of a subject and executed it in the manner best suited to her temperament regardless of schools or teachings.

Dorothea Dreier was born in Brooklyn in 1870 and died in 1923. Her first instructors were William M. Chase, John R. Twachtman, and Walter Shirlaw, and it was the last named whom she came to recognize as her master. Yet there is no reflection of any of these teachers in her work, since, following the advice of Shirlaw who soon recognized her individuality, she steadfastly adhered to her personal manner. When later she traveled abroad with a view to settling in the country which most strongly appealed to her sympathies it was Holland that she finally selected, and at Laren she painted many of her best pictures. Born to wealth and luxury, she nevertheless devoted her talents to recording the humble Dutch workers. Their hardy physiques, their strenuous occupations, and the simplicity of their lives would quite naturally appeal to one as free from the sentimentalities that govern the average woman as she was. Everything she painted in Holland reflects the enthusiasm with which she undertook her studies of these workers. She depicted them at their tasks with a realism not untinged with poetry, and she made no attempt to present them, as so many American painters have done, amid beautiful flowers and in glowing sunlight—looking clean and contented. She showed them at their looms, suggesting subtly the dust and lint that enveloped them; their faces betray the lines of toil and the expression of grim resignation so characteristic of them. Yet in their strength and truth these paintings, beautiful as they are in color and design, have a beauty of their own that will doubtless leave a mark on modern painting.

In 1920 she returned to this country. While in New York she found subjects very different indeed from the homely scenes she had grown accustomed to, she concentrated with the same intensity as before upon a series of city themes, and in these she shows a still greater advance. Tall buildings completed in broken lines against the sky and others yet in course of construction excited her imagination, and she completed a series that excels all others in recording the topsy-turviness of New York and in suggesting the vitality within. It was from her window in the Hotel Seville that she painted these canvases, and here she also saw the Little Church Around the Corner nestling contentedly between tall sky-scrapers; in the ensemble of this picture she achieved an artistic completion beautiful in color and excellent in pattern.

The last series of her life is composed of a collection of landscapes painted at Riverdale. While these works carry the note of her Adirondack and White Mountain subjects they evidence even more structural force, and although different in mood from many of her other works they yet convey a message of profound sentiment and a sense of humility before the grandeurs of nature that in reality is always the strength of a great artist. She painted much in oil, yet her water colors, done on a broad scale, are practically without rival. Large mountain scenes in varied seasons were done in this medium apparently with the greatest ease. Her pastels are equally fine.

LOLA MERRICK

Drama

The Glass of Fashion

"HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS" (Booth Theater) is, in the first place, all that the subtitle promises. Basil Sydney, who plays Hamlet, does wear a conventional lounge suit of somber hue; Ernest Lawford, a most excellent Polonius, does hold a monocle in his critical eye; and Adrienne Morrison, a very human queen, does wear a frock more suggestive of Paris than of Elsinore. Moreover the difficulties which might seem to be involved are boldly grasped, for Hamlet is made to smoke a cigarette while he meditates upon those dreams which may trouble the sleep of death, and he kills the rat behind the arras not with a rapier but with a pistol. But though none of these things seems offensively odd—one comes indeed almost immediately to accept them—the real secret of the unexpected impressiveness of the whole performance lies less in the modern clothes which the characters wear than in the modern manners which they affect. Had the play been given by actors trained exclusively in the traditions of Shake-

spearean acting the result, I suspect, would have been not a little absurd, but the players in the present production suit the action to the dress. Their gestures, their intonation, and their general conduct are that of contemporaries; they speak their lines, many of them as though they were prose, with the accent and the emphasis which we, in actual conversation, would give them; and the result is to modernize "Hamlet" in the very best sense, by bringing it more closely home.

Only once during the course of the performance did anything occur to give me pause. When Hamlet stood over the kneeling figure of his uncle and said,

> He took my father grossly, full of bread,
> With all his crimes broad blown, and flush as May;
> To take him in the purging of his soul,
> When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

I was struck more strongly, perhaps, than I should have been at a more conventionally conducted performance by the outmoded thought, for I could not but say to myself: "Philosophers modern enough to hold pistols in their hands do not concern themselves with such antiquated theology." Yet the fault is actually a fault of the play, not of the production, for 'Hamlet" like all masterpieces of the really distant past has passages whose feeling is inevitably too remote to be fully comprehended. Something, too, is undoubtedly lost in the substitution of the rhythm of the thought for the rhythm of the verse in the reading of the lines; but there is also much that is gained. Some of the music, the greatest surely in all literature, is lost, but thanks to the very skilful direction the players slide gradually into poetry at those moments of heightened emotion when poetry seems most natural, and in the more level passages the positive gain in effective intelligibility is demonstrated by the behavior of the audience—which obviously appreciates points commonly missed in more conventional performances.

The real lesson of this experiment, on the whole one of the most interesting ever made, includes implications far wider in scope than any which would apply merely to the production of Shakespeare's plays, for it demonstrates clearly the fact that there is no reason why new plays, completely modern in scene, theme, and feeling, should not, in cases where their intensity would seem to justify it, be written in language which makes no pretense to imitation of current speech but takes on the elaboration and the dignity of poetry. Nobly artificial diction is not, so this production proves, incompatible with trousers or even with spats. If the time comes—and the present tendency to experiment with expressionism and other non-representative types of drama indicates that it will come—when we cease to be content with mere naturalism it will not be necessary to confine ourselves to the treatment of legendary or symbolic material; for poetic plays, differing from the present-day [illegible] in the greatness of [illegible] are undoubtedly possible.

"In a Garden" (Plymouth Theater) is an ambitiously fanciful play which deals with the story of the wife of a playwright who finally felt herself constrained to leave him because his analytical mind and his inveterate habit of playing everything as a scene crushed all the joyous spontaneity of life. It is, I think, only moderately successful because it is itself more full of ingenuity than of vitality. The heroine insists that life should be natural, the hero that it should be high comedy; but the play, unfortunately, is not quite either, for it is too artificial to be the one and a little too solemn to be the other. Nor do I think that the monotonously continuous emotional tremulo adopted by Miss Laurette Taylor in the leading role is either suitable or, in itself, particularly agreeable.

"Solid Ivory" (Central Theater) is a slangy play of baseball and neither very subtle nor very original.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

LAST WEEK
Eves. (Except Mon.) 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:30
THE GRAND ST. FOLLIES of 1925
including
"Hamlet, the Well-Dressed Dane"
Orchestra, $2; Balcony, $1.50
Tel. Dry Dock 7516
Early in December, "The Dybbuk" by Ansky

MOROSCO THEATER, West 45th Street. Evenings, 8:20. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2:30.
THE DRAMATIC SENSATION
CRAIG'S WIFE
By GEORGE KELLY
with CHRYSTAL HERNE

THE ACTORS' THEATRE announces Ludwig Thoma's bold comedy classic, "MORALS," adapted by Charles Recht, acting version suggestions by Sidney Howard. Premiere November 30th at Comedy Theatre. Seats Thurs. Mail orders now.

LECTURES

CARL SANDBURG
will lecture on
Romanticism and Realism in Modern Poetry
Thursday, December 3rd, at 8:30 P. M.
at the RAND SCHOOL, 7 East 15th Street
Stuyvesant 3094 Tickets 50c to $1.

Eminent American Writers
in a course of lectures on modern literature at
THE NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH
465 West 23d Street, New York City
Louis Untermeyer Nov. 23 — Carl Van Doren Dec. 12
Laurence Stallings Dec. 5 — Zona Gale (Date to be announced)
Saturdays at 8:20 — Admission $1.50

RADICAL SOCIAL THEORIES A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES
By WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE, Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University
In the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St
On Thursday evenings Dec. 3, 10, Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28, at 8:15 P. M.
Course tickets $5.50, and to be secured in advance at the Office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single admissions $1 each.

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE—Program December 4 to 10
AT COOPER UNION
[illegible]
At 8:30 o'Clock ADMISSION FREE
Friday, Dec. 4 . . . . . Prof. H. Isham Martin
"[illegible]"
Sunday, Dec. 6 . . . . . Dr. E. G. Spaulding
"[illegible]"
Tuesday, Dec. 8 . . . . . Prof. Alfred Zimmern
"[illegible]"

AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL
(Lexington Avenue and 22nd Street)
At 8:15 o'Clock Single Admission Twenty-five Cents
Reservation for Course Tickets
Saturday, Dec. 5 . . . . . Dr. W. J. Westermann
"The Iconoclast Struggle and the Break with the Roman See"
Monday, Dec. 7 . . . . . Dr. E. G. Spaulding
"How This Issue Was Dealt with in the Middle Ages and in Modern Philosophy: The Church, Descartes, Kant"
Wednesday, Dec. 9 . . . . . Prof. John Mantle Clapp
"Argument: Presenting a Case"
Thursday, Dec. 10 . . . . . Dr. Wolfgang Koehler
"Human Perception—The Problem of Form"

International Relations Section

Chinese Customs

By PING-TSANG CHEN

I

CHINA'S loss of her complete freedom to levy and fix her customs duties within her own territory dates from 1843. Prior to that year, the customs rate was determined by the Chinese Imperial Government and collected by its customs officials at Canton. The amount of duties levied on imports and exports varied according to the nature of the goods and was subject to alteration from year to year. Partly as a complaint against the corrupt practice and inefficiency of the Chinese customs officials and partly as a reprisal for the prohibition of the opium trade by the Chinese Government, Great Britain declared war on China in 1840. Under the pressure of force, China was driven to accept a customs rate based upon a uniform 5 per cent ad valorem, both for imports and exports, as part of the Nanking Treaty ratified at Hongkong on June 20, 1843, which thus marked the beginning of the history of China's present tariff system. In return for this concession China received nothing from Great Britain. The absence of reciprocity in the treaty arrangement shows clearly that this provision was simply a kind of war settlement.

The matter was made worse by the fact that Great Britain's insistence upon this one-sided arrangement made it inevitable to grant the same concession to other Powers. For immediately upon the heels of Great Britain, other Powers stepped in and made China include a "most-favored-nation" clause in their treaties with her. Consequently, the uniform 5 per cent tariff was applied to American and French goods in 1844 and gradually to goods from other countries, so that at present practically all states which have commercial treaties with China have obtained this privilege from her. Thus, through her defeat in the iniquitous Opium War China was compelled to surrender her tariff autonomy to Great Britain, and in order to maintain impartiality toward other nations she has been forced to increase the bond and shackle imposed upon her by the first arrangement.

Serious as is the restriction of this one-sided treaty obligation on China's sovereign right of fixing her maritime customs rates, the field of disability does not stop there; it extends further to internal customs in the form of "transit dues." By Article X of the Nanking Treaty, China was also obliged to exempt British goods from all internal dues en route when British subjects have once paid a light duty of 2½ per cent on them in addition to the import or export duty, as the case might be, at the spot where such goods were ready to move for a definite destination within Chinese territories. Thus not only was China deprived of her right to fix the tariff for foreign trade, but even her sovereign right regarding internal taxation was to a considerable extent curtailed by the British policy of coercion. In subsequent treaties between 1843 and 1875, China was made to extend the obligation to other Powers. That this arrangement is preferential in nature and unjust in effect is obvious from the fact that special privileges and immunities were given to foreign merchants but denied to Chinese. In practice, native traders have to pay dues called "likin" for their merchandise when it passes from one customs district to another in the country, whereas foreign traders may convey their merchandise to any province or city within Chinese territory and have to pay only a slight "transit due" of 2½ per cent ad valorem. In other words, by treaty the Chinese authorities are compelled to penalize native in comparison with foreign traders, since the likin payable by the former is invariably higher than the "transit due" paid by the latter.

Nor is this all. The restriction on China in the fixing of tariff rates is applied not only to maritime customs but also to the frontier customs on land. Following the example of other Powers, Russia which had had a regular commerce by land with China, extracted for the first time from her a scheduled tariff embodied in the commercial treaty of 1862. The peculiar point of the privilege granted to Russia is that the customs rate for Russian trade was reduced to two-thirds of the general tariff, i. e. to about 3 1/3 per cent ad valorem. By a later treaty it was agreed that while this was a special arrangement between China and Russia, not only Russian but all foreign merchandise shipped to China over the Chinese Eastern Railway should enjoy the same treatment. This special land frontier system, first instituted in favor of Russia, was toward the end of the nineteenth century extended to France and England in their colonial possessions in the southwestern border of China and finally to Japan after the annexation of Korea by the latter country. The French, by trade agreements with China in 1887 and 1895, and the British, by the Anglo-Chinese Convention of 1894, induced the Chinese Government to reduce land frontier duty to seven-tenths and six-tenths of the maritime customs rate for their imports and exports respectively, when they pass by land from or to Indo-China. Finally, after the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, Japan also made "a special arrangement with China whereby she secured a reduction in customs dues on goods imported into Manchuria from or through Korea and exported from Manchuria to or through Korea by rail via Antung. On dutiable goods leaving Manchuria by rail for places beyond that point, only a two-thirds customs rate is charged. The 'transit dues' on these goods are one-half of the customs charges, that is, one-half of the two-thirds normal rate. Goods from Manchuria for local consumption in Hsin Wiji or which within two years are carried by rail beyond that point pay the full rate but obtain a rebate of one-third." In a word, the land frontier customs became not only also fixed by treaty but fixed at a still lower rate than 5 per cent.

While China first lost her right of fixing customs rates through war, she lost her right of controlling the customs administration during peace. The history of the present customs administration has been admirably summarized by Senator Oscar Underwood as follows:

[illegible] eign merchants had no offices to collect customs duties.

[illegible] spectors. Under this agreement a board of foreign inspectors was appointed, and continued in office until 1858, [illegible] of trade, of which Article X provided that a high officer should be appointed by the Chinese Government to superintend the foreign trade, and that this officer might [illegible] the administration of the customs revenue, and in a number of other matters [illegible] gation. In 1914, just as the Great War was breaking, [illegible] employees.

According to the Agreement of 1906 the Inspector General of the Chinese customs is always a British subject as long as British trade exceeds that of any other state. This official directs the customs house in all treaty ports and also appoints the personnel. The Chief Commissioner of the Customs House in each treaty port is also usually a foreigner. It may be

remarked, in passing, that on the whole the present system of customs administration is considered efficient and satisfactory. At the Washington Conference, the Chinese Government, speaking through its delegate, Dr. Koo, voluntarily declared that it had "no intention to effect any change which may disturb the present administration of the Chinese maritime customs."

Such a declaration, however, as Dr. Koo pointed out, "could not be reasonably construed to preclude China's legitimate aspirations gradually to make this important branch of the Chinese Government more national in character." For, though the present system of administration has been in existence for some sixty years, very few Chinese have been trained by that service. For instance, out of the forty-seven commissioners of customs, distributed among the treaty ports, there is not a single post at present occupied by a Chinese. The fact is that practically all of the important offices are monopolized by foreigners. As a result, there is a general feeling among the Chinese people that more Chinese should be trained to assume the functions of the more responsible posts in the service. However, the policy of the Chinese Government has been for decades not to interfere with the present system of administration. And at the conference now being held at Peking, the Chinese Delegation does not propose to depart from this policy.

II

The injustice of the treaty restrictions on China, however, cannot be fully appreciated unless the fact is remembered that since 1843, during a period of over three-quarters of a century, only four revisions have been made of the conventional tariff, including one which was requested by the Treaty Powers in order to promote their own commercial interests.

The first revision took place in 1858. Toward that year, prices began to drop, and the 5 per cent customs duties collected appeared consequently to be in excess of the 5 per cent prescribed. To protect their own commercial interests, the Treaty Powers asked for a revision of the tariff. This was effected in 1858 by the Treaty of Tientsin. From that time until 1902, however, as prices mounted and the Chinese Government had been receiving less than the 5 per cent rate, no request was made on the part of the Treaty Powers for a revision. If the Chinese Government did not at that time press for a revision, it must be because the needs of the Government were then comparatively few and the revenues collected, small as they were, were adequate to meet its needs.

It was not until 1902 that another revision was made. In that year, China's financial condition was rendered still more deplorable by the Boxer troubles. She was forced to pay the largest indemnity ever exacted up to that time. But at the moment she had a considerable deficit in her budget, due largely to the allocation of about a quarter of the existing revenues to the liquidation of debts already incurred, and it was hardly possible for her in her existing state of credit to pay off the indemnity of over sixty millions in a lump sum. In order to enable the Chinese Government to meet the newly imposed obligations arising out of the protocol of 1901 without involving her in immediate bankruptcy, therefore, the Powers resorted to the revision of her customs tariff. Some of the Powers, notably Russia and Germany, were willing to raise the customs duty to 10 per cent effective; but to this the British strongly objected, owing to the preponderance of their trade in China. Finally, the customs duty was raised to an effective 5 per cent, while the balance of the customs was pledged as security of the indemnity accepted.

The revision, however, could not be expected to yield satisfactory results. In the first place, it was restricted by the treaty to the alteration of the tariff only so far as to bring it up and down, as the case might be, to a 5 per cent level. Furthermore, the new schedule was based on the average prices of 1897-1899 and not on the actually prevailing prices which were higher, with the result that, as prices continued to

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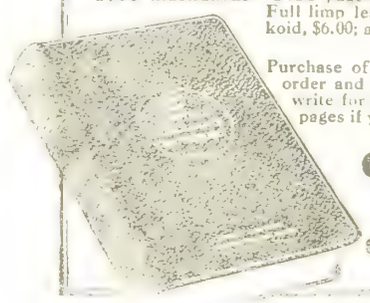

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rise rapidly, the actual duty collected soon fell to only 2½ per cent as compared with the market value of the imports. Finally, the revision applied only to imports and to the "duty free list"; no revision was made for the export tariff. As a consequence, the revenues collected according to the new tariff were far below what China was entitled to receive and were hardly sufficient to meet the obligations of the indemnity.

In 1912, as the Commercial Treaty (1902) between China and Great Britain provides for a further revision of the import tariff after ten years, and in view of the general rise in values of various kinds of merchandise, the Chinese Government made an attempt to effect a revision of the tariff. It proved to be a failure as the unanimous consent of some sixteen or seventeen Treaty Powers could not be secured. After the Chinese Republic received the formal recognition of the Powers in 1913, the Chinese Government again signified its wish to revise the tariff. But the proposal was blocked by Italy, Russia, and Japan, any single one of whom would have been sufficient to upset the general consent given by other Powers. In 1914 the European War broke out, prices soared, and the duty collected by the Chinese customs dropped tremendously. Never was the injustice of the operation of the tariff more conspicuous!

By 1917 the European War had reached a crisis, and the Allied Powers, in order to induce China to join them, consented among other things to the revision of the tariff. Later the Neutral Powers also gave their consent. So, in 1918, after many years of protracted negotiation, the third revision was effected. But then again, the revision was restricted to raising the duty to an effective 5 per cent ad valorem. Besides, it was based on the average prices of 1912-1916, so that the resulting tariff, which continued until 1923, yielded only 3½ per cent in comparison with the prices of commodities actually prevailing. When the Paris Conference was convened after the World War, China saw in it an opportunity to press for an increase of her tariff. But, as is well known, China's request before the conference was simply not considered. Her hope to receive justice from her Allies was blasted.

Despite such disillusionment and disappointment, China renewed her attempt at the Washington Conference in 1921, one of the chief purposes of which was to settle problems relating to China. Again her attempt met with failure. China was allowed only to have her tariff duty brought up to an effective 5 per cent ad valorem; her demand for tariff autonomy was ignored on the ground of her lack of a strong and stable government. In accordance with the Washington Treaty, a commission met in Shanghai in March, 1922; the customs duties were revised on the basis of the Shanghai market values for the preceding six months; and the new tariff went into effect in January, 1923. This was the fourth and the last revision.

III

The arrangements entered into at the Washington Conference are of sufficient importance to deserve more than passing interest.

The Powers having promised, by Article II of the "Root Principles," "to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government," it was with some degree of confidence that the Chinese Delegation brought forward its first practical suggestion for carrying out this resolution: restoration to China of her tariff autonomy. In its statement to the conference, the Chinese Delegation made it clear that the Chinese Government did not propose to interfere with the existing administration of maritime customs in China nor with the devotion of the funds to the liquidation of foreign loans secured thereon. Two things, however, it did ask for: (1) That "the right to fix and differentiate the tariff rates" be restored to China after the lapse of a certain period of time, in return for which it promised to abolish the likin; and (2) that, pend-

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ing the negotiation for fixing a maximum rate and as an immediate measure of relief, the Chinese import tariff be raised to 12½ per cent effective, a rate mentioned in the Chinese treaties of 1902 and 1903 with Great Britain, the United States, and Japan.

This request was referred to a Sub-committee on Chinese Fiscal Affairs, headed by Senator Oscar Underwood. In the debates of this committee, it was reported that the United States was willing to grant China the 12½ per cent increase in duties at once, that Great Britain would grant 7½ per cent, but that Japan was willing to bring the Chinese tariff up to only 5 per cent effective. Whoever the objecting Powers were, they succeeded in defeating the most important request which China made at the conference. Instead, a compromise plan was reported on January 5, 1922, and later embodied in the Customs Treaty of February 6, 1922. Article I of this treaty provided for the revision of the Chinese tariff in 1922, which has been referred to above. Articles II, III, and VI formed the legal basis of the present Customs Conference at Peking and contained in substance the following provisions:

> Art. II. Within three months after the coming into force of the treaty, a special conference shall meet in China to "take immediate steps . . . to prepare the way" for the abolition of the likin tax and for the fulfilment of other conditions laid down in the treaties of 1902 and 1903 between China and Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, with a view to raising the tariff to 12½ per cent effective in accordance with those treaties.
>
> Art. III. The special conference shall authorize the levying of a surtax prior to the abolition of the likin "as from such date for such purposes, and subject to such conditions as it may determine." "The surtax shall be at a uniform rate of 2½ per cent ad valorem, provided that in case of certain articles of luxury which, in the opinion of the special conference, can bear a greater increase without unduly impeding trade, the total surtax may be increased but not exceed 5 per cent ad valorem."
>
> Art. VI. "The principle of uniformity in the rates of customs duties levied at all the land and maritime frontiers of China is hereby recognized. The special conference . . . shall make arrangements to give practical effect to this principle. . . ."

This Nine-Power Customs Treaty, negotiated four years ago, was not ratified by France until last August, owing to the gold-franc controversy with China, which thus showed one of the many ways by which, because of the vague wording of the treaty, even the permanent increases of the Chinese tariff which it promised might be prevented.

IV

We shall now turn from the historical side of the Chinese tariff question and consider briefly the grounds for China's demand for the recovery of her tariff autonomy.* A little reflection on the existing treaty provisions, by which the levy of customs duties, "transit dues," and other imposts is regulated, will show their injustice and evil consequences to China.

In the first place, the treaty provisions constitute not only a restriction on China's freedom of action but an infringement of her sovereignty. The right to regulate the tariff is a most important right, to guard the integrity of which no nation can be too jealous; not only because it constitutes a part of the power of taxation but also because the tariff rate has the power to alter the direction of the economic development of a country.

Again, the present tariff regime deprives China of her power to make reciprocity arrangements with the Treaty Powers. Though every Power enjoys the privilege of having its wares imported into China at the exceptionally low rate of 5 per cent ad valorem, Chinese produce and merchandise, on

* The article was written before the decision of the Peking Conference yielding unconditionally to the Chinese demands beginning January 1, 1929.

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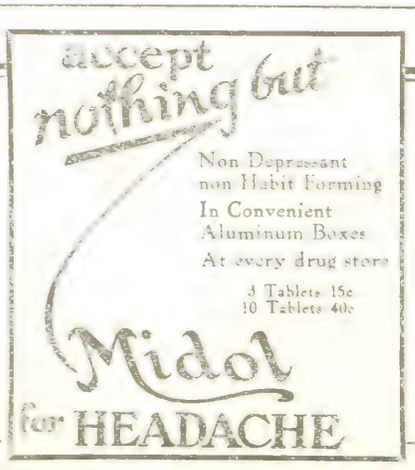

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entering into any of these countries, are subject to the maximum rates leviable, which are in some cases 60 or 70 times the rate which she herself levies on foreign imports. Thus, it was estimated in 1921, Chinese tea imported into the United Kingdom had to pay a 5 per cent duty; Chinese tobacco imported into Japan, 350 per cent; raw silk into Japan, 30 per cent; and manufactured silk into the United States, 35 to 60 per cent.

Nor needs it to be pointed out that such a tariff regime is a serious impediment to China's export trade and economic development. First of all, while most foreign nations are building up tariff walls to protect their industries, China is absolutely unable, through her lack of power of tariff legislation, to adopt any protective tariff to encourage her industries, which are still in an infant stage. Furthermore, the necessity of levying uniform duties on all articles imported into China makes these duties on such articles as machinery and raw materials for Chinese industries a further handicap to China's industrial development.

Another natural consequence of the present tariff arrangement is the great injustice and inequality done to the payers of taxes. Comparing themselves with foreign traders, Chinese merchants feel hurt because they pay much higher dues and duties for the same kind of goods than do the former. And the consumers of native products are liable to higher taxation than consumers of foreign goods, because native goods are subject to the likin and other internal taxes while goods of foreign origin are only slightly taxed.

Again, too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that the present tariff regime has caused and is causing a serious loss of revenue to the Chinese Government. Customs duties form one of the most important sources of revenue of a country. But in the case of China, the customs import duty is limited to the very low rate of 5 per cent ad valorem for all classes for dutiable goods, as compared with the average rate of 15 to 60 per cent levied by other countries. But even this rate is only nominal, for the periodical revision provided for by the treaties has never been carried out in due time, and when it has been effected, the basis of valuation adopted is always lower than the actual value at the time. Consequently, as it was estimated in 1921, customs duties constituted only about 7½ per cent of China's total revenue, whereas they gave Great Britain 12 per cent; France, 15 per cent; and the United States, 35 per cent. Moreover, a large part of China's customs revenue is pledged to meet various foreign loans secured thereon and this fact again reduces the amount available for the needs of the Government. At the Washington Conference, China asked for increases amounting to $300,000,000, but what she obtained fell far below that figure. For even if it be assumed that the present conference at Peking could put into effect the levy of the promised surtax of 2½ per cent for ordinary articles and of 5 per cent on certain luxuries, in addition to the 5 per cent effective ad valorem on all dutiable goods, the increase in revenue will be only about $46,000,000. Such an increase will hardly be commensurate with the rapidly growing needs of the Chinese Government, such as those for education, sanitation, road building, and public welfare.

Finally, it may be noted that regulation of China's tariff by treaty must inevitably, in the nature of things, work unjustly to her great detriment. Thus, whenever China makes a proposal, be it for a revision of the tariff to bring it more into harmony with the prevailing prices or for an increase of the customs duty to meet her increased needs, the unanimous consent of more than a dozen Treaty Powers is necessary. As each country naturally desires to protect and promote its own commercial interests in China, all the Treaty Powers seek to avoid the burden of the new revision or increased rate falling upon the industries of their own countries. Under such circumstances the difficulty of effecting any adjustment or arrangements favorable to China can be easily conceived.

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SHALL THE UNITED STATES enter the World Court? As our readers are aware we have leaned in that direction, perhaps because we did not feel that it made much difference one way or another. But we are clear that we should not enter the court without at least the four reservations proposed two years ago by Mr. Hughes—to prevent amendment of the World Court charter without our consent, to give us a voice in the selection of judges, to provide for the payment by the United States of a fair share of the court's expenses, and, most important, to give assurance that accepting the court would not be entrance into the League of Nations. These are admirable reservations, but they do not go far enough. Entering the World Court is a momentous step. The history of our country shows that authority was not given the United States Supreme Court to exert force in executing its decrees against our States nor has it ever tried to do so; that the intangible yet potent power of public opinion has been the only authority behind the court. If we enter the World Court we should see to it that the conditions of entry are such that the court shall be backed by no power except that of world opinion. More than that, the United States should condition its entry on effective agreements that neither the court nor the League, nor any of its members, shall have power to enforce the decrees of the tribunal by war or by economic pressure of any kind. Only under such circumstances will the World Court truly be a court of justice and not a court of arms.

SECRETARY MELLON is a fortunate man in more ways than one. There can be no question that if our Republican rulers and the press and the public had the sensitiveness in regard to the business relations of officials which prevailed in this country during the Roosevelt campaigns for the divorce of politics from business Secretary Mellon would have to get out of the Cabinet. The two Democratic members of the Federal Trade Commission last week published their dissent from the majority rule of their commission which withholds from the Department of Justice all information pertaining to Mr. Mellon's Aluminum Company of America that the commission obtained from that company. Messrs. Nugent and Thompson deliberately accuse their fellow-commissioners of making the commission "an accessory after the fact in aiding a possible criminal to evade trial and escape punishment." It is impossible to brush aside this statement on the ground of partisan bias, for the reason that former Attorney General Stone wrote to the commission that the aluminum trust had deliberately violated the decree of the federal court and added: "The fair inference is the company either was indifferent to the provisions of the decree or knowingly intended that its provisions should be disregarded with a view to suppressing competition in the aluminum industry." Finally, the two protestants point out that the evidence in the case of a rival of Mr. Mellon's company, the Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company, was turned over to the Department of Justice, while Mr. Mellon's company was protected. This would be a first-class political scandal if Washington and the public were not surfeited with them and indifferent to them. Had Mr. Mellon not the hide of a rhinoceros he would resign promptly, and Mr. Coolidge would ask him to were he sensitive of the honor of his Cabinet.

"COOLIDGE AROUSED by Lewis Letter; Plans Firm Reply"—thus a newspaper headline. Stuff! Can a mouse bite or a rabbit turn carnivorous? Yet the newspapers which have created the fictitious Coolidge continue to "play him up" as a man of force and resolution capable of facing an issue, grappling largely and boldly with it, and then dominating it. When and where? For

this is the same President and the same Coolidge who, on July 19, last, assured the newspaper correspondents at Swampscott—of course through that *alter ego* "the spokesman for the President"—that he was "determined to prevent a coal strike," and a few days later let it be known that he had a plan of a "revolutionary nature" to propose if, after all, a strike came to pass. Well, the strike came and the little, calm, cool man had nothing to suggest; no plan of any kind, revolutionary or otherwise, was forthcoming. So now we have more thundering because John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, has sent a letter which the President, or whoever told him to, "interprets as a threat and an unfair statement in the case—a veiled attempt to place responsibility upon the Government for labor conditions." Well, all we can say is we don't propose to enter our private cyclone cellar just yet, nor would we advise Mr. Lewis, the impudent, to take to his—not even if the President has included in his message a proposal to forbid strikes in essential industries. For just when Mr. Coolidge's sense of outrage begins to master him he will, we are sure, recall the constitutional inhibitions upon his office, and recongeal.

WALL STREET OWNS BELGIUM and now supersedes the Belgian Parliament. This is the statement of Mr. Jaspar, a former Minister, who publicly asked Vandervelde, the Foreign Minister, whether the government was acting under pressure of American and British bankers in cutting its budget by 150,000,000 francs, and whether "the Belgian Parliament is no longer in control of the situation." Vandervelde replied: "The statements in the press to that effect are exactly true. The government had its choice between two alternatives, either to obtain a loan or give up stabilization of the Belgian franc. The ministers were unanimous in the opinion that . . . the best thing to do was to submit to the requirements of the foreign capitalists and obtain stabilization of the Belgian currency." The leading Belgian papers, such as the *Nation Belge*, *Indépendance Belge*, and *Etoile Belge*, three conservative organs, confess to the state of "vassalage and servitude" in which the country has been placed, while the more liberal and radical newspapers denounce the government for its surrender. So Belgium has found out the truth, but Belgium is not the only slave and vassal to the American money power. Germany is another, and if French finances continue in their present sorry plight, or get worse, we venture to predict a Dawes Plan for France and Wall Street vassalage for her. Perhaps there is no other way out, as Vandervelde has said, but the fact that the whole world is coming to be the financial vassal of America does not mitigate the gravity of the situation or prevent it from working infinite harm to the vassals and, what is more important for us, to their masters.

CABINETS COME AND GO in France with whirligig speed, and meanwhile the country's financial troubles remain without even an approach toward a settlement. Our daily press hails the advent of Aristide Briand—with Louis Loucheur as Minister of Finance—with optimism, and the announcement of the new cabinet caused a slight advance in the exchange value of the franc. We cannot see any reason for rejoicing. Both Briand and Loucheur, it is argued, are strong for a debt settlement with the United States and have the ability to obtain one. What of it? How will an undertaking on the part of France to pay the United States an annual tribute, however small, make it easier for her to settle her internal obligations? Because, we hear somebody say, when France has signed a debt compact she will get a loan in the United States just as Italy did. Again what of it? This will be pulling herself up by the boot-straps. It will be one more pile on the already mountainous debt. There are only two ways of meeting that debt—taxation or repudiation. The internal debt has already been practically repudiated to the tune of 80 per cent by the inflation of the currency and the consequent depreciation in the value of the franc. If any of the franc's value is to be saved, it can be done only through drastic taxation of wealth and privilege. Louis Loucheur, with his close identification with French big business, is exceedingly unlikely to propose any such course.

THAT THE GERMAN REICHSTAG has approved the Locarno treaties and that they have been signed by the Government ought to surprise nobody. We were unable from the first to share the concern of those commentators who thought that the Luther Government might be overthrown and the treaties fail because of the opposition of the nationalistic and imperialistic elements. As long as President Hindenburg stood fast there could be no question as to the outcome, but even had he not, the opposition would not have triumphed. There is too much at stake; Locarno meant too great a step forward for the treaties to be rejected while sanity ruled in Germany. We do not deny that there are uncomfortable things in those pacts and that it is more the spirit behind them than the text which will count in helping to keep the peace in Europe. We particularly regret that it was not possible for the Germans to obtain a reconsideration of the war-guilt issue and that much in the treaties strengthens the Treaty of Versailles while other portions override it. But as we have said, the overwhelming balance is on one side. While so much credit is being given to Briand and Austen Chamberlain let it not be forgotten that the Germans originated this whole proposal of a security pact for the Rhine.

SEDITIOUS CONSPIRACY and attempt to incite to mutiny and to seduce soldiers and sailors from their duty is the grave-sounding charge for which the twelve Communists on trial in London have been sentenced, some to six months and others to a year in prison. The first offenders, who were given six months, had even an opportunity to go free if they would pledge themselves to renounce the Communist Party and all its works. There is certainly an inconsistency here. If the charge is as bad as it sounds, if the safety of the empire is seriously threatened by these persons, then the punishment should evidently have been more severe. Deprivation of liberty for half a year indicates that the Crown does not really think the empire in danger; in that case, why say that it is? Why not merely charge the Communists with being a nuisance, with interruption of the sleep of worthy Tories, with loud talking on street corners, with any of a dozen minor offenses? For these a light sentence would be suitable and the triviality of the whole matter would be clear. In America we do these things more expertly; a man is sentenced to from five to fifteen years in the penitentiary. And while these sentences—and the British ones—are being served the republic and the empire go on about as usual,

and in each case the Communist Party flourishes because of the persecution of its members.

IN RUSSIA, which some think a benighted and barbarous country, two gipsies caught at horse-stealing were burned alive by an infuriated mob. Walter Duranty, correspondent of the New York *Times*, grows eloquent on the subject: "From the background of medieval cruelty and superstition that still hangs, darkling, over the Russian people, there sometimes blazes forth a survival so monstrous as to be hardly credible." Is it not impolite of Mr. Duranty to be able barely to credit in Russia what is common news in the United States? Here, when men are burned to death, as they are every year in our glorious republic, when they are mutilated, hung to convenient trees, and their bodies punctured with bullets, when they are dragged through the streets with ropes around their necks and then shot, the news item is small and rarely makes the front page. Nor is this all. Mr. Duranty ends his account thus: ". . . only by degrees [the] facts became known to the authorities. Now, after five months and twenty-six days, the ringleaders have been arrested, including members of the village soviet . . . who will be tried immediately by the Moscow tribunal." But at the most recent burning in the State of Mississippi the crowd was not so diffident; some of them were not afraid to be photographed standing near the victim; one of them was not afraid to say in the Jackson *Daily News:* "Investigation? Shucks, there won't be any. . . . No officer down there is going to dare try to identify anyone because nobody's mad about it." Alas, for barbarous, medieval Russia. We are in America; we burn men alive every year and they don't have to be caught doing anything; we just suspect them. But our victims are Negroes; and that, of course, is different.

WHITE SPACES both in the news and editorial columns of the *Campus*, the student publication of the College of the City of New York, effectively advertise the ban President Mezes has placed on further discussion of compulsory military training in that institution. The students voted 6 to 1 for the abolition of compulsion; they were duly denounced by certain self-constituted guardians of patriotism as traitors, from which charge Mr. Mezes defended them by a "they're all right but, boylike, they want to dodge some irksome drill" statement which, it has been pointed out, is neither complimentary nor true. Then the president clapped on the muzzle hard, adding denial of free speech and discussion to compulsory drill in an American college. For all this it would be easy to denounce Mr. Mezes and point again the finger of scorn at his brand of weak-kneed ineffectual liberalism. But to do this and merely this is to miss the true problem. We doubt if President Mezes likes his present role. We strongly suspect that he fears that any other would imperil the city appropriations which he feels the growth of the college demands. His fear may be a bit cowardly but it is not groundless. In other words, not one man but a false sense of patriotism in our governing bodies, and in the more articulate public opinion, is to blame. This ignorant, unreflective patriotism of preparedness is the enemy. Against it the City College boys are planning to keep up the fight. They deserve the active support of all citizens who love peace, liberty, and the best American traditions of education.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S FIGURES in his recent speech before the Chamber of Commerce in New York City are as dubious as the economic principles he laid down. However much we may differ on economic principles, we are always ready to pay respectful attention to figures. But as the New York *World* has pointed out, these particular figures are questionable in the extreme. The President says that wages are 20 per cent above those of 1920 and 120 per cent above pre-war levels, while prices have fallen 30 per cent since 1920 and are only 57 per cent above pre-war averages. The result, obviously, is a paradise for the wage-earner of today. Paradise indeed, if only it were true! With 120 per cent more cash and only a 57 per cent increase in the goods that cash will buy, the improvement in the standard of living of the wayfaring man would be profound. The first trouble is that the President bases his statement on *wholesale* prices. The worker does not buy wholesale. The cost of living measured in prices the worker has to pay declined only 20 per cent from June, 1920, to June, 1925, according to the federal government's own Bureau of Labor Statistics. Secondly, the assumed 20 per cent increase in wages since 1920 is not borne out by statistical evidence. Average per capita wages for factory workers in New York State are now *below* the 1920 average and so are pay-roll figures as reported by the United States Department of Labor. The department reports average hourly wages for common labor at 38 cents, compared with 49 cents in 1920. Farm labor is receiving $49 a month, against $65 in 1920. So Mr. Coolidge's statistical utopia turns out to be, as Broadway would put it, a "flop."

A NEW OCEAN QUEEN has arrived in New York and her crossing may prove as epoch-making as that of the first transatlantic steamship. The new queen bears the historic name of Gripsholm and she belongs to the Swedish-American Line. She is the first Diesel-engine liner to enter the New York passenger service. No soot, no smoke—engines that work, similarly to those of automobiles, by direct explosive power—this is what the new boat has to offer besides a sea speed of 17¾ knots, something, it was stoutly averred, the Diesel-engine could never achieve because of the size and weight such a speed would call for and the cost. There is a greater original cost in the new as opposed to older types of engines, no less than $125,000 in an 8,000-ton steamship, which means more than $15 extra per ton. But the economy of operation is so great that European owners are not hesitating, and it is probably only a question of a short time before a majority of the cargo fleets of the world will be Diesel-engined. Lord Inverforth, president of the British Institute of Marine Engineers and himself the owner of Diesel-engine cargo vessels, is enthusiastically in favor of them. Comparing a steamship and a motor vessel of about the same size which recently voyaged in ballast from Japan to Australia and thence to Europe with a cargo of wheat, he finds that the Diesel ship earned $7,500 more profit than the steamship. Of special interest to intending voyagers on the Gripsholm is Lord Inverforth's assertion that in all weathers the new type is steadier, propeller revolutions being maintained regularly with an almost complete absence of the racing of the screws which, in rough weather, is so trying to passengers in vessels equipped with older types of engines. The internal-combustion engine is thus winning on sea as on land.

Government by Guess

A NEW ENGLAND skipper who sighted one day a sandy coast observed to the mate that it must be Cape Cod. "What makes you think so?" asked the mate.

"Because," replied the skipper, "I sail by guess and by God and I guess, by God, that that's Cape Cod."

The government of the United States, like a good deal of navigation, is largely a matter of guess; how much it is also a matter of God is for each individual to decide according to his opinion of the government—and of the Deity. Herbert Hoover, our Secretary of Commerce, seems to think that guess predominates. When Hamilton laid out the scheme of executive departments he placed the different functions of administration as nearly as might be into groups of the same general major purpose under single-headed responsibility.

> But ever since his time [says Mr. Hoover] we have been busy dividing responsibility by scattering services directed to substantially the same major purpose over many different executive departments and bureaus. Our governmental machinery has just grown. Whenever a new activity has been authorized or a new bureau created it has been thrown wherever it happened to be most convenient at the moment, or wherever its sponsors thought it would have the most friendly treatment, without any thought of a sound basis of organization, and we have shunted along misfit after misfit from one generation to another.
>
> On the executive side of the federal government we have grown to have more than 200 different bureaus, boards, and commissions, employing several hundred thousand people. For the most part they have been thrown hodge-podge into ten different executive departments, under cabinet officers. But there are more than forty independent establishments either directly under the President or directly under Congress.

The chief misfortune in all this, Mr. Hoover thinks, is the confusion of executive, legislative, and judicial functions. "Every single department, bureau, and board in the entire government," he says, "should be placed upon the operating table and a clean-cut separation established between semi-judicial and semi-legislative functions on the one hand and administration on the other." He goes on to explain:

> With the growing complexity of problems it has been necessary for Congress to delegate to the executive side many secondary legislative functions in the making of regulations, and many secondary judicial functions in the enforcement of them. That is the so-called administrative law. And there has been the crudest mixing of these semi-legislative and semi-judicial and advisory functions with purely executive functions. Moreover, these semi-judicial and semi-legislative duties are frequently intrusted to single officers, while purely administrative functions are often carried on by boards. All of this is exactly the reverse of the basic principles of sound administration. Boards and commissions are soundly adapted to the deliberative processes necessary to semi-judicial and semi-legislative and advisory function., but they are absolutely hopeless where decisive administrative action is necessary.

As an example of boards in which there is an unsatisfactory mixture of functions Mr. Hoover cites the Shipping Board—surely a glaring failure—the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and the Federal Power Commission. But a board as administrator is no more out of place, he thinks, than a single executive who is saddled with legislative and judicial functions. "No individual should be at the same time legislator, policeman, prosecutor, judge, and jury. . . . The dangers of oppression in these matters are not merely a theory—they are a fact." The acts of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and of the Immigration Bureau frequently present striking instances of oppression through the combination of semi-judicial with executive powers—less the fault of the administrators than of the system.

Another weakness is the way in which services directed toward the same or similar purposes are scattered. Mr. Hoover makes the following partial classification to illustrate the point (the first vertical row of figures indicating the number of bureaus or agencies, the second the number of departments or independent agencies in which they are located):

Public works construction.....	14	9
Conservation of national resources.	8	5
Direct aids to industry.....	5	2
Direct aids to merchant marine...	14	6
Direct aids to education.....	6	3
Direct aids to veterans.....	4	4
Government of territories and dependencies	4	3
Public health	4	2
Purchase of $250,000,000 of supplies annually	In every bureau of the government	

The divided responsibility which results from this condition is fatal to the development of continuous and definite policies. Mr. Hoover cites the recent occurrences in regard to oil leases as an example of what happens when single-headed responsibility is lacking. "No policy of real guardianship of our reserve resources will exist until we put all conservation business in the hands of an Under Secretary for Conservation, with the spotlight of public opinion continuously focused upon him," he says.

Mr. Hoover summarizes his suggestions in regard to better federal administration thus:

> We have succeeded in two major steps; we still have a third equally important and perhaps more difficult one to accomplish. The first was the establishment of government employment based upon merit. The second was the establishment of adequate control of appropriations through the budget system. There still remains the third and even greater but more obscure waste—that of faulty organization of administrative functions. And the two first steps will never reach the full realization without the third. . . .
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> What we need is three primary reforms: first, to group together all agencies having the same predominant major purpose under the same administrative supervision; second, to separate the semi-judicial and the semi-legislative and advisory functions from the administrative functions, placing the former under joint minds, the latter under single responsibility; and third, we should relieve the President of a vast amount of direct administrative labor.

Mr. Hoover has called attention to an unspectacular but vital need to which Congress may well address itself.

Settling the Coal Strike

CONSUMERS of anthracite who have kept cool with Coolidge—and are getting cooler as the coal bin shrinks—will do well to study a proposal just put forth for the immediate settlement of the strike and for making such crises less inevitable in the future. As we go to press it is announced that the mine owners have refused the truce for resumption of work which was proposed by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania and had been accepted by the miners. In any event such truces get us nowhere in the settlement of fundamental difficulties. If progress is to be made in that direction, all parties to the question will do well to consider the proposal of which we speak. The Committee on Coal and Giant Power, with headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, has drafted the plan and has sent it to officials of the miners and of the operators. The committee is made up of liberal engineers, economists, accountants, publicists, lawyers, and business men, from all parts of the country. What they propose may be stated as follows:

1. A wage increase of 50 cents a day for all day workers. The 84,000 men in this group are the most poorly paid in the industry. They now receive from $4.62 to $5.96 a shift; thus the increase is in the neighborhood of 10 per cent.

2. For mining companies whose profits were better than 10 per cent on their investment for the 12-month period preceding the strike, no increase in prices shall be allowed. They can absorb the wage increase without hardship.

3. For mining companies whose pre-strike profits were less than 10 per cent on their investment, an increase of 25 cents per ton on domestic sizes of anthracite shall be allowed. It is estimated by the committee that this 25 cents will cover the $11,340,000 per year which the 50 cents a day wage increase calls for.

4. A revision of piece rates for those skilled miners who do not work on a day basis, so that no miner in this group will be able to earn more than $3,000 per year. This adjustment is to be introduced gradually over a three-year period, and will be based on 270 working days in the year—which is the normal operating period in the anthracite mines.

5. A raising of all piece rates which are below the average, up to the average of each craft. A main source of current trouble is the variation of piece rates in the same craft. This adjustment is likewise to be spread over a three-year period. It is to be worked out by fields and on the basis of a 270-day year.

6. The check-off (or collection of union dues by the operator at the time of pay-roll disbursements) shall be instituted only at those mines where a referendum shows two-thirds of all workers in favor of it. This provision would tend to establish whether the miners want the check-off or not.

7. The immediate appointment of a committee of seven; two members to be miners, two members to be operators, and the four to add three members representing the general public. This committee shall proceed forthwith to a determination of those companies which shall be allowed the 25 cents per ton increase; shall work out the technical detail of the proposed adjustments in piece rates; and shall supervise the balloting in the proposed referendums on the check-off. Such a committee would meet the drastic need of the industry for an executive body which should take into consideration the point of view of the consuming public as well as the viewpoints of the miners and operators.

8. The committee of seven shall submit to the public, six months before the expiration of the current proposed agreement, a complete report on the condition and the requirements of the industry. The committee shall not be an arbitrating body but a fact-finding body. It shall study all necessary problems of cost, profit, investment, depletion, royalties, labor efficiency, regulation of employment, waste elimination. It shall study with great care plans proposed by either miners or operators for the improvement or reorganization of the industry, in whole or in part. It shall have complete access to the books of the operators and of the miners' union. The expenses of the committee shall be underwritten jointly by the operators and the miners to the extent of $50,000 each. This last provision thus looks to the future peace of the industry. It lays the basis for negotiations founded upon accredited facts. A full half year before the termination of the current agreement the committee lays all the relevant facts before the country. In the light of such publicity another such farce as that staged last summer at Atlantic City would become impossible. The plan would end the procedure of fighting in a fog of irresponsible statements and harsh names.

Here is a concrete and to us an intelligent proposal. It is for the miners and the operators to show cause why it should not have the most diligent and serious consideration, to the end that an outrageous and intolerable situation may be liquidated—and kept liquidated.

Timotheus

THOSE who have always felt that only man's weakness has saved him from self-destruction find something ominous about the gradual perfection of his institutions and machines. That only the relative imperfection of the implements of war has prevented the nations from exterminating one another is a commonplace, but spiritual death has been often just as close as physical. Suppose, for example, that the Middle Ages had known enough of psychology to make its censorship and propaganda absolutely effective and thus frozen mankind immovably in the perfect orthodoxy which it desired. Or suppose that it had had the power which certain biologists confidently predict we shall ultimately have, the power of determining in advance the characters of the children born to us. Would it not, by choosing a race composed of perfect monks, have allowed mankind to die of frigid piety? And shall not we, if the powers denied a less scientific age are ever given us, use them as badly as the Middle Ages would have done? Is it not, in a word, true that man has been saved in spite of himself and because he could not control his own destiny?

In his "Icarus" Bertrand Russell solemnly suggested, without definitely proposing, this question; and now in "Timotheus; or the Future of the Theatre," a little volume published by Dutton in the same To-Day and To-Morrow Series, Bonamy Dobrée jokingly describes the place of the stage in the perfectly regularized society. Having possessed himself of the Wells Time Machine, he is pro-

jected into the year 2100 and makes a tour of the theaters. Here, so he discovers, the crude method of the acted story has been displaced by devices constructed upon sound psychological principles for producing any desired emotional reaction in the audience. Shadowy figures flit across the ceiling of the strange, parabolic auditorium; curiously disturbing perfumes assault his nostrils; sounds not quite articulate buzz in his ears. Intellectually he comprehends nothing, but he is filled with a feeling of generosity, and when he sees the people hurrying away from the theater to subscribe to a national loan at the banks he understands the purpose of the performance. The state, being in need of money, has simply commanded a purse-loosening performance of a scientifically perfect effectiveness, and it can upon this as upon all other occasions produce in its citizens the mood necessary at the moment. When war is to be declared bellicose emotions can be easily aroused, and when peace is to be made an erstwhile militant audience can be transformed in the space of a few hours into a group of the most lamblike pacifists. Literature has been discarded as depending too much upon the temperament and thought associations of the individual for its effect, but rhythms and gases acting directly upon the nerves cannot fail, and thus the theater has become the perfect instrument of propaganda for which the world is obviously now seeking. Thanks to it there can be no argument and no dissent.

At the prospect thus presented—and it is not utterly fantastic—we can do nothing but shudder, for we do not like the idea of having any descendant of King Coolidge regulate the emotions of even our great-great-great-grandchildren. But if the arts are captured we see no hope, for art has, indeed, always been the one sure escape which even the orthodox have had from their orthodoxy. Under the very patronage of the church itself painting and sculpture reaffirmed the beauty of the physical world and the joy of living which the church was denying, and in literature is always found the instinctive protest of nature against the iron-clad inadequacies of theology, sociology, and ethics; for it is the proper voice of whatever needs or desires are unrecognized by current consciousness. Just as the fabliaux and the romances of the Middle Ages dressed the balance against the scholastic philosophy which made no allowance for man's humanity, so now art and letters defend the rights of this same humanity against the modern schoolmen who would reduce us to a mere social unit and measure all values in terms of science or sociology. Thus far they have always been the expression of the things which the state could not control and the thinker could not influence. A love story still saves us from taking the more fanatical apostles of eugenics too seriously and a drinking song remains a most popular argument against the prohibitionist who comes armed with a table of vital statistics. Just as art once saved us from the puritanism of theology, it saves us now from the puritanism of science. But should it ever become a science itself—the servant of the bungling intellect uncorrected by that instinct which will continue just as it did in the Middle Ages to know things which it cannot prove—we shall be completely at the mercy of that logic from which we escaped because it was not powerful enough to make us all monks, all utilitarians, or all positivists.

God help the people whose rulers are able to make both its laws and its songs.

"I Thank You"

WHO it was that originated the custom now universally adopted by American orators of high and low degree of concluding their remarks with a fervent "I thank you," we do not know. Careful research in the debates of the Constitutional Convention fails to reveal any such utterance by Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, or any others—which throws doubt upon the antecedents as well as the good Americanism of this practice. Traces of the custom appear in the early Know-Nothing campaigns. We have been unable, however, to verify the allegation that it was first used in the late fifties by "Jim" Wallace, a Missouri Dick Turpin, who in a somewhat lengthy speech at the gallows confessed his guilt, secure in his new-found faith in Jehovah, and thanked his audience just prior to his departure for eternity. We are, therefore, inclined to believe that the almost universal appearance of what is now the inevitable ending of every address is akin to those curious phenomena by which a hundred millions of people become infected overnight by a phrase such as "I'll tell the world" or "I hope to tell you."

We confess that to us the speaker's terminal gratitude still appears something of an inversion. Should the speaker thank the audience or the audience the speaker? Here is a subject for high-school and intercollegiate debates far more enlightening than those tedious battles of words as to whether America should enter the League of Nations or the World Court, or the debate now so popular in girls' schools: "Is the Unspeakable Turk Unspeakable?" We confess to almost never hearing a speaker thank his audience without feeling like rising and saying: "Thank *you!*" or "The thanks are on *us*," or "Thank Heaven you did not talk five minutes longer." Some speakers assure us that their conclusion is neither a custom nor a form, but a devout expression of their joy in finding one more audience committed to the doctrine of "Live and let live." Some opine, also, that after talking for an hour to a group of Rotarians or a chamber of commerce the concluding ejaculation is both an expression of relief at the ending of the impossible task of drilling an idea into the multitude before them and gratitude that their honorarium is safely earned.

In any event, they assert that the phrase is neither meaningless nor a mere formula. They insist that it pulsates with emotion even if their speeches do not. They point out, moreover, that it is capable of differing emphasis: "*I* thank you," as one conscious of his superiority to the Kiwanians before him; "I *thank* you," conveying the conventional relief that the joint ordeal is over; or "I thank *you*," with subtle but infinite scorn for the dunderheads who missed the point of the speaker's neatest jokes and most delicate sarcasms. Here we have a constructive suggestion to make (since every well-regulated editorial must end with one). We urge that the one-sidedness of the present arrangement cease and that, hereafter, at the conclusion of an address the audience shall rise and chant with the speaker: "I thank *you*." This arrangement would have the further merit that everybody could then leave at once, and no kindly, pitying person need remain a minute to take the abandoned speaker's hand and say fervently: "I *did* so enjoy your brilliant address. What did you say the subject was?"

The Aircraft Disgrace

By H. L. SCAIFE

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FOR eight years the American air services have been reeking with scandal. Twenty official investigations have failed to remove the sheet and ascertain the trouble, until finally only a corpse remains. Timely warnings have been unheeded. Truth has been suppressed, and out of a mass of conflicting testimony it is necessary to segregate the important facts and cite the official records that will fix the responsibility and indicate the wreckage that must be cleared away before a foundation can be laid for a constructive program.

The officer in charge of the information division of the Army Air Service at the Mitchell court martial testified that there were 517 fatalities in the Government's air services from January 1, 1919, to June 30, 1925, and that 25 per cent of the crashes were due to structural failure.

The testimony of the officer in charge of the tactical division of the Army Air Service is that we now have only 69 planes that are modern, up to date, and designed for the purposes for which they were intended.

At the close of the war Major General Mason M. Patrick, chief of the Army Air Service, testified that when hostilities ceased our rank in aviation was far behind any of our Allies and far below the enemy's strength, and that so far as the manufacture of pursuit and bombing planes in the United States was concerned we were practically in the same position as when we entered the war, and that it would probably be eight or nine months from the time they settled on a type before they would produce it in quantities.[1] The unsatisfactory situation which exists today may be gathered from the mass of details and conflicting opinions which have been made the basis of charges by Colonel William Mitchell.

The figures representing costs have been juggled, and it is not possible to ascertain with any degree of accuracy the amount of money spent or actually wasted. In an official statement issued by officials of the Army Air Service a discrepancy of $250,610,693.17 was discovered, which false information was given to the public with deliberate design.[2] An amount in excess of $700,000,000 was spent without producing a single American-made fighting plane at the battle-front, and during the war aviation fatalities in the United States, where American-made planes were flown, reached a higher figure than those of the American aviation forces in France where our aviators flew over the battle-front in foreign-made planes, some of which previously had been discarded by our Allies.[3]

Since the war another half billion dollars has gone to join the $700,000,000 already spent. Plans are on foot for still a further raid on the Treasury, this time for subsidies in the name of commercial aviation which, if allowed before the situation is cleared up, will probably mean a handout of another half billion.

The enormous amounts we have invested in aviation are almost beyond human comprehension. Since the war we have invested in aviation $125,000,000 more than the entire cost of the construction of the Panama Canal, including the $40,000,000 paid for the French rights and the $10,000,000 paid to Panama.

Under present conditions, according to statistics of what we have spent and what we have got, if an effective program should suddenly call for 2,000 fighting planes "designed for the purposes for which they are intended," delivery would be made in 232 years, the planes would cost more than $17,000,000 each and 18,453 lives. A rough comparison of gross expenditures and gross results shows on its face the earmarks of a colossal swindle. While such a comparison is true for practical purposes, it would not be fair without considering the large number of planes that have seen use and have become obsolete and enormous expenditures that were legitimate. Crediting the air services, however, with all the good that has been accomplished and with liberal allowance for all legitimate expenditures not chargeable to production, the difference between what we spent and what we got in part appears in the official audits of aircraft contracts in the Department of Justice, where the cases have been ready for criminal and civil prosecution for more than three years.

When an exposure of the aircraft frauds was carried to Congress in 1922,[4] notwithstanding the attempts to block an investigation and hush up the matter, there was no government official who had the hardihood to deny the existence of these frauds. On the contrary, Congress met the issue by providing for a so-called War Frauds Division in the Department of Justice, and, beginning in 1922, made annual appropriations of $500,000 for the prosecution of such cases, until during the last Congress the Department of Justice asked and received an increase in the appropriation to $1,000,000. Outside of $1,500,000 returned to the Government by the Lincoln Motor Company after exposures made on the floor of Congress by Representative Roy O. Woodruff[5] and the settlement of a few other cases involving amounts of magnitude, the results have been desultory and unsatisfactory. In such important cases as the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation, the Standard Aircraft Companies, the American Bosch Magneto Company, the sound of official activity has been almost inaudible; and in many cases the statute of limitations in criminal prosecutions, which had been extended from three to six years in order that the Department of Justice should have ample time to act, has been allowed to expire for the second time without action.

Logical major considerations for the profiteer in planning, first, his escape and, later, a repetition of his offense are the facts that he will be winked at by the authorities, that the average independent and public-spirited citizen has little means of accurate inside knowledge of what is going on, and that many people forget tomorrow what they learn today. The same men who wrecked the Government's air-

[1] *Congressional Record*, May 12, 1921, p. 1352.
[2] *Ibid.*, May 21, 1921, p. 1593; *Ibid.*, Jan. 29, 1924, p. 1631; Dept. Just. Report.
[3] *Ibid.*, May 12, 1921, p. 1353, 1354; *Ibid.*, Jan. 29, 1924, p. 1625.

[4] *Congressional Record*, April 11, 1922, pp. 5270-5291.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. [illegible]

craft program during the war and got away with the spoils have continued to be awarded the Government's aircraft contracts without interruption up to the present day.[6] Not only has the will of Congress, evidenced by the appropriation of more than $2,000,000 of the people's money to insure prosecutions, been ignored, but aircraft companies charged with having received enormous amounts in overpayments on previous contracts have continued to receive new contracts without interruption. The Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation against which the then Assistant Secretary of War, J. M. Wainwright, on October 26, 1921, requested the Department of Justice to institute action to protect the Government's interest to recover alleged overpayments to the amount of $5,267,476.75, after changing its name to the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, in 1922 and 1923 received eighty-two contracts from the United States Air Service.[7]

On October 25, 1918, Charles E. Hughes recommended that Edward A. Deeds, who was in charge of the Government's aircraft production during the war, be tried by court martial for reprehensible conduct in acting as confidential adviser of H. E. Talbott, of the Dayton Wright Airplane Company, with respect to the transaction of business between that company and the division of the Signal Corps of which Colonel Deeds was the head.[8] The Dayton Wright company, of which Colonel Deeds was one of the incorporators,[9] after being exposed on the floor of Congress by Representative Roy O. Woodruff, was sued by the Department of Justice, on allegations of fraud, for the recovery of $2,408,267.41. After this suit was filed, this company received in 1922 and 1923, up to the time it went out of business, thirty government aircraft contracts.

At the beginning of the war the American pioneers, whose genius gave the art of flying to the world, were brushed aside and a group of companies was organized into an association known as the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association which took charge of the Government's aircraft business and has continued to control it until the present day.[10] Of the eighteen concerns which composed its membership two, the Standard Aircraft Corporation and the Standard Aero Company, were controlled by the Japanese banking house of Mitsui & Company, which was charged with being paymaster of the German secret service before we entered the war.[11] After the war these companies were charged with shipping American aircraft models and plans to Japan,[12] and they have been shown by official audits which have received overpayments, along with their associated American companies, in gigantic amounts.[13] While testifying before a Senate committee in April, 1924, in regard to the alleged disappearance from the plant of the Standard Aircraft Corporation of about 122 carloads of material and planes and parts of planes belonging to the United States Government, valued at more than $800,000, the papers of Thomas F. Lane, legal adviser of the chief of the Army Air Service, were seized,[14] and he was immediately discharged by the War Department.

Upon the organization of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association, two of its members who had been litigating over the Wright brothers' patents amicably settled their difference and through the so-called "cross-license agreement" originated by Mr. Howard E. Coffin, now a member of the President's aircraft board, and others, it was arranged that the United States Government should pay $2,000,000 royalties to these companies on patents, which rights had been sold to the British Government for £15,000. Through the operation of the cross-license agreement the pioneer manufacturers and inventors were forced out of business.

On August 22, 1922, the Thomas Senate committee, consisting of Senators Thomas, Reed of Missouri, Hoke Smith, New, and Frelinghuysen, filed the following unanimous report[15] in regard to the cross-license agreement, prophesying the aircraft conditions which exist today:

> The committee has not heard a word in approval of it. It is condemned by every aircraft manufacturer outside of the immediate beneficiaries. Those executing the license agreements have done so under protest because the aircraft board recommended or required it.
>
> Criticisms of it are numerous, the most serious of them being that it subjects manufacturers to onerous requirements, such as assessments for the use of plans and specifications, the purchase of the material and accessories from favored houses, the assignment and surrender of valuable patents and patentable devices to the Aircraft Association upon terms prescribed by itself, the discouragement of invention, and the inevitable control of the aircraft industry by that association or by some other interest through its agency. Your committee sympathizes with many of these sentiments, and notwithstanding the aircraft board as now officered no longer requires or recommends the execution of the agreements by contractors,[16] we believe the arrangement should be abrogated. We regard it as vicious and as designed to reap large profits by taking advantage of the necessities of the Government.

During the war, while Colonel Edward A. Deeds was at the head of the Government's aircraft production, Howard E. Coffin was president of the aircraft board, upon whose recommendation action was taken and contracts placed by the military authorities.[17] At the time the Thomas Senate committee was concluding its investigations, Mr. Coffin severed his official relations with the Government. For several years the report of the Thomas Senate committee, in whose membership there were able lawyers, was accepted by Congress as a correct disclosure until, within a few days from the time Mr. Coffin was appointed a member of the President's board to investigate the air services, the press reported an opinion delivered by Attorney General Sargent overturning these conclusions and approving the cross-license agreement and the conduct of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association.

When the recent aircraft investigations were looming on the horizon, among those early on the scene were Howard E. Coffin, president of the National Air Transport Co., Inc., and C. M. Keys, president of the Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Corporation. On January 21, 1925, Mr. Coffin appeared

[8] *Ibid.*, May 12, 1921, p. [illegible]

[9] *Congressional Record*, January 29, 1924, p. 1626.

[10] [illegible] p. 1850

[11] [illegible] p. 851.

[12] [illegible] pursuant to S. Res. 157, 68th Cong., first session, p. 923.

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 921, 899-904; 938-958.

[15] Senate Report No. 555, 65th Congress, second session, *Congressional Record*, August 22, 1918, p. 9333; *Congressional Record*, Jan. 29, 1924, pp. 1626-1632; *Ibid.*, Feb. 23, 1924, pp. 3020-3031.

[16] *Editorial note:* In this belief the committee was deceived as the cross-license agreement has never been abrogated and exists in current aircraft contracts today.

[17] *Ibid.*, Dec. 20, 1918, p. 887.

before the Lampert aircraft committee and in his testimony[18] stated that he would like to quote from his statement in a former hearing on September 25, 1919, before the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate: "The accomplishments of the War Department in aviation were easily among its best in the war."

The Lampert committee, apparently enlightened by the testimony of Coffin and Keys, failed to call to the witness-stand some fifty witnesses consisting of pioneer inventors and manufacturers who had been crushed and driven out of the aviation business.

During the hearings of the Lampert committee the Universal Service published the allegation that witnesses and newspaper men attending the hearings were being shadowed by agents of the Department of Justice. This statement was no doubt an injustice to the Attorney General; the man in charge of the espionage work was E. O. Irish, a former agent of the Department of Justice, no longer connected with it. On April 20, 1925, in the trial of the case, in the New York Supreme Court, entitled The People of the State of New York in the relation of Henry Woodhouse, plaintiff, *vs.* Aero Club of America, a spectator in the courtroom was suddenly called to the witness-stand and upon being asked his identity responded to the name of E. O. Irish. The following statements in his examination are taken from a transcript of the court's records:

Q. Will you state your business?

THE WITNESS: I object.

THE COURT: I will allow the question.

A. Investigator.

Q. For whom? *A.* Several.

THE COURT: Tell us who they are.

THE WITNESS: Howard E. Coffin.

Q. Next? *A.* Well, that is all I can say.

Q. You said several. Kindly state those. *A.* C. M. Keys, as far as I know.

Q. Who else do you represent?

THE COURT: Go on, tell us, what difference does it make?

A. As far as I know, Coffin and Keys, Howard E. Coffin and C. M. Keys.

Why is it necessary for men seeking to give information that might save their Government from final catastrophe to have their footsteps dogged when they enter temples of justice or the corridors of Congress? This is but a continuation of a damnable spy system which was fully exposed when it was shown that the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation was maintaining a Washington headquarters within ear-distance of the Department of Justice and was carrying on its pay roll 195 men who were actually being paid by the Government through a system of suppressed vouchers.[19]

In the meantime while the Department of Justice delays in the aircraft cases, is it possible that the advisers of the President of the United States have not informed him that representatives of the Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Corporation, of which C. M. Keys is the effective head, have been indicted for conspiracy to bribe and corrupt the authorities of government even in a foreign land? In the case of R E X *vs.* John Cyril Porte, William Augustus Casson, and Lyman J. Seely, the records in the Session House of Old Bailey, London, E. C., show that William A. Casson, an English barrister representing the Curtiss company, and Lyman J. Seely, who represented the Curtiss company in England, were indicted for a conspiracy to corrupt the British wing commander, John Cyril Porte, "to accept gifts as inducements or rewards for showing favor or disfavor to the Curtiss Aeroplane Company in relation to the affairs and business of the Crown." On November 19, 1917, Casson pleaded guilty to twelve counts in the indictment charging bribery and corruption and was sentenced to the maximum penalty of the law on each count. When Lyman J. Seely, the other representative of the Curtiss company, was called to the dock to answer the indictment, he was a fugitive from justice.

The following were among the remarks of Mr. Justice McCardie in passing sentence on Casson in the dispensation of British justice:

> William Augustus Casson, you have pleaded guilty to the twelve offenses charged against you.
>
> The crime of pecuniary corruption is gravely insidious; it saps the righteousness of the state. Honor is sacrificed for gold, duty is violated for gain, integrity is dissolved in the foul acid of secret bribery. I feel most deeply that my office of judge calls upon me to deal with a case in which a brother barrister is arraigned before me. For many years you have been a member of the English Bar, a body which prides itself on its high standards of personal honor. Its records have been stained today, though happily your case is in no way associated with any professional duty. . . .
>
> You are now in the winter of life. You have reached the age of 65. The burden of broken health has fallen upon you. In a letter which appeared in the evidence in this case in the court below I see that you wrote, not very long before the charge was made, "I have tried to live a useful life and can end it with content." The proceedings today are a tragic negation of that hope. For you, alas, the grave will close not on the memory of a stainless life but on the withering recollection of admitted crime and public disgrace. . . .

Shortly before the appointment of the President's aircraft board, Messrs. Coffin and Keys were reported by the press to have advised with the President; this event was followed by announcement of the personnel of the board, with Howard E. Coffin named as a member.

Has the President been imposed upon? When Howard E. Coffin and C. M. Keys have been and are now persons whose connections are within the scope of a fair and comprehensive investigation of the aircraft business, they are certainly disqualified to participate in the course of an inquiry that must be conducted by the entire country [illegible] partial disclosure.

With convenient smoke screens always available to raise a hue and a cry and obscure the issues, there have already been too many investigations that can be tersely expressed in the nursery rhyme:

"Mamma may I go out to swim?"
"Yes my darling daughter—
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
And don't go near the water."

[In his next article Captain Scaife will continue his discussion of the aircraft situation on the basis of the action of the Morrow committee and will point out an effective remedy for official whitewashes.]

[18] Hearings, p. 1240.

[19] *Congressional Record*, April 11, 1922, p. 5292.

Los Angeles's Campaign of Silence

By WILLIAM BOARDMAN KNOX

When a community has spent millions—as Los Angeles has spent them—to establish itself in the mind of the public as an earthly paradise, and when its continued prosperity depends on the maintenance of this tradition, it is only natural that it should be exceedingly jealous of its painfully acquired reputation. Therefore to say that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has been criminally culpable in forcibly preventing its own press and so far as possible that of the outside world from publishing conditions of plague and pollution existing there during the past summer would be inaccurate and unfair. It has only been human, loyal, protective of its own. It would also be inaccurate to state that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has disseminated untruths regarding conditions. What it has done was to undertake an immense and successful campaign of silence, forcing the Los Angeles papers into submission by overt threats of economic pressure and palliating the foreign press with generalities and pleasantly incomplete statistics. Los Angeles during the past summer has been gripped by an epidemic of infantile paralysis as extensive in proportion to population as the New York epidemic of ten years ago—yet no word of the situation has appeared in public print. On the contrary the parents of all America were bombarded with invitations to bring themselves and their children to Los Angeles for their summer vacation.

The fact also remains, substantiated by numerous reports on file with the Los Angeles Health Department, that the city has been and is today faced with a condition of water pollution characterized by her experts (notably Dr. Walter V. Brem, Los Angeles bacteriologist) as a constant menace to the health of her people; and that all attempts to remedy conditions proved abortive because the Chamber of Commerce has feared the "unfavorable effect on the East which criticism of our water situation would have at this time," and has blocked the publicity necessary to the arousal of popular demand. It must, however, be conceded in passing that there is a second and noisier school of experts who claim that the constant discovery of B. coli (colon bacilli) in Los Angeles reservoirs is a matter of no importance and that the water has all the healing properties of the pool of Bethesda.

Los Angeles boasts of her water supply; she has spent millions to bring it from the remote Owens Valley. But unfortunately her water comes from two sources, the Owens Valley Aqueduct and the Los Angeles River. The water is piped to seven major storage reservoirs within the city limits. Her supply from these two sources is ample. The water piped from the valley undoubtedly reaches the city pure. The water, however, obtained from the Los Angeles River, a shallow murky stream flowing through overcrowded industrial districts, is unspeakably filthy. The city reservoirs are, according to official reports, so poorly constructed as to leave the water constantly exposed to pollution from the drainage of the surrounding country. Whatever the cause, repeated tests by Dr. Brem and others have never failed to show the presence of B. coli, the red flag of pollution, in her principal reservoirs, and as long as this condition persists an isolated case or two of typhoid in a strategic locality could at any time start an epidemic that would sweep the city.

As to the relative importance of the infantile paralysis epidemic which swept the city last summer, with all its attendant threat of horror and deformity, figures from the California State Board of Health at Sacramento may be illuminating. Up to October 3, 1925, 700 cases of poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) had been reported. According to Dr. George Parrish, Los Angeles health officer, not more than one case in five is properly diagnosed and reported. Accepting that basis we have a total for the State of 3,500 cases for the first ten months of 1925. Los Angeles, for which complete figures are not available, represents approximately one-third of the population of the State. Its proportion then should be 233 reported and 1,155 actual cases. This proportion is roughly borne out by her report for four weeks ending October 17, which gave her a total of 23 reported cases against a State total of 77, or slightly less than one third.

To fully appreciate the hysteria which this condition produced and the unreasoning yet effective methods employed for the suppression of facts, it is necessary to review a little Los Angeles current history.

Following a boom second in feverish activity only to that now going on in Florida, Los Angeles bankers late in 1923 decided on a policy of conservative retrenchment in an effort to avoid the acute depression usually following a period of inflation. It was to be a nice orderly process with no one getting hurt too much and no values affected materially.

Fate intervened. No sooner had business adjusted itself to arbitrarily imposed restrictions than the entire State of California was ravaged by the hoof-and-mouth disease. Bordering States set up rigid quarantines and in some States the militia was called out to prevent the passage of goods or people over the California border. Business collapsed. Before it had time to recover, bubonic plague appeared in Los Angeles in epidemic form. For weeks an entire portion of the city was roped off, and the exodus from southern California began to resemble a flight before an avenging army. By this time her whole economic structure was tottering. Land values dropped 50 per cent; bankruptcy courts were flooded with yesterday's millionaires; bank clearings were cut in half.

The advent of these catastrophes caught the guardians of southern California's destiny entirely unprepared. For nearly half a century they had been building one of the most effective machines for the distribution of propaganda that the world has seen, but they had sought no method for the suppression of news. It had never occurred to them that anything concerning southern California would ever need to be suppressed.

The East and Middle West, embittered by long years of smug and abusive propaganda, leaped upon the Los Angeles dispatches with shrieks of glee and banner lines. They had suffered in silence while every Eastern thunderstorm was played up as a death-dealing tornado and every

snow flurry was labeled "Scores Die in Eastern Blizzard"; and their turn had come. What were a few death-dealing tornadoes more or less compared to plague and pestilence and economic ruin? Every line procurable was seized avidly and enlarged. Space writers in Los Angeles waxed fat—from Eastern newspapers.

The press agents of the erstwhile paradise reeled and grew sick. Such things were unthinkable, impossible, preposterous. There were hysterical meetings and feverish forming of committees. Money was appropriated for every hair-brained scheme designed to stem the tide. An iron-clad rule was established that no matter concerning Los Angeles should be published by the local press unless it was officially indorsed by the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce. Two papers which had published stories which might be interpreted as detrimental to the city found themselves as bare of advertising as Mother Hubbard's cupboard and were only too glad to return in sackcloth and ashes to the fold. The climax of the chamber's assumption of power was perhaps reached when a candidate for mayor was forbidden to attack the administration of his rival on the ground that his remarks might be detrimental to the prestige of Los Angeles in the East—and obeyed the command meticulously. So, when the next crisis came, hysteria was fairly in the saddle with a well-oiled and tried machine to carry out its dictates.

It may be interesting to see this machine in action. Whatever its ethics, its efficiency deserves nothing but praise. It is no easy matter to gag the press of an entire nation. Yet not one word of conditions in Los Angeles during the past summer has appeared in print except one brief Associated Press dispatch from Sacramento and such carefully predigested generalities as the Chamber of Commerce itself from time to time saw fit to give out.

The crisis developed at the June meeting of the health and sanitation committee of the chamber. This committee of fifty was a heritage of the bubonic-plague epidemic, and theoretically its sole purpose was the protection and conservation of the health of the city. The meeting in question was presided over by James Woods, vice-president of the Biltmore Hotel Corporation and executive officer of the Los Angeles Biltmore, a man of sterling integrity and, given freedom of action, of great constructive ability.

Besides the committee members, W. H. Pridham, president of the chamber, was present, together with a scattering of "safe" newspaper men. It was obviously a badly frightened gathering before whom Pridham opened proceedings by demanding inviolable confidence of the newspaper men present and the statement that the committee was faced with a situation which must be handled with great delicacy if they were to prevent a flood of unfavorable publicity which might seriously interfere with summer-tourist business.

The "situation" was then given bluntly and in words of one syllable by Dr. George Parrish, Los Angeles health officer. Infantile paralysis had become epidemic in the city. Some twenty odd cases had been reported during the past two weeks, and there was every reason to expect that conditions would become more acute as summer progressed. Unless drastic steps were immediately taken the epidemic might easily assume the proportions of a catastrophe.

The reaction was immediate and, to a person uninitiated in Los Angeles psychology, astounding. Except for an isolated voice here and there which was quickly drowned in the general hubbub, no further mention was made of the epidemic as such. With the only hope of checking the spread of the disease resting in a frank educational campaign which should enable the parents of the city to use all possible means to protect their children, this body of men, who had voluntarily charged themselves with the physical welfare of the community, apparently occupied themselves only with discovering methods whereby conditions could be so minimized that business should not be hurt.

After all it is not hard to understand their viewpoint. What are a few broken children, probably of people who don't count anyway, compared to the welfare and prosperity of a great metropolis? The following typical remarks made at the meeting may accurately reflect the true booster's point of view in the face of a crisis:

"Of course we control the press of Los Angeles, but what are we going to do with outside papers?"

"We must take hold of the situation and interpret it properly, or unfavorable publicity may develop from irresponsible sources."

"We cannot conceal the situation, we must handle it constructively."

"If we formally recognize an epidemic Eastern papers will exaggerate it and our summer-tourist business will be ruined."

The final action of the committee was typical, brilliant. After going on record to the effect that no epidemic was at that time officially existent, a statement was prepared for the press which read roughly as follows:

> Communicable diseases in all communities show a tendency to increase during the summer.
>
> There have been sporadic cases of infantile paralysis throughout the entire country, including California.
>
> The Los Angeles Health Department therefore recommends that due caution be exercised by parents in exposing their children to possible contagion, but emphasizes the fact that there is no cause for alarm.

This was followed by a few directions for personal hygiene and signed by the health officer.

The above statement was characterized by committee members as fully apprising the populace of conditions and giving them ample opportunity to protect themselves without creating unnecessary apprehension. The price that Los Angeles paid in death and crippled children for her summer epidemic is a matter of record.

The story of water pollution and its suppression is identical except that it is longer, more tedious. The water situation is as it has been for seven years and will be until some one finds an opportunity to lay its basic facts before the public.

It took Los Angeles two years to gain sufficient courage to ask the federal government to take over its losing battle with plague control. Even then it attempted to exact from Rupert Blue of the United States public health service a pledge of secrecy. Today, although no human case of bubonic plague has appeared in Los Angeles since 1924 and the federal health officials are about to withdraw, the harbor of Los Angeles is still under quarantine as a plague-infected area.

Los Angeles has by her campaign of silence succeeded in maintaining a tottering prestige, but she has paid a heavy price. It will be interesting to see how much longer she will find suppression more profitable than correction.

Jobs for Women

By RUBY A. BLACK

THE American male breadwinner has received a grievous blow in the pocket-book.

As a result he has set up a plaintive, but clamorous, cry concerning pains in his altruism, his sympathy, his hope for the future, his love for the home, and various other of what he chooses to call his finer feelings. With the help of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor and other experts he has seized upon a new kind of gas bomb with which he may attack the camps of the encroaching female wage-earner. Says a representative of the Women's Bureau in a newspaper interview:

"Women cannot stand the strain of business hustle and bustle as well as men. Thousands of young women break down every year. Thousands of these broken-down young women marry and have children, or die in the attempt, in this condition of physical unfitness. Women are more able to stand the clamor and dust and fumes of the factory than the speed and responsibility and tension of office work. Women can stand any kind of work better than professional work, such as law, journalism, and medicine. (No mention is made of teaching in the primary and secondary public schools. This profession probably involves a greater nervous strain than either journalism or law, but men do not greatly care to engage in it.) Therefore all these bright young women, who would make good wives and mothers if they were not too proud and vain to do housework, become "nervous, sickly persons whom no one wants around."

Then along comes another authority to discourage women from economic independence. Mrs. Sarah Conboy confines her remarks to the married woman earning her own living, however. Mrs. Conboy is secretary of the United Textile Workers of America.

"I feel that a married woman has no right to take a job if her husband can support her. She is simply keeping some unmarried girl out of a job. . . . A woman has enough to do if she runs her home properly. To leave it deliberately for a job is a misfortune. And, if she has children, it's a crime," declares Mrs. Conboy. She and the journalist who interviewed her then click off the following movie of a "bride-stenog":

> At seven o'clock she is piling up the breakfast dishes in the kitchenette sink.
>
> At eight o'clock she's rushing pell-mell to catch the suburban special into town.
>
> At nine o'clock she sinks into her desk chair, all fussed out from the morning's rush, "fit" for the day's work.
>
> [A merciful veil is drawn over the next eight hours.]
>
> At five o'clock she's hanging on a strap in the subway, just about "all in."
>
> At seven o'clock she and hubby are extracting a delicatessen supper from sundry tins with a can opener.
>
> At eight o'clock she's washing up the egg-incrusted breakfast dishes that have lain in the sink all day.
>
> At nine o'clock when hubby suggests the movies she's yawning and yearning for eiderdown "comfies."

(It seems to be universally taken for granted that these weak young women must perform all the household tasks while earning a living in an office, although nobody would think of asking the stronger male to hold two such jobs.)

The persistence and violence of these protests against women's economic independence are due to various, and sometimes conflicting, causes. They arise partly no doubt in a real if misguided concern for the welfare of the race; but in large measure, especially among men, their source is a different worry. Since the war the number of women who earn incomes large enough to be taxed under the federal income-tax laws has tripled. The total income taxes paid by the 813,819 women filing separate returns in 1921 was approximately $113,000,000, on net incomes of $2,098,028,624.

The actual increase in the number of women gainfully employed was a half-million between 1910 and 1920. But taking into consideration the increase in population, the proportion of women gainfully employed really decreased 2.3 per cent in the decade. In 1910 23.4 per cent of all women over ten years old were gainfully employed, while in 1920 only 21.1 per cent of the entire feminine population were earning money. Thus the increase in the amount of taxable income reported by women must be due to an increase in earning power.

A bulletin issued by the Women's Bureau contains what I believe to be the explanation of the outcry against woman in business and the professions and industry. The bulletin ("The Occupational Progress of Women," by Mary V. Dempsey) states that women managers and superintendents of factories were nearly three and one-half times as numerous in 1920 as in 1910. The number of men performing similar functions did not even double during the period. There were eight times as many women officials of factories in 1920 as there were in 1910. The number of women manufacturers and officials in factories, taken together, increased 77.2 per cent, while the number of men manufacturers and officials decreased 11.4 per cent. In the ranks of skilled labor similar advances were shown by women. The number of women telegraph operators increased 105.1 per cent, while the number of men in the same craft was increasing only 1.4 per cent.

Women real-estate agents increased 214.6 per cent between the censuses, and women insurance agents 100.4 per cent. Women theater owners increased to four times the 1910 figure. Other occupations in which the numbers of women more than doubled in the ten years are: Bankers and bank officials, 152.8 per cent; agents, 289.1 per cent; accountants and auditors, 273.1 per cent; clerks (except in stores), 284.9 per cent; teachers of athletics and dancing, 246.9 per cent; college presidents and professors, 240.6 per cent; lawyers, judges, and justices, 211.5 per cent; religious, charity, and welfare workers, 202.9 per cent; chemists, assayers, and metallurgists, 196.0 per cent; opticians (retail dealers), 169.4 per cent; decorators, drapers, and window dressers, 163.1 per cent; laundry managers and officials, 143.3 per cent; United States officials (except postmistresses), 137.1 per cent; retail florists, 136.4 per cent;

retail dealers (department stores), 134.5 per cent; librarians, 131.6 per cent; designers, 119.3 per cent; retail dealers (curios, antiques, and novelties), 112.3 per cent.

This is not half the list of occupations in which five hundred or more women were employed in 1920 which contained at that time more than twice as many women as in 1910.

While the number of women bank officials was increasing 152.8 per cent, the men in the same capacities were increasing only 43.7 per cent. While the women insurance agents were more than doubling, the men selling insurance increased only 33.6 per cent. Men real-estate agents and officials increased only 13.8 per cent, while the women thus engaged increased 214.6 per cent.

The number of women city officials and inspectors increased 57 per cent, while the number of men performing similar services decreased 0.9 per cent. Women county officials increased 107.1 per cent, while men officials increased only 7.8 per cent. Postmistresses showed an increase more than three times as great as the increase in postmasters.

In professional service, the only occupational groups in which the number of men increased proportionately more than the number of women were: Artists, sculptors, and teachers of art; healers, including osteopaths, physicians, surgeons, and all other persons professing to cure disease in any way except dentists; musicians and teachers of music; and officials of lodges, societies, et cetera.

While the number of actors and showmen was falling off 4.2 per cent, the number of actresses and show-women was growing 9.6 per cent. Miss Dempsey ponders heavily on the reason for this. Possibly she has not observed the progress of musical comedies and variety shows in recent years, and the competition in large choruses. Men authors, editors, and reporters decreased 1.2 per cent in the decade, while women journalists were increasing 40 per cent. The number of men serving as college presidents and professors increased only 83.6 per cent, while women teaching the youth in the institutions of higher learning increased 240.6 per cent. Women designers increased more than twenty times as rapidly as men designers. Women keepers of charitable and penal institutions showed an increase of 2,686, or 119.6 per cent, while men thus engaged increased by 2,707, or only 51.6 per cent. Women librarians multiplied more than ten times as fast as men librarians, and women photographers nearly forty times as fast as men in the same business.

No wonder men view with alarm!

The ungrateful females whom they brought into business and industry to perform the less remunerative tasks have, with utter lack of taste and business ethics, invaded the branches of work which they had always meant to keep for themselves. It is not good for the women's health. Anybody could see that, except an illogical woman.

In 1921 a man out of a job wrote a letter to an editor demanding that the State departments discharge all their married women and employ men instead. In 1923, in a State distant and totally different, a controversy on the subject raged in the "Everybody's Column" of a newspaper. Many single women complained that they had been crowded out of their jobs by married women, who, they alleged, could afford to take less money for their work because their husbands were helping support them. This may appear to contradict the statement of the New York employers that married women have more nerve with which to demand increases in salary or other recognition than the unmarried ones have. But one argument is doubtless as good as the other, and both are freely and impartially employed.

At least the unmarried women have the honesty to admit the economic motive behind their demand that married women be discharged to make room for unmarried women. It is short-sighted economics, because when married women go into business they make room for still other women in business by increasing the amount of domestic work which is thus forced out of the household into other women's hands. These unmarried women happily have the grace not to put their complaints on the ground of the welfare of the women they want ousted. They want the women's jobs, and they confess it. Why cannot the men who are excited about the dangers to women's health likewise admit that they want these women's jobs, now that women have begun to offer effective competition?

As long as some persons can profit by keeping women out of business and professional life a heavy barrage of propaganda will be directed against their entering it, and statistics will be piled up to show that it is harmful to women to engage in such work. It is easy to choose statistics. Some day, however, some man, or some woman, will start large corporations for household engineering, the sort of household engineering which no more involves the woman who lives in the house than the manufacture and upkeep of the automobile involves the man who uses it. Of course, it is troublesome and costly to buy an automobile and keep it in repair. Some attention has to be paid to its maintenance. So will the man and the woman have to pay some attention to the way their house or apartment is cared for. But no more than they do to their automobile.

When such corporations are formed a flock of statistics will be trotted out to prove that woman's health is so wrecked by difficult and uncongenial housework that she is incapable of the best motherhood and more or less unendurable as a daily companion. We shall be shown the appalling waste of individual housekeeping. We shall be shown how much more industry could be brought to our city if only women would work outside their homes and let the people who know how and who profit by it take care of their houses, their cooking, their clothes, and their child-training. We shall be shown how many more jobs would be provided for our young men and women if our system of household and personal service were more efficiently managed. We shall read in the Sunday supplements that it is a crime for an untrained mother to dare attempt to train her own child. We shall hear the cry of "Sissy" flung at the woman known to do her own sewing. The woman who troubles to do her own housework will be known as an eccentric with a strange and expensive hobby, just like the man who insists on repairing his own automobile. The woman who accepts a living from her husband while she does nothing productive will be as much a social outcast as was the alimonied divorcée of the nineties.

You will then believe all these things, just as you are today convinced that it is a callous mother who would leave her child in the care of a trained teacher-nurse while she prepares a brief or edits a newspaper, and that a woman's prospects for happy marriage and motherhood are ruined when she earns her own living in the way she chooses.

Nothing is easier than choosing statistics.

Power to Decide, None to Enforce

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

HISTORY does, after all, repeat itself. The question whether we shall enter the World Court, and on what terms, has aspects strangely similar to one of the most puzzling problems which faced the gentlemen who, in the hot summer of 1787, wrote the Constitution of the United States.

That problem revolved around the Supreme Court. It will be recalled that the thirteen original States were thirteen high and mighty, chauvinistic, independent nations. Prior to the Revolution disputes between the Colonies—and there were some sharp ones—had been referred to the Crown. Under the Confederation, machinery had been set up similar to that of the Hague Tribunal for arbitration of controversies between the States. It proved unsatisfactory. When the Fathers met in Philadelphia they recognized the acute need of a permanent court of justice to adjudicate differences between States. So we find the world-famous provision in the Constitution creating a Supreme Court and giving that court authority to decide controversies between the States. The clause is today a commonplace, but in 1787 such a grant of power to a court to decide issues between sovereigns was a daring and unprecedented act.

But another question, even more troubling perhaps, faced the Fathers. How about the enforcement of a decree against a State? If the decree was to be capable of enforcement somebody had to be authorized to call out an army against the delinquent State. This would mean war. If, per contra, the decree was incapable of enforcement, what good was it? This was a tremendous question. As we face the World Court problem today, that same question looms even larger.

In 1918, writing his opinion in the noted case of Virginia *vs.* West Virginia,[1] Chief Justice White declared that contemporary records failed to disclose that the Fathers considered this problem of enforcement. The learned jurist was in error. The Virginia Plan for a Constitution provided for calling "forth the force of the Union against any member of the Union failing to fulfil its duty." That provision was, however, not included in the Constitution, and Madison's observations tell the reason why:

> The more he reflected on the use of force [wrote Madison] the more he doubted the practicability, the justice, the efficacy of it. . . . A union of states containing such an ingredient seemed to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look like a declaration of war.[2]

Hamilton, Ellsworth, and Marshall expressed similar views. The New Jersey Plan for a Constitution also proposed force against delinquent States, but the counsel of such men as Madison evidently prevailed, for the Constitution sets up no apparatus for enforcement of the decrees of the Supreme Court against States.

Hence we find that a novel court was erected in 1787; a court having jurisdiction to decide controversies between sovereigns, but without a sheriff to enforce such decisions; the anomaly of a court with broader jurisdiction yet less power—if power be measured by armed force—than any other court in the world's history.

What has been the court's career in the one hundred and forty years which have elapsed? A detailed answer to that question would require far more space than can here be allowed.[3] Let me summarize then:

(a) Until 1918 the Supreme Court, which had by then sat in over forty cases where State sued State, not only never attempted to exert power over a State but, when called on to discuss that question, invariably declared it had no such power.[4]

(b) In 1918, however, Chief Justice White, in the West Virginia case, declared that "judicial power essentially involves the right to enforce."

But did he try to enforce? Did he send a sheriff to the State of West Virginia? He did not. He pleaded with West Virginia to acquiesce voluntarily in the court's decrees and so save everybody from an embarrassing and disagreeable situation. If you doubt me, read his opinion. So we find that there has never been an instance in our history where an attempt has been made to enforce a Supreme Court decision against a State by the exertion of power.

During these one hundred and forty years all manner of interstate controversies have come before the Supreme Court—boundary disputes, economic quarrels, all the typical and favorite war-breeding issues; they have been resolved by the court and peaceably acquiesced in by the States, except in a few rare cases in our earlier history where, the States declining to acquiesce, the decrees were not enforced. Fortunately so, for an attempt to enforce would surely have resulted in war.[5]

History repeats itself, I said. We are faced with the problem of entry into the World Court. The World Court, as now constituted, is backed by the power of the League. That is the reasonable construction to be put upon Article 13 of the Covenant of the League as I endeavored to point out last week. The history of the Supreme Court of the United States discloses not only that a court lacking power to compel the enforcement of its decisions against a sovereign can serve a useful purpose, but, much further, that the only kind of World Court which can be of any real use is a court stripped of such power; for once the court is backed by power it becomes by that very fact a court of arms instead of a court of justice.

Hence the Senators of the United States, in considering the question of entry into the World Court as presently constituted, have a nice question before them as to the exact language of the reservations and conditions pursuant to which we should enter the court, lest we find ourselves members of a court of arms instead of a court of justice. What should those reservations be? That is the question with which the Senate of the United States will presently have to wrestle. An answer to it will be suggested in a concluding article next week.

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[1] [illegible] U. S. [illegible].
[2] [illegible] Debates," page 140.
[3] See Columbia Law Review, vol. xxx, p. 788.
[4] Marshall, C. J., 5 Pet. 1, 20; Taney, C. J., 24 How. 66, 109.
[5] Chamber [illegible] cases 5 Pet. 1, 24.

The Only Hope in France

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, November 16

THE French financial problem will not be solved until the nature of that problem is better understood in France. All French parties are agreed on two points—that there must be no inflation by a further issue of bank-notes and that prices are too high and must be brought down. On these points the Socialists join hands with the *Temps* and the *Echo de Paris*. The Socialists have refused to agree to a small issue of bank-notes to repay the three-year bonds falling due on December 8 with the result that they are to be subjected to what is in fact a moratorium. Their holders have the choice of accepting in return Bons de la Défense Nationale at three, six, or twelve months, a security that can be used for paying taxes next year, or new three-year bonds repayable on December 8, 1928. That, at least, is what is now proposed. The *Temps* fulminates against any further issue of bank-notes in any circumstances, but also objects to any alternative. The solution of the financial problem, according to the *Temps*, is very simple. All that is necessary is "a Government that governs with due regard for the national honor and in accordance with the fundamental principles of civilization and progress." This does not seem very helpful in a crisis like the present. There are many ways of applying the "fundamental principles of civilization and progress," whatever they may be, to questions of currency and finance.

What the *Temps* probably means is that, if confidence were restored, the holders of short-term bonds would go on renewing them indefinitely and taking more. The pleasant financial method of the Bloc National—piling up budget deficits and covering them by short-term loans—could then be renewed and all would be well. This is the note of the whole Opposition press. M. Caillaux has destroyed confidence by telling the truth about the financial situation, or, as they put it, by libeling his predecessors, and by proposing to make the rich pay taxes, which is an attack on property. There is no financial crisis. The crisis is political and is due to lack of confidence. If only the Bloc National came back to power, the franc would soar, prices would go down, and everybody would be happy. These writers seem to forget that during M. Poincaré's premiership the franc on one occasion fell to its present value. But that, of course, was due to a malignant conspiracy against France and her flag, not to the financial methods of the Bloc National.

It is a pity that party feeling should so blind people to facts. There has, in fact, been a certain revival of confidence during the last six months, but no amount of confidence could alter the situation created by the reckless financial policy of the last eleven years—for the primary cause of the present situation was the refusal to impose adequate taxation during the war. All parties are to blame to some extent for the situation. The Herriot Government did not, as they should have done, face the situation when they came into power, tell the country the truth about it, and at once try to put it right. Instead, they drifted until their own situation became impossible. Nevertheless, by far the greatest responsibility for the French financial crisis is that of the successive governments that ruled France from 1914 to 1924, especially the post-war governments of the Bloc National. M. François-Marsal and M. de Lasteyrie, both of whom were finance ministers of the Bloc National, have been giving their opinions on the situation. They, of course, denounce inflation as ruinous, but what do they call the makeshifts into which they were driven by the policy of putting more than half the national expenditure into extraordinary and extra-extraordinary budgets, with no revenue to balance it, and even then failing sometimes to balance the ordinary budget? It is astonishing that anybody in his senses could suppose that such a system could be continued indefinitely. It is not the fault of the present Government that it has had to meet obligations that M. François-Marsal and M. de Lasteyrie bequeathed to their successors without making the smallest provision for meeting them. Nor is it lack of confidence that makes many holders of short-term bonds present them for repayment, but merely the fact that they need the money. When people take short-term bonds, it is because they do not wish to invest the money permanently, since they know that they will need it sooner or later. The truth is that the capacity of the French *épargne* has been exhausted by all the loans of the last eleven years and there is no more money available to lend to the state. It was inevitable that this should happen some time.

This being so, it is clear that drastic measures are necessary. All that the Opposition have to propose is more indirect taxation—although the indirect taxes are already about four-fifths of the whole national revenue—or the consolidation of the floating debt on ruinous terms. M. de Lasteyrie, for example, suggests that the holders of short-term bonds should be offered a loan at 6 per cent, free not only from income tax but also from death duties up to a certain amount. In the *Temps* on November 12 Professor Jean-Louis Faure proposed a tax of 5 per cent on all purchases of every kind, except those of wheat and bread, to be paid by the purchaser and levied by a stamp affixed to the bill, the article itself, or the paper in which it was wrapped. This proposal the professor declared to be inspired by the "elementary truth" that people should be taxed on what they spend, not on what they earn—a most comfortable policy for the wealthy miser. It would be quite easy, Professor Faure thought, even for a workman earning £1 a week to pay such a tax, especially since it would lead to a rise in the value of the franc and, therefore, a reduction of the cost of living and general prosperity.

It is amazing that a professor should imagine that the cost of living would be reduced by the return of the franc to par, which he apparently believes possible. This delusion is, however, almost universal in France, although the experience of the stabilization of the mark should have shown its absurdity. After the stabilization of the mark retail prices rose in Germany about 400 per cent in a few weeks. Naturally, the rise would be far smaller in France, where gold prices have not fallen to the German level, but there would inevitably be a rise. Moreover, it is desirable that there should be. The franc is now worth about 21 centimes, the general wholesale index number for October was 584 and the index of retail prices in Paris 433. This abnormal state of things can hardly continue indefinitely, but nobody here seems to recognize even that retail prices are low. The *Temps* said last Sunday that the "profound causes" of the present trouble were the depreciation of the franc and the rise in prices. Socialists and Communists talk in much the same way. As I have said, all parties

are agreed that prices must be reduced, that is to say, they [illegible].

Nobody, to my knowledge, has suggested that perhaps [illegible] to stabilize the franc and return to the gold standard, not, of course, to attempt to bring the franc back to par but to stabilize it at its present value, or some convenient approximate value, say 20 centimes. [illegible] would be much more easy than was the stabilization of the mark in November, 1923, but, of course, it would involve unpleasant consequences for a time. When, however, a surgical operation is necessary, the sooner it is performed the better. It might be desirable to issue a new transitional currency to a fixed amount, for internal use only, on the lines of the German Rentenmark, which for a time could be used side by side with the existing currency and be interchangeable with it at the rate of one new franc for five old ones. This would, of course, be a limited internal inflation, but nobody would know it in France, and probably such an inflation once and for all is necessary in present conditions, as part of the process of stabilization. At any rate, the experience of Germany and many other countries has shown that, until the currency is stabilized, all schemes of financial restoration are vain.

In the Driftway

A LETTER published lately in the New York *World* attempts to shatter another of the few familiar myths which are left to us. Queen Marie Antoinette, it seems, did ask "Why do they not eat cake?" when told that her subjects had to do without bread; but she was far from meaning what her words are generally thought to mean. *Gateau*, or cake, so the letter alleges, meant a coarse kind of buckwheat cake; and bread, in those days, was a great delicacy. Thus it was quite natural for the royal lady to inquire why her humblest subjects did not content themselves with the humblest fare. All this is as it may be. Marie Antoinette was probably not the simple little fool that history has tried to make her out; just as George Washington was not the sort of boy who would say to his father: "I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet." But these things should be kept from the public. They should be allowed to keep their illusions about heroes and heroines; if once the truth gets about that these great personages are very like everyone else, what will become of history or romance?

AS the Drifter has often pointed out, however, romance is still going strong. From the advertisement of a Florida development company he takes the following choice extracts:

> The Cloister Inn will open in January under the management of [illegible] on Lake Boca Raton, offering Broadway talent. One of the largest radio-broadcasting stations in the country is being constructed there. And an ancient cathedral is being brought over from Spain to be erected there in memory of the promoter's mother.

This is surely going Mr. Henry Ford one better, for he has as yet done nothing but bring piecemeal and erect on his property a New England inn or two. The time may come when the Coliseum will rest quietly on top of the Palisades, when the waters of Lake Michigan will reflect the Parthenon, when the Forum will be a side-show of Coney Island. Then it will be proper to begin carrying off American antiques—when time creates them—to Brazil, perhaps. The Drifter has no doubt that the largest grain elevator in the world would look well on the banks of the Amazon.

A HORRIBLE example of what might appear in the daily papers instead of the crime news that causes so many people to shudder is offered by two newspapers in the Far West, edited for the day by a group of clergymen and of club-women, respectively. The clergymen minimized news of violence and law-breaking, censored advertising copy, omitted dance advertising, and featured articles about institutions doing humanitarian work. Not content with this, each pastor-editor contributed an editorial on good-will; and a statement from Charles Evans Hughes on the front page urged the need for tolerance in America. The club-women banished crime news from the front page, eliminated all but one—the "least offensive"—of the comic strips, and omitted serial stories. The Drifter has seen neither of the papers in their chastened form, but to him they sound like examples of horrifying dulness. This is not the way to abolish interest in crime; rather it would inspire any otherwise peaceable citizen with a desire to assassinate all such editors. Far better Boca Raton and the imported Spanish cathedral than four editorials on good-will.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Not the Wisdom of Solomon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Just a detail: Solomon didn't say "Spare the rod and spoil the child" [*The Nation*, October 28, page 476]. Hudibras said it. What Solomon said was: "He that spareth the rod hateth his child."

Pasadena, California, November 2 UPTON SINCLAIR

Anita Whitney and the Courts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit a few words of comment on your editorial Guilt by Association in which you discuss, in your issue of November 4, the dismissal by the Supreme Court of the Whitney case "for want of jurisdiction"? I hope I need not say that the California syndicalism act and all its kind violate those traditions of American tolerance and freedom of opinion which President Coolidge celebrated in his speech the other day to the American Legion. Nor need I express my sense of grief that any American governor should withhold his power of grace from such a devoted spirit as Miss Whitney and actually allow her to go to jail. Your editorial, however, raises an important issue in regard to the Supreme Court's relation to the Whitney case. You criticized the Supreme Court for failing to take jurisdiction of the case and assert that "lawyers who are neither inexperienced nor naive with respect to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court find the Whitney dismissal puzzling."

As you pertinently remark, "the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States is a fairly technical matter." The issue must therefore be judged by those versed in the technical law. Judged by the settled doctrines of the Supreme Court, the record in the Whitney case debarred assumption of jurisdiction by the court for the all-sufficient reason that the Supreme Court of California, in sustaining the conviction of Miss Whitney under the California statute, had not denied any federal right which had been "specially set up

or claimed in the State court" by Miss Whitney. The claims in counsel's brief, to which you refer, cannot possibly furnish basis for jurisdiction. The only specific claim of *federal* right in the record of the Whitney case was a certificate of the California Court of Appeals filed two and a half years after the record of the case had been filed in the Supreme Court at Washington. Such a certificate, it is settled, cannot originate a federal right. Such a certificate might be availed of to make more certain that which was in the record; it cannot put in the record what wasn't there when the State court finally adjudicated.

All this may sound extremely technical and to some extent, of course, it is. But behind the so-called technicalities of appellate procedure lie grave questions of power by the Supreme Court over the concerns of the individual States. *The Nation* has frequently criticized the Supreme Court for undue intervention in State affairs. Nor can we be too alert in our watchfulness of the most delicate mechanism in our governmental system, namely, the control through the Supreme Court of State legislation and State adjudication. Nothing is more important than to safeguard the exercise of this delicate power by a carefully defined system of procedure under which the Supreme Court may review State court decisions, and a strict adherence to these rules. That is precisely what the Supreme Court did in refusing to take jurisdiction in the Whitney case, although it saw fit not to spell out the ground of its inability and merely to refer to the governing statute in the light of the record and of the authorities with which lawyers "neither inexperienced nor naive with respect to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court" are supposed to be familiar.

Cambridge, Mass., November 11 FELIX FRANKFURTER

[The views of so distinguished a legal scholar as Professor Frankfurter are entitled to much weight. But other lawyers, also well read in the Supreme Court's jurisdictional precedents, fail to find in them a conclusive explanation of the Whitney dismissal. Irrespective of the form of the antecedent record, the Supreme Court has ruled that "where a State court holds that a federal question is made before it, according to its practice, and proceeds to determine it, this court will regard the question as duly made." (Miedreich *vs.* Lauenstein, 232 U. S. 236, 243.) The amended remittitur which the California Court of Appeal undertook to make part of its record in the Whitney case declared positively that that court had in fact considered and adjudicated the federal constitutionality of the statute under which Miss Whitney was convicted. Prior practice of the Supreme Court gave ground for confidence that that court would take jurisdiction. (Consolidated Turnpike Co. *vs.* Norfolk & Ocean View Railway Co., 228 U. S. 596, 599; Marvin *vs.* Trout, 199 U. S. 212, 223; Rector *vs.* City Deposit Bank, 200 U. S. 405, 412.) In the absence of an opinion by the Supreme Court, the accumulated precedents, from which it did not see fit to specify any as controlling, leave the ground of decision far from satisfactorily clear.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

William Montgomery Brown

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The accounts I have read of William Montgomery Brown's trial fail to shed any light on your assertion [October 21, page 449] that the bishops in their inability to draw the line between permissible and unpermissible interpretations of the creeds fell back, as you assert, on the sacred fourth-century words of the liturgies as "doctrine" to which a bishop must subscribe. They did insist that the articles of the creed are to be accepted in the sense in which they were probably imposed, whether that sense is literal or figurative, and that symbolical reinterpretation cannot mean repudiation of the very thing interpreted. I should be interested to learn just what liturgies they fell back upon for "doctrine," "fourth-century words," as you describe them. The bishops rested upon the Catholic creeds and the first four ecumenical councils; and in doing so the Episcopal church in America sacrificed none of its traditions. Has it ever built up the tradition by even one precedent of allowing its bishops to promulgate in season and out of season a propaganda deeply prejudicial to the teachings of the church?

If you demand such of the church (and the tone and temper of your editorial implies that you do) then you are in logic bound to deny any organization the right to exercise control over its membership. All constitutional and parliamentary law recognizes the right of the organization to prescribe conditions and regulations over its membership, and to most clear-thinking people an organization is not considered impossible and bigoted if it exercises that control over individuals who have ceased to adhere to their corporate obligations and promises.

Even in the political world (where the analogy is not quite exact, because parties are not fixed in doctrine and organized like the church) it is considered poor taste, if not indefensible, for a man to be a communist, say, and do what he can to destroy the Socialist Party of which he remains a member; and, as I remember, *The Nation* has more than once made caustic and just criticism of those Northwestern Senators and Representatives who like to be counted as Republicans when it comes to committee assignments but who rant and rave about the G. O. P. to their constituents back home at primary and election time. Victor Berger was the only one of their school in the last Congress who could stand on his two feet with entire self-respect and tell them that they couldn't eat their Republican cake and have it too. I think the common sense is all with Mr. Berger and the common sense would also have been with Mr. Brown had he resigned his official position in the church when he came to repudiate as false her position which he had vowed to uphold when he was ordained to her teaching and priesthood.

The church has robbed William Montgomery Brown of nothing; she has merely refused to let him continue his misrepresentation of her standpoint and doctrines while holding the position of bishop and priest.

Newark, N. J., October 29 ROWLAND F. NYE

Our Gallery of Iniquity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in your issue of November 4 that you have added to your gallery of iniquity the name of Walter Hines Page.

I really do not believe that you have left out of this "honorary society" any man who has done any constructive work through the last one hundred years, except Roger Babson. I do think you could get up a really good attack upon Mr. Babson. He [illegible] as you alone are capable of administering.

Please let me know just when you will launch this particular broadside as I want to be sure not to miss it.

RODERIC OLZENDAM

Sault Sainte Marie, Canada, November 6

Wilson and Lodge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to point out an error in Mr. Hard's extremely "neutral" review of the late Senator Lodge's book on the Senate and the League of Nations Covenant [November 4]. According to Mr. Hard, Grey, the British foreign minister, found the Lodge reservations "acceptable." This is not true. What Grey said was that the reservations would not, in practice, prevent full and active American participation in the

work of the Council and Assembly of the League. He thought that the American members of the League's agencies would forget or ignore the reservations when dealing with vital and grave issues, and he very much wanted America in the League, terms or no terms.

Grey was right, and so were the other Europeans who, while objecting to the nullifying Lodge reservations, advised acceptance of them by President Wilson and his pro-League followers. But, as we have learned since, Wilson had his own reasons for rejecting the reservations. Europe might swallow them, but he found them incompatible with constitutional provisions covering the power and province of the Executive, and he was far too conscientious to acquiesce in violations of the Constitution. He vetoed a budget bill for like reasons, though he favored a federal budget. Time may yet completely vindicate him.

What Lodge thought, or said he thought, of Wilson is matter of no consequence whatever, and a *Nation* reviewer might have recognized that fact. Lodge never performed an unselfish act, never originated or helped originate a liberal or constructive measure, and never revealed any knowledge of the political and social sciences. He was a reactionary and a pedant. When Roosevelt foolishly suggested his name to the Republican Convention of 1916 for the presidential nomination, even that far from progressive body stared, smiled, and shrugged its shoulders. Lodge never had an ideal and never inspired affection or enthusiasm. To compare him with Wilson —despite the latter s temperamental shortcomings—is to outrage every liberal and radical sentiment.

The talk of Wilson's failure makes judicious radicals weary. It is the opposition to him that failed. Wilson made many mistakes, but he did give the world the League of Nations, and sooner or later America will follow Ireland and Germany and enter that League. Impossibilists and standpatters are doomed to defeat. The true pacifist is a staunch friend of the League and all its works. The Dawes Plan, Locarno, Balkan peace today, and other hopeful and promising achievements all owe their existence to the League, and hence to Wilson.

Chicago, November 7 VICTOR S. YARROS

Benjamin R. Tucker's Publications

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of those who were interested in it during its life have recently been collecting stray numbers of *Liberty*, a magazine published by Benjamin R. Tucker from about 1882 to 1908, in Boston and New York. The purpose of the collection is that of a clearing-house to establish permanent files of the individualistic literature that was printed and presented by Tucker and others at that time.

I should be very glad if any of the readers of *The Nation* who have any Tucker publications, and particularly individual numbers or complete files of *Liberty* and Spooner pamphlets which they may wish to exchange for other similar material, would communicate with me [112 West Adams Street] so that their needs and their offerings can go through the clearing-house.

Chicago, October 28 R. J. BAKER

Our Washington Correspondence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am delighted to see by t' is week's *Nation* that you have acquired the services of our good Baltimorean, Frank Kent, to write you biweekly letters from Washington through the winter. It is a coincidence that this connection should begin so soon after H. L. Mencken linked Mr. Kent's name with yours, as the only two journalists in the country who saw through Mr. Coolidge's famous tolerance speech.

Baltimore, November 18 T. M.

An Appeal for Holzapfel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A tragic fate menaces one of our prominent thinkers and investigators. The creator and founder of the new scientific psychology of the "Pan-Ideal," Rudolf Maria Holzapfel, is exposed to imminent danger by a serious disease and the economic consequences of the war. The continuation and completion of a new and monumental work to which he has devoted more than twenty years of labor and which will crown his life, is thus put in jeopardy. The life and work of such a man must under all circumstances be saved and secured.

Contributions will be received by the Emergency Society for German and Austrian Art and Science. Checks should be made payable to James Speyer, treasurer, and sent to Professor F. W. T. Heuser, secretary, Columbia University, New York City, indicating that the contribution is intended for the special Holzapfel Fund.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, ROMAIN ROLLAND
HERMAN BAHR, HEINRICH FEDERER
C. A. BERNOULLI, THOMAS MANN

Vienna, October 7

A Menshevik on Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a constant reader of your, I'll say our, *Nation* since the day I learned the English language well enough to understand and digest what I read. I always find pleasure in reading it, as I always find the truth in it about life in the United States, which is strange to me to a certain extent. *The Nation* helps me out a great deal.

I am also often delighted at the way you deal with the affairs of my old country, Russia, in your editorials, articles, and correspondences, having one ultimate aim: to get as near to the truth as possible and share it with the readers.

Knowing that, I asked myself if it wouldn't be of interest to the readers of *The Nation* to see a letter of a student in Russia, a married man in the thirties, active in political life, Menshevik by faith, but a loyal citizen. He lives in Kazan. The letter is to his brother in Brooklyn. Here it is, in part:

> It is much better now, economically and politically. If there was a question till now how and where to get bread, dry bread, this question gives place now to other, higher requirements of life, to a standard which is not far away from that of Europe or your own country.
>
> There is not a trace left of what was known as "war communism." It is a thing of the past. Every citizen may express whatever opinion he wants to, without interference. You know that there was a cleaning of the undesirable element in the student body. (Luckily I escaped, as you know.) And I must say that the majority of the expelled students were of the "black hundreds." Now, imagine, by a decree of the central government, they are all reinstated, no matter what class they belong to, or what political opinion they have.
>
> The relation of the government to the intelligentsia is very friendly. They appreciate our work and prize us. They give special privileges to the so-called *spetz* (intelligent worker specialist). And in order to secure a high and responsible position you should not belong to the Communist Party. You should have a head on your shoulders and ability to do work. The old system of spying on and controlling non-communist workers is long forgotten.

I hope that you will publish this very interesting letter.

Brooklyn, October 26. H. WASSMAN

International Relations Section

Disarmament in Denmark

By JULIUS MORITZEN

WHILE the Danish military maneuvers this year are on a scale but little in consonance with the Government's announced intention to reduce the army to a minimum, the prospects of a heated debate in the Rigsdag are every day growing more certain as regards a carrying out of the governmental program. Whether or not new elections will take place in the spring is a question that the leading politicians are themselves unable to answer at this moment. The political pot is at the boiling-point and the whole country is in a waiting attitude.

Recent utterances by the Minister of Defense, M. Rasmussen, intended more for foreign ears than Danish, have nevertheless brought the question of disarmament once more very strongly to the fore. It is his intention, declared M. Rasmussen, to place the disarmament plan of the Government before the Folketing on the assembling of the Rigsdag, where he has the assurance that it will be accepted by that body. He feels, however, that it will not fare so well in the Landsting, and the most natural course would be, in his opinion, to take a popular vote. However, this will scarcely be possible since both the Conservative and the Left parties are against such a procedure.

"But what then?" M. Rasmussen asks and goes on to answer his own question: "In accordance with the constitution we cannot dissolve the Landsting, and the new elections to this body do not occur until 1928. We might dissolve the Folketing, and there might be some reason for this action as the election in 1924 did not turn on the disarmament question but the currency regulation. But even while we might have a majority in the present Folketing for disarmament, we might easily fail of a majority in the new election. If the Landsting will agree to a Folketing election that exclusively concerns the disarmament question we can have the election at once. But that is just what the Landsting will not do.

"The Radicals do not hide their wish for politics to remain in *status quo*, although I still believe that the political situation will be such later as to lead to a Folketing election in the spring. But remember, we are not simply going to carry through laws written by the Radicals. If it comes to a Folketing election, then as a matter of course the disarmament proposition will play a major part."

When he was asked about a former expression by the Minister of Defense that he would be indifferent to the attitude of foreign nations in the matter of the disarmament proposal, an expression that had found its way into the foreign press and been made the subject of ambassadorial reports, M. Rasmussen replied: "As far as the reports of the ambassadors to their home governments are concerned, I can only say that these show that the foreign conservative and the nationalistic circles naturally look upon the proposal in anything but a favorable light, while it is greeted with the more satisfaction and as a good example the further we turn to the Left. But all this we knew beforehand. The voices that have reached us from without have had neither a positive nor a negative effect on me.

"And let me repeat: I am indifferent to the attitude of foreign nations. For instance, if a general proposition comes from Geneva to maintain the *status quo* with regard to military preparations until a disarmament conference is called, such a call would be of great importance to us. But I don't look for such a call, and as far as I can see, neither in Geneva nor any other place has anything happened that operates against our disarmament policy."

"But is it not a fact," M. Rasmussen was asked, "that the situation in the Baltic has become more restless and Denmark's position as a consequence more precarious?" "Very well, let us speak plainly," was the quick answer. "You are thinking of the possibility of an English-Russian collision, with which the European press has busied itself. What will our attitude be in such a case when we have a defense organization? England can demand that we close the Sound and the Belts against the Russians. If we do this we are immediately in the fray as the allies of England. Or contrariwise, Russia can demand that we close these waters, in which case we will be placed in the Russian column.

"There is a third possibility, that we refuse to close the Sound and the Belts. In that case either party to the conflict would attend to the closing and this would result in the landing of foreign troops on Seeland and Fünen. Thus when we possess a military organization we are in duty bound to defend our neutrality and are at once drawn into the war.

"You ask if, in case of the absence of a military organization the situation would give cause for a race between England and Russia as to which will get there first? Yes, that is of course true enough. But remember, I have never said that disarmament would guarantee Denmark against becoming a theater of war. What I have said is that it will be much more dangerous for Denmark to be drawn into the war if we have a military organization than if we have not. The present military organization—that of 1922—is worse than none. It cannot defend us. It can only bring about unnecessary bloodshed.

"I repeat: Should it come to a collision between England and Russia in the Baltic a disarmed Denmark—and according to our proposal we will have no mines for placing in the Sound and the Belts—a disarmed Denmark, I say, will be in a much less dangerous position than a Denmark compelled to offer a hopeless defense of its neutrality."

"But do you not admit that the attempt itself, the will to defend independence has a moral and also a real political importance?" M. Rasmussen was asked. "No, I do not. And I will tell you why. I can best illustrate it with a concrete example. We have discussed an English-Russian conflict in the Baltic. On land we might be attacked on the south. According to our military law of 1922 we could place 60,000 men in the field there. But the experiences of the World War have taught us that for the defense of such a frontier 300,000 men are required for any length of time, and for a shorter period 150,000 men might answer the purpose. The 60,000 men we possess mean nothing, and would be swept away in no time.

"I honestly believe that we will gain the world's sympathy more readily by owning up to our military impotence. I believe further that in a given situation a help-

less and disarmed Denmark would gain assistance quicker than a Denmark with a merely fictitious defense."

The Conservative press has not been slow to bring its attack to bear on the Minister of Defense, and both as regards the disarmament proposal and the possibility of a spring election, questions were asked of Premier Stauning as to the latter's views now that his colleague had expressed himself so positively. Whether or not the relations between the Social Democratic regime and the Radical Left would weather the crisis and the combination carry on for any length of time the arrangement that alone led to the victory of the Social Democratic Party in the last election is a matter concerning which all political parties in Denmark are in doubt.

Premier Stauning said that the difficulties continually placed by the Landsting in the way of a general election were evidently responsible for the remarks of his colleague, the Minister of Defense. But there could be no question at all, he declared, that the policy agreed to at the time of the forming of the present Cabinet would be maintained unchanged.

"As for the fate of the disarmament proposal," Premier ning added, "I am of the opinion that the discussions carried on in the League of Nations are bringing the question a step nearer an answer, and it follows as a matter of course that these discussions will exert their influence in our country and it is to be hoped also in the Landsting. I have not as yet given up the hope that the Left party out of regard for its voters will take part in solving the problem that of course belongs to the future."

A New Soviet Marriage Law

THE summary by D. Kursky, People's Commissar for Judicial Affairs, printed below, of the Soviet marriage law which is to supersede the law of 1918 was taken from *International Press Correspondence* for October 22.

In the first months of its existence, the Soviet power, by its decree on Divorce, on Civil Marriage, on Children, and on the Keeping of a Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, published on December 19 and 20, 1917, introduced far-reaching changes in the domain of legislation with regard to marriage and the family. As Comrade Lenin pointed out in 1919 in his speech at the conference of the working women of Moscow, civil law, even in the most progressive countries, has exploited the weaker position of woman particularly in the field of marriage law by not giving her equal rights but putting her at a disadvantage. The indissoluble legal marriage with unequal rights, which according to the arrangement of bourgeois lawyers represents principally a community of goods in which the husband alone has the right of guidance and disposal, i.e., in which he has the right to force on the woman his place of residence, nationality, and family name, the right to a decisive voice in the education of the children, etc.—this marriage, as well as the "religious sanctification" of this slavery, was abolished by revolutionary legislation.

The decrees mentioned as well as the law with regard to the registration of births, marriages, and deaths in 1918, which was entirely based on them, determ ne the fundamental attitude of the Soviet power as regards marriage and family law. The statute book of 1918 first of all deprived religious marriage of all legal significance and established civil marriage; it further established complete equality of rights of both parties to the marriage and of both parents, as well as the right of divorce in accordance with the will of one of the two partners, also the divisibility of goods, combined with mutual financial support. What is most important, it assured complete equality in the position of the children of a registered and of an actual marriage. This law created a whole system of legal relations and was in force for about seven years without any changes worth mentioning, with the exception of the simplification of some entries in the register of births, marriages, and deaths.

The draft of the new code of law regarding marriage, the family, and guardianship, worked out by the People's Commissar for Justice in accordance with the resolution passed at the last meeting of the Central Executive Committee, was previously sent out to the subordinate offices and dealt with in detail by the commissions of the Council of People's Commissars and by the Council of People's Commissars itself. Now that a number of changes have been made, it will be submitted to the next meeting of the Central Executive Committee.

The draft differs from the code of 1918 chiefly in its construction. Whereas the existing code concentrates attention in its very first paragraphs on the creation of organs for registration, in other words, on the formulation of the circumstances of marriage and the family, the present draft puts these formal factors in their proper place and concentrates attention on the material factors, i.e., on the laws which determine the rights and duties arising from the circumstances of marriage and the family, regardless of whether these relations have or have not been sanctioned by form (registered).

The bill attributes to the official formulations of marriage no other significance than that of a testification to a definite fact, in order to facilitate the proof in cases where rights have to be protected: for instance, when maintenance is demanded, when the right of inheritance has to be determined, etc. In this way the foundation of the previous code, according to which only civil marriages which are entered in the register establish rights and duties, has now become superfluous. In the present draft the equality of material rights and duties resulting from matrimonial relationship, independently of its registration, is perfectly clearly determined.

According to the bill "the registration of marriage is undertaken with the object of facilitating the protection of personal rights, the rights of property, and the interests of the parties to the marriage and the children." (Paragraph 1.) In a number of paragraphs it is pointed out that persons between whom a matrimonial relationship actually exists have the same rights as those whose marriage has been registered. The difference obviously exists that couples whose marriage is not registered must prove that they are living together in the marital relationship each time before the court or some other functionary of the government, whereas this is not the case for registered husbands and wives.

Either party to the marriage has still, as hitherto, the absolute right to divorce. In this respect, the bill simplifies the process of divorce in that it transfers it to the official registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, who is also intrusted with the registration of the marriage. In cases in which the divorce is undertaken at the instigation of one of the parties to the marriage, the mere notification of the completion of the divorce is substituted for the summonsing of both parties. In order to avoid the necessity of applying to the court or to the public notary to establish mutual understanding with regard to the consequences of the divorce in respect of the rights of possession and of the position of the children, the official registrar has been given the right to register the mutual agreement of the parties about these questions.

According to the existing law, marriage does not imply any community of ownership. In the construction of the proletarian state, this formula is inadequate. As matrimony is freed from any factor of compulsion, contracting marriage has no influence whatever on the independence of the parties as regards the right of possession. In this respect, understanding

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between the parties must be given the fullest scope possible. This idea is also expressed in Paragraph 10 of the bill, which gives the contracting parties the right to enter into any contract they like as regards their possessions, but under the condition that there should be no predetermined limitation of the rights of the woman or man, as this would not be legally binding.

Concerning property acquired by the couple in the course of their married life, the bill takes an exactly opposite point of view. Under the Soviet system, marriage represents in the first place a union of two workers, in which there is no possibility of dividing that which in this union is common property or of determining by whom it was earned and appropriated to the common use. It is therefore necessary from the standpoint of the law to recognize the equality of rights of each of the parties to the marriage to anything acquired by them in a period during which they lived together. Our legal practice established as early as in 1922 was that, even in cases where were e[illegible]rk of one of the partners, usually the woman, is limited [illegible] care of the family and the household, useful work has [illegible]rformed of no less value than that of the other partner question [illegible]t, in case of a divorce, the partner in question has the time [illegible] a full claim to receive his or her share. This corre[illegible] exactly with the customs and sense of justice of the [illegible]ry, as it is expressed in those paragraphs of the code [illegible]al with the land, when family property has to be divided. carri[illegible] is why in Paragraph 1 of the bill, community of ownership is provided for as regards all property resulting from living together.

In determining the judicial relations between children and parents, the bill maintains the fundamental features of the code of 1918. In the first place it emphasizes in full measure the significance of actual facts in determining the rights of the child in an unregistered marriage, as well as complete freedom of proof for establishing the facts. The same applies to the interests of the child, which must be the first consideration, always coming before the interests and wishes of the parents. The so-called parental rights are, according to the draft, by no means rights over the child, but rights in the name of the child, for the protection of the child. This principle is maintained in every paragraph dealing with parental rights.

The law at present in force does not recognize adoption. (Paragraph 183.) This is explained by the desire to avoid increasing the number of persons who, according to an earlier decree on the abolition of the right of inheritance, would have a claim to a portion of land for cultivation, by making adoption possible; further the wish to prevent minors being exploited under the pretext of adoption and finally by the intention of applying in full measure the possibility of communal education and guardianship.

At the present time, conditions have considerably changed. On the one hand, the work of the organization for the care and guardianship of children shows that every means which contributes to the welfare of children should be made use of, including that of placing them in families. On the other hand, a large number of people have quite conscientiously declared that they wish to take children into their families, a desire which there is no reason to oppose. Finally the custom is widespread among peasants of taking children into their family in a way that is almost identical with adoption. The bill therefore provides that the question of adoption shall be decided from case to case by the authorities responsible for guardianship, and that anyone who has the right to be a guardian shall also have the right to adopt.

At the same time, the bill puts a limit on the number of persons who have a claim to maintenance and on their part are obliged to give it, by restricting these rights and duties to parents and children only. The regulations in the previous code, according to which needy relatives in a direct and

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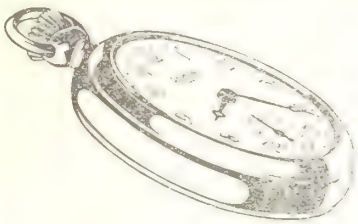

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descending line and also own brothers and sisters have a claim to maintenance from their prosperous relations (Paragraph 172), are dropped out of this bill. . . .

Among the individual clauses of the last part of the bill, the new regulations for the procedure of registering marriage are especially noteworthy. The bill deprives, it is true, the contract of marriage of all ceremony but nevertheless establishes a definite and necessary procedure as a minimum; registration cannot be undertaken by any chance technical worker at the office, but must be performed by a responsible functionary; the deed of registration must be read to those present, and witnesses invited by the contracting parties may be admitted. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

H. L. SCAIFE is a Washington lawyer, formerly a captain in the Army Air Service and later connected with the United States Department of Justice. He has given important testimony in the air inquiries before Congress.

WILLIAM BOARDMAN KNOX has been for two years an editor of the Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily News*.

RUBY A. BLACK is one of the editors of *Equal Rights*.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG is a New York lawyer who has written about the World Court for the *Columbia Law Review*.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

JULIUS MORITZEN is editorial director of the Scandinavian Authors' Bureau in America.

EDWIN MUIR last spring published a book, "First Poems."

SINCLAIR LEWIS, author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith," is now in Bermuda writing a play.

ALLEN TATE has been editor of the *Fugitive*.

FRANK ERNEST HILL is on the editorial staff of Longmans, Green and Co.

GEORGE GENZMER is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on labor subjects.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN'S new book, "Israel," has just been published.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is professor of philosophy at Vassar.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS is professor of sociology and history of civilization at Columbia University.

CARL VAN DOREN, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, has written a new volume of fiction, "Other Provinces."

DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

HAROLD J. LASKI, formerly of the Harvard faculty, is on the teaching staff of the London School of Economics.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is now on his way to China.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

M. W. ROYSE wrote two articles, The Next War in the Air, for *The Nation* in May, 1923.

WILLIAM MACDONALD has recently been appointed lecturer in American history at Yale University.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative."

DELOS F. WILCOX is the leading authority on public utilities, author of "The American City" and other books.

LORINE PRUETTE is the author of "Women and Leisure."

ANGUS BURRELL is joint author with Dorothy Brewster of "Dead Reckonings in Fiction."

THERESA WOLFSON is the author of a forthcoming book, "Organizing Women Workers."

B. H. HAGGIN is a teacher and writer on musical subjects for various periodicals.

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MISS H. T. EMERSON, Treasurer
131 East 66th St., New York

Stephen Hudson*

By EDWIN MUIR

IF one were asked what distinguishes Mr. Stephen Hudson's contribution to the literature of our age the reply might be that in his grasp of the motives of action he shows a more complete mastery and a greater sincerity than anyone else. The qualities in which he is peculiarly interested are those which will have a decisive effect on the destiny of a character: the qualities which betray Richard Kurt into his disastrous first marriage and the twenty years which follow it; the qualities which make Tony an adventurer and take him with incorrigible ease into scrapes and out of them, until at last he is tragically caught; the qualities which make Elinor's course so triumphant, so hateful, so sure, and so limited. Action is never separated in his novels, as it is in so many, from its results. At the moment of passion or of error his mind leaps forward to face the inevitable consequences; he apprehends immediately the change which a single action will impose upon future years; and it is this which makes his novels, with their bareness of outline, so dramatic. The simplest incidents he records are significant, for they carry on their surface the whole weight of a future. And as the actions of his characters imply the destiny which they are working out, so they presuppose all the qualities which have gone to produce them: the ruling passions which have in the past been expressed in actions of a like nature and thus have formed and consolidated a character, good or bad, weak or strong. Cause and effect are inescapable; every action, every impulse, has its relation; and it is Mr. Hudson's distinction to have apprehended this more completely and faced it more courageously than any other writer of our time. He has seen intensely this truth of necessity, psychological law, destiny, call it what we may; and, holding it, he has given to the characters he describes and the events he records a rare unconditionality, so that we feel they could be nothing but what they are, and that qualities no less than events are inexorable.

This sense of necessity, of cause and effect, is at the center of Mr. Hudson's vision of life, and so he has rejected more and more everything which is irrelevant to it. Accordingly the people he portrays are not so much characters as essences of characters. When he describes Elinor and Tony he sets down nothing but the typical, nothing but those idiosyncrasies and acts which reveal the essential ego. He does this completely. Tony is self-subsistent not only in his ruling passions but in his philosophy, which is an adumbration of these, and as inexorably necessitated. His character is consequently irrevocable, an organism operating by its own laws, which neither our love nor our importunity nor our opposition can essentially change. At the center of Elinor, in the same way, is a perfectly naive egotism; but it is reinforced through the personality which by an inscrutable process it builds round itself to be its expression and its defense; so that even Elinor's thoughts are a part of her egotism, and she is incapable of thinking against herself. Where other writers convince us of the reality of their imaginary world by the employment of light and shade, by making their characters act in apparent contradiction to themselves, but in a way to bring us back once more to themselves, Mr. Hudson convinces us by showing us in their passions, their actions, and their thoughts the same motive power. Thus every expression, however noble, of a character of his will be determined by the limitations of that character. Even the virtues, to which people not necessarily sentimental sometimes attribute an infinite effectuality, are in his novels effectual only to an extent determined by the moral complexion of the people who exercise them. So when Tony is actuated by affection for Richard his measures are of no avail for the decisive reason that the natures and the needs of the two brothers are different. He so purely acts out of himself and of all he has been that there is more of himself than of virtue in his virtues. All Mr. Hudson's characters are like Tony in this. The gallery of characters in "Myrtle" speak straight out of themselves, and their utterance is limited by a complete, unconscious, self-subsisting attitude to the world. The paucity of external characterization only makes the inner characterization more definite. Here as elsewhere Mr. Hudson's imagination is occupied severely with essentials.

And for Mr. Hudson the essential things are the motives, the passions whose results, happy or disastrous, have an abiding effect. He writes about passions and sentiments only when they are motives, or in so far as they are motives. Of the passions in themselves in their richness and diversity he has little to tell us, and although he does not avoid them he indicates them briefly. He is so concentrated on their effects, on what they will bring rather than on what at the moment they present, that he selects from among their manifestations only those (and they are of course the essential ones) which will influence a whole tract of life, both essentially and externally. It is this that gives his novels their extraordinary economy and justifies that economy. It is this that enables him to produce in "Elinor Colhouse" an atmosphere of overhanging disaster, so that we feel in reading the book the shadow of the twenty years of suffering of which the incident it describes was to be the cause; for it is the lack of detailed attention to the passion itself, the nakedness with which the motives are revealed, that by such simple means achieves this intensity. Everything in these novels is oriented toward something which has not yet emerged, and has the atmosphere as much of a prelude as of a statement. Life is not moving, as we normally see it, toward no end that we can foretell; it is moving rather toward a point which is the point of reference of Mr. Hudson's imagination, and is outside and beyond the part of experience he is treating.

But if the feeling of consequences of the certainties of the future, is by these indirect means given so strongly in Mr. Hudson's novels, the sense of the past, of causes, is given no less strongly and by means as indirect. In "Prince Hempseed" he began to exploit the resources of the first person singular in narrative, and in "Tony" and "Myrtle" he developed them. The beauty of the first person singular is that, when it is used as it should be, it implies at every moment, transpiring through the simplest statements, a whole background, a whole life; and it does this the more perfectly the more apparently unpremeditated the narrative, the less the narrator's eye is fixed on one particular

*This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with those younger authors of today who are on the process of becoming established. Essays have appeared on D. H. Lawrence, Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, T. S. Eliot, and James Joyce.

episode, the less obviously interesting, even, the events are in themselves. For when the events are so interesting in themselves that they occupy the center of our attention the background—all the narrator has felt or seen—falls away; he becomes mere function, a narrator and nothing more, and his personality, his very existence, becomes in a sense irrelevant, for deprived of them he is a more per- means for his immediate purpose. He has no existence pt as the recorder of or the participator in the action lescribes, and it is by courtesy of it that he exists, and not of his own right. He has no past to throw its associations over the event, and therefore no personality, for personality can be rendered only in its growth or in its constancy, to show either of which a direct or indirect reference back is necessary. But having none of these things this questionable character has no serious artistic justification. When, to take a notorious example, Stevenson used the first person singular in "Treasure Island," it was merely to make us believe more readily in the story by substituting for himself a respectable writer living at the end of Victoria's reign, a boy who was on the spot and in the period. Tricks such as these are puerile, and if the reader accepts them as part of a game of make-believe between himself and the writer he has to accept along with them a certain meaninglessness and triviality of enjoyment. But this is only one of the various false ways of exploiting the first person. The ordinary autobiographical novelist exploits it generally for its looseness, and to unburden his views on life upon us rather than upon that life itself. Mr. Hudson commits none of these errors. The form once chosen, he is almost unerring in h's use of it. The personal monologue in which "Prince Hempseed," "Tony," and "Myrtle" are written hardly ever falls into the set narrative piece which so readily arouses our suspicions; the events flow on, some of them apparently trivial, some obviously important; and the reasons why they are memorable, implicit in the emphasis with which they are set down, are never explicitly or baldly stated. This monologue is neither mere narrative nor a mere outpouring of memories bound together by threads of association. It is rather a form in which the utterance of the soliloquist is heightened, his uncritical memory clarified and crystallized, his everyday personality replaced by the more essential personality which self-knowledge reveals. This newly awakened personality it is which tells us of the other personality which existed before as its shadow, seeing where it acted rightly and where wrongly, and why. It gives distance to the presentation, for looking back at what it once seemed to be it is, as it were, contemplating a different character. The existence of this second more essential personality is the complete artistic justification of Mr. Hudson's use of the first person; for through it experience is not merely repeated, as it is in the generality of autobiographical novels; it is assayed.

But if the assaying of experience is the chief function performed by the monologue as Mr. Hudson uses it, it has many other advantages. By means of it he provides that background to experience without which there can be no genuine art, and provides it indirectly, as the background in a work of art should be provided, to color but not obscure or retard the action. Using it, he secures his effects by the simplest means. When, for instance, one of his monologists says in "Myrtle," "They were all going down to the sea-side that August," there is a strange beauty of implied association in the banal statement; we are led to add to it the necromancy of several memories. For those who can apprehend them Mr. Hudson's work is full of effects such as these. It is a characteristic of his art that in an apparently banal scene he can give us something which if it is not poetry opens a window on poetry. He does this not through any art of suggestion but by being so exact and clear that our imagination seizes the scene as if it were a concrete and inexplicable object, and is impelled to act upon it as it acts on reality.

This condensed, eliminative, almost taciturn art has its limitations; but a limitation in a work is only bad when it is arbitrary, and is necessitated by nothing in the character of the positive vision. Mr. Hudson's limitations are definite, but they are necessitated by his vision and his artistic purpose. They arise from the fact that being concerned with essentials, stating nakedly the motives of his characters, he has to a great extent to ignore that rich variety of manifestation which the motives create to be their disguise as much as their expression. Certain writers, perhaps the majority, have concerned themselves in detail with the disguises of the motives; have shown them tragically as illusion and in comedy as inconsistency, cant, deceit; but Mr. Hudson is so impatient of them that he takes us immediately to what underlies them, the particular object which by their means the ego wishes to secure. This limits his field of experience, but the limitation is organic, it is a concentration; so that even when the chief human passions are not exhaustively described they are as actually present in our minds as if they were. We feel them all the more strongly, perhaps, because they are assumed; for assumptions are more incontestable than statements; and the true value of economy in art is that, avoiding detailed description, it can convey intensely, and thus make it impossible for us to escape from, a solid mass of assumption. Mr. Hudson's work belongs to this rare and economical order; it has clarity, but it has also depth; and although, in the nature of things, it cannot yet be definitely judged, its high qualities are more incontestable than those of any other novelist of our time.

Can an Artist Live in America?*

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

THIS is an interesting and entirely valueless question. It is not only interesting but very pleasant, because it is so easy to prove with equal completeness that an artist can, can not, should, should not, must, must not, live in America, Czecho-Slovakia, Paris, Oxford, or any other place whatever.

One slight difficulty in being very eloquent on the subject is the confusion as to what is indicated by *artist*, *live*, and *America*. What does "artist" mean? Does it include writers? Or is it confined to cartoonists, tea-room proprietors, and fat tenors? And what is an artistic writer?

What is "living in America"? Does a person who spends only three months out of the year in the United States, but that three months very keenly and eagerly, and

* This is the seventh of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, and Ludwig Lewisohn have hitherto contributed.

then goes abroad to digest those impressions—does he really live in America or in Europe?

And to which America does the question refer? Obviously the more sacrosanct parts of Boston are infinitely more like London than they are like North Dakota, Mississippi, or Pittsburgh.

But anyway I shall prove that an artist can live in America by this random list of writers who remain in the United States all the time or nearly all the time: Hergesheimer, Cabell, Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, O'Neill, Van Vechten, Elinor Wylie, Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, Tarkington, Katharine Gerould, Robert Frost, Edward Arlington Robinson, William Ellery Leonard, Zona Gale, Louis Bromfield, Montague Glass, Thyra Winslow, Ring Lardner, George Ade, Edgar Lee Masters.

This list proves, not by fantastic theorizing as to whether they can remain here but by the fact that they do remain here—it proves that distinguished artists not only stay in America but delight to do so, and that——

It does not! It doesn't prove anything whatever!

Suppose some one gave Joseph Hergesheimer a Tudor manor house in Devon, with the rights of the lord of the manor, membership in the Garrick and Athenaeum clubs, and twenty thousand pounds a year, on condition that he spend not more than six weeks a year in America. Suppose Mrs. Gerould were offered the editorship of the London *Spectator*, with a noble salary and a guaranty that she should have three days a week free for her private writing.

Suppose Schnitzler wrote to Van Vechten that he had just bought an imperial castle in the Tyrol, and would Carl please come and stay a year or two? Just how long would Hergesheimer, Mrs. Gerould, and Van Vechten remain here to prove whatever they do prove?

I dare the *Spectator* and Schnitzler to make these offers and find out; and as for Hergesheimer, I invite all the literary millionaires in England to give him not one but sixteen manor houses, lovely ones, with rose gardens, all over England.

By another still more random list I shall now prove that an artist can not and should not remain in America. These are people who have spent most or all of recent years abroad:

Edith Wharton, Edna Millay, Lincoln Steffens, Max Eastman, Glenway Westcott, Paul Rosenfeld, Scott Fitzgerald, Francis Hackett, Cuthbert Wright, Djuna Barnes, Struthers Burt, Donn Byrne, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sinclair Lewis, Louis Untermeyer, W. E. Woodward, Claude Washburn, Herman Scheffauer, Ezra Pound, John Cournos, Logan Pearsall Smith, Homer Croy, William Carlos Williams.

This is an especially good list, because by it you can prove not only that the really original and vital creative writer must remain abroad but also that some of the American writers who remain abroad are absolute duds. And best of all, it doesn't really prove either, because Edith Wharton would have written in approximately the same manner on North Washington Square as she now does in Hyères; and Ludwig Lewisohn when I met him in Vienna seemed to me exactly like Ludwig in New York.

And Henry James (his name must, whatever else you say, enter any discussion of this matter)—Henry James in a proper Back Bay residence, with a month annually in Bar Harbor, would have woven about himself precisely the same unreal environment as he wove in London—in *his* London—that mirage London composed of viscountesses, the maiden aunts of vicars, and the second cousins of Cambridge dons; a London devoid of cigar salesmen, mail carriers, Wesleyan M.P.'s, and socialistic journalists.

Then there are the people who go abroad frequently but never stay long—such writers as Mencken, Nathan, Marc Connolly, Donald Ogden Stewart, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield, Hendrik van Loon, Laurence Stallings, Mary Heaton Vorse, Tom and Peggy Boyd, Allan Updegraff.

What this list proves, I do not know. The reason I don't know is that I can't decide on which horn of this controversy I am. If I did know, I'd very soon find out and most reasonably explain it.

If in this contribution to a query which is so greatly to affect the poor little shrinking naked souls of our creative artists I seem to be flippant, I can only explain indignantly that I am trying to be flippant. The question seems to me fully as important as a Tennessee judge's opinion of biology, and as stirring as that debate of our childhood: "Should the boy go to a large college or a small one?"

Nobody ever had the nerve to rise, remark "It depends on the boy and it depends on the college and it doesn't make much difference anyway," and then firmly sit down.

It is fortunate that no one ever did that, because it would have been flippant, it would have been lacking in the earnestness which should always robe such debates, and it would have killed the topic forever.

Stay home? Why certainly—if you can afford to, if you like to, and if you can find a reliable bootlegger.

Stay abroad? Certainly—if you can make a living there, if you can raise the fare, and if you can get along without corn on cob.

Do what you want to . . . if you can!

Death of Little Boys

By ALLEN TATE

When little boys grown patient at last, weary,
Surrender their eyes immeasurably to the night,
The event will rage terrific as the sea;
Their bodies fill a crumbling room with light. . . .

Then you will touch at the bedside, torn in two,
Gold curls now deftly intricate with gray
As the windowpane extends a fear to you
From one peeled aster drenched with the wind all day.

And over his chest the covers, in an ultimate dream,
Will mount to the teeth, ascend the eyes, press back
The locks—while round his sturdy belly gleam
The suspended breaths, white spars above his wreck:

Till all the guests, come in to look, turn down
Their palms; and delirium assails the cliff
Of Bedlam where you ponder, and your quiet town
Reels like a sailor drunk in a rotten skiff. . . .

The bleak sunshine shrieks its chipped music then
Out to the milkweed amid the fields of wheat.
There is a calm for you in the street where men
Unroll the chill precision of moving feet.

The Friend

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

You asked of this one and of that
About him; I, who did not ask,
Adventurously with him sat,
Watching him word by word unmask.

One fed you pale uncertainty
Of family, of clothes, of morals;
Another breathed suspicion he
Had struck the spark for certain quarrels.

But I who walked beside him knew
In speech and act the flags of blood;
We shared in moods almost as two
Who eat together of one food.

Mind touching mind, heart meeting heart,
I have found treasure in this man;
Now you who feared to risk must start,
If you will start, where I began.

First Glance

"The Life and Letters of John Burroughs," by Clara Barrus (Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols.: $12.50), is the longest book that will ever be written upon its subject, and the fact that it tells everything is only one of the reasons for this. Another reason is that Dr. Barrus, whether or not she knows it, has demonstrated very clearly that there are limits to the capacity of Burroughs to be interesting. Without going out of her way—for nothing was out of her way—she has marked those limits with a fatal exactitude; so that in the present work we know we have all that we want of Burroughs and a great deal more. What we want of him is certainly not unimportant, and Dr. Barrus gives us that part more clearly than it has ever been given. The rest is official biography.

The interest Burroughs was in his youth, just as his best books are the earliest. The story of this youth as Dr. Barrus tells it is both convincing and interesting—particularly after Walt Whitman comes upon the scene. For in even a greater degree than Emerson made Whitman—and that degree is greater than is commonly recognized—Whitman made Burroughs. Emerson, too, was a powerful influence upon the young school-teacher and government clerk, as he was upon every impressionable mind in his day; but Burroughs had moments later on when he could doubt Emerson, whereas he never ceased to worship the "half thrush, half alligator" whom Emerson had always a few misgivings about. He went to Washington at twenty-six with a promising but a raw-boned mind; he came away at thirty-five, having written two books and having twenty-five more to write, with that mind already possessed of whatever form and warmth it was eventually to reveal. In his old age he claimed to have had at best "a humdrum life, with a few honest books to its credit." The humdrum parts were before and after Whitman; the few good books—all were honest—were those, I think, which Burroughs wrote during the early and middle periods of his career when under the shining sun of Whitman his ideas and emotions ran perfectly together. The tale of the two men at Washington would make a valuable book in itself, telling as it would how they met and walked and talked; how Burroughs wrote excitedly to his uncomprehending wife and to all his friends about this incredible creature whom he could not keep out of his thoughts; how he furnished the gray-brown bird for "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd"; how he wrote at least half of a book in celebration of Whitman, and how Whitman wrote the other half; and how he entered in his notebook the following unsurpassable sketch of his friend's face:

> Notwithstanding the beauty and expressiveness of his eyes, I occasionally see something in them as he bends them upon me that almost makes me draw back. I cannot explain it—whether it is more, or less, than human. It is as if the earth looked at me—dumb, yearning, relentless, immodest, unhuman. If the impersonal elements and forces were concentrated in an eye, that would be it. It is not piercing, but absorbing and devouring—the pupil expanded, the lid slightly drooping, and the eye set and fixed.

Perhaps it is as this sort of critic that Burroughs shows to the best advantage in Dr. Barrus's book. There is another passage on the aging Emerson's "irrelevant and pitiful" lectures, and there are not a few illuminating remarks upon Thoreau. Burroughs within his limits was an excellent critic, as within his limits he was one of the purest of writers about nature. Outside his limits he was often dull or absurd; and most of the second volume here, made up as it is largely from the later Journal, will be worth while to none but worshipers. Fortunately for the biographer there seem to be thousands of those.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Mencken Triumphant

Americana 1925. Edited by H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. *Prejudices: Fourth Series.* By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. *Gulliver's Travels.* By Jonathan Swift. With an introduction by H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $4. *The Man Mencken.* By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. $4. *H. L. Mencken.* By Ernest Boyd. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

THESE five books mark another turning-point in Mr. Mencken's career. Far behind him are the days when he was the half-fabulous Antichrist of Baltimore whose name, it is said, was used by exasperated mothers to cow naughty children; when he was the editor and literary critic of an obscure and dubious magazine and was reputed to be waging a continuous warfare against all that was decent and of good report in American literature, morals, and scholarship. He is no longer regarded, in literate society, as a paid—or even as a self-appointed—agent of the Wilhelmstrasse. Professorial book reviewers do not find it as remunerative and as safe as of yore to assault him with sarcasm, innuendo, and academic billingsgate. That game, too, is played out. After weathering years of neglect, of abuse, and finally of indiscriminate praise, Mr. Mencken has at last emerged from the ruck of contemporary journalism and literature as a writer of unmistakable distinction and importance.

He is a difficult subject for the critic. To begin with, he either powerfully attracts or violently repels. The range, moreover, of his interests and activities is such that no complete view of him can be achieved within the limits of the usual review. Besides being an active journalist and magazine editor, Mr. Mencken is a literary critic of great influence and a writer

on a dozen or more different subjects—literary history, aesthetics, language, music, medicine, theology, military strategy, social psychology, government, philosophy, morals, law, and feminism. On every subject he touches he has something provocative to say. But the critic must not only grapple with a man whose interests are almost as varied as American life itself and whose ideas and opinions march in impudent processions across his pages; he has also to reckon with a comic poet and satirist whose unfailing verve, velocity, and comic force, fed by his immense knowledge of life and his torrential wealth of language, make him the peer of such satiric philosophers as Lucian, Rabelais, Swift, Voltaire, and Heine. It is little wonder that criticism finds it hard to treat him adequately. Such critics as Newton Arvin, Vincent O'Sullivan, Burton Rascoe, Carl Van Doren, and Edmund Wilson have written of him with understanding and sympathy. Now Mr. Boyd and Mr. Goldberg come forward with studies of greater scope and usefulness.

Mr. Boyd's volume—the fourth in the Modern American Writers Series—is a compact, lucid, well-informed exposition, often in the subject's own words, of the man, the philosopher, and the critic. As criticism it reveals neatly both the strength and the weakness of Mr. Mencken's doctrines. If to some readers its elaborate demonstration that Mr. Mencken is an American seems about as necessary as detailed proofs that Paul von Hindenburg is a German, to other readers the fact may perhaps be news. By skilful use, however, of example and quotation Mr. Boyd shows that Mr. Mencken's allegedly poisonous and subversive ideas are simply the ideas of Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, Lincoln, Whitman, and other men whose portraits hang on the walls of our public and college libraries and whose writings—to our loss—remain undisturbed on the shelves.

Mr. Goldberg's biographical study is entirely different in plan and scale. The author has worked with a scholar's love for facts and an artist's eye for their composition. Though the book runs to nearly 400 pages it is interesting from end to end, and—barring a few paragraphs of facetiousness and a few that approach the ecstatic—it is an excellent performance. Mr. Mencken's ancestry and his formative period are presented with an abundance of exact and vivid detail. The book is, indeed, crammed and stuffed with interesting, significant, amusing, charming facts. Many are, of course, extracted from Mr. Mencken's numerous autobiographical passages, which Mr. Goldberg has evidently collected with loving care and subjected to an intelligent critical scrutiny; but many more the biographer dug up for himself. Mr. Mencken's newspaper and magazine career is likewise followed in detail, and all his important work receives a conscientious appraisal that also considers the judgments of previous critics. Mr. Mencken is frequently the speaker, as in Mr. Boyd's essay, and an appendix of eighty pages reprints specimens of his early verse, short-stories, and fables. One of the most curious things in the book is the story of how Theodore Dreiser procured Mr. Mencken's appointment in 1908 as literary critic of the *Smart Set*. When Mr. Mencken published his *Smart Set* valedictory in December, 1923, he was unaware of Dreiser's part in the affair.

The illustrations add life to the text: portraits of distinguished forebears—Dr. Otto Mencken, Dr. Johann Burchard Mencken, who in 1715 published a small volume of "Declamationes de Charlataneria Eruditorum," Dr. Lüder Mencken; a chart of the variations in the Mencken coat-of-arms; interior and exterior views of the family mansion in Baltimore; two boyish pencil sketches; "an unnamed Salon Piece composed about 1900"; a picture of the old saloon behind the Baltimore *Sun* office; a facsimile of some specimens of the Free Lance column; and—of course—numerous photographs of the hero from the age of six months to forty-five. The McKee Barclay cartoon of the "subconscious Mencken" is also included—a caricature more revelatory than any photograph. It is a fascinating, kaleidoscopic book, in the making of which scholarship collaborated with gusto.

The gradual change in Mr. Mencken's chief interests, the significance of which he himself has pointed out, is clearly visible in "Prejudices: Fourth Series." Ideas are now his principal theme; specific men and books are in the background. Like its predecessors, the fourth "Prejudices" is a miscellany of matter salvaged from the periodicals, and, taken as a whole, it is quite the best of the series. It contains less padding than any of the others and a larger proportion of excellent work. The macabre vision of the life and destiny of New York City and the grotesque hyperbole and wild eloquence masking the fundamental seriousness of The Husbandman are in the Menckenian grand manner; the essays on the American Tradition and on the American Novel are also noteworthy. The introduction to "Gulliver's Travels," the two-hundredth anniversary of whose publication falls next year, is brief but characteristic.

"Americana 1925" is a chapter in that colossal "Geschichte der Menschlichen Dummheit" which Carlyle's terrible humor once conceived. None of Mr. Mencken's books—not even the "American Language"—has more of Mr. Mencken's peculiar quality. The zealous scholar, the relentless satirist, the gargantuan humorist, the lyrical prophet are all at work. The book will doubtless be read chiefly for its humor, for it is excruciatingly funny; but Mr. Mencken himself regards it in his preface as a source-book for the study of American life—and as such, too, one can hardly read it without recognizing its authenticity. But although it is both humor and sociology, it is something more. On the technical side it is simply an enormous expansion of the poetic prose paragraphs into which Mr. Mencken has poured so much of his characteristic thought and imagery. There are in it the same cataloguing style, the same love of proper names, the same lyrical fervor. It is the work of an inverted poet, inspired not by the contemplation of beauty and truth but by the contemplation of squalor and folly. Rising to the height of his great theme, the connoisseur of human depravity becomes for the moment a visionary poet and prophet.

In his vision the familiar America of other men becomes a vast, mysterious continent, as strange and perilous to civilized men as the remote reaches of Tibet or Siberia. The swarming population, as incomprehensible as the fabulous peoples in books of imaginary voyages, is perpetually engaged in all manner of incredible barbarities, follies, stupidities, cruelties, blasphemies—an unending spectacle of a life as terrible as it is futile. Individually each incident is trivial or even ludicrous; in the aggregate they become a gigantic panorama, at once lurid and somber, of the pride, stupidity, and folly of mankind. The public will probably take it for a piece of journalistic smart-alecry; but it is the work of a profound imagination, looking with amusement and dismay upon the vanity of all life.

GEORGE GENZMER

Father and Son

The History of the Standard Oil Company. By Ida M. Tarbell. The Macmillan Company. New edition. Two volumes. $7.50

Employees' Representation in Steel Works. By Ben M. Selekman. Russell Sage Foundation.

Employees' Representation in Coal Mines. By Ben M. Selekman and Mary Van Kleeck. Russell Sage Foundation.

NOW it can be told even better than it could twenty-five years ago. The Standard Oil Company, under the elder Rockefeller, represented "a living purpose," administratively almost perfect and morally absolutely impervious.

These two volumes are still the master-work of American

muckraking. Miss Tarbell's research, unlike Upton Sinclair's recent performances, is as hole-proof as it is fool-proof, and accordingly she does not passionately throw mud but evenly sprays it on her victim. I understand that in her third volume, announced for next year, she means to whitewash the ogre. If so, she must have infinite patience, for it will take innumerable coats.

But the very perfection of Miss Tarbell's indictment shows the weakness of muckraking as an instrument of lasting censure. The villain escaped her. She does her best to show that Mr. Rockefeller is beyond good and evil, yet she asks one to despise him on moral grounds. She brings out his almost insanely courageous knowledge of what he wanted, and then implies that he is a bit of a coward because he lied (as attested in black and white) before two investigating committees. He is "a dreamer," she says, really a lyrical poet in industrial empire building; then she subpoenas him for infringing the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It cannot be done that way. All Miss Tarbell really shows is that Mr. Rockefeller was the greatest privateer in the history of American capitalism, compared to whom the most gifted buccaneers, from Gould I to Morgan II, were mere amateurs.

Of course Miss Tarbell *proves* her specific contentions up to the hilt of her paper knife. She proves incontrovertibly, unlibelously, ultra-logically—by congressional, statistical, legal, academic, journalistic, telegraphic, epistolary, and other mutually attestative appendices and documentations—that the Standard was built, aside from legitimate efficiency, by criminal conspiracy and incredible ruthlessness, and with that uncanny shrewdness which makes moral idiocy sinister. She proved it all so well that the only way the omnipotent Standard could meet her first attack was by buying it out of circulation to the great delight of the booksellers.

She shows how Mr. Rockefeller first cornered his home market in Cleveland; how he illegally annoyed, overtly browbeat, and secretly knifed the other refiners. She proves again and again how he "contrived" to obtain illegal rebates from the railroads, finally getting a "rake-off" even on his competitors' shipments. He maneuvered favorable "drawbacks," he created fictitious "companies," he manipulated dummy directors with a phenomenal insight into the perverse shifts of competitive anarchy.

He undercut, he outbargained, he was a consummate borrower. He extracted the last drop of oil from the daily sweepings of his refineries; he saved the oil which others let run into the ground; he sold all the junk. He made his own barrels; and when the barrels rolled out of the industry he built his own straight pipe lines. He dismantled every bit of idle investment as quickly as he improved every bit of working machinery. Long before the day of the Chamber of Commerce he had a research and publicity bureau which really studied the international oil supply and pushed the international market. He unerringly picked the right men. He "watched and saved and contrived" and connived, and prevaricated about his business when he was forced to speak of it at all. And when the Standard Oil trust was finally "broken up" he simply divided his 256,854 *shares* into so many *stock certificates* in the twenty daughter companies—and turned over "the assignment of certificate, a properly framed and numbered document . . . to the liquidating trustees."

All this Miss Tarbell proves to the satisfaction of the most meticulous Ph.D. But as a muckraker she commits a fatal error when she quasi-illustrates her evidence with photographs of Mr. Rockefeller. A square, small, thin mask—with features at once fugitive and incisive, which give the face a profound secretiveness. A mere stencil-cut of a mouth. A sharp little tilted nose, with nostrils which seem to sniff eagerly and nervously even in print. A hard, jesuitical chinlet which retreats into the collar and belies the silly notion that "strong" faces must sport heavy jaws. The main thing are the eyes; wide apart, small, absolutely calm, half-hidden under onion-skin lids, of a dull gray, they are turned up and in with a cold, fanatic, pitiless stare, without a trace of humor or doubt or charm. No. This man was never dishonest with himself. He did what he did because he could do no otherwise. He expressed the genius of the jungle period in modern industrialism. And he did it with the emotional ultimateness of the tiger. Fake was never in him. His Baptist God was so simple-minded because he could rely on himself. Even his philanthropies, which are usually the last refuge of fakers, are genuine. The Rockefeller Foundation, which is entirely his idea, is at the unstipulated service of every race. And, most likely, his compulsion neurosis of presenting shining dimes to honest-faced caddies and cops is based on the real belief that he made his billion in much the same homely fashion. Possibly some future and fairer historian may find that his works represented an era of necessary evil.

Just as the Standard Oil Company is the child of the elder Rockefeller so the Rockefeller Plan of company unionism is the child of the younger Rockefeller. The main purpose of the plan is to provide an "efficient method whereby the petty frictions of daily work might be dealt with promptly and justly." These "petty frictions," Mr. Rockefeller adds, are at the basis of our industrial maladjustment. The plan grew out of Mr. Rockefeller's genuine disturbance over the Ludlow massacre of men, women, and children in his Colorado coal properties in 1913. It is a very typical "employees'-representation" scheme, which he calls a "republic of labor," with all the paraphernalia of company-union franchise and "democracy."

The plan of the younger Rockefeller also found a contemporary analyst in Mr. Selekman of the Russell Sage Foundation. His two volumes (in one of which Miss Van Kleeck collaborated with him) are models of descriptive research. The foundation, of course, never muckrakes. Indeed it refrains from passing even a posteriori judgments, no matter how legitimately they may follow from material gathered in safe and sane belatedness. As it sits on the economic fence it leans backward with the somewhat officious anxiety of professional social research. With a fine show of fairness, which curiously savors of timidity, the foundation showed Mr. Rockefeller Mr. Selekman's excellent studies, which suggested by mere objective statement that the plan is not much of a plan; that were the foundation less fastidious in its objectivity it might, indeed, have called it a frost. Mr. Selekman ventures to point out that the men in the Minnequa Steel Works have no choice whatever when choosing really matters; that they got the eight-hour day only after, and avowedly due to the fact that, the United States Steel Corporation had introduced the basic eight-hour day—which it did to counteract the threatening steel strike of 1919. Mr. Selekman also begs to state that wages in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company are entirely guided by the *union* market. Mr. Rockefeller's miners struck with their organized comrades in the coal strikes of 1919 and 1922. His steel workers ungraciously struck in the great steel strike of 1919. It seems that they do not care whether or not Mr. Rockefeller dances with their wives on his occasional visits to Colorado. But they distinctly do not care for their enforced naturalization in his "republic of labor." The Rockefeller Plan, in short, is pure bunk! And the bunk of it was born when Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, industrial innocence was conjoined with the intellectual dishonesty of the professional trimmers who worked out and helped to instal it.

Such are father and son. The sins of the father's peculiar genius did not fail to revenge themselves on the son. In the throne room at 26 Broadway sits a well-meaning, youngish-middle-aged man who inherited none of the gifts that built his fantastic power, with its vast responsibilities—both of which things confuse him miserably in an ever more complex and

critical order. The father was an expert at alibis, framed by a gang of hardy and, in a way, admirable pirates—Flagler, Rogers, Archbold, O'Day. The son is a victim of apologies, framed by publicity "experts" and by a motley of industrial courtiers whose motives are far more personal and intricate than his. It is in this meretricious atmosphere of converting old evils into new shams that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., conceived his naive "republic of labor." There is no doubt that he believes in it. "Apologia pro vita patris sui?"

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Thomas Mann at Fifty

Der Zauberberg. Von Thomas Mann. Zwei Bände. Berlin: S. Fischer.

Thomas Mann. Sein Leben und sein Werk. Von Arthur Eloesser. Berlin: S. Fischer.

THE reputation of Thomas Mann has been a matter neither of facile productivity nor of striking variety or novelty of theme, nor of the constant presence of his name in the press, nor of any of the loud and tawdry and slightly unscrupulous actions and circumstances that often make a contemporary world mistake the clamor of notoriety for the slow voice of fame. Isolated, austere, seeking through the art that was given him to render an accounting of himself and his world, believing with Goethe that invention is a vain thing, that the concrete, if it be but perfectly represented, implies symbolically yet really the entire peopled universe, this noble writer has neither cried nor striven nor made haste. "Buddenbrooks" is nearly a quarter of a century old; the two volumes of the consummately done tales and novelettes have been before the public for a good many years; the essays of the war period, "Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen" and "Rede und Antwort," did not, after all, carry on the main line of his creative activity. Now, just before his fiftieth birthday, he publishes the result of seven years of slow, ardent, vigilant labor, "Der Zauberberg." The novel is in two thick volumes. It is nearly twelve hundred pages long. It makes no concessions. Thomas Mann is not a man of concessions. Yet, as Dr. Eloesser rightly remarks, it has made the German people, in spite of sport and the movies and the demoralization of these latter years, learn to read once more. This voice was not to be denied—this voice that speaks not out of vanity, not even out of the nobler vanity of the artist, nor yet with any prophetic arrogance, but with an incomparable union of sobriety and depth concerning the fate and life and death of man. "Who is a master in truth?" Dr. Eloesser asks near the end of his eloquent and searching study. "He who helps us to live. And who can help us? Not the man of some party, the man of ready-made reasons and a ready answer, but the self-questioner, the deeply tempted, the deeply shaken who seeks ultimate reason beyond the reasons of men." The great stylist, too, the biographer goes on to explain, who seeks the beauty of the word not that it may charm and glitter, but that it may the more perfectly speak—the man of high talent who sees in perfection of execution the character that he owes this talent, without which that talent would be cheap and vain.

For the definite celebration of his fiftieth birthday this June Thomas Mann was invited to Vienna. He lectured on "Goethe and Tolstoi"; he spoke at the dinner of the P. E. N. club on the mystery of form; he bore out in all his words and his bearing the characterization with which Raoul Auernheimer greeted him, that of the "most responsible" of living artists. He has not the ruddy glow of Wassermann, smoldering so often with that "last infirmity of noble minds," nor the restless mobility of Schnitzler, nor the careful reserve, as careful as his frock-coat, of Galsworthy. He is not much moved by fame nor afraid of age and death and has long sunk the patrician in the man. He might easily be mistaken for a North German or American man of business of a quiet and refined type with his narrow, dark head with hair conventionally parted on the left, clipped but not too close-clipped black mustache. Yet in his simple appearance and demeanor there is never a moment's stressing of the note of simplicity. He is neither eager for praise nor impatient of it, nor unkindly toward the adulation of fools, but thoughtful, measured, calm, smoking his cigar, exchanging the necessary commonplaces of the dinner-table without eagerness but without condescension. A supremely kind and earnest man, utterly untempted to make either kindness or earnestness or stylistic stringency the "notes" of his personality. A man "all wool," as incapable of handing out shoddy in the high matters of his trade as his merchant ancestors in Lübeck were of measuring with false measures.

In "Buddenbrooks" and in "Tonio Kroeger" and elsewhere Thomas Mann sought to give a responsible accounting of himself and so of the creative artist in human society. In "Der Zauberberg" he turns to human society itself—to the European world on the edge of the great war but unconscious of it—and lets that society, under his philosophic and emotional guidance, render an accounting of itself. He accomplishes his purpose not by telling many stories of many men nor by dealing in incident or even primarily in character. In a sanatorium near Davos, in a high, isolated world, where nature abandons the very march of the accustomed seasons and time, grown relative in actual fact, stands icily still, Thomas Mann has staged the great debate of all the psychical forces that govern man, the great research concerning our knowledge and our ignorance of our fate, the great speculation concerning the health and the disease of mind and body, the nature of both and their relation, the high and ultimate secrets of love and death. His protagonists are men and voices, too: Stembrini, the humanist, bourgeois liberal, *rhetor*, who with all his fine truths and fine sentiments concerning the dignity and liberty of man cannot save for man either that dignity or that liberty; Naphta, the apostate Jew turned Jesuit, who strangely yet logically enough symbolizes the reactions toward power and obedience, so-called discipline and so-called order, that unite the hierarch and the proletarian, the Fascist and the Communist; Behrens, the physician, the scientist pure and simple, quite honest in intent yet forced, by the inevitable gaps in our knowledge, into a measure of charlatanism. And all these voices, as well as the morbid siren song of Clawdia Chauchat and the indomitable vitality of the self-sufficing force of Mynheer Peperkorn, hurtle about the head of that once simple young man and titular hero, Hans Castorp, engineer of Hamburg. Once simple and straightforward and almost unreflective but now cast, with his abnormal temperature and acuter sensitiveness, into the midst of this severe and rarefied world wherein all emotions are more direct and terrible and all ideas more trenchant and ultimate and in which the confusion of time, no longer cut and divided by business or pleasure, invites to an hourly facing of last and absolute issues. And Hans Castorp, held by this spiritualization of his inner self, held by the timelessness of time, held, too, by the fatal siren voice of the Russian temptress, clings to these strange heights of snow and pine and eternity. But the great, foul, blasting thunder that cleft through the midst of the world blasts him loose from his speculative eminence and hurls him into the mud and shame and falseness of the war.

Thus ends this book—a book so packed with the deepest experience of mankind, so broad in its philosophic range and profound in its vision, so intricate despite the superb clarity and order—*lucidus ordo*—of style and structure, that it will not reveal all its fulness or greatness to one year or even to one generation of readers. It is, as Goethe said of Faust, incommensurable. It is hard to define or describe. Much nonsense will be talked about it and I shall be living from now on in some fear of the English translation, which only

a great artist and a trained thinker could undertake with any hope of measurable success. But it is with the fullest sense of sober, critical responsibility that I may, on the one hand, call "Der Zauberberg" the Divine Comedy, no less perfect for its prose form, of our disastrous age, and, on the other hand, liken the great debates in it to those Platonic dialogues that have carried both thoughts and voices across the millennia, and yet assert that the book remains a novel, an epic narrative, enlarging and also heightening, of course, the very concept of the novel by what it is. And if our age is indeed a disastrous one, the disaster is mitigated by the vigilant nobility of such a spirit as that of Thomas Mann.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Religion and Emotion

The Psychology of Religious Mysticism. By James Leuba. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.50.

The Psychology of Emotion, Morbid and Normal. By John T. MacCurdy. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

MR. LEUBA'S book offers the most successful attempt in the English language to penetrate to the heart of mysticism. As Vaughan's vapid "Hours with the Mystics" was superseded by Dean Inge's volume, so is the latter now superseded by this learned work. To the lover of grand mysticism the book will be disappointing, for the results are negative. What William James called the radiant core of things is found to be natural, not supernatural; a lamp illumined by human effort, not engendered by divine light. The author's aim is to show that the interior or hidden life is not to be confined to Christianity or, in fact, to any religion, and that its motivation is not supernal but of the earth. The experiences he treats include all the indescribable impressions covered by the term illumination or revelation. Their traits—suddenness, unexpectedness, passivity, illumination, ineffability—are not characteristic of human religious life alone. Psychical storms ending in ecstasy are due to intoxication by the open air, by great heights, by drugs such as mescal, hasheesh, and ether, by alcohol, by love sacred or profane—in short, to causes good, bad, or indifferent.

Poetic frenzy should be added to these, for among the propagandists for belief in the transcendental nature of mystical ecstasy great poets hold a dominant position. Certain suppressed poems of Tennyson show this, as do the works of Wordsworth and Longfellow. The author quotes from Miss Spurgeon's valuable little book on "Mysticism in English Literature." He might have added a reference to the works of Walt Whitman, in which may be found all of James's marks of mysticism and also that pantheistic spirit, that "feeling of a presence," to which Mr. Leuba's personal philosophy seems to incline. Indeed his last destructive chapter on the disappearance of belief in a God-Providence amenable to human influence might well be supplemented by a study of a possible substitute. This is that form of monism ranging from Giordano Bruno's "world-soul animating all" to Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"—all quite in harmony with the author's final words: "The consciousness of being one with the whole, the faith that the universe is somehow rational, and the mental unity, strength, peace, and happiness which come to the possessor of these virtues and beliefs are in no way exclusively bound to the conception of the personal God of the Christian books of worship."

So much for the methods and conclusions of this book of extraordinary interest. The historical part is equally interesting. In the examination of the grand mystics the author is both sympathetic and critical. The psychiatrist, as physician of the soul, is one who understands the mystic moods and is, at the same time, able to penetrate to causes. As he puts it: "However it may be produced, ecstasy is ecstasy, just as fever is fever whatever its cause. The truth-kernel of religious ecstasy is no other than the truth-kernel of narcotic intoxication and of the ecstatic trance in general. Beliefs in divine presence, in divine union, and in illumination or revelation come under the field of unusual and abnormal mental phenomena." Yet the author does not hesitate to say that the Christian believers have come nearer to a just appreciation of mystical life than the materialistic scientists. In 1902 he wrote of the mystics: "Until recently the few scientists who had cast a more or less disdainful eye upon them had noted little more than ecstasies, visions, catalepsies, extravagant penances, and they had imagined that the word 'hysteria' explained everything." During the twenty years that have elapsed the scientific interest in religious mysticism has grown apace, and Professor Royce's high praise would need but a little toning down to express Mr. Leuba's opinion: "Mysticism has been the ferment of the faiths, the forerunner of spiritual liberty, the inaccessible refuge of the nobler heretics, the inspirer, through poetry, of countless youth who knew no metaphysics, the comforter of those who are weary of finitude. It has determined, directly or indirectly, more than half the technical theology of the church." Of course, adds the critic, this does not mean that a mystic is one who is "in touch with the absolute and eternal" or one who has "passed out of the finite into the infinite world." That is an exaggeration due to a literal dependence on the words of the great mystics whose writings are marred by an inexactness approaching at times to deliberate falsehood.

What really do the mystics seek? They say they want "God." But what do they want when they want "God"? Mr. Leuba's list of wants ranges from tendencies to self-affirmation and the need for self-esteem to "organic" needs or needs for sensuous satisfaction (especially in connection with sex). But these springs of action, present in every civilized individual, fell foul of two great ideals of monastic Christianity, namely, self-surrender to God's will, and chastity. Needs were one thing, ideals another, and the consequent conflict between the two is portrayed in a masterly manner. Mr. Leuba's insistence on the sex-conflict has met with much criticism, but, as he points out, not one of the prominent representatives of mysticism lived a normal married life, and many of the curious phenomena to which great mystics owe in part their fame or notoriety are due to perturbations of the sex function consequent upon its repression. For this unconventional interpretation Mr. Leuba gives ample grounds. Thus he points out that in cases of tendency to self-affirmation mystics will not tolerate the "inferiority complex." The desire to attract attention and to play a distinguished role is written large in the works not only of Santa Theresa and Madame Guyon but of Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola.

In contrast to Mr. Leuba's studies of mysticism, which emphasize its normal aspects, the object of Mr. MacCurdy's work is to gather data from clinical researches into the mental mechanics resulting in systems of manic-depressive insanity. This book is written on the assumption that the mind can work outside of awareness, and uses the hypothesis of unconscious mental processes which not merely parallel consciousness but actually support and nourish it. To prove his theory he uses clinical material gathered for over a dozen years at the Psychiatric Institute of the New York State hospitals. Much of the volume is taken up with exact reports of what patients say and do, regardless of the pertinence of these observations for any particular theory. The author's effort to describe mental symptoms in terms of common speech is not successful. His elaborate glossary shows that. But the verbatim reports are certainly interesting. They furnish peeps into the mad house. The stupor reactions, the involution melancholias, the manic anxiety and perplexity states present magnified forms of morbid activity and throw much light on what is going on about

us in everyday life. There are samples of manic poetry which remind one of Gertrude Stein with her "free associations." There are dream poems which are as subtle and meaningless as the effusions of Edna St. Vincent Millay. As for religious obsessions, the patients of Ward's Island are exaggerated examples of Mrs. Eddy with her Father-Mother God and of John Alexander Dowie and his prophetic mouthings, and in many cases of sublimation the whole program of the Uplifters and New Thoughters is written large.

Taken in such a way this volume raises a certain hope. If the institutional cases have often been "discharged cured," why should not the public be rid of certain cults that plague it? The propagandists are probably hopeless. They carry on as they do because it pays. But their admirers may cease to be admirers provided they can be shown that the poems and prophecies, the rhapsodies and orphic utterances are but the results of unconscious mental processes of a psychopathic type. Yet even the propagandists might do well to read this learned work. An improved Pelmanism might include the "fifty-seven characteristics" noted in the depressive make-up, such as lack of confidence, shyness, sensitiveness, discontent, over-conscientiousness, and slowness in assuming responsibility. Instead of being, as advertised, the dog with his tail between his legs, the man with the new mental make-up would show confidence, boldness, a thick skin, self-content, no trace of the New England conscience, and a willingness to shoulder all the responsibilities of a Henry Ford from jitneys to Jews. Psychiatry thus applied might Americanize the universe. We are therefore thankful that this profound work is hard reading. Fifteen minutes a day will never master it.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

William Graham Sumner

William Graham Sumner. By Harris E. Starr. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

SUMNER stands easily first among the few Americans since Thomas Paine who have had the courage and the perspicacity to talk common sense. Paine was reputed an infidel and Sumner wore the surplice; but the two men were brothers under their skins. Writing simply and clearly, Mr. Starr has portrayed a masculine man who was as gentle and kindly as he was pugnacious. The portrait comports with the singularly beautiful frontispiece, reproduced from a photograph. No one who has thought of Sumner as a "hard" man will be able to think so of him again after a sincere contemplation of these two likenesses.

What was it in Sumner which made him deserve such a biography? First, he was a fine product of Americanization supplemented by European study, and a convincing justification of our Americanizing agencies. He was born in the United States, but his parents were immigrants from Lancashire, where mechanics, weavers, and other wage-earners who happen to have good minds become contentious rationalists in philosophy, hard-headed utilitarians in politics, and narrow nonconformists in religion. Sumner grew up in the atmosphere created by these attitudes and he was hard-headed by original nature, but he was susceptible to beauty and to truth however labeled. He became an Episcopalian and a rector. He was fascinated by "folkways" and could write of them without prejudice, however morally repugnant to him they sometimes were. These conversions were phases of his Americanization. Secondly, he had the divine gift of the inspiring teacher, and thousands of Yale men remember him with admiration and affection, Republicans and protectionists no less than Democrats and free traders. He was interested in every page of American history, and in his biographies of Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, and Robert Morris he reveals an almost uncanny understanding of American political thought and feeling. As opportunity offered he took part in legislation and in local administrative responsibilities, but always and above all he was a student and investigator of truly scientific temper. He had convictions and fought for them fiercely. He could say sharp things which now and then sounded cruel. But he never was cruel in fact. Like his intellect, his sympathies were wide-ranging and deep, and he never thought of sparing himself in kindly deeds or in resolute service to men who needed his sinewy help—if they were worth helping.

There were unlovely traits in Sumner, and Mr. Starr has made no attempt to conceal them. A Puritan strain manifested itself; neighbors and acquaintances who didn't know right from wrong, or, knowing, failed to do right, were instructed and admonished in the good old Roundhead way. As a boy William was undeniably a moral prig and got himself disliked. In 1859 he entered Yale.

The Yale of that time, as it has been described by J. Frederick Kernichan and Henry Holt, produced upon vigorous-minded students much the same impression that Harvard did upon Henry Adams, but Mr. Starr discriminatingly remarks that Sumner, who was conventionally religious, could not have been as disgusted as was Holt, who already was a radical. Before his class was graduated Sumner, excused from attending commencement exercises, was on his way to Europe. Before he left he had been drafted for the army, but he had no intention to go into service if he could keep out of it, and his father put up the money for a substitute. Three years of travel and study on the Continent and in England broadened the young man and took a good many kinks out of him. Returning to America in 1866, he taught at Yale as a tutor until 1869. He had become interested in what he called Biblical Science, the German brand, and was cherishing a desire to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He plunged into church activities and edited a religious paper which survived one year. All this activity was to the good because, in the course of it, Sumner cut loose cleanly from dogma and dogmatism. By thirty he had married and been ordained, and had entered upon his duties as rector of the Church of the Redeemer at Morristown, New Jersey. He enjoyed his work there and was much beloved, but in 1872 he accepted the newly created chair of political and social science at Yale, where he was to do his real work as teacher and author. He could not, however, be a merely academic student of politics. During the thirty-eight years of his professorship there were only about six, Mr. Starr says, in which Sumner did not discharge arduous labors as a director of community or State affairs.

As a teacher of college students Sumner was unrivaled. Mark Hopkins has perhaps been more talked about, but he was never in the same class with Sumner. Hopkins could inspire and direct young men into safe ways, and that was much; but Sumner could make them think, and that was extraordinary. What is more, he made the public think. Tirelessly he lectured, wrote essays, and reviewed books. Fortunately a great part of his intellectual output as a publicist was written down, and his loyal friend and editor, Albert G. Keller, has collected and published it. No one who heard Sumner's characterizations of bunk and fallacy from Sumner's lips or who has read them in print will forget them. His one intention was to tell what he believed to be the truth and it did not matter whom he angered. It is safe to say that no other writer has more dazzlingly illuminated democracy than Sumner did in the dozen words of a chapter title: That Every Man Is a Sovereign but That a Sovereign Cannot Take Tips.

But readers who are qualified to have an opinion will probably agree with Mr. Starr that Sumner was greatest as a sociologist, and those of Sumner's friends who knew him intimately must be sure that the man himself felt that constructive work in the domain of a science of society was his big job. No man who has worked in this domain has been less irritated than Sumner was by newspaper and platform gibes

at sociology. He had the true scientific spirit, and cared not at all whether sociology should become a pretentious science or not. What concerned him was the necessity that serious-minded men should study human society in a scientific spirit and by scientific methods. He welcomed Herbert Spencer's work and got himself into trouble with the Yale authorities by using the "Study of Sociology" as a textbook. In that affair he proved himself to be a wise no less than a courageous protagonist of academic freedom. The Yale theologians held that Spencer's book was dangerously irreligious, but they could not deny that Sumner was as sincerely religious as they were, and they never caught him off guard.

Sumner did not live to complete the systematic treatise on sociology for which he had accumulated a great mass of material and notes. These have been worked over and organized by Keller, and it is expected that the work will be published within another year or two. "Folkways," the one important sociological book that Sumner completed, was instantly welcomed as a contribution of first-rate importance. Its value has never been questioned, and it will stand as an enduring part of the science of society. No mere argument could have so completely demonstrated the importance of "folkways" and "mores" as the tissue of human society, and nothing could have been more congenial to Sumner than to establish such a fact.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS

Fire and Steel

The Creative Life. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IF an Italian painter of the Renaissance, one of those amazing spirits for whom Vasari was Plutarch and Boswell, were to read "The Creative Life" I imagine he would disagree with hardly a word of it. He might, indeed, marvel that its theme could ever have to be argued at such length and in such detail. He would take for granted most of what it advances as a challenge, and he would think of art rather as a triumph of the artist over himself than as a triumph of the artist over a society which wishes he would somehow be another kind of artist. But the man of the Renaissance would agree that

> toward the preservation through conformity of the existing forms of life. It is a will that strives beyond the good- that may, when embodied in life and thought, becom- new saviors and insurgents to liberate mankind from his tastes and powers. For the race it is not enough. A people that crushes the creative will has only an Egyptian

With more precision and yet with more variety than may be found in any other recent critical book, Mr. Lewisohn puts the case for the artist, whether in any of the arts or in conduct itself. Among Americans he is of the line of Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman, of whom in one of his finest essays he points out that they are now too often regarded as venerable men, conformable to the national tradition, when actually they were all, in their day, cargoes of dynamite feared by the safe watchers at almost every port. Mr. Lewisohn has long been aware of the growth in the United States of a kind of Roman unity of manners and opinion. He has observed an increasing tendency on the part of the majority to hold that it is the duty of the artist, as of other citizens, to bend his will to public usefulness, to help the most wide-spread opinions to spread further, to encourage the sentiments which have grown standard, and to represent in art the aspects of human nature which the self-satisfied would best like to see represented. Against this conception of the artist's function Mr. Lewisohn fights. "Art is not a profession; it differs in kind from teaching and healing and pleading causes. . . . Art is the life process in its totality. The poet, the experiencing one, is a poet in every moment, in every relation. . . . His vision is his constant self. His material is not stone or iron or market values or laws; it is love and aspiration and ecstasy. His business is with fundamentals." How, then, can the artist tamely adjust himself to advantageous prudence? He cannot do it. Society is not original; it is derivative; it is merely the convenient pattern in which at any moment men have formed themselves. But the original substance is the individual, who becomes important in proportion as his originality rises to creation. If he meanly compromises, he wastes something precious which cannot be spared. If society forces him into subordination, it is as if the hands and feet should subdue the brain and heart.

Mr. Lewisohn does not regard the artist, however, as a mere detached flame, burning its own fuel to produce its own heat. He regards him as a member of that large society which is all mankind. For this reason, a provincial conformity can never be enough. The artist must take the longest views, must free himself from all local and temporal prejudices. What discipline, then, must he choose to give him form instead of chaotic expansiveness? Mr. Lewisohn believes that the artist must shape his own discipline out of his own instincts. How is he to know which of his instincts are authentic? By searching within himself so long and remorselessly that he can no longer be deceived, and selecting those instincts which are most sincere, direct, and intense. There is, Mr. Lewisohn agrees with the Greeks, no measure for the universe but man. Truth is to be found in the specific, not in the general. An honest man is the only work of God which can be trusted. And in the long run, one honest man will be found to be much like any other honest man. For the artist to know himself is to know the best that can be known; for him to give free utterance to himself is to do all that can be done to give truthful utterance to the realities of inarticulate humanity.

Though Mr. Lewisohn worships fire, he uses steel. He has no sympathy with sprawling violence in art. Swift is his favorite model for prose, Goethe is his ideal critic. While he can be patient with certain writers whose chief merit is their effort to be sincere, he prefers those who succeed in such an effort. For to have succeeded thus is merely to have gone deeper into truth than other writers go who are troubled by the menaces of censorship and the pleadings of respectability. Whatever is truly authentic, Mr. Lewisohn believes, can be made clear. A shapeless or spasmodic or lurid book is the sign that its author has not fixed his eye austerely upon his vision, but has feebly turned aside, perhaps out of some mistaken concession to his audience.

"The Creative Life" is an arraignment of the casual audience which, particularly in contemporary America, demands that the artist come too far to meet it; but the book is also a defense of that eventual audience which, Mr. Lewisohn thinks, awaits all genuine excellence. In the name of the second audience, Mr. Lewisohn, with a pointed and lovely pen, denounces the first. He multiplies instances. He ranges over scattered fields, approaching his argument from every direction. There is scarcely an objection that he does not meet. There is scarcely a figure in contemporary literature whom he does not touch, shrewdly and justly. Yet in the end he gives the impression less of a journalist who has collected a volume of miscellaneous essays than of a scholar who has painstakingly evolved a treatise. However diverse the illustrations, there is only one central theme. If there is a mounting apprehension in the United States of the need of just such doctrine as this critic expounds, it is in no small part due to the firm, logical, eloquent art with which for half a dozen years Mr. Lewisohn has been expounding it.

CARL VAN DOREN

The Novelist as Lecturer

Portrait of a Man with Red Hair. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company. $2.

IT takes all sorts of St. Georges and slimy dragons to make a world for novelists to play in, and Hugh Walpole has always been a very special sort of St. George riding down the horrid dragon of modern realism. Ever since he came mounted on his first stallion, "The Wooden Horse," he has gone about armed with virtue and looking for scaled monsters to demolish with a fine charge of bright words and all kinds of encouragement to other young men vowed to the sacred cause of what he calls romance. Of late years he has taken younger writers under his particular dispensation and informed the public that romance is coming again into her own and that dragons lie waiting to be slain. At one time he planned or appeared to plan a set of novels called The Rising City which somehow was going to include the life of our own time. It began with "Fortitude" and "The Duchess of Wrexe" and trailed off somehow like a lopped dragon's tail, and now these novels are listed simply as The London Novels and "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City" are listed as just novels. Has Mr. Walpole lost faith in his skill at building a rising city and does his sentimental flight into books like "Jeremy" and "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" mean that he has bitten off more dragon than he can chew?

If it were not for the reputation and the importance attached by all sorts of persons and publics to the name of Hugh Walpole there would be no special reason for so serious an investigation of his success at busting dragons. He began by being one of those promising younger novelists whose later works stretch out like promissory notes at a low rate of discount. He has ended by growing more and more sentimental about his heroines and more and more explicit about the world's need of purity and romance and more and more severe on the sins of modern realism. "Modern cleverness," he exclaims in his latest work, "has taken one's beliefs away, modern stupidity has deprived one of the possibility of romance. No God, no heroes any more." It isn't any new charge which Mr. Walpole is bringing against the dragon of the slime. Ever since his first book he has tried to substitute something for the omissions of this century. His formula never varies; and even where he calls his "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" a "romantic macabre" he is simply ringing changes on the ideas of "Prelude to Adventure" and "The Green Mirror" and "The Gods and Mr. Perrin." One may protest that all this bears little resemblance to the true romance.

The plot of the last book is the plot of the first book; and that is very little objection, provided only that the plot brings enchantment to its capture of the dragon. Mr. Walpole always has a bashful lonely young-old man desperately anxious to stop being bashful and lonely in a world which has made him not a soldier and always afraid. He goes by the name of Maradick or Galleon or Harkness. Somehow in the heart of life glitters a golden adventure which calls him just once or forever p[illegible] him by in his shyness and his ingrowing loneliness. It may be war or the Russian revolution or writing a novel or (as in the case of "Fortitude") marrying a girl who keeps him from real life so that he at last solves things by going out and talking to the ocean. As often as not he goes to some Cornish town and knows before his departure that romance waits for him in some mysterious enterprise and that he simply must not fail his trust. For any number of pages Mr. Walpole clucks round him and explains him and mothers him generally while you cry aloud for the story to get started. At last something exciting catches the hero and encompasses him in an ecstasy shared at great length by Mr. Walpole, and then he has something to do with helping a young girl before whose purity and grace Mr. Walpole himself is utterly prostrate in golden words. At last the young-old man proves his mettle by being unselfish and giving up the girl to a younger man and shaking off the rigid sheath of his bashfulness and slaying dragons and making himself generally useful and ending by being lonely but serene in a proved fortitude. All along the way Mr. Walpole is very edifying.

It is a very special kind of romance which would be acceptable enough if only Mr. Walpole really could spin a yarn. In the preface to "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" he protests he has done no more than just write a story. He invents a horrible pale man who wants to torture a young girl and locks her in a tower and captures her two knights-errant and tries to torture them and at last gets thrown off the tower into the sea. It takes Mr. Walpole nearly a hundred pages to explain the situation and his hero. It takes him thirty or forty pages to have the hero and the girl sit near the ocean and recognize each other's purity and merit. The story pads round and round a house where something horrible is about to happen while Mr. Walpole talks and talks about romance and landscape and etchings and pure young girls. After any amount of preparation he takes you into the house and keeps you there possibly one minute while he pushes the villain through the window.

Unless he is as good as Algernon Blackwood there is not much use in any other writer trying to make an Algernon Blackwood story. It isn't a question of Mr. Walpole's good intentions or the niceness of his characters. It is simply that he has no story to tell and any amount of lectures to deliver. He sends you flying away from younger novelists still promising and promising. You go packing toward Algernon Blackwood's "Dr. John Silence" and "The Willows" and "Max Hensig" and "The Wendigo"—where you are promised horror and where you get horror, and a thrill, and literary genius.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Castlereagh and Canning

The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh. By C. K. Webster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

The Foreign Policy of Canning. By H. W. Temperley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

THESE two volumes are complementary to each other, and no student of European history in the last hundred years can afford to neglect them. They are based on monumental erudition; probably there is no dispatch of importance in European archives which their writers have overlooked. If they do not come to us with the force of novelty that is largely [illegible] us for at least the outline of their conclusions. But in the fulness and patience of their analysis, in the scrupulous accu[illegible] interest in their subject not merely as connected narrative but [illegible] business of the critic is to congratulate their authors, and to express his gratitude for their labors.

Mr. Webster, I believe, has had the more difficult task. Castlereagh is not an easy figure to make intelligible. The mists of prejudice have surrounded his reputation; and where the pens of Byron and Cobbett have been sharpened to destroy, it is not easy to rebuild. There is, moreover, justification for not a little of the attitude taken by the early radicals; for whatever the attitude of Castlereagh in foreign politics, in domestic affairs he had no grasp of the ideals or needs of his generation. And whatever the merit of his foreign policy, it was difficult for contemporaries to do justice to him. He worked in an atmosphere of secrecy. He was unconcerned to consult, much less to create, what there then was of an English public opinion. A bad speaker, a character melancholy and

morose, a man born without friends and incapable of inspiring affection, he was not a figure to command attraction. It is the great merit of Mr. Webster's book that despite the difficulties he has been able to show us a figure of very striking proportions. No one, after this, can deny him either boldness of conception or energy of execution. He was not, indeed, always successful; but his policy secured for Britain a position of supremacy in Europe, and the end he sought to serve was the great end of maintaining peace by international cooperation. He may have been in advance of his age in venturing so to dream; but at least it must be noted that men so able and so shrewd as John Quincy Adams did not think so. What, indeed, we do not know is how far Castlereagh grasped the implications of a pacified Europe as the growth of democratic habits was to reveal them. After all, as Mr. Webster admits, the purpose of the alliance he maintained was purely conservative. He himself had no sense of, or desire for, popular support. He did not and could not explain to his fellow-citizens what he desired. He was, in short, a great product of a decaying system; after 1832 his habits and temper would have been impossible.

The fault of Mr. Webster's book, if it has a fault, is a certain heaviness in the handling of the material. No reader can say that of Mr. Temperley's. He has obviously enjoyed writing it, and he conveys his sense of enjoyment to his reader. Canning was the Winston Churchill of his age. He could talk about everything with wit and ingenuity; he could talk about few things with profundity. He was a brilliant administrator who somehow never quite convinced you that he was a man of principle. There is about all he did what Bagehot called a certain dexterous insincerity which made you want to yield without the sense that you ought to yield to his charm. Even if he announced great principles you were never quite sure he believed in them. Even if he did generous things you were never certain that he did them for their own sake Of certain historic charges Mr. Temperley, I think, does successfully dispose. He shows that Canning was not merely a brilliant persifleur. He makes it clear that he was able to bend his mind to really hard thinking, that he could grapple with the inner substance of a great subject. He was not the mere charlatan of genius he appeared to his opponents. No student of political science can afford to neglect the instructive chapter in which Mr. Temperley describes the working of the Foreign Office under him; that is an account of a man who was capable of administration on the grand scale. And Canning the *novus homo* is, clearly, a portent of no inconsiderable kind. His use of opinion as a weapon and his treatment of America are both activities of which only a man sensible of a new spirit in affairs would have been capable. Mr. Temperley does not entirely persuade us to regard his policy as so entirely a unified intellectual scheme as he himself sees it; but he does persuade us to a deeper respect for the man himself and a regret that he was not given ampler opportunity to translate his policy into terms of the event.

HAROLD J. LASKI

War-Time Diaries

An Ambassador's Memoirs. By Maurice Paléologue. George H. Doran Company. Three volumes. $22.50.

The Diary of Lord Bertie, 1914-1918. Edited by Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox. George H. Doran Company. Two volumes. $10.

DIARIES should be indiscreet; they should not be written with a weather-eye on posterity. Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg when the war broke out, was too finished a diplomat not to think of possible readers every time he took a pen in hand; hence his diaries lack the freshness of crotchety old Lord Bertie's. Paléologue's picture of his own enthusiasm for the war in the dark days of July, 1914, is, to be sure, more revealing than he meant it to be—even in these volumes, slightly toned down from the version which appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. And he has a French sense of the dramatic which gives life to his account of the Rasputin affair and color to his story of the decay of Czarist Russia.

Lord Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris, jotted down his thoughts day by day with no eye to the reader. He frankly expresses his opinion that Zionism is "rot" and his hope that the American troops will stay on the French front—where troubles will arise with the French rather than with the British. And he is direct in his record of his own distrust of Russia in the July days. "It seems incredible that the Russian Government should plunge Europe into war in order to make themselves the protectors of the Servians," he wrote on July 26. "If the Emperor of Russia adhere to the absurd and obsolete claim that she is protectress of all Slav states, however bad their conduct, war is probable," he wrote a day later; and on July 28 he notes the return of Isvolsky, the Russian Ambassador: "He will do a good deal of mischief in fomenting a war spirit here." On July 30 Lord Bertie wrote: "The French should put pressure on the Russian Government to moderate their zeal. If we gave an assurance of armed assistance to France and Russia now, Russia would become more exacting and France would have to follow in her wake. The newspapers, but not yet the people, are becoming bellicose." And on July 31: "Isvolsky goes about declaring that Russia is ready and war inevitable. What a fool, even if it be the truth!" After the Germans had invaded Belgium, and England had declared war, Bertie went war-mad like the rest, and hated a pacifist as much as a Zionist.

Such a frank record of the mood of England's responsible representative in Paris, watching the conflict draw near, is a useful corrective of the distorted mirror of those days which propagandists have since made all but universal.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Economics of the Spirit

The Relation of Wealth to Welfare. By William A. Robson. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

"THE peculiar curse of our age is what may be called the Monetary interpretation of Welfare. . . . It is, in short, the general identification of wealth with welfare, and in particular the confusion of private wealth not only with the common good but also with the welfare of the owner thereof, that leads men to waste their substance in a vain and rapacious scramble for the power to acquire possessions and command services that bring satisfaction neither to themselves nor to others, but which nevertheless deprive whole hosts of their fellow creatures of true forms of well-being." Around this idea Mr. Robson has written a big little book. On the positive side he asks:

> If we find that private income does not yield to its possessor all or some of the most essential elements of welfare, in what other quarter should we seek them? One source that may be suggested is public expenditure and collective action by the community as a whole, considered not as mere potential forms of associated effort existing in the ideal programs of social reformers, but regarded more definitely in the light of the contribution which they actually make to the life of the individual under present conditions.

Of the infinitude of complex elements that make up human welfare Mr. Robson deals with four, all of them highly important—health, art, work, and education. The chapter on health, one of the best in the book, clearly illustrates the main thesis. As the author demonstrates, above the mere subsistence level increased income makes very slight contribution, if any, to better personal health. On the other hand, "most of the conditions of personal health are, in fact, more dependent upon public control than upon private income, once a minimum of decency has been secured by the latter." The two hundred tons of impurity that

hang suspended in the air over London on a foggy morning affect rich and poor alike. Not all his gold can shield the modern Midas from the nerve-racking noises of our modern Sardises and Babylons. Not the wealth of the individual but the vigilant eye of the public inspector defends the rich man, like the poor one, against impure water and tainted milk, against typhoid-carrying oysters and other poisoned food. It is becoming increasingly clear, as Mr. Robson remarks, that there is almost no such thing as private health; for rich and poor alike must depend on collective public action to maintain the conditions which make personal health possible. The public-health service is in truth not simply a "spending" but an "earning" service. It distributes its invaluable earnings, however, in kind, without increasing the money income of the receivers. "A necessary condition of increased effort in this field is a realization that a diminution of private income may be more than compensated for by the receipt of a larger income in terms of health." This last simple and obvious truth offers a key to the whole of Mr. Robson's argument—which demolishes not only the basic assumption, but consequently a large part of the practical precepts, of the omnipresent and pestiferous business economist.

Turning from health, what is more important for genuine human well-being than the appreciation of art and the development of creative artistic activity? Yet, in the suggestive words of Vernon Lee, "Material possession has no aesthetic meaning. We possess a beautiful object with our soul; the possession thereof with our hand or our legal rights brings us no nearer the beauty." Riches convey no power of artistic appreciation; hence the obvious logic of liberal collective expenditures for public picture galleries and museums, for concerts, beautiful buildings, bridges, monuments, statues, parks and gardens. It is too largely true, as Mr. Robson points out with some exaggeration, that the tendency of the unregulated self-interest of the capitalist entrepreneur is to develop the modern city "into a hideous collection of slums and factories and office buildings which offend the eye and petrify the aesthetic faculties," and that the community in its collective capacity has been responsible for almost every town-improvement scheme and in general for all measures intended to create a more artistic municipal environment. But none of these manifestations, whether of hideosity or of beauty, find expression either in the money income of the individual or in his so-called "real" income, the flow of goods and services that he receives.

Drawing the whole argument together, the power of private income, beyond a very modest minimum, to increase the welfare of its possessor in respect of the four essential elements is small; that of collective action and public expenditure, comparatively great. Second, neither the welfare that a man derives from the enjoyment of these elements of the good life nor his deprivation in their absence appears recognizably either in his money income or in his so-called "real" income. Private income is a bad index of welfare, and we have no right to base our economic scheme on the assumption that increase of income necessarily increases the welfare of its possessor. We must learn to think less in terms of money income, more in terms of the various elements of welfare as they affect the lives of individual men and women, and therefore to pay much more attention to the conscious control by the community of the social and economic environment. The income that is really important is not an income of money, or even of goods and services, but of the various elements of welfare, and in large part they seem to be best provided by collective, not individual, activity. Evaluating life in terms of life, we shall no longer be able to rely on the desire for more wealth as an adequate incentive to work. And then? Not stagnation and not Utopia; but once we learn to think of material well-being in terms of non-monetary individual welfare, we may go forward and begin to build the world into the land of heart's desire.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Colonel Mitchell's Book

Winged Defence. By Colonel William Mitchell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

EACH of the generals now sitting as judges in the trial of Colonel Mitchell should be equipped with a desk copy of "Winged Defence." Colonel Mitchell in this book presses hard for recognition of air power and directs an extremely bold attack against our military establishment and its honored traditions. He rips open the war and navy departments and lays bare the colossal waste of our obsolete navy and the general futility of field armies. The army and navy for him are relics of past wars. Air forces operating swiftly over great distances will decide future wars. Colonel Mitchell would establish a single Department of National Defense under which would come the air service, the army, and the navy.

Colonel Mitchell has set himself a tremendous task in trying to bring about this reorganization. Military men are safely immune to innovation. The cross-bow men in the Middle Ages coexisted for a long time with the musketeers, and the British fleet used sail long after the appearance of steamships. Hindenburg in his Tannenberg campaign is said to have followed the tactics of Hannibal, and the fleets in the late war those of Actium and Trafalgar. Our own services have rested undisturbed since Civil War days. It took the contaminated-food scandal of Spanish-American War times to bring about the consolidation of the quartermaster and supply departments—a trifling detail in comparison with Colonel Mitchell's project. Even Admiral Sims, the leading radical of the navy, cannot break completely with tradition. He ridicules the battleship and coast defenses as toys and calls for a strong air force—but an air force divided and subordinated to the old established services.

Colonel Mitchell supports his case with a mass of interesting acts, records, and opinions. His own experiences during the war as commander of our overseas air force, his recent experience as assistant chief of our air service, and his intimate knowledge of world aviation give him an authoritative status which army and navy chiefs cannot lightly brush aside. Congressmen, to whom the book is in part dedicated, may be swept off their feet by his fire and sincerity; but some of them may wonder at his claims. Aircraft alone will fight the next war, with scout planes fighting for air supremacy, with bombing planes destroying the economic life of the enemy country. The army will remain, but merely as a police force at home and an occupation force abroad. The navy, except for the submarine, has no place in future wars. The battleship is obsolete before it is completed, an outrageous waste of public wealth and an easy prey to aircraft. The complete cost of a modern battleship is not $45,000,000, as commonly supposed, but with its accessories $100,000,000. This vast sum would furnish, ready for action, 4,000 airplanes any one of which could sink the battleship. The bombing trials proved, in spite of the navy's misleading statements, that "aircraft today can sink or destroy any vessels that have ever been built or can ever be constructed." Our expensive coast defenses are also doomed, as our air force will take over this work of coast defense, attacking seacraft at long distance from the coast. This fact should interest our Congressmen, as "every time a large seacoast cannon is installed it costs half a million dollars. In the ten years preceding 1920 the United States expended about $1,800,000,000 on coast defenses." But Colonel Mitchell strays into strange pastures when he discusses disarmament. He would make the bombing plane a dove of peace. Aircraft would destroy things instead of lives. Even the layman will wonder how Colonel Mitchell's bombing peace doves will manage to destroy the economic life of a country without taking with it a goodly portion of the population. He also maintains that the devastating

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effect of aerial warfare will keep countries from going to war. He may not know that similar statements were made by French Socialists as far back as 1912, just before the World War, and the same sort of talk was heard after the introduction of steam and electricity. Colonel Mitchell may leave the mission of world peace to his civilian brothers. He has his hands full now.

M. W. ROYSE

The Tariff Again

A New American Commercial Policy as Evidenced by Section 317 of the Tariff Act of 1922. By Wallace McClure. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.

THERE are signs that the tariff, which of late has not been an active issue in American politics, may before long resume something of its old place of importance in Congress and in the country. If it does, Dr. McClure's book will prove a useful storehouse of facts and an interesting arsenal of protectionist arguments. Section 317 of the Fordney-McCumber tariff, to which Dr. McClure devotes his nearly four hundred pages, provides (to quote the author's summary) that

> whenever the President finds *as a fact* that any country (1) imposes upon the disposition in, transportation through, or reexportation from its territory any unreasonable exaction upon any product of the United States which is not equally enforced upon similar products of every foreign country; or (2) discriminates against the commerce of the United States by law or administration with respect to import, export, or other duties, regulations, or restrictions in such a way as to place the commerce of the United States at a disadvantage compared with the commerce of any foreign country; and when he finds that the public interests will be served thereby, *he is directed* to proclaim new or additional duties, calculated to offset the unequal imposition upon American commerce, but not exceeding 50 per cent ad valorem, upon the importation of any or all of the products of the discriminating foreign country. If this procedure proves ineffective he may proclaim absolute prohibition.

Dr. McClure admits that the tariff act of 1922 is "high-protectionist to the core," and that while the provisions of Section 317 "are consonant with a policy of protection, it must nevertheless be recognized that a foreign policy which seeks markets and demands the Open Door is not consistent with a domestic policy of virtual prohibition." In other words, the act itself embodies a theory which may go far toward nullifying the policy of the section in question. In addition, he is able to point out no less than eleven paragraphs of the act which are inconsistent with the policy of Section 317 and two other clauses whose bearing is doubtful. Nevertheless, he supports the flexible or defensive policy of the section because in theory the Fordney-McCumber act, as he sees it, contemplates a most-favored-nation treatment of international commerce by the United States, and accordingly should lead, if properly and fully applied, to the negotiation of commercial treaties embodying the most-favored-nation principle. He is careful to insist, however, that the application of such a policy should be unconditional. The "American interpretation" which consists in combining preferences and reservations with a most-favored-nation policy seems to him "a scarcely surmountable obstacle" to the development of "the more far-reaching purposes" of the act, and such an interpretation ought to be abandoned in favor of a policy to which no strings are attached.

It will probably seem to most opponents of protection that the spacious policy which Dr. McClure champions will not, even when applied in the comprehensive fashion for which he pleads, turn out to be anything more than another elaborate device for supplying American industry and trade with a government crutch, or further the international good feeling in commercial matters of which the world at present is very much in need. It may enliven industry and commerce by a bountiful and all-round administration of stimulants, but we shall still be trying to coerce the foreigner into doing business in our way, and practicing favoritism in the name of the general good. However, Dr. McClure is entitled to state his case and urge his plea, and his book is a scholarly and useful piece of work. His account of the most-favored-nation policy as pursued hitherto by the United States, of the open-door policy where it has been advocated or applied, and of the policies of other nations which have resorted to special tariff bargaining or imperial preferences, is an instructive compendium of information which it will be worth while to have at hand when the next debate over the great American fetich comes on.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Puritan Pagan

Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Mass. By J. P. Marquand. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

THE tide of biography, now running at the full, brings in odder and still odder bits of flotsam and jetsam. Interest —the interest of the publishers and biographers, at least— centers more and more upon the grotesque and the bizarre rather than upon the normal. Not infrequently the results are thin or, what is worse, merely theatrical; but, while the present work falls wholly within the category of fantastic biography, it is both a highly desirable book and one that leaves little to be desired. Mr. Marquand portrays his unheard-of hero with just the amount of inflated gravity and sympathetic insight that he deserved. One closes the book feeling that Lord Timothy himself, whose aspiring soul was never satisfied with anything that this vain world affords, would actually be almost pleased with this tribute to his greatness.

For Lord Timothy Dexter was a combined misanthrope and sybarite. As one follows his rococo career one constantly feels that here was an American Dean Swift in microcosm. The soul of this hedonistic tanner-merchant-speculator-epigrammatist was a complex affair; despite his absolute lack of formal education, he kept his countrymen guessing about his character in his own generation and their descendants are guessing still. He hoaxed his business competitors—"speklelaters [that] swarmed like hell houns"—into believing that he was a harmless dunce, and then fleeced them under their very noses; it is probable that he made a fortune by selling Bibles to the West Indians who were induced to buy the Holy Book by his threat that "all of them must have one bibel in Every familey, or if not thay would goue to hell"; he wrote a book, "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," in order "to learn myself to write and spell which I never knew how. . . . Clear Nature has been my school master," and thus produced a volume that, for compact, energetic expression of a many-sided nature, is almost without a peer. Worst of all, he mocked at all the cherished rigidities of the New England conscience. "If I am not converted, there is not anyone converted as I think," he wrote in 1795; "I have been more than twenty years converted (I am not joking about it) ever since I got me a housekeeper." In less than two years the pious devotee had been mercilessly thrashed twice, and forced to flee the neighborhood, for trying to convert other men's housekeepers. Nor was his impression of church activities very edifying. This is his description of one sermon: "Less pray, & so went on, fire, fire, & brimstone & grunting & sithing, and tried to cry & snifel & blow the sconks horn, & sum of the old fules & yung fules sot to crying. I tuck my hat and went out."

In his old age the diverting paranoiac became ever more eccentric. He styled himself "Lord" Timothy Dexter who was "First in the East, First in the West, and the Greatest Philoso-

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pher in the Western World"; he immortalized a rascally local bard by making him his "Poet Lauriet" and crowning him with parsley leaves; he surrounded his palatial house with gaudy wooden statues of "Doctor franklin, John hen Cock and Mr. hamelton and Rouffous king and John Jea . . . one younecorne, one Dogg, Addam and Eave in the Garden—one horse." Finally he built himself a tomb with a "Temple of Reason," twelve feet square and having 158 panes of glass, on top of it, and ordered a special coffin behind which he proudly trudged as it was carried through the streets on a wheelbarrow to the tomb. The casket had "nobel trimmings, uncommon Lock, so I can take the kee in side, and have fier works in the toume, pipes & tobacker & A speaking trumpet, and a bibel to read and sum good songs." Then, capping the climax, he had a "mock founnel" which was accompanied by "very much criing"; but when it was over he soundly thumped his wife because she had not wept at all. Not many years later, when the genuine funeral of "I-I-me T Dexter" was held, his righteous townsmen refused to entomb him in his beloved pagan mausoleum but buried him in plain New England soil.

This book, in short, adds further and very pointed information to the slowly growing fact that the New England of the eighteenth century occasionally combined the decadence of the Deistic French Revolution with some Babylonian excesses all its own. Lord Timothy Dexter, one suspects, would not be too comfortable even in the present enlightened and unbigoted age.

R. F. Dibble

Without Benefit of Rules

Public Utilities and the Law. By William M. Wherry, Jr. The Writers Publishing Company, Inc.

THIS book is written by a public utility lawyer primarily for the guidance of public utility executives in their opposition to public control. In the author's own words, "the work is intended as an exposition, made as simple as possible, of the rights of public utility companies to make and obtain profitable rates for their services without State interference." Another purpose of the book, quite obvious to the reader, but not quite so frankly expressed, is to promote the employment of the author and other experts by public utility companies to prepare for and handle their rate cases. "At the very outset of a movement to make a new rate," says Mr. Wherry, "it is important that a company obtain competent and trained legal advice, so that it may know just what issues are likely to be involved, and what preparation, from the legal point of view, may be necessary." And further on he adds: "The need for expert services in rate matters cannot be emphasized too strongly. Another thing worth remembering is that no treatise can take the place of the actual services of an expert."

Mr. Wherry's book is very readable; it is a clever exposition of the law from the standpoint of the right and power of the utilities to escape the restrictions of regulation. It has been charged that the public utilities, though nominally clamoring for state regulation, never have accepted public regulation in good faith and never cease their efforts to thwart it. Mr. Wherry's book may be accepted as one proof of this charge. He stresses, first, the theory that public utility property, though devoted to public use, is still private property, and on this basis he is able to reason away all substantial legal restrictions upon the freedom of its owners to use it as they see fit. "Now, an owner of a public utility property," says he, "has a right to charge for the use of that property whatever pleases him, so long as his charges are not so high or unreasonable as to prevent the proper 'use and enjoyment' of the facilities he has dedicated to the public service." In other words, the utilities have the right to charge what the traffic will bear, and the state has no right to interfere with them. The author admits that "the rate charged by a company must not exceed the value of the service which it renders to the community"; but he assumes that a service is always worth more than its cost. He says: "A company has a right to charge any rate so long as it is not unjust and unreasonable. A reasonable rate is one which divides the spread between the cost of producing or selling what is produced and its value to the person who buys it. The service of any public utility to anyone of its consumers is vastly more valuable than the mere cost of furnishing it." And there you are. Exit public regulation except as a means of enabling the companies to charge any rate up to what the traffic will bear, without interference.

Delos F. Wilcox

The School of the Ape

Almost Human. By Robert M. Yerkes. The Century Company. $3.

MR. YERKES has written an engaging story of what is probably the most interesting collection of pets in the world, the ape colony in Havana. On the beautiful estate of Madame Abreu nearly eighty primates are assembled—marmosets, tamarins, night-monkeys, squirrel monkeys, titi monkeys, howlers, capuchins (the favorite of the organ-grinder), macaques, mangabeys, baboons, and mandrills. Most interesting to the psychologists invited in 1924 to observe this colony were the three orang-utans, the many adult and adolescent chimpanzees, and the female gibbon. Only the gorilla is missing and this gap will probably be filled, since the experience of Miss Alyse Cunningham has shown that with intelligent feeding, hygiene, and companionship it is possible, even though difficult, to keep young gorillas in good condition. The question of mental hygiene for apes is raised by Mr. Yerkes's suggestion that difficulties in rearing the primates may be due quite as much to failure to supply suitable companionship, either animal or human, as to improper feeding or exposure to disease.

The purpose of "Almost Human" is to furnish an accurate report of this strange colony about which we have been hearing for some time and to afford the layman an orientation in the world of scientific research among the primates. Despite the unquestioned authority of Mr. Yerkes, the value of the book to science is, in the nature of the case, distinctly minor. The ape colony of Madame Abreu offers the finest possible opportunity for controlled experimentation—an opportunity unparalleled for increasing the sum total of human knowledge regarding the anthropoids; but this opportunity has been largely neglected or ignored. Madame Abreu's conclusions regarding the mental capacities and personality traits of her pets are important only where they serve to confirm the findings of such investigators as Köhler and Yerkes. Her notions regarding the souls of the animals and their capacity to perceive the departing ghosts of other apes might easily have been made ridiculous; Mr. Yerkes has shown a fine discretion in his method of presenting such naivetes.

The most remarkable achievement of the colony is the rearing of Anuma, the first chimpanzee born in captivity in the New World who survived for longer than a few weeks. Anuma has not only survived but flourished to the age of ten. As he is rapidly reaching maturity the center of interest is shifting from him to his half-sister Lita, now three years old. The marked differences in personality and behavior between Anuma and his father suggest the important possibility that domestication has actually taken place, and Anuma's future as an adult chimpanzee becomes actually more important than his past. The interesting fact that so active and intelligent an animal as the chimpanzee has never been put to work, despite a capacity rated sometimes as high as that of a seven-year-old

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child, makes the future of Anuma and Lita of further significance, for if the ape is capable of domestication it would seem he should also be capable of training along lines of usefulness.

The primary importance of the primates, however, will probably always lie in their points of resemblance to human beings. Except for a well-developed language the great apes manifest practically all of the so-called human characteristics, and it is possible that with the basis already laid of a variety of meaningful cries the development of language among the apes has only waited upon a life requiring such development. Madame Abreu's colony is particularly useful in establishing the importance of individual differences among the apes, so that we now see that conclusions must be based upon a large number of studies rather than upon isolated instances. While her views regarding the mental life of her pets have the value only of natural history her development of methods of care and treatment under which such varieties of apes live and flourish is entitled to a most respectful consideration, and it is interesting that she has found a vegetarian diet adequate to keep the anthropoids in perfect health and to enable them to breed and rear young successfully. Her colony from this standpoint represents an achievement of the first rank, and it is unfortunate indeed that the further step has not been taken of introducing a psychological laboratory into the center of this ape world.

Mr. Yerkes devotes a final chapter to the possibilities of research among the primates for the sake of biological, medical, and educational knowledge which may later be applied to human beings; and he concludes that the primates have a strategic value for psychological inquiry, declaring that "of all living creatures they are the most promising material for the psychologist, aside from his fellow-beings. And where the fellow-beings refuse to lead or follow, where experimentation is unjust or otherwise impracticable, the infra-human primate is supreme. It is far worse than careless to ignore or neglect our opportunities; it is wholly inexcusable." It is to be hoped that provision may yet be made for utilizing in a more thorough degree the opportunity presented by the Cuban colony.

LORINE PRUETTE

Verse

Poems. By Irwin Edman. Simon and Schuster. $2.
You Who Have Dreams. By Maxwell Anderson. Simon and Schuster. $2.
Tiger Joy. By Stephen Vincent Benét. George H. Doran Company. $1.75.
Caravan. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

THE revival of poetry in America about twelve years ago was not accompanied by a conscious reorganization of critical thought. There have been good critics in isolation and they have formed a partial though not very lucid taste for as much of the good poetry as is not popularly too difficult. But the depraved poetic taste that ruled before the war has not been radically corrected: one may suppose that, the novel properties of the "new poetry" having become a commodity for trade and dimmed considerably, we are returning complacently to our accustomed poetic oblivion in which poetry out of the great traditions of style becomes incomprehensible and, after a few gratuitous measures, suffocates.

Our chief deficiency has been the lack of a critic who might have done for the last ten years of American poetry what Gourmont did for symbolism. Mr. Untermeyer has been the harbinger of fashion; he was never the apologist. Through successive revisions of his critical note on T. S. Eliot, for example, in successive editions of "Modern American Poetry," he has, under pressure of what one must take to be opinion, elevated Mr. Eliot to the canon—the same canon, however, in which the verse of W. R. Benét belongs. Marianne Moore is still the darling of a cult. Mr. Robinson, after thirty-one years, has "Collected Poems" and two Pulitzer prizes; but it would be difficult to prove that criticism has derived a conscience from certain distinguished qualities of his art. In Mr. Robinson alone we would be possessed of much. We have a little more. Yet our good poetry has not instructed criticism sufficiently to make impossible the appearance of much that is habitually mediocre, dully trivial, or simply bad.

For only on this or a like supposition can one account for the publication of these four volumes. It would be the office of criticism, ideally, in a regime supporting a literary dictatorship, to control the current of ideas so rigorously that they would be cut off at their inception; a literary dictatorship is, of course, a doubtful good. Failing often to provide for genius, it eliminates on principles of taste the useless uncreative production deficient in that category. And it would be of some negative use, at least, when the criticism of poetry, seldom now more than an extension of reviewing, does not care to interfere with business, with commodities for trade.

However, one is perplexed by the fact that Mr. Edman's and Mr. Anderson's books are by no means articles of commerce. It is interesting that Mr. Edman is well-known as a philosopher; and that, better known than Mr. Edman, Mr. Anderson is a successful dramatist. Mr. Benét, author of some engaging ballads, has collected, in "Tiger Joy," too much of the decoration he obviously wrote as articles of commerce for the popular monthlies.

Mr. Bynner has deservedly been a leading figure in American poetry: he has produced some good lyrics. His disastrous facility is a commonplace. It betrays an intelligent person like Mr. Bynner into an unreadable dulness of repetition, and often into false intensities—Theology, for instance, in this volume—that are bathos. "Caravan" will not obscure Mr. Bynner's reputation, but it offers little to sustain it.

ALLEN TATE

Konrad Bercovici

Iliana. By Konrad Bercovici. Boni and Liveright. $2.
The Marriage Guest. By Konrad Bercovici. Boni and Liveright. $2.

ONLY two of the tales in "Iliana," Seed and Wisdom of Youth, are excellent. In Wisdom of Youth the external world of snow and wind and rain, of winter and spring, of plowing and harvesting in Rumania is all quite perfectly a part of the credible story of young George as he fights to keep his family simple and to save them from the absurdity and the tragedy of aping a French sophistication. In Seed a horse race is presented as thrillingly as the wrestling match was presented in Mr. Bercovici's finest story, Ghitza. But Muzio is thinly sentimental, unpleasantly artificial. The so-called passion is too unconvincing to scorch a single printed word. In Revenge, with the coming to life of the centuries-old young Greek Aristides Simonides, there is absurd characterization. Before the young man's father was killed by a political enemy the young man couldn't even get excited about the recovery of his favorite wooden cigarette-holder which he had lost on the train to Marseilles. "In less than a minute he had changed from a tired boy into a passionate man." And a lot more about this revenge which has finally given him something real and earnest to live for. The enemy, who he hopes will be a tiger, turns out to be a groveling old imbecile; and the blow is so staggering to young Simonides's pure Greek ego that he commits suicide. Muzio and Revenge are fairly representative of the other stories in the volume.

Mr. Bercovici is successful only when he writes of his own Rumania and his gipsies. It was bad judgment for him to venture in his latest book, "The Marriage Guest," into the

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field of American life, where he must bear comparison with Dreiser and with Sherwood Anderson—to whom, by what seems a mistaken piety, he has dedicated this novel.

"The Marriage Guest" is the story of three generations of a German family in New York from about 1890 to the present time. They begin in the East Side; you leave them in their bourgeois affluence on Riverside Drive. The story purports to deal with their problems; and most of the book does talk about them. Greta Zwenge, urged by her ambitious mother, jilts the poor musician Karl Bleicher, whom she loves, for the flashy George Gewurtz. George, you are told, is very brutal to Greta at the consummation of their marriage. Life after that is possible for Greta only in so far as she can impose upon her husband the image of Karl. When the daughter Karolin is born she is, in the mother's vivid fantasy, Karl Bleicher's child. Karolin at nineteen is engaged to Stanley Mitchell (Mayflower stock), an impecunious young musician. She loves him, but she rather hard-headedly gives him up when the distinguished Karl Bleicher returns to New York and falls in love with her. What Karl loves in the girl is the image of the mother whom he had lost so many years before. The mother opposes the marriage. In a final showdown Greta makes the great confession, stating that Karolin is Karl's daughter and that for them to marry would be—incest. One is really shocked at this speech because, from what has been so definitively and so often stated about Greta's cloistered life, one is amazed to find that she knew the meaning of the word.

No character in "The Marriage Guest" moves from any inner necessity that life in a character imposes. One can easily visualize Greta on the screen or moving among the sets at Hollywood; otherwise she has little relation to life. No. In Mr. Dreiser's book one is interested in everything that Jennie Gerhardt does or says. Mr. Bercovici never succeeds, as Mr. Dreiser so often does, in getting his characters started and then in withdrawing to let them live out their own lives.

A few sentences taken from "The Marriage Guest" will give the quality: "His large, fleshy mouth covered her small lips with a powerful suction, as if she were a deep fountain and he a very thirsty man." "He had asked her to lie down and rest. He had trapped her." Later: "She was merely a tool in his hand, now. What cared he what happened to her?" Still later: "'I married you. And then you remember what you did the first morning we were in the hotel in Albany. O God!' she yelled."

ANGUS BURRELL

A Frontierswoman of Labor

The Autobiography of Mother Jones. Chicago: Charles Kerr and Company. $1.50.

IT was in the early industrial struggles of America that Mother Jones, born in Cork, Ireland, found her place as organizer and speaker. Her autobiography is a record of courage and fearlessness. Entering the labor movement when she was almost fifty years of age, she fought the battles of a nascent organization for almost forty years. Hers was a fighting personality endowed with strong loves and hates, and thriving on conflicts.

The frontier days of American industry were productive of many such personalities. They looked upon the aggrandizements of industry as something which they must check or encourage, depending upon which side of the Labor-Capital fence they happened to be. The labor movement of the '70s and '80s shared this individualistic ideology. To a person like Mother Jones the mortal enemy of Labor was Capital, concretely incorporated in the "boss"—not the "capitalistic system" or the sprawling corporation of stockholders and investors free from responsibility for the labor policy of the industry. Such animistic concepts called for leaders and organizers to exhort, arouse,

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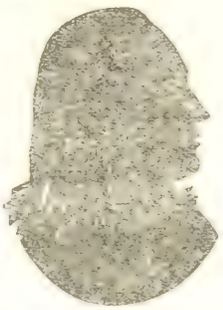

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Books in Brief

Modern Russian Literature. Prince D. S. Mirsky. Oxford University Press. $1.

This little volume in the series called The World's Manuals is in many respects an admirable performance. The author brings to his task a thorough knowledge of his subject, a readable style, and, above all, a fresh viewpoint. Prince Mirsky has the background of a cultivated Russian and the detachment of an outsider. Moreover, his familiarity with the literatures of England and the Continent allows him to speak of Russia's contribution in terms enlightening to his audience. If one is not always in agreement with his aesthetic judgments, one nevertheless generally finds them stimulating. In a succession of concise chapters the author surveys rapidly the novel, the drama, the poets, and even finds room to say a word about the critics and the publicists. The outline begins at the beginning and comes within hailing distance of the present day. The pages dealing with the more recent developments, about which opinion has not crystallized, are less satisfactory than the chapters having to do with Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi, and for that reason it is perhaps just as well that the author has omitted to treat the literature of the Soviet period. It is a pity that in a book which has all the makings of a convenient reference work there should be a number of factual errors which could easily have been rectified. Turgenev could not "follow Hegel's philosophical course" in 1838 for the reason that Hegel died in 1831. He met Pauline Garcia not in 1845

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but in 1843. The first of his "Sportsman's Sketches" was published not in 1846, as is stated twice, but in 1847. His mother died not in 1848 but in 1850. The word "nihilist," as is commonly believed, is not "of Turgenev's coinage" but was in use decades before he created a vogue for it by employing it in "Fathers and Children."

The Education of Behavior. By I. B. Saxby. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Paradoxically enough, the objective study of behavior has brought about a revival of interest in the subjective phases of conduct. Meumann and his pupils had almost succeeded in placing psychology on a solid basis of laws and principles when along came Freud with his dazzling theory of the Unconscious. It suddenly dawned upon psychologists that the mind is a most complicated machine responsive in unequal degrees to both heredity and environment; that the individual's reaction to stimuli is at once rational and irrational, predictable and unpredictable, obscure and obvious. Nevertheless, conduct may be modified and regulated. Mr. Saxby expounds this theory of education. He traces the unfolding of personality from the stage of instinctive reaction to that of abstract thinking, assigning to each intermediate stage its proper place in the development of character. He does not attempt to minimize the educator's task; his is not a facile scheme for mechanizing the educative process. He might, indeed, have given the subject less of a forbidding aspect had he not overemphasized the multiplicity of instincts and the stability of complexes. But one must remember that he is an Englishman, and that in England McDougall, Shand, and Trotter are supreme in the realm of social psychology.

Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama. By H. Dugdale Sykes. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

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4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

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6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

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Music

The Pedant Looks at Jazz

WHAT I choose to call, for lack of a better term, the pedant in musical criticism is the one who, because even beautiful music necessarily exhibits peculiarities of technique or idiom, believes, incorrectly, that its beauty may be attributed to them, and conversely that beauty and value may always be

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inferred from them; and who therefore bases his judgments on analysis of technique. The term is, then, not inappropriate since it is applied to one who drags in learning where it has no place. For analysis can neither explain, nor therefore justify, the value or charm of a piece of music, or the absence of such value or charm.

An example will make this clear. My pedant will hold that a passage in a d'Indy symphony must be deeply moving since it is written in accordance with "principles" abstracted in this way from emotionally expressive music, i.e., since, for the purpose, the motif is made higher or lower in pitch and compressed or expanded in time with the rise and fall in emotional intensity, and the passage "begins in the comparatively 'dark' key of D flat, but touches in the fourth measure, at the acme of the climax, the brighter D major, whence with the waning emotion it subsides to the original key." The pedantry, it should be noted, lies not in the analysis, which is legitimate and useful for certain purposes, nor obviously in the judgment, which in other cases might be correct, but in the linking of one with the other, which is incorrect, since its technical virtues make the d'Indy passage not moving but, like most of d'Indy's output, only an expertly constructed illustration for his "Cours de Composition Musicale."

One would hardly expect a lover of jazz to indulge in this sort of pedantry, for the technique of jazz is quite primitive and must, if his judgment is guided by it, lead him, as it has led a hostile critic like Daniel Gregory Mason, to a low estimate of its value. But some who, oversophisticated and "fed up" with serious music, have enjoyed jazz by contrast have found apparent and convenient justification for their enjoyment in details of technique here and there which are more sophisticated than the usual and which they have assumed to be the rule and made more of than is allowable. In this way has arisen such a notion as that jazz is characterized by bewildering rhythmic complexity, to which have been attached such very loose notions as that it is the only music of charm or value which Americans can produce, because it is the only music rooted in America and the American temperament, and that it will not only contribute new material to the forms of serious music but produce new forms adapted to its own material.

The pedantry has been carried to its illogical extreme and utterly discredited by Mr. Gilbert Seldes. "Jazz is good," he says, for he may not enjoy it otherwise, "and I propose to summarize some of the known reasons for holding it so"; i.e., since he does enjoy it he must prove it "good." To do so, since he conceives of musical value as correlated with details of technique, he must show that it possesses a sophisticated technique. And since it does not possess such a technique he proceeds as follows.

He describes simple things at such length that through sheer weight of words they appear complicated and extraordinary; following his example one might speak of the effect of groups of four-sixteenths alternately rising and falling in pitch to the accompaniment of staccato quarters, and yet be describing only the effect of a Czerny five-finger exercise. He gives one thing the name of something he likes better, and supports his claims with explanations that are incorrect, examples that are inappropriate, and reasons that do not support his conclusions—obtaining in this fashion dissonance from the slide or smear,* and from syncopation more dissonance (and even polytony) and rhythmic complexities such as "one finds only in

* Thus, to take only this example [illegible] says: "The slide [illegible] to the note which will make an [illegible] chord, the instrument passes through discords." But the very nature of the smear—an infinite gradation of pitch in extremely rapid form—is such as to prevent [illegible] the notes in the chord or out of it, from being heard as distinct; and only a continuous tone can form part of a harmony and be considered as such. In effect the smear is nothing but a melodic embellishment, of a note with definite pitch.

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he great masters of serious music." This toppling structure ie buttresses with a liberal and inexpert, when not actually ncorrect, use of technical lingo and with much talk about lusive, debatable qualities like rapidity and cleanness of style of composition. In all this he profits by the ignorance of most of his readers, by the fact that use of technical terms carries with it the unnecessary presumption that the user can correlate term with object correctly and has done so, by an appearance of perfect assurance, and above all by a prose, corresponding to a thought, so unconsecutive that he can contradict himself almost in one sentence without appearing to realize it. All this, however, Mr. Seldes has done only to substantiate notions which he has picked up about him, notions already exaggerated, which, through his lack of the necessary special knowledge, he has succeeded only in distorting and making absurd. What, now, of these notions in their original form?

By rhythmic complexity is meant the shifting from one meter to another; the use of different meters simultaneously, this frequently being an effect of syncopation in one voice when the regular beats in the other are unobtrusive; and above all the varying of the length and style of phrases and of the figuration.

Now, jazz can be defined as music written in the meter of the fox-trot. Its essence, in fact, contrary to the prevailing notion, is not the syncopation in the melody but the steady plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk of the four quarters of the accompaniment in rapid tempo (one reason for the precision of the orchestras and their ability to play without a conductor). It is not the effect of syncopation that is characteristic of jazz, since one finds syncopation in greater abundance and variety in serious music, but the effect of syncopation in the jazz meter and tempo; and actually one can strip away the syncopation and still have "Bambalina," proof that the syncopated melody, like the scoring or the exciting rapid figuration introduced by pianists to fill in the beats, is mere embellishment. On the other hand, take away the plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk and jazz is no longer jazz.

One finds, therefore, no shifting from meter to meter or use of meters simultaneously, with the exception of a rare and necessarily brief interpolation of a figure in triple time. Since the regular beats in the accompaniment are so insistent the effect of the syncopation in the melody is not that of a cross-meter but only one of irregularity in the ordinary meter, the latter being no less four-quarter for being irregular four-quarter, and the beats being, in fact, emphasized by being anticipated. And finally there is lacking the most important source of rhythmic variety in serious music, namely, variation in the length and shape of phrases, with artistic use of figuration. This is so closely correlated with extended structure or form as to be almost identical with it; certainly one cannot have one without the other. Both are, however, almost inconceivable in the jazz meter; and so, according to one's point of view, the rhythmic technique being what it is the form is small, and the form being what it is one finds, for the most part, phrases of the common symmetrical variety consisting of two or four measures with a strong cadence and an oom-pah oom-pah in each measure.

The resulting effect is one of the utmost simplicity, regularity, and rigidity; the effect, that is, of four quarters constantly reiterated, upon which any apparent eccentricity is superimposed and to which it is firmly riveted; and the prevailing notion to the contrary, since one cannot attribute it to what is done in the meter, one must attribute to the meter itself, i.e., to the fact that a dance meter cannot be anything but lively and exhilarating, regardless of how it is treated. It seems correct, therefore, to describe jazz as an art of embellishment, based on a limitation—limitation to one subject matter, the four quarters of the fox-trot measure; and embellishment of this (also limited) by rich, ingenious scoring, by a

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not unrestrainedly syncopated melody, and more recently by chords borrowed from serious music.

This subject matter of jazz does not seem to lend itself to musical architecture. With a preoccupation with architecture I should expect to see a shifting of emphasis from the essence to its melodic embellishment, and perhaps, as a result, a loss of the specific jazz character. In its treatment the material would, in any case, be governed by the same conditions or limitations as any other musical material—i.e., it could only be modified, or repeated, or followed by something new—and the forms would necessarily be those we know. I do not care to predict; I can only point out that until now the material has not been modified, and the form has been small. The large form characteristic of jazz has been, whatever its title, the *potpourri*, a series of small forms strung together.

There is, finally, no such thing as a type of music being rooted or alien (if there is such a thing as a national temperament); instead one may speak only of persons being adapted or unadapted to it; and all that composition of a type of music indicates, and requires as a necessary though not sufficient condition, is adaptation to the tradition of previous composition. Whatever the failure of American serious music indicates, it is not the lack of such adaptation. If Americans are less successful in writing serious music than in writing popular music it may be because one is more difficult to write at all than the other, and also because at the present stage of development of each it is more difficult to make a valuable contribution to one than to the other.

Here, lest one infer from all this that I dispute the charm of jazz, I hasten to repeat what the very prevalence of such pedantry tends to obscure, namely, that Professor Mason can no more dispute than Mr. Seldes can establish the value of jazz by such arguments. They will nevertheless attempt to do so, and in general their pedantry, though fallacious, will continue to be prevalent, because it is useful not only to themselves but to others: some of those who formerly feared jazz in public at least, as a sort of scarlet woman of music may now lend their names to a jazz concert without losing their musical respectability. There is something suspicious in the sudden sweet reasonableness of these persons and the rapidity of their conversion; and my guess is that formerly they observed their musical moral standards, like their other moral standards, in true Anglo-American fashion, by allowing themselves to be bored almost to extinction at the public concerts of serious music of which they were the patrons and guarantors, and enjoying [illegible] in private.

B. H. Haggin

Drama

A Religious Farce

THANKS to the comprehensiveness of Shaw's philosophy there is no material which may not be made to serve his purpose. Whatever history has recorded or legend invented impinges somewhere upon the set of ideas which he has developed and can be made to serve as a lesson in that morality which it is his proudest boast to have invented. But there are some heroes who receive less readily than others the Shavian stamp; and so it is that while "The Man of Destiny," which serves as a curtain-raiser to the current Theater Guild production of "Androcles and the Lion" (Klaw Theater), seems relatively forced and unconvincing the latter play is one of the happiest of all its author's efforts. With a little forcing, Napoleon can, like Caesar, be made to seem a baffled and imperfect superman and into his mouth can be put what is perhaps the neatest of all Shaw's summings up of that unconscious hypocrisy which enables the Englishman to further his own

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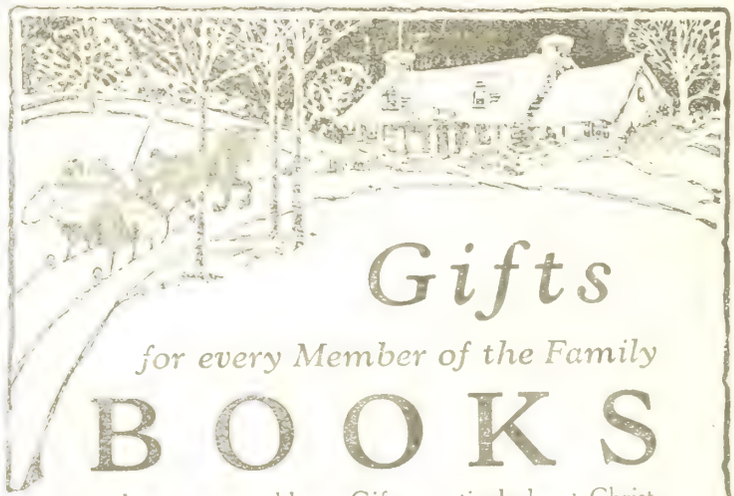

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ends and call it serving God; but Napoleon is not really a man much after Shaw's heart, and he cannot kindle to him as he kindles when he allows his imagination to play over the legendary hero of early Christianity. With an impish delight he draws the deadly parallel between the attitude of the respectable pagan then and the attitude of the respectable churchman now, but he rises far above mere satire and he mingles mysticism with his buffoonery. Into the mouth of Lavinia the patrician he puts the confession of his highest faith—only God is big enough to make us want to die for Him, but when we know what God is we shall be gods ourselves—and the whole piece throbs with pity and understanding. There is laughter at all that is temporary and accidental, but it is the laughter of one who dares to be irreverent because he knows that irreverence can damage only those things which do not deserve to be revered.

In no other of his plays does Shaw indulge more freely both his satiric gift and his love of boisterous foolery, but in no other does he reveal more clearly his passionate faith. "Androcles" is a religious farce which ends, as a farce should, in a manner which seems wholly inconsequential, but it manages in the course of its action to rise repeatedly and unexpectedly to heights of spiritual drama. Each member of the little group of Christian martyrs has first of all the fate of his own soul to settle; Lavinia transcends the sect with which she has identified herself, Ferrovius loses the battle with his own animal man, and Androcles triumphs by virtue of nothing except the natural gentleness of his character; but the real conflict is the conflict between this group as a whole and the society which surrounds it, between those who have found and those who have lost the sense of something greater than themselves and greater than Rome. Androcles and his companions draw courage from this invisible source and they conquer Caesar without his even knowing that he has been conquered.

The play is, I think, the surest touchstone by which to distinguish the true Shavian from one whose temperament is not really akin to his. Only he could have written it and only those who, like him, find laughter no enemy of the highest exaltation can relish its peculiar flavor. Moreover, the distinction will hold where more than a play is concerned, for it is the distinction between those who recognize religion only by the atmosphere of a church and those who recognize it by its own nature. To find the play merely funny is to prove oneself incapable of even comprehending the passion of the mystic; to find it shocking is to confess that one cannot dissociate the idea of spiritual fervor from that of sanctimonious solemnity.

On the whole the present production is the most thoroughly satisfactory of the three presentations of Shaw plays made recently by the Theater Guild. The settings and costumes designed by Covarrubias are in a vein of delightful extravagance which reflects perfectly the mood of burlesque that characterizes the outward action of the play. The indispensable Henry Travers makes Androcles an absurdly appealing figure; Clare Eames is a most noble Lavinia; and the whole performance is carried off with the sprightliness which the piece demands.

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THE RHINELANDER CASE was decided exactly as it should have been. Judge Morschauser's charge was a model of fairness and the jury came to the only conclusion that the facts could warrant. With every outward aspect of benevolence and dignity, Judge Mills, counsel for young Rhinelander, did his best to win the case on grounds of prejudice. He appealed to the lowest impulses of a bourgeois, male, white jury. He attempted to make it appear that a union was "unnatural" between Rhinelander and a girl who was so nearly white that his young client was supposed to have been unable to detect her trace of color. He emphasized her family's humble circumstances and even dragged into the courtroom an early misstep of her mother. He solemnly insisted upon the essential responsibility of the woman in the case: if she were not scheming and vicious as well as loose she would have resisted the admitted advances of the young man who, even while he made those advances, was presumed to have been both guileless and beguiled. The jury stood out against the seductions of all these forms of prejudice; and the judge helped to make possible a verdict which paid no respect to wealth or social standing or even a white skin. And now, it is to be hoped, a decent separation will immediately be arranged between two people who are already divorced by bitterness and public opinion and the obscene exposure of their private affairs.

THE ANTHRACITE MINERS accepted Governor Pinchot's plan for the settlement of the strike, but the operators returned to their ivory tower. Why? Because the plan contemplated the one thing which the embattled operators will apparently die to prevent—the opening of their books to the light of day. Over their dead bodies must we find the true profits of the industry, its capacity to pay increased wages, its capacity to stand a reduction in prices. The Freylinghuysen legislation was designed to get publicity for the accounting records. The Coal Commission in 1923 made that its primary recommendation. Governor Pinchot's plan rightly treats it as the foundation-stone of a lasting settlement. Until we know what the monopoly is earning, what untold millions those depletion accounts are hiding, all else is wind and foam. How long, Mr. Operator, will your greed keep facts in the dark, and the public in the cold?

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE" turns the other cheek! It was only a few weeks ago that the Director of Public Safety of Cleveland, Edwin D. Barry, baffled by the inability of his police force to solve a tong murder, herded an entire Chinese population to jail. When the murderer finally confessed, the Hip Sing Tong emerged lily-white and immaculate, and proceeded to hold its convention in Cleveland. The meeting was quiet, orderly, and well conducted. The climax came on November 29, when the tong gave a banquet to policemen, judges, lawyers, and newspapermen of the city. Even Mr. Barry received an invitation. He, however, made it plain to reporters that he would not attend. Since the invitations specified "and family," so many wives, cousins, friends, and friends-of-friends responded that there was not room for all the guests in the King Fong restaurant, where the dinner was held. The overflow was taken to another restaurant in taxis furnished by the Hip Sing Tong. Both Chinese and American food was served. Chinese and American orchestras played alternately. Chinese and Americans were the after-dinner speakers. The Chinese beamed with hospitality and good-will. The Americans essayed ponderous compliments and recalled instances where Chinese had surprised them by acting, oddly enough, just like anybody else! All of them carefully avoided mention of Barry's outrage, except to speak in guarded terms of the "late unpleasantness." It remained for old Wong Bowe, a prominent tong leader, to state names, places, and facts. He exonerated Barry handsomely. After all, the raid had reacted to the greater glory of justice and the Hip Sing Tong. It was all for the best, said Wong Bowe.

THE SESSION OF CONGRESS has opened well so far as the Progressives are concerned. Those in the House have refused to be cajoled or bought or frightened into coming back to the reservation and being "good" Republicans again, and young Senator La Follette has been much too wise to fall into the trap vainly set in his sight—he has refused, as did his father, to enter the Republican caucus. Therefore war to the knife is on, with such dire

punishment as Speaker Longworth and Senator Butler can mete out. That is exactly what we had hoped for. We want the rift in the party to continue. With the Democrats destitute of principle and leadership, this handful of Progressives constitute the only effective opposition in Congress. They can at least keep alive the spirit of revolt and the spirit of progress; if they were not there we should hardly hear a voice of protest against the deliberate turning over of the country to big business. To further that purpose the Longworth machine in the House has reverted practically to the Cannon rules by increasing the 150 signatures necessary to take a bill from a committee and bring it before the House to 218, an exact majority. This means "democratic government" in the House by the dominating few who operate the steam-roller. As for Mr. Coolidge, his promised fiery denunciation of the Western farmer-radicals turns out to be a tame affair. He had the pleasure of proving to his own satisfaction how completely the tariff protects the farmer, but he made one serious slip for a protectionist. He admitted that the domestic price *is* raised by the tariff on imports, and thereby he gave the whole tariff graft away.

MR. GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, has followed up his new wage policy with a speech to engineers. It is an important speech. He has told the Taylor Society and the management division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers that labor is eager to cooperate with management in eliminating waste. The sorts of waste which labor is especially interested in reducing are unemployment, wide price fluctuations, lack of standardization, unsanitary working conditions, accident hazards, lack of continuity in employment. Mr. Green does not believe that this cooperation and assistance can be brought about through the medium of company unions. Such trained seals have no initiative, no will of their own. There is no meeting of minds, and true cooperation becomes impossible. Neither does Mr. Green withdraw labor's opposition to the alleged elimination of waste through excessive speeding up. The piece-work program of the early school of scientific management was a carrot in front of the donkey's nose. It has had its day, and no cooperation is possible on such a basis. So far, so good. But what made the speech important was that Mr. Green appealed not to the owners of industry but straight to the technical managers. "Financial changes have taken place, until now through the diversified ownership of corporations, management control has supplanted personal-ownership control." He proposes an alliance between those who between them operate industry—the worker and the technician.

WE ARE GLAD OF IT—glad and not greatly surprised to learn that quadrupling the postal rate on newspapers and periodicals mailed by individuals (meaning you, gentle reader) has resulted in an actual shrinkage in receipts from that source, although the purpose was, by increasing revenue, to help to meet higher salaries. It was obvious at a glance that the [illegible] rates fixed at the last session of Congress were, in general, ill-considered and unjust, but sticking out like a sore thumb among the rest was the action whereby the rest of mailing periodicals, although [illegible] for publication, was [illegible] of one cent for four ounces to a charge of two cents for every two ounces. Thus a reader of *The Nation* who a year ago could mail an ordinary thirty-two page issue to a friend for one cent now has to pay four cents. Since this extraordinary increase has resulted in a loss of revenue, Postmaster General New has decided to recommend that the present rate be reduced by one-half. That will still leave it twice as high as before, but some increase is not unreasonable. Experience so far indicates that the recent postal increases as a whole will give added revenues of about $32,000,000 a year, or not quite half of the amount added to the pay roll. Congress will have to tackle the postal rates again this winter, and we hope will make a better job of it than last time.

HAITI IS CARRYING ON. Ten years ago, while Europe was engrossed in the World War, the United States took advantage of an uprising to land troops in the republic, although neither foreign lives nor property was endangered. A President of our choosing and a treaty by which Haiti surrendered much of her sovereignty were forced upon the people, and in 1917 a new constitution which Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has boasted he himself wrote was presented for adoption. When the Legislature refused to accept it, that body was dissolved and Haiti has since been under American military rule with a certain number of native puppets as window-dressing. Even the Roosevelt constitution provides for the election of a legislature every other year, but the American occupation, violating its own instrument, has denied the right. When the term of Puppet-President Dartiguenave expired in 1922 our military dictators, acting under some exceedingly doubtful "transitory provisions" of the Roosevelt constitution, had their hand-picked Council of State elect a successor in Louis Borno. His term expires next year and a legislature to choose his successor should be elected on January 10. Puppet-President Borno has refused to call such an election, but the Patriotic Union is urging voters to go to the polls (which are to be open for the selection of some minor officials) and cast ballots for a new legislature anyhow. In retaliation the representatives of American democracy have again clapped into jail Jolibois, the editor of the *Courrier Haitien*, and have seized his printing plant. The spirit of the Haitians is splendid. If they can keep up the fight, we of the United States will recognize some day that we have been guilty of grand larceny and will demand that the receivers of the loot disgorge.

THE MATTEOTTI TRIAL will not take place until January; meanwhile the cheerful farce continues. All but the five presumable assassins have been released, including Cesare Rossi, Giovanni Marinelli, and Filippo Filippelli, who by their own confessions or that of others actively implicated were not without foreknowledge of the plot. At the same time a most extraordinary set of findings has just been issued by the Court of Public Prosecutions. Exonerating everyone concerned in the matter of "premeditated murder," the court takes pains to explain why it was impossible for Matteotti's death to have been anything but accidental. In the first place, Matteotti was not an important figure in the Socialist Party and no one would ever have thought of murdering him; he was not murdered in order to gain possession of certain secret documents, because all witnesses have combined to testify that the docu-

ments never existed; he was kidnapped in broad daylight under the most public circumstances, which would indubitably indicate that nothing so violent as murder was contemplated; he was murdered a considerable distance from the scene of the kidnapping, and it would obviously have been simpler, if murder had been planned in the first place, to do away with him on the spot; finally, a strong chain was found in the possession of one of the conspirators, which of course proves that nothing like murder was ever intended. The court, therefore, is happy to release all but the five unfortunates who inadvertently did the Socialist deputy to death. Since the unlucky Matteotti had the bad taste to engage in a struggle with them in which he was killed, it is not quite possible to charge them only with the crime of kidnapping. But sufficient thought on the part of the court will doubtless discover that murder with intent to kidnap is, after all, only a minor offense, and the case will be closed pleasantly for everyone.

A COMPANY CALLED British Pictures has announced plans for the establishment of a large motion-picture studio near London, and thus offers the latest of many proposals for the development of the languishing film industry of Great Britain. For a number of years the vision of possible profits has made more acute the patriotic fear lest English audiences should be completely Americanized through the cinema, and a law requiring all theaters to exhibit a certain number of British films has been seriously considered. Yet in spite of all efforts British pictures have never been either good enough or numerous enough to count for anything. Meanwhile America, far from having any similar cause for worry, is faced with the possibility of seeing the theater itself become merely an appendage to this too prosperous industry. William Fox, president of the Fox Film Company, has undertaken to finance five New York theatrical producers merely in order to secure the picture rights to such plays as attain sufficient popular success to make them promising film ventures. Since any dramatic production must be completely rewritten before it is filmed, the only advantage to be gained by having it performed as a play is the publicity and prestige which it receives. Thus Mr. Fox's action is essentially nothing more than an attempt to reduce the New York theater to the position of an advertising medium for the movies.

IN THIS ERA of Calvin Coolidge it is worth more than passing notice that the League for Industrial Democracy is getting ready to celebrate its twentieth birthday. It may well feel proud that it has survived the war and post-war changes in American thought and is today stronger and more active than ever before. To be sure, in the course of these twenty years the league has changed its name and somewhat altered its scope. But it has always kept the line of historic continuity. Beginning in 1905 as the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, under the auspices of such men as Jack London, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Upton Sinclair, it has steadily kept before itself its educational mission in our colleges. Last year its officers spoke in some 142 colleges and universities scattered all over the United States. It was the father of the recently formed American Committee on Justice to China and has set up under its auspices a working Committee on Coal and Super Power which issued the important proposals for permanent peace in the coal fields outlined in our last issue [page 641]. The man more responsible than any other for these years of successful activity is Harry W. Laidler, who has been connected with the society from the start. He will preside at the birthday dinner on December 30, when twenty years of social pioneering will be celebrated by the friends of the league and of the cause of industrial freedom.

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS are usually as unsatisfactory to the students who try to read them as they are to all adult outsiders. The conservatism of youth is nowhere more depressing than it is on campuses where undergraduate editors never, apparently, so much as try to avoid the traditional extremes on the one hand of the sickly-aesthetics literary monthly and on the other hand of the athletic daily designed for adolescent Babbitts. Hence the distinction of a new publication at the University of Wisconsin edited by John Schindler and Carl Rakosi. The *Issue* will appear monthly, but it has utterly cast off the form of the conventional college monthly devoted, as one of the editorials in the first number puts it, "solely to the moon, stars, flowers, love, and the general frustrations of the English Department." It looks like a daily, yet in turn it has cast off the "naughty-naughty geniality" of the typical campus newspaper, and it puts a positive taboo upon such subjects as football, fraternities, and petting. The remarkable thing about the *Issue*, if it keeps up, will be its combination of critical seriousness and lively intelligence. This first number, being concerned in the main with university policies, really bites into its subject with articles on The Wisconsin Idea, The Wisconsin Plan, President Frank, and—by corollary—Progressivism in Politics. Extraordinarily able book reviews round out a number dedicated on the whole to "something more than the ordinary run of college puns and infantile sentiments." We wish the *Issue* all success; and we sincerely hope that we do not miss its forthcoming article on Magazines One Need Not Read.

IN ORDER THAT our readers may have a breath of the bracing, intellectual air that pervades American colleges, we quote the following editorial from the *Daily Maroon* of the University of Chicago for October 14:

> The rushing of high-school athletes for the university is now the business of the Intramural Department. . . .
>
> This committee is a regularly organized activity, maintaining offices [illegible] year round. Its work is necessary if the university is to maintain its present position in intercollegiate athletics. Through its work, which last year was concentrated into the [illegible] days of the interscholastic meets, many promising high-school boys who would normally have gone to their State universities were induced to come here.
>
> The new division of responsibility, coupled with the new continuous policy of the Athletic Department, will make for far greater efficiency than ever before and for a diversion of high-school athletes from the whole nation. We lose many men every year who might bring credit to us through the naturally stronger appeal of the State universities. We are compelled to counteract this attraction by intensive though rigidly honorable methods. Since this is so, we must use the best tactics possible in assembling athletes from the whole country.

Noble work! Three cheers for the professional athletics which college students fondly imagine are amateur! Long live higher education!

Militarizing America's Youth

WHAT happened in the Great War, fought ostensibly to end war, to turn American college campuses into parade grounds? What facts in the present situation lead us to trust for the preservation of peace to the military training of high-school boys? It is time that we Americans should face these questions squarely and ask ourselves where we are going.

The War Department thinks it knows. It is using military training in high schools, colleges, and summer camps as the nearest thing it can get to universal military training and service. In General Pershing's language it is popularizing "by all available methods" the "preparation for military service." These methods include compulsion in some 197 secondary schools and colleges wherever complaisant trustees can be found to enforce it. They include all sorts of rewards and blandishments from cash to glory where compulsion as yet is not or cannot be applied. They include also plain misrepresentation. Thus American fathers and mothers are assured by the preface of the Junior Reserve Officers' Training Corps Manual: "The purpose of this book is not to make soldiers out of your boys but to develop them physically, morally, and mentally into the best type of citizens, capable of defending our flag should anything arise." The army officers are officially instructed: "Always remember that men are the material being trained and molded for the work of battle. . . . They are being trained to be soldiers." And the students are told: "Success in battle, whether attack or defense, is the aim of all military training."

Such are some of the facts that have been brought out in the recent revolt of the students in colleges as far apart as the University of Washington and the College of the City of New York against compulsory military training. These revolts are encouraging; they have nowhere been crushed by temporary defeat, but only in Pomona and the University of Wisconsin have the students won. And in the high schools there has been no shadow of revolt. In short, the problem is for the nation; not alone for the students.

So much is made clear by the timely appearance and wide circulation of Winthrop D. Lane's pamphlet on "Military Training in Schools and Colleges," with a foreword signed by more than fifty influential Americans including four United States Senators. Mr. Lane's quiet, carefully documented statement of fact ought to undermine the foundations of the elaborate structure of militarism which is rising with dangerous rapidity.

We have been told, even by liberals, that it is folly to speak of the R. O. T. C. in our colleges as contributing to the "structure of militarism." It promotes little enthusiasm for drill and less for war. The officers in charge are of high caliber. The Daily *Princetonian* in commending the fight of the College of the City of New York against compulsion spoke in the highest praise of the quality of leadership in the elective training course at Princeton. Now all these things may be true without proving that military training is innocuous. Military drill has never in any land made the average man *like* war; it has made him *accept* it. And that is what counts. The man who has taken military science even under compulsion as part of the price of his education, still more the man who has taken it for money or honor, has given hostages to the future. He is part of a system which in an emergency he cannot desert without some feeling of disloyalty. That is what the officers in charge know and that is the result they seek. Moreover, too many of them not merely teach a general acceptance of war and the warrior's interpretation of history; they point to specific possible enemies—usually Japan—and thereby directly menace peace. We happen to know a corps commander in charge of R. O. T. C. work in an important area. He is an officer and a gentleman who has risen by hard work. He confided to some of his friends that if only the Great War had lasted a little longer he would have been a brigadier general. By personal preference he desires peace, not war. But he simply cannot imagine a world without war. He honestly loves the army. He is infinitely credulous concerning all the "menaces," red and yellow, domestic and foreign, which bring such fearsome thrills to the National Security League.

Such is militarism whether in Prussia, France, or America. Let it continue to march hand in hand with American economic imperialism and this our country will become by reason of its very might the worst obstacle to the peace of the world. And in this process of militarization, as Mr. Lane points out, the universities may find that by giving over to the War Department such large areas of academic life to control they are introducing an element possibly more dangerous to academic freedom than ecclesiasticism or big business.

Now this situation which has stolen upon the people more or less unawares is by no means irremediable. That is proved by the fight in the colleges and by the weight of some of the signatures indorsing Mr. Lane's pamphlet. The most obvious objectives are (1) the entire abolition of military training in secondary schools where by the universal agreement of psychologists and educators it does not belong; and (2) the abolition of compulsion in the colleges. The former is in the hands of boards of education; the latter of boards of trustees and regents. It would be a great gain if both these ends could be obtained.

But the real remedy for the militarizing of our most ambitious youth goes deeper. It is not enough that students should not be compelled to take military training; they should not be bribed or cajoled into it. It is high time for Congress to amend the law and stop the appropriations which subvert our institutions of learning from their proper function of education for peace. Tribes and nations since history began have sought safety by sacrificing the bright years of youth, its hopes and dreams, to war or preparation for war. And their sacrifices have been in vain. It is for our colleges to discover a better and nobler way of happiness and safety. To ask them, of all places, to become temples of a militarist cult, dedicated to the god of battles—this is to ask of them a betrayal of their very souls. For they exist to woo the young man to love of science and art, beauty and truth. These are not purely national; they are not born of war; they are stifled by the discipline of the martinet. They spring from the peaceful intercourse of peoples and the commerce of great minds; they grow strong only in the free air of fearless inquiry. In their increase is our hope. It is a hope not found in any military manual.

The Civilian Aircraft Problem

So far as civilian flying is concerned, we agree with the recommendations of the special commission appointed by President Coolidge to deal with aircraft problems. The Morrow commission does not suggest direct subsidies, but does urge the establishment of a bureau of air navigation under an additional assistant secretary of commerce, the progressive extension of the air-mail service, preferably by contract, and additional airways and air-navigation facilities, including adequate weather reports. In addition, the Morrow board advises that governmental research in aeronautic science be actively continued and that the industry be aided by the adoption of a policy of continuity in orders and a standard rate of replacement, only those manufacturing companies to be utilized which maintain adequate engineering staffs.

So far, so good. If the Government really sets itself to the task of encouraging civilian flying we ought to be able to make some progress. But the fact is that today we lag incredibly behind other countries, yet our public is calmly assured that in material and personnel we are keeping up with the great advances abroad. This we deny. There is not a single commercial passenger line in service in America today. All over Europe there are well-established lines with as regular departures and arrivals as any railroad trains, and with a minimum of fatalities. Months ago the German-Russian Air Travel Company celebrated the completion of flights between Moscow and Königsberg which totaled 1,000,000 kilometers. There is a daily service between the cities. There are some twenty daily airplane departures from Hamburg over regularly established routes, and some of these serve not merely the largest cities of Germany but comparatively small ones as well. In England there are four commercial air routes, the most important being those between London and Paris and London and Cologne. The problem is a difficult one because of the seasonal gales over the Channel and the North Sea, and yet there, too, the accidents are few, although they are bad enough when they occur. We have no single airplane in America comparable to one which the Imperial Airways is shortly to put in service on the London-Paris route. This machine weighs eight tons and is fitted with three engines which develop 1,200 horse-power. With only two engines running the airplane can make ninety-five miles an hour; with two out of commission it can still keep going. The ventilation is electrically controlled and the "drumming," which is so sickening to many passengers, is, it is claimed, entirely eliminated. This company alone carried 541 tons of freight in 1924; it will make 5,000 flights in 1925.

In view of these achievements it seems really incredible that we have no lines in service between Boston, New York, and Washington and between New York and Chicago. This is the more difficult to understand because, as the Hoover Committee on Civil Aviation which made its report on November 4, last, declares: "Topographical and meteorological conditions in the United States are in general favorable to air navigation." This Hoover committee also went on record as being strongly opposed to direct governmental subsidy. With that policy we are in hearty accord, but the committee seems justified in recommending that the Government provide funds for the design and construction by private industry of special aircraft and equipment under the joint direction of the executive heads of all departments concerned. The Government might also arrange with private individuals to offer prizes and bonuses for the best type of commercial airplane and for the company successfully completing the first one hundred commercial flights. We confess that we cannot understand the failure of American initiative and enterprise to enter this field. From time to time we hear rumors of the establishment of this or that company, as, for instance, one headed by the former Assistant Secretary of War, Benedict Crowell, the promise being that this organization would have German airships in service for night flights between New York and Chicago by the spring of 1926. The unfortunate catastrophe to the Shenandoah would probably make the establishment of such a service extraordinarily difficult; yet it is possible if only competent and experienced men, irrespective of nationality, be employed.

The Morrow commission, so far as civil aviation is concerned, is almost entirely of the same view as the Hoover committee. With these two bodies making virtually similar recommendations, Congress is in a position to act upon a basis of fact. But even the establishment of an assistant secretaryship of commerce will not do much. Commercial aviation will be established here only when business men can be interested in taking it up and developing it precisely as they did the automobile. That time ought not to be far distant.

A Literary Executioner

"IF a poem have genius," said Dryden in 1681, "it will force its own reception in the world; for there is a sweetness in good verse which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will." The author of "Absalom and Achitophel" was speaking of satirical verse, and the truth of what he said applies more strictly to satire in general than it does to poetry in general. So strictly does it apply to satire, indeed, that one may appropriate it to another use in these days when satire is no longer composed in couplets; one may speak of the sweetness in good prose which tickles even while it hurts. One might wish for a more perfect method than exists of determining just how much pleasure is given to the victim of an excellent diatribe. There is no record, for instance, that the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Duke of Buckingham cut joyful capers in 1681 when they read what Dryden had to say of them as Achitophel and Zimri. One can only insist that the victims ought to be tickled—according to the principle, if none other, that the function of art is to please. And one can always fall back upon the fact that at any rate a third party, composed of more or less innocent bystanders, is rendered happy by the slaughter.

Such a piece of excellent prose is Ernest Boyd's article in the current *American Mercury* on the followers of Walt Whitman. Now, we should never undertake to ascertain the precise pleasure which the persons whom Mr. Boyd believes to be the literary descendants of Whitman will derive from a perusal of this article. Nor could we guarantee that the blindest of Whitman's admirers will find it even in the slightest delectable. But, since we consider ourselves members of neither camp, and therefore are under no necessity of plucking poisoned arrows from our bosom, we freely admit the joy we have taken in the spectacle of Mr. Boyd's sheer skill in denunciation.

He is a rare phenomenon in these lean days of satire, and it is as such that he needs to be recognized. Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, and Pope in their respective generations let fly their spears of anointed contempt. The quarterly reviewers of the early nineteenth century in England continued the tradition; Poe nourished it in America in the thirties and forties; Churton Collins on Edmund Gosse and W. E. Henley on Stevenson proved themselves a generation ago to be worthy successors of Jeffrey and Lockhart. Now Mr. Boyd employs the highly suitable medium of the *Mercury* for a series of essays in every way comparable to the best pieces executed by his predecessors. He is all but unique in his day—if Norman Douglas, author of a recent attack on D. H. Lawrence in England, be excepted as the serious competitor he is. Mr. Mencken, after all, indicts a whole people; Mr. Boyd indicts persons, or at any rate small groups of persons who can be identified if one takes the trouble.

The circumstance that Mr. Boyd is wrong in most of his inferences and facts has nothing to do with the value of his article as art. It is not to the satirists with their *indignatio* that we go for literary history or even for literary criticism. Dryden was partially wrong about Shadwell, and Henley's strictures upon Stevenson were irrelevant to any discussion of the latter's work. And so there should not be too much cause for resentment in Mr. Boyd's careless connecting of Whitman with the "aesthetic circles" whom he so heartily despises today. His processes seem to have been simple enough. He hated Whitman. He hated the *Dial* and Miss Marianne Moore. So he pretended to prove that the *Dial* and Miss Moore are the progeny of the Manhattan bard. Actually to prove this would require labor of a soberer sort than satirists have ever been known to undertake. There is the very respectable theory, for instance, that the "aesthetes" come straight out of France. The scholar would at least announce this theory before denouncing it. What does the satirist do? Having quoted one of the flimsiest passages to be found in all of Whitman, he declares that "the transition is inevitable" to "the great deluge of Futurism, Dadaism, Ultraism, and Super-realism beneath which modern literature is now submerged"; and quotes as an instance of the latter almost a column of Marianne Moore.

Supposing, however, that Mr. Boyd's literary history holds water—his criticism does not. If the aesthetes are damned by their derivation, it does not follow by any law of criticism that the father shall be damned for his children. The greatest of writers have worked havoc among their imitators. Shakespeare perhaps ruined the poetic drama until Yeats, and Milton certainly spoiled blank verse until Wordsworth. But we do not blame Shakespeare and Milton, as Mr. Boyd seems to blame Whitman. Nor would any responsible critic blame Whitman for the fact that his followers preferred his dogma to his art, or even for that preference in Whitman himself. Some of the best of poets have misunderstood themselves; Wordsworth, as it happens, overrated his philosophy also. Whitman was, of course, absurd when he said: "I don't value the poetry in what I have written so much as the teaching." He is valuable for what his practice preaches—that great poetry can be written in new forms. The fact that Mr. Boyd is blind to the beauty of those forms matters little either in the criticism of Whitman or in the criticism of Mr. Boyd as satirist.

"The Enemy"

IN a world flooded with propaganda it is, it seems, an offense to produce a drama with a lesson to teach and a doctrine to expound. At least this is the only possible deduction from the lukewarmness of the metropolitan press to Mr. Channing Pollock's remarkable play "The Enemy." Received in small cities with praise so unbounded as to suggest gross extravagance, it was briefly dismissed or overlooked by one New York critic or another on the ground that it was pacifist doctrine which was produced less for stage than propaganda purposes. It did not matter that the play was brilliantly acted and that its action was simple, straightforward, and extraordinarily affecting. It was a play with a purpose and a mission, and so it received brief space compared to that bestowed upon the latest "girl show" musical comedy. This fact affects a layman curiously because one has always been told that the stage must hold up the mirror to nature. If "The Enemy" does not reflect the actual life of not one but millions of families during the tragic days of the World War, we cannot imagine what could.

There is but one setting from beginning to end—the sitting-room of a professor's flat in Vienna, within which are enacted in miniature the misery, suffering, and starvation, the grief and the spiritual horror of the war which was but a foul conspiracy against the truth and the right from beginning to end and on every side. Mr. Pollock has been bold enough to let us look at the war from the Austrian side through the eyes of a professor who opposed the war and of his daughter who pays the price in the loss of her bridegroom and of the child his father never saw. There is nothing original or strikingly novel in the plot. These are familiar figures all: the profiteer; the aspiring playwright who goes back on his pacifist theories when war is declared; the professor who sticks to his beliefs and loses his professorship for asking everybody the unanswerable question, Why are we at war and what is it all about?; the young Englishman beloved of all until England enters the war, when he is stabbed in the house that he loved; the journalist who without cause incites his countrymen to war and comes back shell-shocked to experience the ingratitude of his employers; and the soldier-servant who brings back the tidings of the playwright's death just as he is expected to return to his home. These are simple ingredients to work with and there are no startling dramatic scenes save the return of the soldier-servant with the horror of it all upon him—a really amazing piece of acting by Harold Vermilye. Yet the play reaches thrilling heights and profoundly stirs audiences, growing in number, whose memories react sharply to the picture presented; who at last realize that they were enmeshed in lies from which we are just beginning to escape.

"A great play" is a phrase so overworked as to be utterly trite, yet we cannot withhold it from one which so honestly earns it as "The Enemy." But Mr. Pollock has done more than write a remarkable drama; he has rendered a service to his country and to the cause of civilization. If our public has seen enough worth in "Abie's Irish Rose" to keep it going for four years, it ought to keep "The Enemy" on the boards as long as has been "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We will add that the present caste is admirable, notably Fay Bainter as the bride and widow and Russ Whytal as the professor-father.

The Aircraft Monopoly

By H. L. SCAIFE

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ANY real investigation by the President's aircraft board or by the Lampert aircraft committee would be worthless unless it inquired into the activities of Howard E. Coffin, C. M. Keys, and their associates of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association, which has been accused on the floors of Congress of being a trust organized and maintained in violation of law. Inquiry must also be made as to the alleged activities of these men in maintaining an espionage system with secret agents attending official hearings and as to what funds, if any, have been disbursed by persons or corporations for such espionage work, propaganda, or for any other activities relating to the subject of the investigations.

The standard of patriotism of the Bureau of Aircraft Production during the war (with which the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association and Howard E. Coffin, president of the Government's aircraft board, had relations) was manifested when the Hindenburg line was still unbroken and plans were on foot to send a second army overseas. At that critical moment a call was made on the Bureau of Aircraft Production for volunteers to officer the proposed army, with the result that out of its hundreds of officers wearing uniforms and not engaged in flying there were seven volunteers for the firing line! That was the standard of morale when the dismal war failure was made, and, in the conditions which exist today, we are not permitted to forget the past. The fact is that this same Bureau of Aircraft Production, organized and manned during the days of Coffin and Deeds, was later absorbed in the post-war aviation organization. Its proteges are a part of the aircraft bureaucracy of today, while the men who protest against these sickening conditions have their necks placed under the heels of the protectors and apologists of those who jeopardized the life of America in time of war.

American aviation has a long list of martyrs to duty which began during the war and continues until today. A committee seeking the truth, and with none of its members under a cloud, would discover, in the following cases among many, the methods used to silence and discredit those who have voiced complaints:

1. Major General William L. Kenly, former head of the Bureau of Military Aeronautics, relieved from duty and demoted from the rank of major general to a colonelcy after testifying before the Thomas Senate committee as to conditions in the air service.

2. A colonel who, because he testified that there were no American-made fighting planes in France, was deprived by the War Department of receiving decorations which a foreign government sought to bestow upon him for overseas services.

3. A major in the Army Air Service who was confined to an insane ward after persisting in making complaints and who was restored to duty after the matter was quietly taken up by friends in Congress.

4. A former member of the Lafayette Escadrille who was placed in an institution for the insane after warning men he was training of defects in aeroplanes made by the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation, and who alleges that he was previously warned that this would happen to him if his criticisms did not cease.

5. A pioneer aviator whose airplane was destroyed by incendiary bullets at McCook Field before he had been allowed to fly it and after he had been awarded a distinguished-service certificate by the War Department for the design.

6. An independent aircraft manufacturer who after the war was sent on a mission which carried with it imminent risk of death and who was later framed up and thrown out of government employment. Although the charges against him have been investigated by two departments of the Government and pronounced unfounded he is today discredited, and his name as a reserve officer has been removed from the rolls of the Navy Department because of these charges.

7. The legal adviser of the chief of the Army Air Service who was discharged while appearing before a Senate committee where he offered information in regard to the alleged disappearance of 122 carloads of material, planes, and parts of planes belonging to the United States and valued at more than $900,000, from the Elizabeth, New Jersey, plant of a Japanese aircraft company, which was one of the original members of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association.

These and numerous other definite and specific cases of misconduct, the evidence of which has been accessible to the President's aircraft board and to the Lampert aircraft committee, have not been made the subject of inquiry and such conditions stand unexposed and unrebuked.

While reports of aircraft investigations have usually been made public, this has not always been the case regarding the testimony and hearings on which the reports have been based. During the war when the investigation of Charles E. Hughes was under way and witnesses were testifying as to the conduct of men who were responsible for the aircraft debacle during the war and are still awarded government contracts, a record of the testimony was not made public for the alleged reason that information might fall into the hands of the "enemy." Although we have celebrated our seventh anniversary of the armistice, the Hughes hearings which should be available in libraries have not been published nor is there a copy available for public inspection.

When the hearings of the Thomas Senate committee were published, that portion of the testimony on which it based its findings that methods of the Government's aircraft board and the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association were vicious and intended to reap large profits by taking advantage of the necessities of the Government, was not included in the printed volumes[2] and the typewritten

[1] Congressional Record, August 27, 1918, page 9823.

[2] Hearings before the Subcommittee of the Committee on Military Affairs, United States Senate, 65th Congress, second session.

record of the testimony of the witnesses has long since been missing in the archives of the Committee on Military Affairs.

The President's aircraft board and the Lampert aircraft committee failed to call more than fifty available witnesses, some of whom had testified before the Thomas Senate committee and many of whom were the pioneer inventors and independent manufacturers whose sacrifices, broken bones, and mortgaged homes gave aviation to the world. When the Lampert aircraft committee was holding hearings in New York, ostensibly for the purpose of taking the testimony of a group of these pioneers who claimed that they were crushed and driven out of business by the so-called air trust, these witnesses were not called to the stand. According to press reports Representative Perkins, speaking for the committee at a banquet in its honor, made an announcement to the effect that "business" had nothing to fear from the committee's work.

The recent investigations have covered every conceivable phase of the subject except the one that contains the crux of the situation. It is an old saying that if you take the profits out of crime there will be no crime. The solution of our aircraft troubles will be found in the answers to the following questions:

1. Who got the money?
2. What has been done with those who got the money?
3. What is going to be done with those who let the guilty escape?

In the thousands of pages of testimony it will be found that there has been no digging in the broad fields of malversation. In crimes against the government, "the love of money is the root of all evil." While the Thomas Senate committee set forth in its report unthinkable methods of aircraft monopoly practiced against independent manufacturers of aircraft who sought to obtain government contracts, it was clearly stated in that report[3] that

> No attempt has been made to investigate charges of personal dishonesty or official corruption. That subject more properly belongs to the Department of Justice, which under the direction of the Hon. Charles E. Hughes has been conducting an inquiry of its own regarding that and other phases of the subject.

It will be recalled that in no instance have the recommendations for prosecutions proposed in the Hughes report been carried out, and after that investigation, conducted during the war, no presidential board or congressional committee was especially authorized to investigate acts of malversation in connection with the air services, until the appointment by the House of Representatives of the Select Committee of Inquiry into Operations of the United States Air Services, known as the Lampert aircraft committee.

In ordering the investigation intrusted to the Lampert aircraft committee, the authority and direction from the House of Representatives to investigate financial wrongdoing and malversation were plenary and mandatory and any failure to do so would subject the committee to just censure by Congress and the people. House Resolution 192,[4] which was agreed to on March 24, 1924, directed the committee to inquire into the operations of the Government's air services and provided that

> said inquiry shall include investigation of contracts, settlements, or audits thereof, letters, expenditures, reports, receipts, or other documents in any way connected with any or all transactions of the said United States Army Air Service, the United States Naval Bureau of Aeronautics, the United States Mail Air Service, or any agency, branch, or subsidiary of either, and any corporations, firms, or individuals or agencies having any transactions with or being in any manner associated with or controlled or regulated by the said air service.

The Lampert aircraft committee was appointed on March 24, 1924. In view of the fact that the Lampert committee was appointed to investigate charges made on the floor of Congress that men were being killed through criminal negligence and that a speedy report as to the truth of the charges was due to be returned to the House of Representatives, the record of this committee for neglect of duty is probably the worst in the annals of Congress. The Lampert committee did not begin its formal hearings until December 12, 1924, nine months after it was appointed. Although information was read into the record of the House of Representatives on April 15, 1924,[5] that in the opinion of the Department of Justice the statute of limitations would expire in important war-fraud cases on November 12, 1924, the Lampert committee, failing to meet and protest against inaction, must accept a responsibility in the final escape of the war grafters from prosecution.

Notwithstanding the mandatory character of the resolution as to the scope of the investigation which was demanded by the House of Representatives, the Lampert committee upon its organization adopted as a steering chart and as the "Scope of the Inquiry" a questionnaire[6] which was unresponsive to the resolution in detail and in effect and which begins the investigation with the following interrogations:

1. Is war in the future a possibility?

A. Is the United States in a position where we need any further protection against, or preparation for, war?

B. Within what period is it probable, so far as a forecast can he hazarded, war will come?

C. What nation or nations would be our probable enemies in event of such a war?

2. Where will the next war be fought?

Nowhere in the questionnaire is there an opportunity to squeeze in a line of inquiry on the questions raised in the House resolution or to develop the facts as to

1. Who got the money?
2. What has been done with those who got the money?
3. What will be done with those who allow the guilty to escape?

Volume VI of the hearings of the Lampert aircraft committee consists of 604 pages devoted to an index to the 3,558 printed pages of hearings. The index volume comprises 35,969 items, and under the subjects of "Fraud and Corruption" and "Graft" the following testimony alone is cited, viz.:

	Page
Fraud and corruption not proved—Coffin.....	1277
Fraud, claims involving, not numerous—Stoeckell....	874
Graft, absent in negotiations—Keys.....	1386
Graft, allegations have not been made—Weeks....	3017

[3] *Congressional Record*, August 22, 1918, page 9330.
[4] *Congressional Record*, March 24, 1924, page 4815.
[5] Page 6416.
[6] Hearings, page 88.

On January 23, 1925, Howard E. Coffin, former chairman of the Government's aircraft board, now president of the National Air Transport, Inc., and at present a member of the President's new aircraft board to report on the aircraft situation for the benefit of the President and Congress, testified before the Lampert aircraft committee[7] as follows:

> Mr. Lea. Now, Mr. Coffin, . . . Do you know of any case where any real case of moral turpitude has developed?
>
> Mr. Coffin. Only cases where, perhaps, a man who was a bookkeeper or a clerk got away with a few dollars.

Again, Mr. Coffin testified[8] as follows:

> The accomplishments of the War Department in aviation were easily among its best in the war—cranks and manufactured public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is hardly conceivable that the members of the Lampert committee are not aware that since the exposures on the floors of Congress in 1922 there have been annual appropriations by Congress of $500,000, increased during the last session to an annual appropriation of $1,000,000, for the maintenance of a War Frauds Bureau in the Department of Justice and that numerous aircraft contracts involving millions of dollars, pronounced fraudulent by officials of the War Department itself, have been awaiting prosecution in the Department of Justice for more than three years. In September the Lampert committee disqualified itself from rendering any report when Chairman Lampert released a statement for the afternoon papers in which he said: "Problems are too complicated for congressional determination."

On September 12, 1925, three days after this statement was given to the press by Chairman Lampert, a presidential aircraft board, with Howard E. Coffin named as one of the investigators, was announced, but apparently it was not directed to discover what is wrong with the air service.

In fact, the gist of the President's instructions to his new air board—known as the Morrow committee—was reported in the press as follows:

> I feel that your efforts will result in bringing out the good qualities of the air service and in suggesting what action can be taken for improvement.

If America, whose genius gave the art of heavier-than-air flight to the world, has the brains and the money and pilots with unsurpassed records, why has she lost her place in the sun?

The answer will not be found in the hearings or in the reports of the President's aircraft board and the Lampert aircraft committee. If we are to correct the evils of our air services, accurate and reliable information for the public is necessary. Without it no findings or conclusions can have weight.

While the Lampert aircraft committee has washed the outside of the cup, the Morrow board has done the same for the platter. The application of the nursery rhyme is for the kindergarten class in public affairs:

> Simple Simon went a-fishing
> For to catch a whale;
> All the water he had got
> Was in his mother's pail.

[*In his first article, published last week, Captain Scaife summarized the history of the aircraft frauds. His final article, next week, will deal with the Morrow committee report and its suppression of the facts.*]

[7] Hearings, page 1271.
[8] *Ibid.*, page 1210.

Reservations

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

GETTING married with reservations is a ticklish business. You have to be sure the reservations are as binding as the marriage. To join some fifty other nations of diverse cultural, ethnological, political, and economic conditions in the upbuilding of a court empowered to decide controversies between sovereigns is a momentous step. It is worse than that; we think it a dull business, and so we turn from it as a recondite riddle reserved for international lawyers. There we err; for, once we examine the project, the problems emerge with the clearness of mountain peaks.

To begin with: What is the object of a world court? Obviously, to prevent war by substituting justice for arms. But the moment we make that answer two further questions pop up. Is the court's decision to be capable of enforcement? If so, how? To these inquiries I addressed myself in two preceding essays; in the former I sought to point out that behind the World Court, as now constituted, lurks the threat of the armed and economic power of the League of Nations and its entire membership for enforcement of the Court's decrees; in the latter I urged that the history of our country—of the relation of our Supreme Court to the States—shows that a world court, stripped of every vestige of such power and depending for its efficacy solely upon the support of public opinion, is a proved practical program.

Let me quote a man who evidently holds similar views: "When two great self-respecting nations deliberately agree to submit their controversy to the Court and actually do so," Senator Walsh recently wrote me, "neither can disregard its judgment. . . ." It was upon this principle that the Fathers wrote the Constitution. Does not that principle hold good today?

In February, 1923, Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, wrote President Harding proposing four reservations as conditions of our entry into the Court. With the second, third, and fourth reservations, the wisdom of which no one, I believe, gainsays, we need not at the moment concern ourselves further than to mention that they are designed to secure us a voice in the selection of judges, to assure that we pay a fair share of the Court's expense, and to prevent amendment of the Court's charter without our consent. I come to the first and far the most important reservation proposed by Mr. Hughes:

"In order to avoid any question"—I quote from the preamble of Mr. Hughes's letter—Mr. Hughes proposed that our entry into the Court

> shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part

of the United States to the League of Nations or the assumption of any obligations by the United States under the Covenant of the League of Nations.

What is to be deduced from this proposal? There are champions for entry into the World Court who declare that that Court is already wholly independent of the League; that my fear of Articles 13 and 16 is unfounded and absurd. Mr. Hughes's reservation shows that, in his mind at least, there is a real danger that the Court is tied to the League, else he would not have gone to the length of severing that tie.

To those who believe that a world court should be unsupported by any power but that of public opinion, this reservation, then, is welcome. But I ask whether it goes far enough. For while this reservation certainly frees us from the duty of joining with League members in exerting force to execute a world-court decision, does it exempt us from the exertion of force against us if we fail to comply with a decision?

To this question there are two possible answers. The first is that we will always obey and respect the Court's decision. But that is a fool's answer. "Always" is a long word. This Court is no mushroom, but an enduring structure. What kind of a court may render what kind of a judgment against us a century hence? Suppose we are then no longer the rich and powerful creditor nation. Suppose we are literally incapable of complying with the decree. Surely we should not take even the remotest risk of consenting in advance that the League shall have power to enforce such a judgment against us by war or economic boycott.

There is a second answer to the question I propounded; namely, that Mr. Hughes's reservation says just what I would have it mean. It may, but if it does, then the language, to me at least, is veiled. In so profoundly important a matter we cannot, however, afford to be left in doubt. The kind of words I could understand would say explicitly that our entry into the Court is conditioned on the agreement of the League and its members that no decree of the Court shall be enforcible either by the Court, the Council, or the League or its members through war or economic pressure. It is only in some such fashion, I submit, that we can make it forever clear that the Court's only sanction is public opinion.

John Marshall, defending the provisions in our Constitution for a federal judiciary (which were so feared by the States), asked the Virginia Convention this question:

> What is the service or purpose of a judiciary but to execute the laws in a peaceable, orderly manner, without shedding blood or creating a contest or availing yourself of force?

His question is peculiarly applicable to a world court. For, since the purpose of such a court is to avoid bloodshed, contest, and force, why not say so openly? Why not use plain words to divorce the Court utterly from the League? This does not at all require that we destroy the Court; quite the contrary, we make the Court stronger by making it independent. Is not this the path of expediency as well as of wisdom? Senator Borah has squarely stated in a letter to the president of Princeton University that on such terms his opposition to entry into the Court ceases. And as for the advocates of the Court, what is it they want? A court to bring us peace. Well, then, do they oppose a declaration that a court of peace shall not be buttressed by the power of war?

"Shall it be a coercion of law or a coercion arms? There is no other possible alternative." These words were spoken in 1787 by Oliver Ellsworth before the Connecticut Convention. His words hold good today.

The dilemma which faced the people of the United States in 1787 confronts us. We must choose between armies and acquiescence. The decrees of a world court must either be backed by force or must depend solely upon voluntary consent of the sovereign litigants. No other alternative is open. If we mean to do away with force and to depend only upon voluntary consent, let us say so.

The Exuberance of Senator Pepper

By FRANK R. KENT

THE truly good in this world are distressingly often misunderstood. This is particularly and painfully true in politics.

What incentive is there for the righteous and high-minded to slave for the people in public place if, in addition to the gibes of the wicked and unworthy on the other side, they have to bear up under total lack of appreciation from their friends?

Especially poignant are the wounds thus inflicted when the paeans of praise which have been poured out in behalf of these friends impose a slight strain upon the conscience.

Take for instance the case of Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania. Senator Pepper is a gentleman who has unselfishly sacrificed himself in order to serve his State and nation. It is not going too far to say that he will, if pressed, admit it. Whenever he speaks in the Senate or out he somehow manages to convey an idea of the nobility of his nature and the purity of his purposes, which is perhaps one of the reasons so many of his colleagues refer to him privately in language not printable in the record. His goodness grates on them.

Usually when Senator Pepper is on the stump it is his habit modestly but with charming candor to commend himself to his constituents, touching upon the value of his services and pointing out the great mistake it would be not to send him back to the Senate next year. Recently, however, departing slightly from his custom, the good Senator has devoted most of his speeches not to himself but to the most eloquent eulogies of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon yet delivered in any quarter. In praising these two highly placed gentlemen he has really reached inspired heights. No editorial writer on a Republican organ has been able to think of the things to say that he has. No other Republican Senator facing a fight in his State has gone as far as he. Not William M. Butler himself, whose reelection in Massachusetts wholly depends on his ability to ride the wave of the Coolidge popularity and who ranks as the President's closest friend, has spoken so warmly of him.

It would be natural to suppose this would make Senator Pepper stand ace high around the White House, that the inner Coolidge circle would regard him as the ideal statesman. Publicly they do, but privately it is sad to report some of those fairly close to the President look upon the Pennsylvania Senator with a cold and fishy eye. So far the excessive eulogies seem not to have disturbed Mr. Mellon, but it is a fact that friends of Mr. Coolidge here think that Senator Pepper is overdoing it somewhat so far as the President

court, the building of the cathedrals, the composing of Chaucer's poems and Shakespeare's plays, the downfall of the church in England, all took place in about half the time in which the poor little ten dollars is to be accumulating interest. Who has any right to suppose that events less momentous will not take place in the next ten centuries?

* * * * *

THE fate of the ten dollars can be readily imagined. In about the year 2025, when innumerable bank clerks have transferred the dead account through innumerable ledgers, when innumerable mistakes have been made in the computation of the interest, when a dozen bookkeepers have committed suicide because of it, when half as many bank presidents have cudgeled their brains over what to do with it, a council of international financiers will be called to debate the subject of the ill-fated ten dollars. It will be decided that the thing has gone far enough, and a fund will be established for the prevention of cruelty to gold fish, or some other worthy object. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Making the Cities' Business Businesslike

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past week some 150 people gathered at the Pantlind Hotel in Grand Rapids for the purpose of attending the twelfth annual convention of the International City Managers' Association. They came from all over the United States and several points in Canada. They represent a movement that now extends from Texas to Manitoba and from California to Maine—a movement that is probably contributing more than any other toward a professional and businesslike administration of government in the United States.

The character and quality of the program, the personality of the members, and the general atmosphere of the Grand Rapids convention stamped it as thoroughly professional in tone and character. The chief reason for this is that there are comparatively few men engaged in other lines of public service as a permanent career. Yet relative permanency is a prime prerequisite for the development of a professional spirit and attitude. It is also essential for the development of that expertness that distinguishes one calling from another.

On account of the importance of continuous service in the upbuilding of a profession, a brief summary of the length of service of the nucleus of the present city managers follows. These data are taken from the 1924 report of the City Managers' Association. Of a total of 350, two-thirds have served more than two years and over one-half have served more than three years, while 89 have exceeded four years, 59 five years, 33 six years, and 7 ten years. To properly evaluate these facts it is necessary to consider that the movement was only sixteen years old in 1924, and that Dayton, the first large city to adopt city-manager government, joined the ranks in 1914, that is, ten years previous to 1924.

Willingness to continue experienced men in the office of chief executive marks a striking departure from established procedure in the United States. It indicates that a growing body of our citizens no longer confuse or perhaps identify the power to get votes and the power to conduct public affairs successfully.

The chief contribution to public policy on the part of the city-manager government is, as one of the speakers pointed out, probably just here. It distributes functions according to capacity. The vote-getter, properly representing and interpreting the wishes of the people, is placed where he will do the most good, i. e., in the council, where policy is determined. On the other hand, the appointive expert, who is trained to handle the intricacies of modern city government, is placed where he will do the most good, namely, in the position of executor of policy. In other words, municipal politics are consigned to the municipal council or commission and municipal management is concentrated in the office of the expert executive. This allocation of functions represents a wholesome break with our time-honored faith in the universal capacity and competence of all good and loyal citizens for handling public affairs.

More specific evidence of the professional character of the City Managers' Association may be found in a review of the program of the recent convention. The subjects covered by a select group of speakers dealt with personnel control, with budget and accounting systems, zoning, traffic, fire prevention, with an analysis of the proper attitude of the city manager toward his commission, the public, and outside experts, with the ways and means of determining municipal efficiency on the basis of unit costs, and, finally, with a summary of the practical rules of conduct of the manager in his executive capacity.

The outlook for the city-manager movement is most promising. In the first place, there are only three of the 259 cities that have adopted it by popular vote and later abandoned it by the same method. Secondly, any investigation of the success of the city-manager government, made through requests to local business, professional, and labor organizations has resulted in almost unanimous approval. A committee of clubs of the city of Syracuse, for instance, recently published returns of this sort from eighty different cities with only one unfavorable report out of the total number.

With the accession of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Kansas City, and Rochester, the movement is entering a new phase. If the last three cities that have just adopted a city-manager charter are as successful as Cleveland's has been in its initial period, we may expect a rapid increase in the number of large cities under this type of government during the next decade.

Syracuse, N. Y., November 26 X. Y. Z.

Fur Mammy's Honey Boy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

Nobody ain't Christmas shoppin'
Fur *his* stockin'!

Nobody ain't cotch no Tukkey,
Nobody ain't bake no pie,
Nobody's laid nuthin' by,
"Santy" ain't got nuthin' hid
Fur his Mammy's little kid.

Seem like eve'body rushin'
An' er crushin',
Crowdin' shops an' jammin' trolleys,
Buyin' shoes an' shirts an' toys
Fur de *white* folk's girls an' boys,
But no hobby-horse ain't rockin'
By *his* little wore-out stockin'.

He ain't quar'lin', recollec',
He don't spec'
Nuthin'—it's his not expectin'
Makes his Mammy wish a Lawss'
Fur a *Po' Folks* Santy Claus
Totin' sump kind er toy
Fur his Mammy's honey boy!

Subscriptions toward a children's Christmas tree and dinner for poor colored children will be gratefully received by the pastor of the Union Baptist Church, the Rev. G. H. Sims, 131 West 131st Street, or by me, 163 Lexington Avenue.

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Books, Art, Plays

The Walls of Jericho

By JAMES RORTY

The words of this poem are intended to be spoken as an obbligato to the Negro spiritual, "Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jericho," the music of which is first heard as a faint humming accompaniment to the opening stanzas and gradually swells to a forte chorus at the end.

Watchman, what is your word?
The night is quiet, but that white stone
That rolls above the city is the same
Unpitying moon that shone
On Nineveh, on Babylon
After the kings were gone.

Watchman, what do you hear?
I hear the frantic voice of the unseen
Incessant whip-poor-will that raves
Of something lost; but it can mean
Nothing; it has never been.

Watchman, what do you see?
I see the outpost's fire that flickers red
Between the city and the dark; the black
Fagot wherewith the flame was fed,
Screamed for a while and bled.
Now it is dead.

Watchman, why do you shake?
I shake because there is no rain
To quench that fire, as they well know
Who kindled it; there will remain
Always the pain;
Something unslain.

Watchman, what of our city?
All's well and the streets are bright;
Few felt the cold when we achieved
Our heatless miracle of light.
Like ghosts bedight
They walk in light.

Watchman, our singers sleep!
Not so, but their frozen lips are sealed,
And though they break with furious hands
The altars where they kneeled,
Plow there is none to wield,
Barren is the field.

Watchman, our priests are fled!
Not so, they have gathered all
To the battlements; they shout and fling
Bread at the gates that the tall
Towers may stand, and the wall
May not fall.

Watchman, they come to slay!
Not so, there is no magic in the sword
Can slay what never lived.
Even so was poured
From heaven the word
Of the Lord.

Watchman, they march with songs!
Yes, they come singing; are we then so proud
Of our white silence? Yes, they come
Laughing and loud.
Unarmed, unbowed.

Watchman, your lips do move!
Yes, for I see the great walls fling
Their stones upon the plain,
And we too sing.

Joshua fit de Battle ob Jericho,
Jericho, Jericho.
Joshua fit de Battle ob Jericho,
And de walls come a-tumblin' down.

First Glance

THE success of "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," edited by James Weldon Johnson with musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson and Lawrence Brown (Viking Press: $3.50), is one of the most conspicuous signs that Negro folk music and Negro folk poetry are beginning to secure the general attention they have always deserved in America. For the book has become a best-seller, and concert halls which previously had opened only for Roland Hayes and Paul Robeson are filled these days with audiences come to hear less notable or even entirely unknown soloists. If the spirituals have come to be something of a fad among those who must seek each season for another thrill, and if many of the present devotees are bound to drop away before another winter brings its novelty, this does not matter a great deal. A new circle has been reached; the songs have settled that much more firmly into place. Not a few persons, of course, have always known and admired them, and they have by no means been neglected by musical and literary scholarship. Eleven years ago there was H. E. Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folk Songs," and the current year has seen in "The Negro and His Songs," by Odum and Johnson, an interesting attempt at historical and social analysis. But much still remains to be said.

For instance, there is the matter of origins. In his sensible introduction to the sixty-one songs which he has chosen Mr. Johnson touches this intricate subject in such a way as to make it merely tantalizing. Answering the not infrequent charge that the spirituals are derivative both in their music and in their words, he states as an axiom that they are original and lets it go at that. Now, neither of the two adjectives can have any meaning by itself. No excellent work of art can be wholly derivative, nor, on the other hand, can any work of art be wholly original. The problem of assessing originality is the problem of discovering where something came from and defining the qualities which it collected after it arrived. It was not Mr. Johnson's business to do this—it would take volumes, and I suspect that those volumes will some day be written; but he might have suggested the need of its being done. The

research, when it comes at last to be made, will take someone over obscure and fascinating ground—Africa, Europe, and our Southern States; it will pry into more than one primitive religion; it will base itself in part upon an understanding of racial rhythms—if, indeed, they exist; and it will at least skirt the territory of comparative literature.

R. Emmet Kennedy's "Mellows: A Chronicle of Unknown Singers" (Albert and Charles Boni: $5) parallels Mr. Johnson's volume at only a few points. Mr. Kennedy, while he furnishes musical arrangements for a considerable number of spirituals, gives specimens as well of work-songs and other "seculars"; while his particular emphasis is upon the "mellows" and "make-up" songs of the Louisiana Negro. His random sketches of the singers from whom he heard these pieces and his account of the general background from which the material comes are both of value for the picturesque information they preserve; and his versions of the better-known poems are unusually full. The book, however, is neither so rich nor so varied as I had hoped it would be.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Evolution of Farming

History of Agriculture in the Northern United States, 1620-1860. By Percy Wells Bidwell and John I. Falconer. Carnegie Institution of Washington. $4.

Readings in the Economic History of American Agriculture. Edited by Louis Bernard Schmidt and Earle Dudley Ross. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

A History of Agriculture in Europe and America. By Norman Scott Brien Gras. F. S. Crofts and Company. $3.50.

Rural Pennsylvania. By Ralph L. Watts. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH agriculture is old, organized agricultural research is exceedingly new. There are two reasons for this: the submerged position of the farmer during a long period and the variety of aspects under which agriculture may be viewed. The importance of farming and the farmer was until recently inadequately recognized; and agricultural research is highly complex, since agriculture, according to one's point of view, is a science—or, better, a group of sciences—a business, an industry, an occupation, or a life. The agricultural experiment stations, the first of which in America was founded only fifty years ago, have devoted their attention chiefly to the strictly scientific side, which means problems of production. Only very lately has stress been laid on economic, sociological, and historical matters. Thus agricultural research is as a whole just coming of age.

That the newness of the subject is not preventing scholarly work is manifest in the first of these books. A bibliography of 725 titles, some of them published volumes, others unpublished manuscripts, suggests the thoroughness with which the authors went into their subject. The statistical data which they have compiled from widely scattered sources, involving prices of farm products as compared with general prices, wages of agricultural labor, exports and imports of animal products, urban concentration, and similar matters, would alone make the book invaluable for reference purposes, while numerous maps and graphs add still further to its usefulness.

The book is not, however, merely a treatise. The narrative is vivid and vigorous and will appeal to any one interested in the rural economy, which was the dominant economy of early America. The quotations from old records, letters and newspapers are frequently fascinating. The chapters that deal with the development of agricultural machinery would be delightful for the illustrations alone. But the subject matter is important as well as interesting. The development of agricultural machinery made economical production possible on the great level lands of the Middle West. Probably the only other matters of equal significance in early American agricultural history were the development of transportation by canal and rail, the growth of urban markets, the various changes in the systems of land tenure, and the organization and education of farmers. Each of these subjects also is fully treated and always the authors are presenting facts without any effort to fit them into a preconceived pattern. The conception of agricultural development must be built up inductively if it is to be of any value.

The second book is made up of selections chosen for college students from various works. That these are mostly secondary rather than primary sources seems somewhat unfortunate. There is already too much college teaching on the basis of secondary sources. Moreover, when writers, teachers, and editors find it no insuperable task to read half a dozen books a week, there is no reason why college students should be satisfied to read half a dozen chapters. This is an excellent work of its kind, but the kind encourages dubious practices.

Mr. Gras's book is the first attempt at a comprehensive discussion of an important subject. One gets a clear if not a vivid picture of agricultural progress. Mr. Gras is a sound economist and his understanding of the development of national economic policies as related to agriculture is detailed and accurate. Few scholars anywhere have a better grasp than he of the inclosure problem. Moreover, his discussion of the physiocratic movement in France, which from 1756 to 1770 emphasized the importance of agriculture, is perhaps the best brief treatment of the subject in print. The physiocrats were the real founders of agricultural economics and, from a certain viewpoint, of the single-tax movement; and an understanding of their position is important to a clear grasp of European agricultural developments since that time.

The chief deficiency of Mr. Gras is his lack of a rural point of view. He manifestly looks at agriculture from the outside. When he quotes he quotes scholarly observers whose views, valuable as they are, need to be balanced by the statements of practical farmers. Moreover, he makes such obvious mistakes in agricultural technique as to indicate that he does not know farming. These errors do not seriously affect the value of the book, but they will impair confidence in it on the part of agricultural students, most of whom are farm reared.

In the Rural State and Province Series, of which "Rural Pennsylvania" is one volume, L. H. Bailey, the general editor, is endeavoring "to present the rural phase of the development of the commonwealths with so much of the physical setting of history as will make plain the reasons for the present state of the agriculture and country life." So far, in addition to Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, California, and Texas have been treated. The volumes as a whole are sound, balanced, though not brilliant studies, and this volume dealing with Pennsylvania is no exception. Agriculture has been fundamental in all the States and is still the basis of production in most of them, and detailed study of its relationships, State by State, will provide clearer economic, social, and political conceptions.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

Dead Reckonings

Dead Reckonings in Fiction. By Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.

ANY critic not too strongly impelled to glorify his own function will be compelled to admit that instinctive taste has usually afforded a surer criterion of excellence than any carefully formulated set of aesthetic principles. If he be wise he will hesitate in his own practice to base his judgment upon the results of a trial, and if he feels a book to be good he will not

undertake to prove it bad either to himself or to others by demonstrating its violation of the canon he has set up. He will recognize that the sources of delight in a work of art have never yet been adequately analyzed, and however completely he may have committed himself at one time or another to a belief that the function of literature is this or that he will have the candor to recognize that upon many occasions he has been delighted and moved when it could be easily demonstrated that he had no right to be.

He may be justified in a belief that as time goes on critical canons become less monstrously inadequate. He may, for example, believe that a philosophy of art which allows for the process of wish-fulfilment will be less often at fault than was that medieval theory which regarded literature as invariably no more than a "sugar-coated pill of philosophy," and which drove its exponents to the most fantastically allegorical interpretations of works which their sound instinct told them were good but which could only be justified by the interpolation of "lessons" far from the minds of those who had created them. But the wise critic, however versed in or fascinated by knowledge of aesthetic or psychological laws, will remember that though keys have been found before there have always remained secrets which they would not unlock. He will navigate the seas of literature by the method of what the authors of this book have picturesquely called "Dead Reckonings"; he will, that is to say, recognize that there are no fixed points determinable in the cloudy firmament of aesthetics and he will guide his course by reference to such relative facts as may be gathered in the obscurity which surrounds him, judging his principles by their results rather than judging results by principles.

In so far as Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrell have committed themselves to any theory it is the broadest one which can be formulated from contemporary thought. They have avoided, on the one hand, that exclusive concern with such abstractions as "form" and "style" which proves so sterile in dealing with an art as intimately related as is current fiction with the actual business of living; and they have, on the other hand, equally avoided that tendency to regard the novel as a mere sociological disputation—which proves, indeed, the exact modern equivalent of the medieval theory of the sugar-coated pill. To the psychologist they grant his contention that the creator of an imaginative work is, at least in many cases, projecting his own soul; but they transcend the psychologist's conception of the purely therapeutic function of such works by a strong insistence upon the fact, intuitively recognized by every intelligent reader, that the result of perusing the novels of, let us say, Henry James, is something a good deal more than a mere realization of the predicament, so acutely analyzed by Van Wyck Brooks, in which James, half American and half European, found himself. There is—and this, rather than the ability to make a clinical diagnosis, is our chief gain—an enrichment of our own capacity for experience. Thanks to it we are enabled to live in a more vivid and varied manner.

Now, as Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrell imply without exactly stating, the real test of the value of any critical theory is not the judgments which it leads us to pronounce but the enrichments of aesthetic experience which it enables us to make. Its value must be determined not by its completeness and truth but pragmatically by the fruitfulness of the attempts to apply it, since a theory which, however true, remains barren in its applications is of no particular value, while one which is much less comprehensive may furnish a valuable instrument in making literary explorations. Consequently the authors of "Dead Reckonings" have devoted a great deal more space to application than to the mere defense of their thesis. They have not attempted to prove from it what writers are best, but they have instead accepted the fact, doubtless discovered empirically, that certain writers, especially Anatole France, Henry James, Dostoevsky, and May Sinclair, have seemed to them of particular interest, and they have embarked upon an effort to interpret these writers by means of the implement at hand. The result is a complete pragmatic justification of their method since it has enabled them fruitfully to discuss their subject. I happen, personally, to believe that the theory which they have stated is the most nearly adequate one which it is possible at the present time to formulate, but the value of their book does not depend upon the truth of this judgment, since the value of the theory as a working hypothesis is clearly demonstrated. James, Dostoevsky, and the rest do indubitably take on a new significance and a new interest when studied in their relations to it, just as other writers took on a new significance and interest when they were studied from the standpoint of Taine's theory that writers are the product of their social environment. Recently augmented knowledge of the psychology of the individual has shown conclusively enough that Taine's hypothesis was not as complete as he imagined, but the value of his interpretations remains; and, no matter what may be the future developments of psychology and aesthetics, the way in which the authors of the present book look at their subjects must remain at the very least one of the revealing ways at which they can be looked. "Dead Reckonings" seems to me one of the most significant studies of the modern novel because it contains both a definitely formulated method and a series of examples of the manner in which that method may fruitfully be applied.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Unclean Peace

La Paix malpropre. Par Alcide Ebray. Milan: Società Editrice "Unitas." 35 francs.

THIS book constitutes the third of a triptych prepared by M. Ebray on the general problems left by the war. Two other studies, "Le Crime de 1914-1918" and "Chiffons de papier," deal with war origins and with the violations of treaties committed by both sides before and during the conflict. The author devotes his first chapters to a rapid synopsis of the ideas embodied in these two volumes and then proceeds to his main purpose, which is a thorough and impartial criticism of the "unclean" spirit of the Versailles Treaty.

M. Ebray's thesis may be summed up as follows: In 1918 Germany was lured into accepting an armistice after the publication of President Wilson's famous "points," which Germany believed were to form the basis of the coming peace negotiations. After the signing of an armistice the unprecedented stipulations of which were tantamount to a complete disarmament of the German army and navy the Allies at the Versailles Conference wilfully imposed upon Germany much harder conditions than those set forth in President Wilson's documents and speeches. In June of 1919 Germany, whose population was being starved by the blockade which the Allies maintained throughout the negotiations, had no option but to accept the treaty imposed upon her.

This attitude of the Allies constituted a flagrant violation of the third point in Wilson's address at Mount Vernon—"the consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another—to the end that all promises . . . may be sacredly observed. . . ." Although one may not agree with M. Ebray as to Germany's ability to hold out much longer at the beginning of November, 1918, one cannot but subscribe to his energetic characterization of the Allies' violation of the "principles of honor" as a *félonie*.

The various chapters of the book build up an analysis of the provisions of the Versailles Treaty considered in the light of

Wilson's principles. If one bears in mind that the purpose of the Peace Conference was "only to agree upon the *practical details of application* of President Wilson's terms," one cannot help agreeing with M. Ebray that a conference which left such a wide gap between the promises made and their actual fulfilment was a mere farce and the outcome of it a monument of injustice.

M. Ebray's work is a worthy contribution to the current discussion of World War problems, and deserves to occupy an important place among the books of the numerous French writers—Gouttenoire de Toury, Morhardt, Renouvin, Fabre-Luce, Judet, Demartial, Margueritte, and others—who are devoting untiring efforts to the cause of justice and truth.

VINCENT GUILLOTON

Rhetoric on the Court

Sovereign States and Suits v. States. By James Brown Scott. The New York University Press. $6.

THIS is a reprint of six elegant lectures delivered at New York University to young gentlemen studying law. The orations deal with high themes—efforts toward peace through arbitration and judicial process. The World Court looms before us; hence this book deserves review.

Largely, the volume is a piece of special pleading; it dwells on the beneficent function of the Supreme Court of the United States in adjudicating controversies between the States, and it applies these suggestive precedents to present world-court problems. Unfortunately, however, the author draws the cloak of silence over such painful scenes as the Dred Scott decision, the Booth case, and the Civil War.

Thus the trouble with the book is that it fails to probe. Indeed, in discussing the World Court Professor Scott wholly blinks the bed-rock question of enforceability of decrees. With a gesture truly magnificent he declares that "the American method made the Court and realized the hopes of men and women of good-will in all parts of the world who dreamed of the day when the powerless hand of justice should stay the sword of the mighty." This is a lovely lyric, but we should have preferred a realistic discussion of Article XIII of the Covenant of the League (under which the present World Court has been created), which declares:

> The members of the League agree that they will carry out . . . any . . . decision that may be rendered and that they will not resort to war against a member of the League which complies therewith. In the event of any failure to carry out such decision, award or decision, the Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto.

Since war is not to be resorted to against nations complying with the Court's decision, what of those who disobey? Will that close corporation, that international Holy of Holies, the Council of the League, declare war on them? With these unpleasant matters Professor Scott does not mar his rosy picture of a world swayed to peace by the "powerless hand of justice."

The confounded scientists have so multiplied death-dealing armaments as almost to spoil mankind's favorite divertissement—the game of war. A world court becomes a crying need. What sort of court is it that the League has really offered us? A court of justice or of arms? How far do the conflicting political, ethnological, and economic interests of the present world limit the analogy presented by the relation of the Supreme Court of the United States to the States? On these questions Professor Scott could have thrown light if instead of developing commonplaces of constitutional history at tedious length he had used his erudition in a hand-to-hand grapple with contemporary realities.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

Amy Lowell

What's O'Clock. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

WALDO FRANK in "Our America" calls Amy Lowell "the first American man of letters," and the designation is a particularly happy one. Not that her work is typically American in any overt sense—as is, for instance, the work of Sandburg or of any one of half a dozen writers I could name. A certain pallor of personality that she transmitted to her work—a pallor that is not the paleness of an opaque substance but of a thin and clear light—is subtly suggestive of New England. Otherwise she was not the kind of writer who becomes representative of a young country or movement. And of that violent and reproductive American spirit, the spirit of New York, that is passion cemented in stone, she felt, or at least expressed, nothing. The one pioneering passion indubitably hers was energy—the energy of a mind stimulated by much and good reading and prodded by a dominant will to like achievements. An instinctive connoisseur of words, she had all the fastidiousness of the literary taster. Admiring the masters of literature, she desired a place among them, and, in a sense, attained it. She was almost as striking an example of the self-made artist as was Flaubert or as were the Goncourt brothers. With a drier and more meager emotional stratum than any of these, she shared their indefatigable industry and patience for research. And though wanting Flaubert's lusty fleshhood, she had his power of visualizing and vividly depicting past events. In Amy Lowell the explorer did not include the discoverer. She was a digger in the tombs of kings, but though she laid bare the bones she did not reconstruct their contours nor blow into them the breath of life. Perhaps her own spiritual vitality was insufficient for this. Her mental vivacity was not in the nature of an overflow. It did not compel a concentration of the forces in that uprising and outgoing of consciousness that we recognize as creative expression.

Always she was the true craftsman, incapable of pose or of slipshod workmanship. But her often fine artistic expression seems to have been the result of secondary rather than of primary aesthetic emotion. To the last she came nearest not in the greatly overestimated Patterns but in the lovely and tender Lilacs in "What's O'Clock." These lilacs,

> False blue,
> White,
> Purple,
> Color of lilac,

are not merely outlines of painted petals. They retain all the pain of growing things, so that the delicate tints glow like blood. It is color—the pale sharp color of New England—coming up as out of snowed-in roots.

> Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
> Lilac in me because I am New England.

But generally she recognized only the beauty that had already, in some form, been filtered through another mind. She did not permit herself direct contact with the raw ores of things. And she apparently cared little for the larger aspects of nature, although she often noted, and interpreted with a poignant delicacy, some graceful detail:

> . . . the curve of a blue bay beyond the railroad track
> Is delightful and sweet to me like the sudden springing of a tune.

Miss Lowell had, in a remarkable degree, the capacity for orderly thought combined with mental clarity and the power of intense concentration. This combination of qualities enabled her to carry such sustained efforts as the "Keats" and some of the longer poems to a triumphant conclusion. Though with all her comprehensive outlook she had little intuitive

aesthetic vision, she retained to the last, undiminished, her eager and piquant perceptivity; and "What's O'Clock" contains, I think, her finest poems. Flaws a plenty may be found, but it is a book which none can demolish. Brittle much of it is, but it is the brittleness of stained glass which, when shivered into bits, retains not only its polish but its intrinsic luster.

I feel that, despite her well-organized mind and the orderly procession of her thought, Miss Lowell's work lacks unity in the deeper sense. Factual unity is there, but that living, vibrating thread that should bind the whole together in a kind of Siva dance is missing. Its outward semblance is achieved by the cohesion of words which, poured out hot, adhere to one another without the aid of a central cord. Except in Lilacs and a very few other poems her aesthetic color is applied from without. It is not a welling of color from within, such as one finds in the poems of Bodenheim and Marianne Moore—I instance these two because their work, like Miss Lowell's, is charged by an intellectual rather than by an emotional intensity. And while Amy Lowell used words as rapiers they remain always foils. They draw, and shed, no blood. Even Evelyn Ray, in spite of its vividness and dramatic qualities, remains a bloodless tragedy.

It is difficult now, and impossible in the short space of a review, to attempt to estimate Miss Lowell's importance to her age and to America. Like all fine craftsmen whose first loyalty is to self-expression she has a definite place in this as she would have had in any other age. She did valiant service for her craft and for many of her contemporaries. Yet I find in her work scarcely a hint of hidden reservoirs. So completely has she sounded her own shallows, missing no pink curl of a shell or glint of a single bright-colored pebble, that one feels that all has been exquisitely said. She was not a great artist. But she was, and will probably remain, a spectacular and scintillating figure in American letters. LOLA RIDGE

In Charleston

Porgy. By DuBose Heyward. George H. Doran Company. $2.

DUBOSE HEYWARD, white man and native of Charleston, has built up in "Porgy" a fresh and finished picture of the soul of the simple Southern Negro. As a racial outsider, who for all his candor and sympathy stands inescapably apart from his subject, Mr. Heyward still writes with an unerring certitude, an assured intimacy. This is in the main possible because the theme of "Porgy" is not essentially a Negro theme; it is a general one, tempered by the particular traditions and superstitions of its locale. Were this a tale of the Negro's sundered world, his inner and insular reaction to the alien life about him, one would marvel at the white author's intuition and subjective accuracy; it is, instead, a unified drama of human passions independent of their setting.

The stripped story could occur in a hundred different places. It could flash its course in a French fishing village; its tragedy could beat forward to a conclusion, as Tess's does, along the green countryside of England. Mr. Heyward places it in his own city of Charleston, among the swarming Negroes who inhabit the tenement called Catfish Row. And because he writes with poetry and penetration his story is a moving one; because he writes with detachment and tenderness, from keen-eyed acquaintance with these people, a fusion of comedy and tragedy is delicately achieved. His full-blooded Negro dozing in atavistic calm beneath the noonday glare of the sunlight; the primitive bestial fight; the hysteria of the funeral gathering, breaking into prayers and spirituals, and the plunging crowd of mourners sweeping out of the cemetery because "De las' man in de grabe-yahd goin' tuh be de nex' one tuh git buried"—these are episodes of admirable force. And the hurricane is worthy of Conrad. LENORE G. MARSHALL

Books in Brief

A Treatise on International Law. By William Edward Hall. Eighth edition edited by A. Pearce Higgins. Oxford University Press. $12.

They should stop publishing new editions of this once standard treatise. One could hardly gather from the text or from the notes by the editor that a very considerable number of the so-called laws of war for the protection of neutrals were egregiously violated by the British Government in the late war, to the permanent injury of international law as a moderator of unrestrained force. For a British publicist to point to German conduct in the late war as violative of international law, while seeking to justify British conduct from a legal standpoint, seems ironic. The editor deludes himself into the belief that Great Britain has not indulged in the confiscation of private property, because the German Government "assumed" the obligation to pay its expropriated nationals—though the Allies have consistently prevented Germany from performing the obligation. Having now through its notes become a "patriotic" book, Hall's work has lost much of its value as a scientific treatise.

The Real Boy and the New School. By A. E. Hamilton. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Mr. Hamilton has lived with boys in camp and field and in the class-room; knowing them in their own worlds, he has gained an insight into their inner life; boy psychology has taught him that the real boy is not the conventional boy. Right attitudes toward life and work, the control of the passions, the gaining of self-knowledge without introspection, the capacity for team work—this is the training which he would give. Through all this runs the idea of the conflict between the desires of youth and the fears of adults concerning them. A country made up of men so trained will act coherently in emergencies, for such men will have learned to be citizens in a democracy.

Boileau and the French Classical Critics in England (1660-1830). By A. F. B. Clark. Paris: Édouard Champion.

It would be difficult to imagine a more satisfactory monograph than Mr. Clark's. Dealing chiefly, of course, with Boileau, it avoids both the major and the minor pedantries which beset the study of literary "influences" at the same time that it accepts the whole responsibility involved. With ample learning, excellent taste, and saving humor Mr. Clark proceeds to show as nearly as possible the total effect of a great French critic and poet upon English literature during a century and a half. Boileau as a critic might have been treated by almost any scholar industrious enough to extract opinions and compare passages; Boileau the poet, however, demanded a scholar with delicacy of perception and some knowledge of how writing is done. Mr. Clark, being sensitive as well as sedulous, has made it quite unnecessary for his subject to be taken up again.

Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century. By Joan Parkes. Oxford University Press. $7.

A richly illustrated and documented account of roads, conveyances, lodgings, officials, and highwaymen; a significant chapter in social history.

Movements in European History. By D. H. Lawrence. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

"Intended for adolescents," this book, first published in 1921 as by Lawrence H. Davison, celebrates the surging energies which moved the peoples of Europe between the death of

Rome and the birth of a unified Germany. With few of the marks of Mr. Lawrence's famous style, it has his point of view toward the "unknown powers" within the animal man; and it is creditable history.

Atlantis in America. By Lewis Spence. Brentano's. $4.

The author of "The Problem of Atlantis" here confines to the American continent his search for traces of the civilization in which he so passionately believes.

NOTE: Through an error the catalog of "German Books" reviewed in *The Nation* for November 18 was given as a publication of the Columbia University Press.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Art

Fernand Léger

TAKEN in a purely formal sense every art movement of any consequence is a congeries of certain technical methods which in their totality differentiate it from every other movement. Cubism, essentially intellectual in its nature, has a well-articulated system of principles and is supported by a goodly amount of analytic reasoning. Cubism begins by a rather conservative revision of an academic formula. The academic picture shows as many facets of an object as can be seen at one glance. Cubism assumes it to be perfectly logical to show more: its back and bottom along with its sides and front; its internal structure along with its external aspect (*simultanéisme*).

If carried to great length this procedure would result in an ultra-realism and end in confusion. The cubists, therefore, took the method early under control. Since their aim is not objective truth but plastic significance, they have ever been ready to sacrifice the former to the latter whenever the two come into conflict, as happens not infrequently. For the utilitarian and aesthetic functions of concrete objects are disparate. The structure of a chair or a teapot answers to a definite function. The chair is built to sit on, the pot to boil water in. Now these objects, however useful in their practical application, may be, in whole or in part, entirely superfluous as compositional units in a picture. In such cases doing violence to natural appearance is entirely justified. Accordingly, to obtain certain harmonious or contrasting relations it sometimes becomes necessary to seek in one object the elements lacking in another. Certain objects might be welded into a unit and kept in one plane (*complémentarisme*); other objects, on the contrary, might be dissected and distributed through several planes (*divisionisme*). In this manner would be established a measured coordination among all the elements—volume, plane, line, color, light—which produce a self-contained work of art.

This is not the whole of cubism, but this is as much as Léger's work illustrates in various degrees (Société Anonyme: Anderson Galleries). For the rest, he differs from most cubists in his predilection for bright, decorative color-combinations and in his preference for mechanical and urban subjects. And while his themes make him the most contemporary of all cubists his polychrome effects in geometric pattern (common to many cubists) endow his work with a wide appeal. For it is one of the few fairly established laws in the more than dismal science of aesthetics that ornamental design in all ages and among all peoples, whether it begin by imitating the shape of man, of animal, or of plant, tends to assume a geometric pattern, so that frequently its origins become unrecognizable.

Léger's work is in this quality akin to all folk art both in its genesis—reflecting a contemporary theme—and in its goal—creating a harmonious pattern. This is, probably, also the reason why Léger's work lends itself so readily to application. His decorations for the Swedish Ballet (Skating Rink, Création du Monde), his sets for the cinema (Marcel L'Herbier's "L'Inhumaine"), and his book illustrations (Ivan Goll's "Chapliniade," Blaise Cendrar's "La Fin du Monde") are excellent.

Léger himself is of the opinion that the utility of anything does not necessarily detract from its beauty (La Beauté est partout). In fact, he unhesitatingly affirms that the proportion of beauty among machine-made things manufactured with the aid of anonymous artisans is greater by far than it is among pretentious pictures turned out by titled academicians. But he is careful to point out ("L'Esthétique de la Machine") that these factory products are to be enjoyed for their own sake, because like all beautiful things they are uncopiable.

The influence of mechanical industrial civilization on art is indirect and, therefore, all the more subtle. The economy in the use of materials, the logic of their coordination, the precision of their functioning, the abstract geometric contour of their mass fill our environment, affect our vision, enter our consciousness, fashion our tastes.

The theory of an artist is usually a rationalization of his own practice. Léger's work is charged with the rhythm of the present mechanized world. Some forms employed by him are borrowed from it and used in novel combinations, others are suggested by it and transmuted beyond recognition. In the end objective verisimilitude yields to aesthetic reality.

French art has had a wide though not always salutary influence on modern art in America. Léger is one of the very few whose work pleads with American artists for an American orientation, a closer contact with their industrial civilization so rich in plastic possibilities, and a consequent florescence of an original indigenous art. By a common perversity of circumstances this is precisely the message least heeded.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

Drama

The Unco Guid

DURING the seventeen years that Ludwig Thoma's satiric comedy "Morals" (Comedy Theater) has awaited an American production much water has flowed under dramatic bridges. Respectability has received a good many hard knocks during the interim, and the crash of falling idols does not startle as violently as once it did. The idea that a prostitute may have a more decent sense of fair play than a vice crusader has been gradually transformed from a paradox into something dangerously near a theatrical platitude, and the emotions with which we watch the too virtuous go down are not quite what they were when the spectacle was more refreshingly new. Though I am far from denying that it is still pleasant to see the pompously moral trip up, yet I must confess that my emotion flows in a well-worn groove and that before the curtain of such a play as "Morals" goes up I am as intellectually convinced of all that it will demonstrate as any devotee of conventional melodrama was ever convinced of the rightness of the sentiments which he applauded when the upright hero snatched the heroine from the arms of the city-bred villain who was persecuting her. Through the course of time critical plays cease to seem acutely critical, and Thoma's story of the reformer who is reformed when his own particular bawdy house is raided by the police has, without ceasing to be amusing, been transformed into something not much more important than a diverting farce. Thanks to its author's very genuine sense of fun it remains even now highly ludicrous, but it seems, as social satire, somewhat commonplace and superficial since it arouses no new thought and releases no new emotion.

Intellectually the best scene is that in which the reformer is driven to a *reductio ad absurdum* of his position and maintains that the important thing is not that the upper classes should be moral but that, for the edification of the masses and the security of the social order, they should seem to be. There are, also, passages in which the dialogue achieves an excruciatingly absurd irony—passages like the one in which the president of the vice society explains his fall with the words: "You have no idea how hard it was for me to overcome my principles—but I *did* overcome them," or like that other in which the self-sacrificing student of obscene literature proves the danger of such abominations by admitting that upon one occasion their influence corrupted even him—but intellectually the play suffers from the defect inherent in all plays based upon the Tartufe motif. The assumption that the puritanical priest is always or even usually ready to seduce the daughters of his admirers or that the reformer is himself actually a practitioner of the vices against which he declaims is an assumption more dangerous to the cause of those who make it than it is to the cause of the professional reformer. Unfortunately the hypocrisy of the unco guid is not usually of so obvious a sort, and there are doubtless crusaders whose actual lives could bear the most rigid of investigations. I am perfectly sure that Mr. Volstead doesn't drink, and so far as I know no scandal has ever attached itself to the name of Mr. Sumner. "Tartufe" and "Morals" leave their withers unwrung, and no satire which fails to touch the guiding spirits of the movement against which it is directed can be counted very effective for its purpose. It is not, as Gibbon said in one of the most poisonous of all his poisonous sentences, the vices but the virtues of the clergy which make them dangerous.

Perhaps one does always lust after the indulgences which one would deny to others, and perhaps the prosecutor of obscene literature is at bottom gratifying the same desires as those who purchase in more frank self-knowledge; but lusts are not always directly gratified nor motives consciously realized, and the psychology of reformers is not completely exposed when one of them is shown seeking consolation in the arms of a prostitute. Freud understands the real Tartufes more completely than Molière was ever able to understand them, and no satire upon the vice crusader can be very profound which does not allow a larger place to rationalizations and sublimations than it does to the relatively undangerous vice of conscious hypocrisy.

The chief distinction of the production given the play in question by the Actors' Theater is the result of the very capable acting of a newcomer who goes under the name of Marian Warring Manley and who contributes a very effective interpretation of the role of the discreet prostitute. The piece is played—wisely I think—in a rather broad manner by an adequate but, with the exception made above, undistinguished cast.

The text used is that of the translation made and published some years ago by Charles Recht; though it has been tinkered with by Sidney Howard. "Morals" remains, in spite of its defects, one of the most interesting plays in a season which has not, so far, set any very high standard.

Two other plays of the week concern themselves with the serious discussion of contemporary life. "Young Blood" (Ritz Theater), by James Forbes, the long silent author of "The Chorus Lady," rejoices in a remarkable cast, including Norman Trevor, Florence Eldridge, and Helen Hayes. Thanks partly to them it succeeds in being a continuously interesting comedy-drama without ever going very deeply into that criticism of the "younger generation" which the author apparently intended. Rachel Crothers's "A Lady's Virtue" (Bijou Theater) contains scenes embodying some shrewd observation of American life, but its discussion of muddled morality does little more than increase the muddle. When, for example, the husband concerned, after spending a week with a fascinating opera singer, readily forgives himself he has to know that his wife has not actually yielded to her lover before he is willing to take her back. Miss Crothers seems to consider this exiguousness less the result of general caddishness than some sort of tribute to the purity of womanhood. The piece is effectively if not very subtly acted by Mary and Florence Nash. "The Deacon" (Harris Theater) is a well-made comedy built exclusively for not very sophisticated audiences. It serves its purpose very well indeed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

THE ACTORS' THEATRE presents Ludwig Thoma's bold comedy classic, "MORALS," adapted by Charles Recht, acting version suggestions by Sidney Howard. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. Phone Pennsylvania 2558.

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE—Program December 11-17

AT COOPER UNION

ADMISSION FREE

Fri., Dec. 18 ..... Everett Dean Martin

"The Educational Value of Doubt"

Sun., Dec. 20 Concert by The American Orchestral Society

Chalmers Clifton, Conductor

Tues., Dec. 22 ..... John Cowper Powys

"The World Possessed" and "Home"

AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL

Sat., Dec. 19 ..... Dr. W. L. Westermann

"History"

Mon., Dec. 21 ..... Dr. E. G. Spaulding

"Logic"

Wed., Dec. 23 ..... Prof. John Mantle Clapp

"Public Speaking"

Thurs., Dec. 24 ..... No Meeting

International Relations Section

The Czecho-Slovak Elections

By JOHN O. CRANE

THE outstanding result of the general elections held in Czecho-Slovakia on November 15 is that the parliamentary majority of the present Coalition Government under Premier Svehla was slashed to a nominal figure. Preliminary estimates gave the Coalition only about 158 votes out of a total of 300.

Thus the Coalition as it now stands is doomed. Created during the war on the program of a united front against Austria, it served the new-born republic through many perils and vicissitudes. As the Coalition functioned through a caucus of the leaders of the five major Czecho-Slovak parties it was called the Petka, or Big Five. An outgrowth of the original revolutionary committee, the Petka jealously guarded its extra-legal powers. Thus decisions in the first instance were always reached in the Petka, and later referred to Parliament or the Cabinet, as the case might be, for regularization. Despite its shortcomings the Petka has been a veritable source of strength to the new parliamentary regime in Czecho-Slovakia.

Suffrage is universal and equal in Czecho-Slovakia, and the exercise of this right is compulsory to all eligible citizens. Punishment for non-voting is relatively severe; in the first instances, fines, and, later on, imprisonment from one day to a week. Extenuating circumstances, such as illness, are, however, recognized by the authorities. This provision for compulsory voting means that more than half the population take part in general elections. Further, there is proportional, not geographical, representation, and votes must be cast according to strict party lists. A party need therefore capture but a single seat to have its leader elected to Parliament, as he is naturally put first on the party list. Finally, for the sake of public convenience, elections are always held on Sunday.

Though final returns from the recent elections in Czecho-Slovakia have not yet reached this country, the changes in the lower house approximately are:

	1920	1925
Czecho-Slovak Coalition Parties		
Agrarians	42	44
Clericals	21	31
Social Democrats	55	29
National Socialists	27	28
Nationalists	22	13
New Industrialists	6	13
Total Coalition	173	158
Opposition Parties		
Communists	22	42
German-Magyar Agrarians	13	23
Slovak Clericals	11	21
German-Magyar Social Democrats	30	19
German-Magyar Clericals	9	14
German-Magyar Nationalists	10	11
German-Magyar National Socialists	5	8
Minor parties	21	4
Total Opposition	121	142
Total Parliament	294	300

The above table shows that the Coalition majority has been cut from 173 to 158 seats. The first five parties on the list have hitherto made up both the Petka and the Government, but there is no question that the new Industrialist Party will join the ranks of the reorganized Coalition. With the exception of the not unexpected triumph of the Communists at the expense of the Czecho-Slovak Social Democrats there has been little change in the relative strength of the Coalition in Parliament.

Let us first probe the causes of the rout of the Social Democratic forces. In 1920 the Social Democrats came into Parliament with nearly twice as many seats (about seventy-five) as any other party. At that time, however, the Communists formed the left wing of the party. After the failure of the Communist coup in December, 1920, the latter group broke away from the Social Democrats, taking with them some twenty-two Deputies. Local elections held in 1923 and 1924, however, revealed that these twenty-two seats came nowhere near representing the strength of the Communist Party in the country at large. About two years ago the Social Democrats had the misfortune of losing their able leader, Tusar, who had been twice Premier. Since Tusar's death the Social Democrats have degenerated into doctrinaire, nineteenth-century Marxists.

It should be further noted that the Communists, the only party in Czecho-Slovakia which cuts through national lines, have also gained at the expense of the German-Magyar Social Democrats. During the last year or two the Communist Party has been torn by internal dissensions as to whether it should continue its Moscow affiliations. The more moderate elements declared Soviet tactics could not be used in a highly organized country like Czecho-Slovakia, whereas those "encouraged" by the Third International violently opposed this view. While this basic internal issue is probably not settled forever, the anti-Moscow forces were routed, and a definite, positive program was adopted which spelled the ruin of the Social Democrats.

Looking again at the above table, we see that within both the Coalition and the Opposition there has been a distinct drift toward the right. Here the increased strength shown by the three branches of the Clericals, which, like the Agrarians, draw most of their votes from rural districts, is especially worthy of note.

First of all let us examine the position of the Czech Clerical Party whose gains in the recent elections were not entirely foreseen. Earlier in the year public opinion in Czecho-Slovakia was divided over the proposal of celebrating Huss Day (July 6) for the first time in history. Jan Huss is a national as well as a religious figure in Czech history. The Clericals as Catholics were, of course, forced to oppose any recognition of Huss's historical position, but, on the other hand, the Czech Clericals, though reactionary, have always been a patriotic party for political reasons. Here we run straight into the most puzzling political paradox in present-day Czecho-Slovakia. Contrary to specific instructions from the Vatican and the higher clergy, the Czech Clerical Party supported the Government in favor of the Huss holiday on the distinct theory that if they were to withdraw from the Cabinet the Socialists would be in position to push through the incompleted program for the separation of church and state. Thus one of the big issues of the electoral campaign was

the religious issue, and the Clerical successes throughout the country are another indication of the Catholic reaction which is gaining headway all over Europe.

With respect to Clerical gains in Slovakia the situation is entirely different. Despite what Professor Seton-Watson calls the most remarkable example of cultural progress to be found in modern history, discontent in Slovakia is wide-spread. Under the able and adventurous leadership of Father Hlinka, the Slovak People's Party has effectively capitalized the war cry of local autonomy which will free Slovakia from the domination of Prague bureaucratism. When noting the Clerical successes in Slovakia it must be remembered that these people, as a result of a thousand years under Magyar rule, have had very little experience with representative government. Thus when Dr. Benes was Prime Minister a peasant deputation from Slovakia told him in all seriousness that to them autonomy meant paying no taxes.

Of particular danger to the liberal and socialist forces in the republic is the possibility of a union between the Czech and the Slovak Clericals, which would give them a total representation in Parliament of some fifty-two seats. Though the Czecho-Slovak Agrarians have now only some forty-four seats, there is little likelihood that they will form a single party with the German-Magyar Agrarians to bring their total up to some sixty-seven seats. Thus with these fifty-two seats the new Czecho-Slovak People's Party, as it might be called, would have a right to demand the office of premier, which is now held by the Agrarian leader, Svehla. So long as Svehla lives there is little likelihood that this master politician can be removed from office, but his health for years has been anything but robust. Nevertheless, excluding for the time being the possibility of a consolidation of Clerical forces, it seems certain that the Socialists are no longer in position to have great influence on the policy of the revamped Coalition.

There is a story which is an excellent illustration of the political philosophy of Svehla. During the Communist danger in 1920, referred to above, the Communist leader met Svehla in the lobby of Parliament and boasted to him that a proletarian dictatorship would soon be set up in Czecho-Slovakia which would annihilate his (Svehla's) and all other parties. Svehla replied to the Communist taunt that the dictatorship would not fundamentally affect party strife, and that if necessary he and his Agrarians would join the Communist ranks and beat them within the bosom of their own party.

Though the gains of Svehla's party in the late elections have been slight, the Agrarians' position is well fortified. This for two reasons: (1) It is the only Czecho-Slovak party which has effectively extended its influence into Slovakia, and (2) it is largely responsible for the putting into execution of the land reform under which, at the expense of the large land-owners more than half a million hectares have already been distributed among half as many farmers.

Of some importance to the Coalition is the rise of the new Industrialist Party, which roughly represents what we term the petty bourgeoisie. Largely because of able leadership and the organization of a concrete program, it proceeded to slaughter the Nationalists under ex-Premier Kramar, whose party is now identified with Big Business. The success of the Industrialists means that they will enter the new Cabinet with at least one portfolio at their disposal.

Conscience and Women!

THE economists tell us that our civilization would be destroyed by another world war. The clergy tell us that to avert such a catastrophe we must awaken man's conscience. But has man a conscience? Sometimes we doubt it, and look to the women. Lady Cynthia Mosely is a Socialist candidate for Parliament; Lady Warwick gives her estate for a Labor College. These ladies belong to the ruling class, and are motivated by conscience. No doubt there are other women who hold power, and would like to use it to save the race, if they knew how.

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It has been said that Benes personifies Czecho-Slovak foreign policy. This is true in the sense that his policy of conciliation is by far the best one for Czecho-Slovakia to pursue. Benes's party, the National Socialists, came out of the fray as the true liberal party. On the whole their position is sound. It is generally believed—and in my opinion, rightly—that Benes has no serious competitor for the portfolio of Foreign Minister. Though now forty-one years of age and in good health Benes has always worked under a tremendous strain. Should his health fail the direction of foreign affairs might fall to either the Agrarians or the Clericals. In the event of an Agrarian Foreign Minister the policy of Czecho-Slovakia abroad would be reintegrated along the lines of the Green International, which Svehla organized some years ago. Should the Clericals, on the other hand, get possession of the Foreign Office, there is no question that they would inaugurate a pro-Catholic policy. Change or no change, Czecho-Slovakia is inevitably drifting away from the French influence in her external affairs.

In order to facilitate a redistribution of ministerial offices which is now necessitated, the Svehla Cabinet has resigned. Though the Czecho-Slovak coalition system is more than likely to be preserved, it is now in order to dissolve the famous Petka.

Contributors to This Issue

H. L. SCAIFE is a Washington lawyer, formerly with the Army Air Service and the United States Department of Justice, who has been active in the air investigations. He contributed the leading article in last week's *Nation* and will write a third article in an early issue.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG is a New York lawyer.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly letters from Washington.

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LOUIS LOZOWICK is a New York artist. He made the drawings for Robert Wolf's scenario, "Loony," in *The Nation* for September 9, 1925.

JOHN O. CRANE has been for three years on the personal staff of President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia.

[Next week's Nation *will contain an answer by Manley O. Hudson to the articles on the World Court by James N. Rosenberg of which the third appears in this issue. It will be followed later by three articles from William Hard attacking the Court.]*

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DISTINCT PROGRESS toward a real disarmament congress has been made at Geneva. What is more, it is not to be limited to land disarmament, for France, Japan, and Italy have insisted that no distinction whatever shall be made between military and naval armaments in the program on which the special commission of preparation for disarmament will begin work on February 15. No fewer than fifty-four nations have thus committed themselves to a study of the questions of armaments and what may be termed military resources. That it is a far cry from this to actual disarmament we are ready to admit, but it is none the less a great thing that for the first time in the history of nations a survey of this kind is being made. Moreover, everything that keeps alive the discussion of disarmament is of value. Invitations are to be sent to Russia and the United States and Germany to take part. The invitation to us puts Mr. Coolidge in a hole. That muddy-minded gentleman who talks disarmament on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and more preparedness on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—when he does not speak up for both on the same days—has declared himself opposed to a discussion of disarmament on sea in connection with the limitation of land forces. He will now have to recede from his position or leave the United States out of the congress. If he should take that stand, it would be necessary for public opinion to assert itself without a moment's loss of time. We took the lead in the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments in Washington; we must not be absent from the one at Geneva. Meanwhile, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has made a most admirable suggestion that we negotiate at once a Locarno pact of our own with Japan and thus decrease further the military and naval rivalry between the two countries.

WHEN THE PERMANENT COURT of International Justice decreed that the Council of the League of Nations should have final arbitral power to decide the dispute over the boundary between Turkey and Iraq it set the League a task that will most ruthlessly test its powers. For between Turkey and Iraq lies Mosul, and the boundary line must either give the oil and wheat of that small chunk of valuable real estate to the Arabs of Iraq to be exploited by their merciful mandatory Great Britain or it must give them to the Turkish Government which promised the people of Turkey way back in 1920 that Mosul would be theirs. The boundary commission sent out by the League to report on this problem offered three possible, and wholly conflicting, solutions: (1) Mosul should go to Iraq provided Great Britain would continue as mandatory for twenty-five more years. (Great Britain was more than willing.) (2) Otherwise the territory should go to Turkey. (3) Or, finally, if all else failed, the territory might be divided. At that time no one would consider number three, so the choice remained between the other two pleasantly diametrical proposals. But Turkey's representative on the League Council refused to pledge himself to accept the Council's decision (the opinion of the majority was known to favor Great Britain); and war hovered over the Near East. Colonel Amery, Great Britain's pugnacious representative, breathed shrapnel and poison gas, and talked about British responsibilities. Tewfik Rushdi Bey withdrew from the Council. As we write, however, signs of reconciliation appear. Tewfik, after an interview with Briand, has hinted at the possibility of a compromise. This might be accomplished by a division of the territory or by special compensations to Turkey on the part of the British. The latter course is the one toward which Great Britain is most favorably disposed.

THE APPEAL of "law and order"—with the harrowing specter of a "red" reign as the alternative—has won another election. This time it was in Australia, and the exact slogan of the stand-patters was the alliterative phrase "Communism or the Commonwealth." It was sufficiently effective so that in the parliamentary elections the coalition government of Mr. Bruce—supported by the Nationalist and the Country parties—has slightly increased its lead in the House of Representatives and has a working majority in the Senate. The defeat of Labor is attributed to dissatisfaction over the shipping strike and to the fact that Mr. Bruce was able to tag his opponents as communists without adequate rebuttal. Nevertheless, a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says that the Labor Party has

largely reestablished itself since its losses during the war. This is evident from its position in the parliaments of the six states of the commonwealth. In 1918 the Nationalist Party controlled all the state parliaments except that of Queensland, whereas now Labor is in the saddle everywhere except in Victoria. Incidental to the recent commonwealth elections it may be noted that the new compulsory voting law—under which failure to cast a ballot is punishable by a fine of £2—raised the number of those going to the polls from 60 per cent in 1922 to 90 per cent this year.

IN A RECENT ISSUE [November 11] we gave some authoritative facts and figures setting forth the astonishing industrial recovery of Russia. Across our desk now comes the balance sheet of the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, with offices at 120 Broadway, New York City. This corporation is the American agent for the Soviet Government's textile trust which manufactures 96 per cent of Russia's cotton, wool, silk, and linen goods. The balance sheet is duly certified by one of New York's leading firms of certified public accountants, and it is further announced that Simpson, Thatcher and Bartlett are the general counsel. The total assets on September 30, 1925, were almost $14,000,000. During the fiscal year ended on that date over $44,000,000 of raw cotton, dyes, and machinery were purchased in the United States. In all 298,000 bales were shipped to Murmansk and thirty-one steamships were chartered to transport the merchandise. For the previous year 220,000 bales were shipped. Meanwhile the parent company in Moscow estimates the production of finished cotton goods for 1925 at 65.4 per cent of the 1912 total; of woolen goods, 82.7 per cent; of linen goods, 107.3 per cent. Where less than 300,000,000 meters of cotton goods were manufactured in 1921, 1,500,000,000 meters will be turned out this year. Linen has jumped from 35,000,000 meters in 1921 to 115,000,000 in 1925.

THE ECONOMIC SITUATION in Porto Rico is critical, as is evidenced by the protest recently submitted to President Coolidge by Santiago Iglesias, on behalf of the Free Federation of Workingmen, as well as by the last report of Governor Towner. The Free Federation of Workingmen asks that the island be put under the Department of the Interior. The nationalist movement sees the only chance for salvation in complete independence. The "Alliance," compromising between the statehood ideal of the Republicans and the modified independence platform of the Unionists, while declaring for "sovereignty within the sovereignty of the United States," has limited its ambition to obtaining the right for Porto Rico to elect its own governor. This means that the "Alliance," which holds all but four seats in the Legislature, would control the governor and all government appointments so long as it could maintain its political domination of the island. But the "Alliance" is finding out that its supremacy alone is not the cure-all that it pictured to the voters a year ago. It had a scare when, on October 30, in the midst of the opposition to its sales-tax law, a new party was launched by the big agricultural interests combined with the Chamber of Commerce. Much disturbance was observable in "Alliance" circles until November 5, when, after a secret conference between the leaders of the new movement and the "Alliance" heads, it was announced that "the interview ended amid the greatest harmony and cordiality."

TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY and especially to Lewis Fox, a Princeton senior, goes the credit for initiating what we think was the most completely representative student conference ever held in America. Everybody knows that the delegates from some 250 colleges and universities came primarily to discuss the World Court. Their action as well as the votes in the colleges where a campaign had previously been conducted by an able committee of the Student Christian Association showed an overwhelming sentiment for joining the court. What pleased us about this discussion in the colleges, and more especially at Princeton, was that even the advocates of the court did not claim that by so cheap a price as joining it could America purchase the costly gift of peace. This note of sober realism even in propaganda is all too new in America. The students' fear of one-sided statements was well shown at Princeton where pains were taken to present many sides of the peace problem. The World Court issue itself was publicly debated by Senator Lenroot and Clarence Darrow, and in the discussion groups problems of armament, imperialism, the effect of the Locarno treaties, etc., were frankly faced. The students weren't afraid even to have a Socialist among the eminently respectable leaders of their discussion of world affairs.

THAT AMERICAN STUDENTS want to keep on talking over their own problems as students and as citizens was proved by their action at Princeton in forming a national federation. Usually we feel like applying birth control or even infanticide to new organizations in a world overpopulated by them. But this organization commends itself to us both by its purpose and the spirit and intelligence of its founders. They want to promote friendship with students of other lands but do not dream of importing a foreign youth movement ready-made to this country. They proved themselves sincere in wanting to break down the racial prejudices that lead to war by beginning at home. They elected Miss Holloway, an able Negro student from Howard University, to their executive committee. And the significant thing is not that there was some Southern opposition to this election but that there was much Southern support of it. Finally, by seating Felix Cohen of the College of the City of New York, the students showed courteously but firmly that their organization was to represent students and not faculties. Whatever its future, the new federation has begun well.

WHILE WE WILL not go so far as to say that the wishes of the students should be decisive in determining what should be required in an educational course, we do feel that such opinion is entitled to much weight. When that opinion has been expressed by a vote of 2,092 to 345, as in the referendum of the College of the City of New York against compulsory military training, the reason for heeding it becomes the more impressive. Yet the faculty of this college has voted to retain compulsory drill with only one professor, Morris R. Cohen, taking a public stand on the other side. This attitude, as we have previously suggested, is probably due as much to fear—fear for their jobs, fear for city appropriations—as to personal belief. Hope, therefore, rests in the students alone. We trust they will not flag. We want to see them carry out the proposal for a referendum among their parents, which we believe will not vary greatly from that among the students.

In addition we hope the students will put up a continuing, earnest, and aggressive fight upon compulsory soldiering. If the older men responsible for the conduct of the College of the City of New York are so devoted to war, let them have it a plenty.

GOVERNOR WALKER OF GEORGIA is publicly exulting over Governor Silzer of New Jersey, and he is well entitled to do so. Two years ago there was arrested in New Jersey Silas Parmore, a Negro fugitive from Georgia, against whom a charge of murder had been laid. Declaring that he would be given over to a mob if he were returned to Georgia, he fought extradition, and Governor Silzer was sufficiently impressed by his argument to warn the authorities in Georgia that Parmore must have a fair trial or no other fugitive would be returned from New Jersey under his administration. Now Governor Walker writes that he is sure that Governor Silzer will be "pleased to receive official notice that Silas Parmore has been tried by a jury in Georgia, given a fair and impartial trial, and found not guilty by a jury of twelve white south Georgia citizens." Governor Walker insists that "the State of Georgia and its people are no worse than those of other States." We are happy to record this incident as proof of the improvement of the administration of justice in the South and to express the hope that before long the Governor of Georgia and all the Southern executives will be able to report not only the acquittal of innocent Negroes but their acquittal by a jury of their peers, as required by the Constitution. A Negro should have the right to trial by a mixed jury, at least, and should not always face one of white men. We are happy to add that in three cases of alleged criminal assault on white women in North Carolina that State admirably protected the accused from mobs, proved that one Negro was entirely innocent of the charge, and that another was guilty of simple assault, while the third has been sentenced to death by regular procedure.

NO SOONER do President Coolidge and the Morrow commission assure us that all is well with aviation and that we are leading the world, or at least just as well off in material and personnel proportionately as any other country, than there comes a report of a House of Representatives special committee headed by Mr. Lampert to declare that "an alarming situation still exists in the army and navy air services." Taking direct issue with the President, the committee declares that we rank "not higher than third nor lower than fifth among the nations of the world" and it asserts that although more than $40,000,000 has been spent in the improvement of the service it has deteriorated in both morale and equipment. What shall the layman think? What shall the public say? We have had now three reports by committees or commissions and we have the testimony brought out before the Shenandoah inquiry and the Mitchell court martial. They present a mass of contradictory and directly diverging statements. We ourselves are of the opinion that neither the army nor the navy will ever make a go of aviation. They will do stunt flying well, but when it comes to developing the science of aviation they will always be throttled by the conservatism and red tape of the bureaucrats who invariably control both army and navy. To stop a frightful waste of money the people ought to ask for the abolition of military and naval aviation altogether.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY has wisely bestowed upon I. N. Phelps Stokes the first gold medal it has ever awarded, besides holding a public reception in his honor. For Mr. Stokes has just published in five thick volumes his extraordinarily valuable iconographic history of Manhattan Island. During the last fourteen years he has spent much time and money in recording the life of New York City not only in the form of a diary of the important happenings in the rise of the metropolis but in the presentation of a mass of material, notably maps and illustrations, all recorded with unquenchable enthusiasm, the passion of the collector of ancient things, the judgment of the detached historian, and the skill of the scholar. But this is only one of Mr. Stokes's notable services. When the State Library at Albany was largely destroyed by fire Mr. Stokes headed a group to rescue what was left of the manuscripts. From the Governor he obtained guards and helpers. As the present State historian relates it:

> For two days he directed the work and thus saved priceless treasures. Twice during the first day of rescue work Mr. Stokes was carried from the manuscript room, unconscious from the smoke, and each time upon reviving he insisted upon returning. Like a gallant officer he led his forces, under hopeless odds, against the enemy—fire, water, wind, smoke, and ice—and saved 80,000 manuscripts together with George Washington's fire-scarred sword.

All of which achievements Mr. Stokes has done his best to hide with a cloak of modesty.

THE WALT WHITMAN exhibition at the New York Public Library is striking evidence that the "good gray poet" has at last achieved in America the particular sort of eminence which leads to public monuments and to recognition by institutions. The cases of editions, manuscripts, translations, and mementos assembled at this exhibition are indeed so numerous and so full that Whitman might seem for the moment to have attained a position high enough to be unassailable. But the assaults have not ceased; the Whitman war still rages. Last week we commented upon an article wherein Ernest Boyd charges Whitman with having debauched a literary generation in Europe and America. Now comes a copy of the *Americana Collector*, the first item in which is an open letter to the trustees of the New York Public Library, insisting upon the "untimeliness" of the exhibition. It is untimely, says the author, Charles F. Heartman, because the world in general has yet to learn that the poet was not good even if he was gray. When the world becomes aware that the author of "Calamus" was abnormal, Mr. Heartman implies, it will cease to read him; and he quotes with approval the librarian of "an Eastern college" who testified "that students who asked for Whitman's books always received a privatissima. After being thus enlightened most of them don't care any more to read the books." In other words, the "good gray poet" stands ready to debauch mankind. We had not been informed that certain natural enough suspicions as to Whitman's private character had been scientifically confirmed. And even if they had, we are forced to wonder how long any artist would have to wait for his fame if that fame depended upon a clean bill of moral health. Shall we stop reading Shakespeare until we know for sure whether or not the sonnets were written to a man? Must those who have read Freud on Leonardo da Vinci henceforth forswear The Virgin of the Rocks?

War Claims and National Honor

AGAIN has Senator Borah scored heavily. The plan recently announced by the Administration providing for the return of the sequestrated alien property and the payment of American claims is the direct result of the movement, initiated by Senator Borah and his supporters, for the disposition of one of the most deplorable legacies of the war. Secretary Mellon's belated acceptance of the doctrine he now announces that "As a matter of broad national policy it is believed the United States should recognize the property rights of private individuals even though we were at war with their country, and not use this private property of nationals to pay claims against their nation," is a tribute to the soundness of view and judgment of those who, like *The Nation*, have given expression ever since 1918 to this self-evident truth.

It will be recalled that the most solemn promises were made in 1917 that the sequestrated property would be returned at the end of the war. The overwhelming victory, however, impaired the national morality and, having the power to be as lawless as it chose, the Administration simply changed its mind. The Knox-Porter resolution contained a provision to the effect that we might "retain" the sequestrated property until Germany made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of" the claims of American citizens.

The present Administration plan provides for the return of the property in kind amounting to some $150,000,000; for the $150,000,000 of seized cash the owners are required "voluntarily" to accept $50,000,000 in bonds and $100,000,000 in cash. The owners of the ships seized in American harbors at the outbreak of war and of radios and patents used by the United States are to receive "fair and reasonable compensation," not to exceed $100,000,000 in bonds, an ambiguity presently to be discussed. The claims of American citizens against Germany, estimated, including interest to 1926, at $180,000,000, will be paid by $80,000,000 in cash and $100,000,000 in bonds. To make up the $80,000,000, $31,000,000 of undistributed interest, accumulated on alien property funds down to March 4, 1923, will be used, together with the $50,000,000 of alien property cash for which the owners must "voluntarily" agree to take bonds.

The $250,000,000 worth of bonds provided for in the plan, and distributed as mentioned above, are to be issued by a trustee or trust company and to run for twenty-five years at 5 per cent interest, guaranteed by the United States. Principal and interest are to be payable in marks or dollars, at the option of the United States. They are to be served in first instance by the receipts coming to the United States from the Dawes Plan, under the head both of Rhine army costs and claims, as allocated under the Paris agreement of January, 1925. For the Rhine army costs priority payments are to be made to the United States amounting to $13,000,000 per year, of which one year's instalment has already been paid. Under the head of claims we are to receive 2¼ per cent of the German payments, not exceeding $10,000,000 per year, with no priority.

The crux of the solution lies in the acquiescence of the Administration to devoting Rhine army costs to the payment of claims of American citizens. This was proper for two reasons: first, because those costs would have had to be borne by the United States in any event, and secondly, because the naivete of the Wilson and Harding administrations permitted the Allies to embezzle these funds, about $250,000,000, after Germany had paid the amount to the Reparation Commission for our account. When Washington woke up to the facts and demanded our quota, Poincaré calmly informed the Department of State that the money had been spent and that we were privileged to ask Germany for it a second time. We lamely took the advice; hence the Wadsworth agreement of 1923, providing for the reimbursement of the United States from *future* German payments, which, in turn, gave way to the Paris agreement of 1925 under the Dawes Plan. For the claims proper, the Allies at Paris in 1925 generously let us have 2¼ per cent of the German payments, which it was known was quite insufficient. Again the ineptitude of the Administration brought about a diplomatic defeat. The British and French governments to the last hoped to force us into a policy of confiscation, and none more than they will regret that we have manifested a partial respect for the principle of immunity of private property, the gross violation of which by those nations is likely to cost them heavily in the future. The effort to escape the charge of confiscation by alleging that Germany is obligated to compensate its expropriated nationals only adds the immorality of hypocrisy to the offense of theft.

It was, therefore, only proper that the United States Government, which was responsible for the short-changing received at the hands of the Allies, should itself bear the risks of the Dawes Plan and should not penalize for its own shortcomings the owners of the sequestrated property or, indeed, the American claimants against Germany. Hence the provision for guaranteed bonds to be served out of the Dawes Plan payments. The American claims of $180,000,000 include $2,500,000 for Lusitania victims, about $15,000,000 for requisitions, about $25,000,000 for private debts and estate claims based practically on the depreciation of the mark, and about $60,000,000 for marine insurance companies.

The Mellon plan of settlement warrants certain comments. The $31,000,000 of undistributed interest belong not only to Germans but to American citizens and others whose property was seized and later returned, yet who were victims of the unjust rule that the Government does not pay interest on its obligations unless the law especially so provides. While it would be extremely difficult to allocate the sum, it would probably not be impossible. Again, it is extraordinary that provision should be made for "fair and reasonable compensation" to German shipowners, owners of radio stations and patents expropriated by the Government, yet that the liability should be limited to a specific total sum, $100,000,000. It is known that these assets were worth immeasurably more; $100,000,000 is therefore neither "fair" nor "reasonable." If the United States is liable, it is liable for the real value of the expropriated property and not for an arbitrary, fictitious value set in advance by the taker alone.

Again, it is understood that as a condition of receiving so much of their property back the German owners had to waive all claims for the devastation wrought upon it by the overzealous and destructive policies of A. Mitchell Palmer and Francis P. Garvan, Alien Property Custodians. This demand is unworthy of the United States and amounts to a partial confiscation. Senator Borah should not let it pass.

But on the whole the plan of settlement is to be welcomed, although it contains defects which should be corrected in Congress. It may cost the United States little. Whatever it costs it will be a cheap price to pay for rescuing us from a horrible mistake of policy and for restoring in some measure the national tradition and international law.

Rum, Radicalism, and Rebellion

DISPATCHES from Ohio report a dark brew of rum and radicalism at the State University. The students are being corrupted with liquor at their fraternity dances and with communism in the classroom. So, at least, the Governor of the State has learned from a report made by Assistant Prohibition Commissioner Probst after a raid in which he discovered a quart of whiskey and the paraphernalia for making more in the home of Dabney Horton, a member of the English Department.

Doubtless this agent of law and virtue found what he says he found. Doubtless if he looks further he will find more. Doubtless if an honest census were taken, even among college professors, the proportion of 100 per cent law-upholders would be modest. We are only mildly interested in the evidence of Mr. Horton's success as a home brewer and distiller. What interests us is this alleged union of rum and radicalism. Mr. Horton, says Assistant Commissioner Probst, "is of the parlor socialist type and has written for communistic papers." He even forfeited his citizenship during the war and became a citizen of France. "The professor and his wife do not have a perspective that will make them good American citizens. The professor himself is of the dangerous type that is wrecking Europe." Well, of course, Mr. Horton did assist more or less in the wrecking of Europe, and he did lose his citizenship. He went to France a couple of years before the rest of the United States army, joined the Lafayette Escadrille, and fought in the war—necessarily as a citizen of France. But after the war was over he retired from the wrecking business, and when he was invited to fly over the villages of the Riff with a little group of American bombers he declined; his regrets were expressed in language both picturesque and forcible in an article in *The Nation* for October 7 (doubtless the "communistic" paper referred to by Mr. Probst).

But Mr. Horton is not only a home brewer and a parlor pink. He is, says Mr. Probst, "an esthete as well," and this, in the Assistant Commissioner's bright lexicon, is pretty nearly the same thing. Mr. Probst exposes some examples of Mr. Horton's poetry as evidence against him. He reports that when he raided the Horton home he was entertained with verses by this "dangerous" character which he quotes for the enlightenment of the Governor:

> Sniff! sniff! There's a wolf at the door.
> Since the first of the month he's been sniffing about
> And glaring so fiercely we dare not go out.
> What can we give him to drive him away,
> With bills and the wolf and the devil to pay?
> Sniff! sniff! The wolf's at the door.
> It's the boy with the bill from the grocery store.

Nor is Mr. Probst content with this damaging evidence against Mr. Horton. He goes further:

> It seems that the idea of being a violator of the Constitution of our country had not dawned upon him. Laws were made for the coarse and common and not for him. Like a humming bird coming to the rose for a sip of nectar, he descended from his intellectual realm to the moonshine still for a sip of rum and became entangled in the meshes of the law.

And so Mr. Horton, Bolshevik, scofflaw, humming bird—and incidentally a gifted teacher—has been suspended from the faculty of Ohio State University, and the Governor is instituting a probe of lawless practices in clubs and professors' houses and of radical teaching in the classrooms.

We are impressed by the keen sensibilities of the prohibition enforcers of Ohio who not only detect forbidden aromas in cellars of private homes, but also the traces of radical ideas in private minds. And we wonder, unjustly perhaps, whether that little still would ever have been discovered in Mr. Horton's house if he had not been known to write for "communistic journals" and to question the propriety of bombing small nations.

Mr. Coolidge Beguiles the Farmer

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is stronger on economy than in economics. When he talks "tariff," its splendors so dazzle him that consistency and logic are obscured and statistics take an Einstein curve instead of a straight line. In his annual message to Congress the tariff is the one thing about which nothing is said, presumably for the reason that he stands pat on that perfect instrument, the Fordney tariff, and because he had discussed the topic of agriculture and the relation of the tariff to farmers in his address before the American Farm Bureau Federation at Chicago on the Monday preceding.

In his Chicago address the President presented a flattering and optimistic picture of modern American agriculture in contrast with the agriculture of the past and in other countries. It is largely justified, though such a fact as the larger yield of wheat per acre in the closer cultivation of European countries detracts somewhat from our self-satisfaction. He then repeated, with straightforward candor, his opposition to nostrums for the cure of present ills through governmental intervention, and announced his worthy program for promoting cooperative marketing and other independent methods of making the most of our farming facilities. In blind contradiction to the principles of non-interference which he thus enunciated, he then proceeded to prove to the assembled farmers that the tariff is an unmitigated blessing for them and that it is not they but the industrial and city population that pays the tariff bills.

As they listened to the President there must have been a puzzled look on the faces of those members of the American Farm Bureau Federation who had read in its Weekly News Letter of January 11, 1923, the report of its Department of Research on what the American farmer gains and loses by the tariff. By an ingenious, if not

ingenuous, argument, which it is difficult to follow, the President reached the remarkable conclusion that our farmers are taxed by the tariff in net result not more than 1 1/3 per cent of their expenditures. The Farm Bureau experts figure somewhat differently. To the full extent of the duties the gain to agriculture would be $124,800,000, of which sugar accounts for $45,800,000, wool $37,500,000, tobacco $10,000,000, and wheat and all other cereals together but $11,000,000. Thus any possible gain by tariff-heightened prices affects, as in other industries, special States or classes only: Louisiana and the beet-sugar interests, Ohio and Texas and the rangers in the mountain States who seek the use of our national forests for grazing, and certain New England and Southern States growing tobacco, while the whole body of the people as consumers, by the same reckoning, are mulcted $391,700,000 and the farmers as consumers $94,900,000, for the benefit of the special agricultural classes named—these figures referring to farm products only. The same experts figure that the tariff on all dutiable imports increases prices thereon $1,715,000,000, of which the farmers pay $426,000,000—figures which contrast rather startlingly with the President's.

The economic confusion in Mr. Coolidge's argument comes from the too usual ignoring of "the forgotten man," the farmer as *consumer* of all products, while the "protection" benefits, so far as there are such, are gained only by special classes, whether among farmers or the general community. It has been a leading argument in favor of the tariff that the wage-earners are the chief beneficiaries, but the President incidentally asserted that the industrial and city population bear the burden of tariff duties. He declared also that the labor and service which the farmers buy are untaxed, ignoring the fact that those who serve pay taxes indirectly in the cost of living.

That all is not happy in the field of "protection" may be illustrated by some detailed facts. The textile industries, with the highest protective duties, are in so bad a way that their official spokesman, confessing that they pay the lowest wages of any American industry, appeals for still higher duties, while the Carded Woolen Manufacturers Association makes complaint that the specific duties on wool, reaching 191 per cent ad valorem on the cheaper wools, are ruinous to the business, and the president of the American Federation of Labor serves notice that if the decreases of wages, which have produced so many strikes, are not ended, the A. F. of L. will ask for a reduction of the duties on woolens. The fact is that the "pyramiding" of duties from those on wool to those on woolens has made clothing, blankets, and the like, which the farmer and the rest of us must buy, so high in price that we are wearing our old things and giving the woolen mills orders for only 60-70 per cent of their capacity, whereas they claim they must increase their output by 15 to 20 per cent to give a fair return. And every housewife, in the farmhouse as well as the city home, who uses aluminum utensils must pay the 80 per-cent duty on kitchen ware which favors the Mellon aluminum trust, officially declared to be a law-breaker.

Finally, the President enumerated the articles on the free list for the special benefit of the farmer, including farm machinery, in which we excel the world, and gasoline, which we sell to the world, so that a duty would be as delusive as the duty on wheat and other farm products, the chief use of which is to fool the farmer politically.

The Menace of Education

OUT in Hawaii there is a man who understands the menace of education. His name is John Hind and, retiring as president of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, he discussed the labor problem, the tariff, soil conditions, taxation, and education. People, he said, were getting too much education, and it was a mistake to let teachers instead of business men plan the courses of study. We quote from the text of his address, as reprinted in the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin:*

> Why blindly continue [he asks] a ruinous system that keeps a boy or girl in school at the taxpayers' expense long after they have mastered more than sufficient learning for all ordinary purposes, simply to enlighten them on subjects of questionable value. . . .
>
> The present elaborate and idealistic school system . . . will in the end, I fear, produce a generation of impractical men and women who, believing . . . manual labor is beneath them, will bring about a condition of stunted or retarded development under which it may be found impossible to raise but a fraction of the amount of taxes which we are today called upon to pay. . . .
>
> The solution, as I see it, is that the taxpayer be relieved of further responsibility after the pupil has mastered the sixth grade, or possibly the eighth grade in a modified form.

To effect the necessary change, Mr. Hind feels, will require the cooperation of "some of our practical conservative business men" where hitherto we have trusted to mere educators who "by their training and devotion to learning have become unduly idealistic and hence extravagant." Education must be looked upon "in the light of a business matter."

This is an excrescence of Coolidge-economy philosophy which we may expect to see break out elsewhere than in the cane-fields of the mid-Pacific. Mr. Hind is concerned with two things—low taxes and cheap labor, wherein he resembles many of the props of the republic on the mainland, and his logic is far better than his grammar. The present American system of giving every child as much schooling as he will swallow is costly; and it produces young men and women who do not care to work, either on sugar plantations or in steel mills, for twelve hours a day. Elsewhere in his address Mr. Hind praises the Hawaiian bureau of labor for its success in importing, during a recent strike, large numbers of Filipino laborers whose standard of living was still lower than that prevailing in the gardens of Eden (as the tourist literature describes them) about Mauna Loa.

Whatever its other faults, American education cannot be accused of fostering a soporific contentment with plain living. The product of the American public school wants a telephone, a Ford car, and a radio set, and he expects his education to enable him to earn them. Mr. Hind will have to pay more than a dollar a day for sugar workers if he is to hire public-school graduates; and if our present immigration policy continues there will soon be none but public-school graduates to hire.

Education—even pretty poor and formalistic education—undoubtedly does produce, as Mr. Hind says, "visionary highbrows" who are not content to work as their fathers worked. It creates discontent. If the half-baked schoolboys of China had known either more or less they would never have awakened a sleeping continent. In Pittsburgh, Oahu, and Shanghai a little knowledge is still a dangerous thing. Fortunately.

Lafayette, We Want Our Money

By ALLEN S. OLMSTED, 2nd

THE man on Main Street (and his representative on Pennsylvania Avenue) seems to view the French debt like the five dollars he lent his brother-in-law several years ago. In the name of all that is good and solvent, why shouldn't it be repaid? It was a loan, not a gift. Folks that borrow ought to pay up, and everything else is bolshevism. Thus the man on Main Street.

To the Frenchman, it is not so simple. He never got any five dollars. Whatever he borrowed he immediately paid out again to American citizens for war supplies. Those American citizens made themselves rich selling the war supplies—so rich that they have to pay a surtax on their incomes. Those same citizens are now endeavoring to have the debt paid so as to reduce their surtaxes and thus further augment their profit. Hence the Frenchman sees the demand that the debt be paid as an effort to make the widow and children of the defender of Verdun pay for the uniform in which he was buried.

Such sentimentality is to be deplored. Business is business. To be sure the money was spent to weave horizon blue in Massachusetts woolen mills and the price was, to be sure, adequate. And it is doubtless true also that either the families of French veterans or the veterans themselves must pay most of the debt; for who else is there in France to pay taxes? The Frenchman's premise, therefore, may be true and his conclusion may follow from his premise; but we are a practical people and we do not like this sentimental manner of stating conclusions. It would be more businesslike to say that debts are debts and ought to be paid. In a business transaction there should be no sentiment.

Our relations with France were on a business basis. We were partners in a business venture. The object of the business was to defeat the German army. The mode of transacting that business was to discharge missiles from guns, and that required both missiles and men to shoot them. We furnished most of the missiles and the French most of the men. All of the missiles and many of the men were destroyed. We shall expect the French to pay for our missiles; as for their men, why— Oh, yes, their men, or at least the ones who weren't destroyed, are the ones who are to pay for the missiles.

When America joined the partnership in April, 1917, it was her effort to get the men and munitions to the line at the earliest date possible. The munitions got there about a year before the men. If the men had reached there as soon as the munitions, they could have fired the shells. In that case we would have paid for the shells and also for the white crosses and war-risk insurance of the men who were destroyed while shooting them. But our men did not get there so soon, and to our partners fell the job of repelling the enemy and of paying for the ammunition with which they did that job.

The writer was one of "our boys"—a member of an American regiment which operated light railways for the British army. On March 24, 1918, we ran a Baldwin locomotive off the track into a shell hole in order to keep the Germans from capturing and using it. That locomotive typifies the whole inter-Allied debt. Built at Eddystone, Pennsylvania, it was sold to the British Government at a price which afforded American workmen good wages and the Baldwin stockholders good dividends. The British Government "paid" for it out of money borrowed from the United States, which is another way of saying that the United States paid for the locomotives and the British Government promised to repay the American Government. The American Government had itself borrowed the money from certain of its citizens, and it is at this minute taxing those citizens and others, including me, to pay interest on the money borrowed. It says to the British Government: "Come, now, remember your promise. Tax your citizens more in order that we may tax our citizens less. For so it was agreed."

Yes, it was so agreed, and the net effect of the agreement is that the survivors of the British Third Army are being taxed more in order that we, who were attached to that army, should be taxed less. We are dunning them to pay for the locomotive we dumped into the shell hole. It sounds absurd; it is absurd; and to one who recalls the circumstances of that terrible night in March, 1918, it also seems shabby. But pass the shabbiness. When the reason has been found why my British companions in the flight from the Somme should be taxing themselves to pay me interest on the cost of the locomotive we both abandoned, the reason will also be apparent why the children and the grandchildren of those soldiers should tax themselves to pay the interest on the same locomotive to my children and grandchildren.

That reason is short and simple: it was so agreed. If the French debt is funded to extend over sixty-two years, as the British and Italian debts have been, the grandchildren of Joffre's army will be paying the grandchildren of Pershing's army, not because there is a good reason why they should pay, but because Clemenceau and Caillaux promised Wilson and Mellon that they would pay. For such is the law; what governments promise, their citizens unto the third and fourth generations must do.

The law is in this respect based on a legal fiction. It decrees that what "France" borrowed in 1917, "France" is bound to repay sixty-two years later just as though the borrower of 1917 and the repayer of 1979 were identical. But how many of the French taxpayers of 1979 will have had anything to do with the contracting of the debt, or with the war for which it was contracted? As for the creditor nation, it has redrafted its immigration law so as to encourage immigration from those noble Nordics, our former enemies. There are already in this country many German soldiers and there will be many more. These Germans, and their children, are among those who are entitled to exact payments for the locomotive captured by the German army in 1918. Thus shall the "inter-Allied" debts be paid.

Right there is the difference between the inter-grandchildren-of-allies debt and the five dollars which the man on Main Street lent to his brother-in-law. In the man-to-man transaction there is no legal fiction to say that the borrower and his son are the same person, and any lawyer

in Gopher Prairie will tell you that if the father dies without paying, you cannot collect the debt from the son. But international law is more severe. That is worth remembering. When we are asking the next generation of Frenchmen to pay the debt which international law places on them, we are asking them to pay a debt which neither the law of France nor the law of the United States would put on them if their fathers had borrowed in their personal rather than in their governmental capacity.

The legal fiction! I shall enter on no encomium upon it; it needs none. All modern business is built around the fiction that a corporation is a "person." The Supreme Court's power to nullify legislation springs from the fiction that the Constitution is the will of the people, more immediately and directly expressed than by an Act of Congress. The legal fiction was invented in an effort to reconcile justice with logic. When it ceases to do justice, it should cease to circulate as good fiction. We would do well to reconsider the fiction that "France" borrowed and "France" must pay in the light of whether it is either wise or just to require Frenchmen to pay money into the American Treasury.

Mr. Owen D. Young, in discussing inter-Allied debts, draws a picture of General Pershing returning to the tomb of Lafayette. He stands at attention, salutes, and declaims: "We are here, Lafayette; and this time we want our money."

Why drag Lafayette into it? Why not! Lafayette had as much to do with the lending of the money as did the people who will be asked to pay it back half a century hence.

Has the Negro the Right of Self-Defense?

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

FEW criminal cases have combined the dramatic intensity, the forensic brilliance, and the deep social significance present in the trial just concluded at Detroit of Dr. Ossian Sweet and ten other Negroes charged with the murder of a white man. For more than a month all the efforts of the prosecutor and the police were bent toward securing a verdict of life imprisonment from the white jury. Fighting for the right of the defendants and all other Negroes to defend themselves against assault was the ablest criminal advocate who ever faced an American jury, Clarence Darrow, and with him Arthur Garfield Hays of New York, Walter M. Nelson of Detroit, and Herbert Friedman of Chicago. The jury, after deliberating for forty-six hours, was unable to agree, and on November 27 was discharged. Perhaps it was only to be expected that there would be no agreement among twelve men selected at random from a community—or a nation for that matter—in which there is so little agreement upon the difficult problem really at the bottom of the case.

For this was no ordinary murder trial. Back of it all was the whole sensitive problem of race relations, intensified a thousand-fold by the recent Northern migration of the Negro; hovering over and touching the whole proceeding was the somber cloud of race prejudice.

If a crowd of Negroes had tried to drive a family of whites from their home in a Negro neighborhood and a Negro had been killed by shots from the house, it is difficult to imagine a prosecutor even making an arrest. The right to defend home and self is ancient and well-established; it has been honored for centuries by juries and courts. But suppose, as was the fact in this case, that the home is inhabited by Negroes, suppose the crowd is made up of white neighbors, angered by the undesired presence of the blacks—and fearful of a depreciation in real-estate values. Suppose while the white crowd is throwing stones and acting menacingly under the cover of approaching night a volley from the house kills a white man. Between these two cases the "law" makes no distinction, but it will be a very rare white jury that will be able or willing to see that the two situations are identical. It is a tribute to the capacity of Clarence Darrow to rouse the best in common men, and to the fairness of the extraordinary young judge who presided, that seven jurors held out for two days for acquittal and thus prevented their fellows from sending the defendants to the penitentiary.

The theory upon which the prosecution sought to send these eleven Negroes to prison for life—the extreme penalty in Michigan—is an interesting phase of this memorable case. No evidence of who fired the shot which killed Leon Breiner was available; he was struck by one bullet, whereas eight or ten were fired from within the house. It was therefore impossible to charge one defendant as the murderer and the others as co-principals, aiding and abetting. The charge of a conspiracy to kill would have been less severe than first-degree murder. The state accordingly charged each of the eleven with murder, alleging that all eleven acted under an *agreement* to kill anyone committing even the slightest trespass, regardless of the necessity for defense, so that each was equally responsible for the shooting done by one. No effort to prove such an agreement was made either by words or conduct, but the killing itself was regarded both as the crime and proof of the murderous agreement! Trade unionists who have suffered for generations by reason of the legal sleight-of-hand known as "conspiracy" will do well to keep their eyes upon this latest refinement upon that doctrine of oppression.

Proceeding upon this ingenious theory, the state, after proving that there was a killing, sought to anticipate and defeat the defendants' plea of self-defense. Witness after witness, chiefly white residents of the neighborhood, took the stand and insisted that the crowds which gathered about Dr. Sweet's home were small, orderly, and even "neighborly." Some were sorry spectacles under Darrow's pitiless cross-questioning and biting sarcasm, but for the most part they clung to the story that although it was necessary to have on duty sixteen policemen, in charge of a deputy chief, the neighborhood was a veritable vale of peace. One witness, asked by the prosecutor how many people he saw about the Sweet house, replied: "There was a great crowd . . . no, I won't say a great crowd . . . a large crowd . . . well, there were a few people there and the officers were keeping them moving." The cross-examination was illuminating:

Q. Have you talked to anyone about the case?

A. Lieutenant Johnson (the police detective in charge).

Q. And when you started to answer the question you forgot to say "a few people," didn't you?

A. Yes, sir.

Those state witnesses who could be induced to admit that stones had been thrown amused the courtroom by referring to them as "pebbles," the "pebbles" introduced into evidence being chunks of cement, some of them the size of one's fist. The testimony of the police detailed to guard the house corroborated that of the residents of the vicinity in every respect.

The defense first produced witnesses, most of them Negroes, who gave a wholly different picture of conditions just before the shooting—a picture of an angry, threatening crowd, determined "to run the niggers out." It was further established that shortly after Dr. Sweet's purchase of a house in this white neighborhood, some seven hundred residents of the vicinity held an overflow mass meeting, and organized an "Improvement Association." That the "improvement" intended was keeping Negroes out of the district was clear.

The principal defendant, Dr. Sweet, was put on the stand, and stated the circumstances surrounding the shooting, as they appeared from within the beleaguered house. He told of the crowds on September 8 when he moved in, of the police detailed because of the known temper of the vicinity, of the threats and the stoning, of the massing of the crowd, and of the shooting. Then followed one of the most remarkable direct examinations to be found in all the records of criminal cases: a vivid picture of the fear-ridden mind of a black man, terrified by a hostile crowd of whites outside his home. The testimony was particularly effective because it came from the lips of a highly educated man, a graduate of two universities, just returned from research in Vienna, and a skilled physician. To show that Dr. Sweet believed his life was in danger Mr. Hays questioned him upon his mental life and emotional experience in so far as they touched upon his fear of mob violence. The examination brought out that the witness had seen the brutalities of the Washington race riots, had read accounts of the Chicago cruelties, of those at East St. Louis, Tulsa, and Omaha. He had talked with Detroit Negroes who had been driven from their new homes by white neighbors: in one case a fellow-physician whose house but three months before had been sacked by a mob, and who had been forced to convey away his newly purchased home while policemen looked on approvingly. Much of his information concerning the way his people had been abused and tyrannized by whites came from a reading of *The Nation*, and a number of issues were introduced into evidence. Thus the whole sordid panorama of bestiality was unrolled before the jury, in an effort to convey to the white men an understanding of the fear that gripped those eleven barricaded blacks. When finally the witness was asked his state of mind at the time of the shooting, he answered:

> When I opened the door I saw the mob and I realized . . . I was facing that same mob that has hounded my people throughout its entire history. . . . I was filled with a fear that only one could experience who knows the history and the sufferings of my race.

The climax of the trial was reached when Clarence Darrow walked slowly to the jury box and began his closing argument. A deep silence fell over the crowded noisy courtroom. The old man with the unutterably sad face and the great stooped shoulders seemed no mere lawyer pleading for hire. He seemed, instead, a patriarch out of another age, counseling his children, sorrowing because of their cruelty and hatred, yet too wise in the ways of men to condemn them for it. His voice was a low rumble; in it resounded all the misery his tired eyes had seen. Quietly and sadly he besought these twelve men to inflict no further hatred and injustice upon a race that has known nothing but hatred and injustice. He seemed to be pleading more that the white man might be just than that the black be free, more for the spirit of the master than the body of the slave. As his voice rumbled out the story of this yesterday's tragedy of race, the whole drama of the black man in America seemed to be there reenacted.

And then suddenly the voice of the lawyer rang out like a brass gong, his eyes became hard and grim, every muscle of his huge body was tense and strained. Darrow was no longer the patriarch, the philosopher. Now he had become the warrior, the veteran of a hundred battles for human freedom—battles against the greed of the strong, the cruelty of the many, the bigotry of the ignorant. Thoroughly aroused and angered, his head lowered like a fighter coming out of his corner, he turned upon the prosecutors, his arms swinging, eyes narrowed and pitiless, the brass gong clanging an alarm and a challenge. . . . John Brown before the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Owen Lovejoy defying the mob at Alton. Charles Sumner scourging Butler in the Senate Chamber. . . . In the veins of Darrow is the blood of the Abolitionists: his father was a friend of John Brown and sent more than one fleeing black man along his terrified way to Canada and freedom; again and again he had told the son tales of Garrison and Kelley and Foster and Pillsbury.

The black man's body had been freed, and the Abolitionist father had helped win him that freedom. There are no more underground railroads or fugitive-slave laws or whipping-posts. But there are mobs and torches and trees hideous with swinging black shapes, and there is suspicion, prejudice, hatred. And on the new battlefield, fighting a subtler foe, and one that may perhaps never be wholly defeated, is Clarence Darrow, son of the Abolitionists.

The story told in that courtroom was undoubtedly a sordid and disheartening one, but not wholly so. Has the white man of today advanced beyond his brother of two hundred years ago who traded slaves for rum? No one can answer with any assurance. But that the black man is making headway is clear beyond doubt. Of this, the young defendants themselves are striking evidence. Most of them are either graduates or students of colleges or professional schools; their grandparents were slaves who could neither read nor write! At the press table sat two colored newspaper men the match of any correspondent there. The factories seen from the courtroom windows are employing more and more Negroes every week. And there is encouragement, too, in the fact that Negroes can command so fair a trial in a land where most trials of Negroes have been mob-dominated travesties. For this trial was probably the fairest ever accorded a Negro in this country; had it been otherwise the defendants would now be on their way to a life in prison.

The World Court—A Reply

By MANLEY O. HUDSON

THE advocates of America's giving its support to the World Court are now legion. For five years the question has been facing us, and for almost three years the proposal of American adhesion to the Court Protocol has been pending. During this period a great deal has been written on the subject. Many debates have been held. Students, lawyers, politicians have studied the question. From hundreds of platforms it has been explained and expounded. Public hearings have been conducted by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the House of Representatives Committee on Foreign Affairs. And one might think that as a result the subject has been pretty thoroughly explored. In particular, the relation between the Court and the League, which was an object of attack in 1923, has been very fully considered.

But suddenly, on the eve of the debate in the Senate, we are told that we have all overlooked something very important. Mr. James N. Rosenberg, who describes himself as "an enthusiast for a world court," whatever that may be, tells us in *The Nation* of December 2, 1925, that we have all overlooked Article 13 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. He has been reading the Covenant of the League of Nations and he discovers there provisions by which members of the League of Nations have obligated themselves to carry out in good faith the decisions of the Court, and have agreed that in case of their failure to do so the Council of the League may propose what steps should be taken to give effect to the decision. He addresses to me the question whether my own statement on the connection between the Court and the League is not incomplete.

I would first suggest to Mr. Rosenberg that he read the Protocol of Signature and the adjoined Statute of the Court. He asks the question, to which he assumes an affirmative answer: "Is not the World Court established pursuant to the Covenant of the League of Nations?" Just what he means by "pursuant" I do not quite know. Pursuant in point of time? The clear answer is, Yes. The Covenant was in force a whole year and more before the Court was established. Pursuant in any other sense? The clear answer is, No. Mr. Rosenberg says the Court was "created to carry out the provisions" of Article 13 of the Covenant. He cannot have read the Court's Statute very far, for the very opening words in Article 1 are: "A Permanent Court of International Justice is hereby established, in accordance with Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations." If this has the effect of incorporating into the Statute some provisions of Article 14, a question about which I have written at length, it does not similarly incorporate the provisions of Articles 13 and 16 to which Mr. Rosenberg refers. Nor is there any other part of the Statute which has that effect. So that I submit that Mr. Rosenberg's entire argument is based on a misconception. The Court was established "pursuant to," or as the Statute more accurately says "in accordance with," Article 14 of the Covenant and not pursuant to Article 13, nor "pursuant to the Covenant" as a whole.

But I must deal also with the bugaboo of "the army [illegible] the World Court." Mr. [illegible]'s argument might have been stated to run as follows: The United States is asked to join with other nations in maintaining the World Court. The other nations to date, though this may not always be so, are all members of the League of Nations. By provisions in the Covenant of the League binding on them but in no way binding on the United States even after the United States gives its support to the World Court, these other nations are bound to submit to arbitration or judicial settlement such disputes as they themselves recognize at the time to be suitable for such submission; and when they do submit a case to the World Court they agree to carry out the decision and not to resort to war against any other member of the League which does carry it out. If any member fails to carry out a decision, the Council of the League "shall propose what steps shall be taken to give effect" to it; and if any member goes to war against another member which does comply with the decision, then it is to be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League which undertake to apply certain economic sanctions.

Now these obligations exist only because of the Covenant, and they would not be undertaken by the United States in giving its support to the World Court. The Covenant is one instrument, the Court Protocol and adjoined Statute are another. The United States will not become a party to the former by adhering to the latter. Mr. Rosenberg calls them Siamese twins. If that is an apt description while all parties to one are also parties to the other, which I do not admit, it will cease to be so when the United States becomes a party to one without becoming a party to the other. We shall cut the cord!

But there is one more string to Mr. Rosenberg's bow as he ought to use it. He may object to our joining in maintaining a Court with other nations which are bound among themselves by such obligations. What is the alternative? He says it is "a court of justice, backed not by arms but only by acquiescence and a decent respect for the opinion of mankind." Now suppose we should say to the other nations: Scrap the World Court; forget what you have builded during the last five years while we in America were debating; throw away the eighteen opinions which the World Court has handed down; send the judges back to their homes; and come to a conference in Washington where we shall set up a "real" world court according to American ideas which you will accept as we lay them out to you. And, if the limit of supposing has not been reached, suppose the other nations meekly agree and set up such a "real" world court. Then what will there be to prevent other states from getting together, perhaps at Locarno, and agreeing on precisely that procedure which the Covenant now lays down for preventing war in violation of the decisions of the new Court? Mr. Rosenberg might persuade our Secretary of State to call them naughty, but they could not be prevented—not unless America is to rule the world. For America, we may say that "acquiescence and a decent respect for the opinion of mankind" are the only sanctions we shall give to other nations or exact from them. We shall say this very clearly in adopting Mr. Hughes's "con-

ditions and understandings." But we can hardly lay this down as mandatory for all the other peoples of the world. We might ask them to abolish the League of Nations as a condition of our supporting the World Court, but we cannot with very good grace ask them to agree not to set up another league among themselves after we have given our support.

Of course, the implication in Mr. Rosenberg's articles is that the United States would be assuming some great obligation in giving its support to the World Court. He calls it a "momentous step." The truth is that we should be assuming no obligation except that of paying our share of the expenses; and our own Congress will say what our share is. For it is not being proposed that the United States agree to take any case to the World Court, not even when in the words of Article 13 of the Covenant a dispute may arise which we "recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration or judicial settlement."

The Canadian Progressives Divide and Fall

By DOUGLAS MacKAY

Ottawa, Canada, December 7

THE Progressive-Agrarian movement in Canada rose in 1921 with a sweeping rush from the ruck of post-war politics and placed sixty-five members in a House of Commons of 235, eclipsing in number even the historic Conservative Party. Today the Progressive Party is slipping into oblivion; it emerged from the general election of October 29 with its representation reduced to twenty-four. In 1921 it was a national party; 1925 found it a prairie farmer group.

Yet, though its numbers are reduced its influence as a third party promises to be greater than ever before. The dying Progressive movement is in a position to sustain or defeat the minority Liberal Government on the floor of the House. The Liberal Party slightly lowered the tariff during four years in office, and so gained sufficient Progressive support to remain in power. Progressives justified this support by claiming to be an advanced wing of the Liberal Party, with free-trade tendencies.

Last October the Government met numerical defeat in the general election. The new House of Commons has 117 Conservatives, 100 Liberals, twenty-four Progressives, two Laborites, and one Independent member. (Ten new seats were added to the representation by the 1923 Redistribution Act.) While in a minority, the Liberal Government still clings to office, and Parliament is summoned. Rather than resign the Government is meeting the House in the hope of bringing the Progressives into the Liberal fold on a general policy of "anything to keep the Tories out of power." The Liberals must have the support of most of the Progressives on every government measure, or surrender office to the high-tariff Tories, whose position would be untenable in the face of two low-tariff groups in opposition. It is an acute case of minority, third-party government.

The weakness in the Progressive movement is internal. It is losing its foothold on that treacherous slope which all reform parties must climb to survive. The party has rejected national organization and is breaking up into personal units. Some of its members in Parliament should bear the Socialist label. Others believe in economic group representation; that is, that their movement should be farmers and farmers only. A few still cling to the ideals of the leaders of the party in 1921—that it would be national, and would embrace all who believed in low tariff, low freight rates, banking reform, and a railway outlet to Hudson Bay for Western Canada.

Hon. T. A. Crerar, former minister of agriculture in the Union (war-time) Government, was leader of the newborn party in 1921, and in the interest of the Progressive movement stumped Canada from coast to coast. There were 150 candidates in the field and every evidence of a lusty adolescence for the new party. In rural sections a general bolt from the old parties took place, and sixty-five members, inexperienced in the ways of parliament, appeared at the opening of the House of Commons in Ottawa in 1922. It was a remarkable showing for a new party without tradition or precedent, and with only high ideals of public life to guide it. There was no campaign fund except single-dollar subscriptions; thus the Progressive movement entered politics without the usual fetters.

Social Ottawa shuddered at the prospect of a deluge of farmers, but the Progressives acquitted themselves with dignity and modesty. There was no arrogance, but there was real sincerity and willingness to learn. The most notable characteristic was suspicion—a suspicion of plots to seduce their votes, or plots to break up their party. There was a questionable political morality, they said, about rigid party lines. These fears dulled the fighting edge of the party until the Alberta representatives, always more radical than the rest, broke into open revolt and began to assert themselves as a leaderless group in the House of Commons. Associated with them was Miss Agnes MacPhail, an Ontario school-teacher and the only woman member of the House of Commons. Miss MacPhail entered the Parliament of Canada as a stern crusader. Her continued fight for better conditions for rural living and for the abolition of cadet training in the public schools has not lessened, but her manner has mellowed and she has gained the respect of many people who formerly declared her to be an erratic radical.

As a party the Progressives injected new rules of conduct into the House of Commons. Its members were notably conscientious in their attendance in the House and vied with each other in voting at every division. The dilemma of extraparliamentary groups as to what to do in a House pledged to give or withhold support to party measures was solved. Only once was the dignity of Parliament ruffled (the Canadian Parliament is more dignified than Westminster itself) and that was when some Progressives appeared in shirt-sleeves one warm June day. The Canadian House will not likely see a group of such diversity again, unless at some future date the two Labor members succeed in expanding their numbers to 122. The party included five Progressives [illegible], as well as prohibitionists, grain growers, [illegible], and citizens of

weekly papers. One-third of the members of the party in the House were born in Great Britain.

The revolt from within was fostered by several of the "British born" and was aimed partly at the leadership of the bloc. T. A. Crerar had been compelled to retire to devote his entire time to the United Grain Growers Company of Canada, of which he was president. He was succeeded by Robert Forke, a Scottish lowlander by birth and accent and a successful farmer of 1,600 acres in Manitoba. The native caution of Forke was too much for some of his younger followers, who broke away and were promptly given the unparliamentary title of "Ginger Group" by the press-gallery correspondents. So, for two sessions the Gingerites remained aloof from party caucus and led combative forays on their own account in the House. On major issues principle compelled them to vote with the whole agrarian group.

The revolt broke the back of the Progressive movement nationally. It had been fostered from Alberta, and Ontario resented it. The Progressives went into the 1925 election as a group of individuals and still with only single-dollar subscriptions for campaign funds. On the prairie there were small provincial organizations, but nothing resembling an effective machine. Robert Forke, the leader, confined himself in his campaigns to Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Old Ontario was recognized as lost to the Progressive movement and the leader of the party dared not go into Alberta, where the Ginger Group flourished.

In aiming for something higher the Progressives rejected the consolidating elements of the party system of organization. Crerar, the only experienced member of the group, had warned them in his parting message against disintegration. It was patronage, he told them, that had made the organizations of the older parties objectionable, and to survive the Progressive movement must organize on a national basis. But the warning went unheeded by the new members of Parliament, who felt secure in their seats and comfortable with their annual indemnity of $4,000.

The Progressives have come from the polls this time wounded and limping, but still with swords in hand. Whether or not they will offer their swords to the Liberals will be shown during the sessions of the fifteenth Parliament. Probably a few will continue to harry the Government by guerrilla tactics and call truce on major policies. The Government will absorb several Progressives whom the Liberal organization left unopposed at election time, and a handful of men, in reality Farmer-Socialists, will survive.

The dissatisfaction with the two old parties which gave the first vitality to the Progressive movement is far from dead, particularly in the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Materially the Progressive experiment brought little to the West and the promises made by the older parties have begun to pall. A Western party, embracing city and country interests, is feeling its way to the light under the sound leadership of men whose names will command instant respect when the call is made for support. The leaders are working quietly and are willing to wait their opportunity.

Such a party would attract the enormous foreign-born population of the West as well as many of the British-born who are without Canadian party traditions. It would be a militant and aggressive force and would react in Quebec and the Atlantic provinces by stirring up demands there for geographical representation. These are the potential forces, rising from the collapse of the Progressive movement, which any administration must meet if the original confederation of nine provinces is to survive. Canada's geography is her most vital problem.

Soup, Soap, and Shoes

By STUART CHASE

> We have mastered the Coolidge-Mellon idea that the best way to help the poor is to lighten the tax on millionaires, and that heavy levies on the dead discourage thrift and industry. Now we are working hopefully on the thought that paying big taxes on everything we eat, drink, wear, burn, live in, ride in, and go to is really a blessing in disguise.

THUS Howard Brubaker in the *New Yorker*. The following is the story of a young man who has tried diligently, but somehow has not been able to achieve Mr. Brubaker's peace of mind.

Mr. Mellon began to emphasize his tax-reduction plan in the spring of 1924. The philanthropic appeal was contagious, the heart of the Harriman National Bank in New York was touched, and it proceeded to run advertisements in the newspapers where the message to the poor and the struggling was put in bold type. Correspondence was invited. The appeal caught the eye of William J. Halperin of Mount Vernon, New York, who had been exercising his ingenuity trying to attain the good life on a salary of $45 per week. It filled him with hope and cheer, but being a young man with an unfortunate thirst for knowledge he wanted to find out what made the wheels go round, and through what specific channels would these rewards and fairies come. So he wrote to the Harriman National Bank and said: "Tell me just how and in what way will I benefit by reduction of taxes with my salary at $45 a week. I should say that the average earnings of men, taking the country as a whole, would not exceed $45. In writing to the Senators from New York I would like to be in possession of some facts to enable me to present my arguments intelligently."

Mr. Phillips, vice-president of the bank, replied promptly. "The benefit to those who do not make an income-tax return by reason of limited income would lie in the reduced cost of living, for you must recognize that all business passes on its costs, which include taxation, to the consumer. Thus, although you made no tax return, you pay rent and your landlord pays income taxes, his taxes being passed on to you in the form of rent. The Mellon plan for tax reduction would result in increased prosperity for the United States, which we all would feel. We are confident that you will agree with this outline, and that you will be able to write your Senators accordingly."

But the confidence, alas, was premature. Mr. Halperin

pondered on these broad but somewhat nebulously defined blessings, and then came back for more. Some months later he confessed his perplexities to Mr. Phillips in the following terms: "Since receiving your letter of May, 1924, my rent has been increased twice—$5 each time—and I have noticed no reduction in the cost of living. I am somewhat confused as to how these matters work out, and I am wondering if you can give me further information." To which Mr. Phillips replied: "It is unfortunate but true that large bodies move slowly, and, therefore, unhappily, tax reduction is not felt so promptly as we should like. Unquestionably, however, without the tax reduction which we have so far enjoyed your living expenses would be still higher than they have been, and I cannot see but that you have tax reduction to thank for this. With further tax reduction there must eventually come still further reduction in the cost of living. . . . The particular question of the increase in your rent appears to be a specialized matter." And Mr. Phillips, having prophesied that further tax reduction on the rich will give us more of the benefits which he admits we haven't got and somewhat pained by his unhappy choice of rent as an example, picks a new favorite in a pair of shoes. "You can readily see that if it costs the manufacturer less to produce a pair of shoes by reason of reduction of his taxes he can sell them for less, and, in fact, he must do so in the face of competition."

Still this deplorable youth isn't satisfied. He figures out the most he could expect on a pair of shoes (even if the manufacturer could shift an income tax, which he cannot) would be about 6 cents. As shoes are not bought in 6-cent units except at fire sales the reduction in price will be precisely nothing. And, he inquires, as to cans of soup and cakes of soap: Would the possible fraction of a cent saving in cost ever affect the retail price, or would it simply be salted down by the manufacturer?

Soup and soap appear to have been too much for Mr. Phillips; it was time to appeal to higher sources of inspiration. He refers Mr. Halperin to Mr. Hoover and is again—"confident that you will receive a satisfactory response." Mr. Halperin duly submits the correspondence to Mr. Hoover and is unkind enough to say: "Mr. Phillips has given me no definite reply to my definite inquiries—he has generalized. But apparently he believes that you will give me something more definite." But Mr. Hoover, being a wise man, turned the correspondence over to Mr. Garrard B. Winston, Under Secretary of the Treasury. Meanwhile Halperin wrote again to Phillips expressing his regret that the soup and the shoes and soap could not be settled between them. To which Phillips fires his parting shot and passes out of the picture. "It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for the general understanding to put these matters in a nutshell, but your interest in the matter prompts me to suggest that you go to the New York Library and make an earnest and sincere study of the whole subject." Why he did not warn Mr. Halperin to keep away from books which discussed the incidence of taxation is puzzling—but perhaps this distinction was rather fine and beyond Mr. Phillips.

We are now in the very bowels of the Treasury Department. Mr. Winston takes the matter firmly in hand. He sends Mr. Halperin a speech delivered by himself before the National Association of Credit Men, and he writes a two-page letter. He admits that there isn't much to hope from cakes of soap and cans of soup, but "if taxes are not economically sound in their nature, then in the long run they have a very material effect upon the cost of production and prices," for they will "drive capital into unproductive investment" and "check the initiative essential to business enterprise." Thus he shifts the ground to our old friend the quaking capitalist, who "leaves the country" at the drop of a hat, leaving starvation and desolation behind him. It appears we must reduce his taxes, not in the hope that he will lower his prices but in order to keep him from scuttling to Canada or Bolivia or Kamchatka.

At which point Mr. Halperin is sunk beyond all resuscitation, and there the matter rests. One doubts if even Mr. Mellon could have done much for him. The most conservative of economists would have told him, and told Mr. Phillips and Mr. Winston as well, that while taxes on sales may be passed on it is very difficult to shift *income* taxes to the consumer. A monopoly might do it, but if there is any competition in the premises, the so-called "marginal" company, which makes no profit at all, sets the price, and thus the income-tax factor simply cannot operate at all. Furthermore the Treasury bill has to do with taxes on individuals and not on corporations. Ninety per cent of American business is carried on under the corporate form—including shoes and soap and soup. Such individual proprietorships or partnerships as remain to be taxed on surplus earnings are all in competitive lines, amount to little, and cannot shift the burden. Lastly the picture of the quaking capitalist is totally irrelevant in an era where we have more money to invest than we know what to do with. Never has there been such a plethora of capital.

Income taxes on rich individuals stick to them. Because they cannot be shifted the rich individuals have yelled—understandable and human enough, if you please. If Mr. Mellon wants to help his friends, that's understandable too. But why all this labored nonsense to Mr. Halperin? Isn't there some danger that it will destroy the respect of every intelligent man for the intellects of our bank vice-presidents and our Under Secretaries of the Treasury?

The Holy Bonds

By CARL RAKOSI

My bride presents me with a chart of gall
involving the designs we two create,
and seems to doubt me and to meditate
inviolacies her tears fail to recall.

She plans to promenade in grim attire
while I exploit the offices of hate,
and I shall keep still and regard the fire
[illegible] and add fuel to the grate.

My bride has issued from her private door
and bursts into a cold inverted laugh,
for she has found me humbled on the floor,
a sprig of ashes held between my teeth.
This she interprets as despair and chaff
conceding to her shabby bridal wreath.

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Chicherin and the Russian Debt

By PAXTON HIBBEN

SAID President Coolidge in his last message to Congress:

> The principal sums without interest, still pending, are the debts of . . . Russia, $192,000,000, which those at present in control have undertaken openly to repudiate.

Said Senator Borah in a statement published on December 14 in the New York *World:*

> I am in a position to state on the most authentic authority that in so far as concerns matters of debt, the confiscation of American property, and propaganda, Russia is ready and prepared to deal with these matters in the most reasonable and satisfactory way.

Testimony to this effect is available in the files of the State Department, a source of information which even the President might tap if he happened to be interested in the truth about Russia. It is a matter of record that several efforts have been made by "those at present in control" of the Soviet Government to reach a fair settlement of the debt question. Meanwhile bankers and business men are urging closer relations with Russia. A private and secret conference recently held at the Bankers Club in New York brought together an impressive group of powerful American financiers and the American representatives of Russian Government trading corporations to discuss problems of trade with the USSR. Curiously enough, news of this gathering came to the attention of the American press only through accounts published in Moscow. More recently Senator Borah has reintroduced his measure for the recognition of Russia and states that he intends to press it at this session.

I talked the whole matter over with Chicherin recently. In view of what he said it is, I think, quite plain that neither the debts of prerevolutionary Russia nor the claims of American citizens for damage to property in Russia during the Russian revolutions stand in the way of the resumption of normal relations between the United States and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

> Various Americans who have visited Moscow have insisted that the question of the prerevolutionary Russian debt is what holds back the reestablishment of normal relations between the United States and the USSR [Chicherin said]. I cannot believe that, however. President Coolidge waived consideration of the old Czarist debt in his message of December 9, 1923, and, anyhow, the whole sum involved, even if the Czarist debt were included, is so small in comparison with the ten billion dollars due the United States from other European countries—many of which hold out no prospect of being able to pay—that I cannot believe this would stand in the way at least of conversations as to the terms upon which the payment of such a sum could be undertaken by the USSR. We have always been ready to enter into discussions looking to a satisfactory practical settlement of the whole debt issue. We are now. Indeed we are negotiating with the French for the practical settlement of a debt issue involving a far more considerable sum than is involved between the United States and the USSR, and these negotiations are proceeding satisfactorily. Naturally, we feel that if we can come to a practical understanding with the French, we can with the United States, also.
>
> Indeed, I cannot help feeling that it would be still simpler with the United States, both because the amount involved is not large and because we now have very active commercial relations actually going on between the two countries. In fact, our largest imports are now from the United States, and there are scores of commercial representatives of the USSR coming and going constantly between Moscow and the United States, doing business with your cotton growers, textile and agricultural machinery manufacturers, and so on, on a basis of firm credits backed by some of your most conservative bankers. Your business men are realists who know well that we do business on a sound basis. They can give your government all the assurance required that we are also realists who meet practical problems in a practical way.

I asked Chicherin if the amount involved were really so small when the claims of various American corporations for damages suffered in Russia were considered.

> Relatively, yes [Chicherin replied]. Of course claims of that sort have to be pretty carefully scrutinized. The French, for example, started talking about six billion dollars. But when these figures were examined closely we got a figure in the neighborhood of $350,000,000 as a starting-point—which is less astronomic.
>
> Moreover, in the matter of individual claims, Mr. Hughes said on July 19, 1923, that the United States recognizes the right of revolution and does not attempt to determine the internal concerns of other states. The right of a government to proceed to measures of confiscation, where the welfare of the people of a country is at stake, has been clearly established by the United States in the adoption of the XIII and XVIII amendments to your Constitution. So that the principle involved in our action at the time of our revolution is not in question.
>
> Nevertheless, as a matter of practical adjustment, we have already reached satisfactory settlements with the citizens of other countries who claimed losses due to the revolution, and I have not the slightest doubt we could reach similar settlements with Americans.
>
> After all, the real crux of the matter is in whether or not we are a going concern, conducting business in a responsible way. Three years and a half ago Mr. Hughes put it that "the inescapable and ultimate question would appear to be the restoration of productivity in Russia. . . ." Well, we have pretty well done that. Both agriculture and industry in the USSR are already 71 per cent of prewar. And this has been accomplished not by foreign loans or mortgaging the natural wealth of the country, but by the hard work and solidarity of the workers and peasants of the USSR—which is, after all, a more reassuring foundation for enduring prosperity than foreign loans.
>
> Of course this recovery could be effected more rapidly and with greater advantage not only to our people but to your manufacturers and exporters were we in a position to secure the normal credits of any ordinary business transactions. For our foreign policy has been built upon two things: We have to have peace in order to develop our own system of life and government here and we have to have commercial relations with those who produce what we require for our development. For the past eight years we have been building roads to these two goals. Twenty-one nations of the world have entered into this type of relationship with the USSR. And this is the most significant fac-

tor in the maintenance of world peace today. Five years ago peace in Europe was a question. Today it is a fact. What has made the difference more than any one element has been the substitution of cooperation in developing the vast natural wealth of the USSR for the policy of isolating the USSR from the economic life of Europe.

You in America want peace. So do we. You want freedom of commercial intercourse on realistic bases. So do we. You want a *modus vivendi* in the Far East that will conduce to permanent peace and the stability and happiness of the Chinese people. So do we. We have so much in common that it would seem eminently desirable that our two countries work together to these ends. The French Government, in a similar situation, delegated M. de Monzie to make a study of the bases for possible negotiations before any official negotiations were entered into. If the President of the United States should delegate some man or group of men to make a like study, we would welcome it.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter went to school, football was played by young men in blazers and shorts who kicked a theoretically round though imperfectly inflated ball from one to another along the ground, accompanied by a lot of shouting and a lot of fun. The game was played for the joy of it, and the few spectators who stood along the sidelines—in bustles or in standing collars which crossed over in front—did not matter very much. Winning, as ever in human history, was sweet, but even losing was a jolly good game. There were no hired coaches, there were no towering stadia, there were no Nijinski cheer leaders, there was no press box, there were no butter-and-egg men, overginned and over-raccoon coated, waving the flags of colleges they had never attended, there were no gate receipts, no scouts among the high schools, no odds upon the stock exchanges, no endowment funds embossed on pigskin, no electrically controlled score boards, no mass formation on the field, and no massed capital in the background.

It was an open game.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter does not doubt that applying to football the soundly tested rules upon which the Steel Corporation was formed makes for bigger and better business. The railroads add to their passenger earnings, the manufacturers of bunting and rattan cannot but rejoice, the hot-dog industry is greatly stimulated, the curve of gasoline consumption rises sharply, innkeepers prepare to add their quota to investments in Florida real estate, and bootleggers make merry in Rolls Royces. Nor does the Drifter doubt that the Roman holiday gives pleasure to vastly more people than ever lined the playing fields of his youth. But of the game, and particularly the players of the game, he must confess to some perplexity. When Master George Owen of Harvard College says that all the fun has vanished, the Drifter feels a load upon his heart. While Master Harold Grange, late of the University of Illinois, with a half million in his pocket, remains somehow a lost and tragic figure. What can a young man do when he faces intrenched commercialism, the mob, and the newspapers who live by inflaming the mob? Where shall the joy of the game, aye, the very freedom of the soul itself, find surcease here? Down he must go, under the heels of the mob, under the muddy boots of the money changers, under the nameless obscenities of newspaper publicity. And down into the dust goes all that is clean and fine in sportsmanship. With the passage to official professionalism, the story becomes even sadder. Was Master Grange ever booed from the field while he played with his college mates? He was not. But in Boston and Pittsburgh, playing as a professional, he has been booed and jeered. Why? Because the trade goods he had to offer did not warrant the price paid, in the opinion of the consumer. As an incorporated business service furnishing raw material for moving-picture producers, cigarette manufacturers, garment makers, and radio distributors, at a scale of tariff almost fabulous; as the next friend of all the headline writers in the land, he must face the quite terrible responsibility of meeting the demands of the market.

* * * * *

FOR sport that is spontaneous and unfettered, the Drifter has only the most profound respect. For the massed phalanxes of big business he must, if he is to remain a citizen of the greatest republic ever heard of, maintain an attitude of respectful attention, if not of unqualified applause. But when the new wine of business enterprise is poured into the old bottles of sportsmanship the result, from the standpoint of one who knows his vintages, can only be disaster and the destruction of values.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Publishers Will Be Publishers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since *The Nation* is our only source of news at our dog and goat ranch up country, we know nothing that *The Nation* doesn't know, and get all excited over the things, conditions, hopes, and fears that excite *The Nation*. So on a recent trip to the cities I looked into the picture-paper menace as described in *The Nation's* article The Picture Papers Win. And for once I was disappointed in *The Nation*. The writer of the article had pointed out the picture papers as something new, something departing from the ideals of journalism, something vaguely horrendous and threatening. They were offering huge sums of money for new circulation; they were cutting the heart out of the news of the day and substituting pictures, he cried.

But this picture-paper idea is all old stuff, as anyone but a provincial, spat-wearing New Yorker ought to know. The rest of the country has had it for twenty-five years to my own knowledge, and nothing very disastrous has resulted from it. I refer now to the country weeklies and the small-town dailies, which are made up largely of boiler-plate pictures of everything under the sun and which, periodically, to garner a few hundreds of circulation, offer prizes—premiums, as they are called. To give away $25,000 a day in a circulation gamble calls for no more insanity, sporting blood, or wealth in your town than the careless bestowal of a set of dishes by the circulation manager of the newspaper in a certain village that I could name.

Yes, the picture papers disappoint me. They are just about like the regular issue of our town's *Bee* and *Visitor* except that in New York the girls seem to wear their dresses a little shorter. Our little paper has all the puzzles, jokes, funny pictures; and the photographs of society people, murderers, and politicians—and not much of anything else.

The little paper I speak of has given away in varying quantities in the last few years, its circulation manager tells

me, the following articles: dishes, jack-knives, berry spoons, pickle forks, lamps, clocks, books, kitchenware, fountain pens, horsewhips, Ford tires, gold-hilted toothpicks, hatchets, axes, bowie-knives, and vanity cases. And these gifts weren't striven for, as prizes, but given outright, given open-handedly, gladly.

May I mention, without offense, that *The Nation* lately seems to carry more illustrative matter than ever; to print more emphatic headlines on its front cover; to offer more tempting subscription bargains? Publishers will be publishers.

Brookline, Massachusetts, November 12 MARK TRIVET

Speed-Murder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the causes of the French Revolution, one of the things which exasperated the Parisians to the point of frenzy, was the fact that "the fierce aristocrats" recklessly drove over "the people" in the streets of Paris with their carriages. Charles Dickens describes such an outrage in "A Tale of Two Cities," from which I quote, here, in an abbreviated form:

> With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood these days, the carriage dashed through the streets and swept round corners. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of the wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices and the horses reared and plunged.
>
> But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind.
>
> "What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.
>
> A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it, like a wild animal.
>
> "Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."
>
> "Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"
>
> "Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."
>
> "It is extraordinary to me," said Monsieur, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way."

Charles Dickens here appeals to our sympathy and indignation against the reckless killing of *one child*. In the City of New York, today, people are being killed by automobiles in exactly the same manner, with just such mad speed and reckless swooping round corners, at the rate of very nearly a thousand a year, including *three hundred children*, and some of our autoists, like Dickens's marquis, want to know why they don't get out of the way?

Chicago, October 31 BERTRAND SHADWELL

The Coal Strike from Inside

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am renewing my subscription to your paper, which I have subscribed for for these many years. I read it regularly and with the greatest respect for your editorial opinions. Sometimes I think you are not familiar with sufficient facts on which to base your opinions, the present anthracite situation being a fair sample of what I have in mind.

The consumers of anthracite coal demand certain sizes of coal known to the trade as "nut," "egg," "stove," etc. During the process of preparation of these sizes a large part of the coal is reduced to a fine condition known as "buckwheat" and "coal dust." This coal is the same chemically as the larger sizes, but the consumer refuses to buy it. Eventually these quantities of this fine coal accumulate and glut the storage capacity of the industry. There is a large money investment as well. As long as the industry keeps in motion the stock of fine coal accumulates until all storage capacity is full. A suspension of operations becomes desirable and even necessary.

The management of this industry consists of men like ourselves. They are placed by boards of directors, who in turn represent stockholders, who want dividends. If too much money is tied up in fine coal and additional storage capacity it is hard on dividends. Our business system requires dividends and, moreover, it now demands the elimination of waste as far as possible. This fine coal should not be wasted, but the consumer refuses to use it. The industry eventually comes to a place when a suspension is necessary. As long as the consumer can get the larger sizes of coal he will not use the fine coal.

Shall it be a shut-down, with the miners locked out, or a strike? A shut-down with a lockout would make the sale of the fine coal a difficult matter. A strike makes the sale easy and more profitable. Which would you or your readers prefer in the business you are engaged in? Your own business. Not the other fellow's.

The anthracite strike will be adjusted when the fine coal is disposed of. New York and New England are the large users of anthracite. It seems to be up to them.

Pittsburgh, December 1 J. R. ROBINSON

"Provably," Not "Probably"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you please correct a misprinted word in the first paragraph of my letter in *The Nation* of December 9 concerning William Montgomery Brown? "Provably" should appear in the place of "probably." I would not ask for the correction of this word except for the fact that much of the force of my argument rests upon it. Today, as in the fourth century, the difference of a small letter of the alphabet may make a vast difference in the expression of human intention.

Newark, N. J., December 5 ROWLAND F. NYE

Lives of Great Men

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Observe and rejoice! At last even this Age of Big Business has found a practical use for the intelligentsia. It seems, according to a striking advertisement put out through the papers by a Florida real-estate company, that the appointment of Mr. Hamilton Holt to the presidency of Rollins College, Winter Park, is a cogent reason for immediately investing heavily in the Florida land said company has to sell, the presence of a noted man of brains being likely to boost values at once. It is an impressive thought!

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We should, in our own lives, grant
> And departing leave behind us
> Fortunes made in real estate . . . (by others).

New Canaan, Conn., October 23 GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

"More Power to His Jaw"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For Colonel Mitchell let all good citizens wish more power to his jaw. He is doing excellent work in undermining discipline in the army and navy. As long as we must have these useless and pernicious institutions anything that weakens their morale should be welcomed. In that way their power to do harm will be lessened. Without desiring to accomplish such a result

or dreaming of its possibility Colonel Mitchell is doing it just the same. May he never grow weary of well-doing.

It is not to be desired that Mitchell's agitation result in putting in control of the army and navy anyone more efficient than the present heads of these departments or the present Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. Inefficiently conducted military institutions are less of a danger than efficiently conducted ones. Though the only good military force is a disbanded one, the next best is an inefficiently managed one with no respect for its superior officers. Between the present secretaries of the army and navy and Colonel Mitchell, that is the kind of army and navy we are on the way to getting. For once the right men are in the right places. May all be kept there until their places can be abolished.

Baltimore, November 18 SAMUEL DANZIGER

Arkansawyers, Attention!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several years ago an older brother introduced me to *The Nation*. My reading was always done in deep seclusion, and followed, invariably, by reverential prayer. I had as soon a prohibition officer had caught me red-handed with a jar of home brew as for a missionary Baptist to have found me reading *The Nation*. Later the Infernal Thing began to wring $5 from my pocket annually. And now I infer from an advertisement on the back of *The Nation* for September 30 that forty-four others in Arkansas have succumbed to the same malady.

I want to get in touch with the other victims. Either an infirmary should be endowed, with Dr. Mencken as its dean, or else the infidels should assemble under cover of night in some secluded mountain pass and organize a Nation Club for their own fiendish delight and for the dissemination of infidelity among the elect.

If you can aid me through the columns of your paper or by furnishing me with names and addresses, or both, I shall be very grateful to you.

Greenbrier, Arkansas, October 13 BRYAN FULKS

Contributors to This Issue

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, 2nd, practices law in Philadelphia.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a Chicago lawyer who attended the Sweet trial in Detroit.

MANLEY O. HUDSON has been attached to the United States Department of State, the League of Nations, and Harvard University.

DOUGLAS MACKAY is a Canadian newspaper correspondent.

STUART CHASE, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," is acting as special editorial writer on *The Nation*.

CARL RAROST is one of the editors of the *Issue*, a new student magazine at the University of Wisconsin.

PAXTON HIBBEN has been active in various organizations for Russian relief, and has just returned from Russia.

CHARLES NORMAN, author of a volume of verse, "Tragic Beaches," has recently gone abroad to live.

THOMAS REED POWELL is professor of constitutional law at Harvard Law School.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD is editor for the Massachusetts Historical Society.

CARL VAN DOREN, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, has just published a volume of stories, "Other Provinces."

HENRIETTA STRAUS, a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on musical subjects, has spent the last two years abroad writing a book.

LEONARD STEIN is political secretary of the international Zionist organization in London.

Announcement

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Island House

By CHARLES NORMAN

The first to come when they had gone from there
Was one whom wind and tide had made afraid.
And there was an excitement in his hair
That made him wish the absent folk had stayed
When he came to the house and found it cold
And tenantless. He entered in as one
Bewitched; for while he wanted to be bold,
The rain poured down, and so he did not run.

And what it was he saw he never told;
But afterwards, some came and found him dead.
They saw chairs decked for guests that had been old
When most of them were children; and a bird
Screamed from a nest upon a dusty bed,
And made them seek each other when they heard.

First Glance

THE movement to revive Stephen Crane—if revival is the word for an author who has been dead only twenty-five years and whose best-known book has never suffered neglect—reaches its climax in the collected edition of his works which Wilson Follett is directing and which Mr. Knopf is publishing (12 volumes, to be sold in sets only at $90). The first volume of "The Work of Stephen Crane," containing "The Red Badge of Courage" and a very short story called "The Veteran," has at last been issued; and it is plain that physically the twelve volumes are to make a monument which no edition of an American author has matched for loveliness. The gray and black and gold of the covers and backs, the lavender of the end-papers and the title-pages, and the exceeding clearness of the text within will combine to produce a collectors' delight. I speak of collectors, for the price of the work, and indeed its very loveliness, may operate to confine its circulation among persons who will look at it rather than read it; and I hope that Mr. Knopf will be encouraged at some future date to issue a cheaper set for the mere reading public.

Joseph Hergesheimer introduces the present volume, according to a plan whereby the various titles of Crane are to be introduced by eminent authors in related fields of the imagination. The poems, for instance, will be issued with a commentary by Amy Lowell; and elsewhere there will be essays by Mr. Mencken, Mr. Anderson, and Miss Cather. Mr. Hergesheimer seems to have been a great deal more interested in setting all of his highly mannered adverbs between highly mannered commas than in saying all that could be said about "The Red Badge of Courage" (he nowhere mentions "The Veteran"). All that could be said about Crane's masterpiece would be, of course, a volume—providing some one existed who could say it. I admit that Crane is a most difficult author to write about critically, and I remember how in the introduction to Thomas Beer's biography of Crane two years ago Joseph Conrad said nothing in thirty-three pages. The precise excellence of "The Red Badge of Courage," however, deserves analysis. It has never got it, and Mr. Hergesheimer does not give it—though he pays tribute in passing to the humor, the sense of proportion, the singleness of purpose, the skill in reproducing speech, and in general the poetry of this amazing book in which a young writer so suddenly and so brilliantly displayed in their purest forms the powers which were to distinguish all of his output.

The analysis I speak of would begin, I suspect, with a more particular analysis of the one passion which Crane from his first story to his last was concerned with dissecting. Mr. Beer and others have pointed out that this was fear; and obviously "The Red Badge of Courage" is among other things a study of fear. Just how fear, which may be a destructive emotion, may also be the inspiration of fruitful art—as it frequently is—calls for an explanation. The perfect critic of "The Red Badge of Courage," though he may fail to give a final answer to this psychological question, will at any rate describe the minuter stages by which in Crane's case panic became poetry. And he will find valuable material for a foot-note in "The Veteran," which tells in seven pages how old Fleming, who ran from his first battle, did not run away from a burning barn. Then there is the language of Crane. But that, too, must be left to the perfect critic.

MARK VAN DOREN

Why Curb the Courts?

Congress, the Constitution, and the Supreme Court. By Charles Warren. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

THOSE who are persuaded that it is an excellent thing in government to have what Professor Burgess calls "an aristocracy of the robe" will welcome Mr. Warren's reasons why we should not tamper with the existing power of the Supreme Court over legislation. Mr. Warren may hurt them a little by occasional concessions that from time to time the Supreme Court has done things which it ought not to have done, but the hurt will be solaced by the thought that it is better to suffer from a few judicial blunders than to be exposed to the hypothetical horrors which an unrestrained legislature might inflict upon helpless constituents. We might descend to the sad state of the poor Britishers if we allowed Congress to repass laws which the Supreme Court declares unconstitutional. We might even have a minimum-wage law for women in the District of Columbia. We might lose our constitutional right to a speedy and public trial and be subjected to a slow private one. We might be permitted to manufacture intoxicating liquors. We might suffer an abridgment of freedom of speech or of the press. From such horrors we are saved because we have a court to save us. Now and then this saving grace is extended by only five of the nine judges. We should be content with this and not ask for six or seven. It would be absurd if a minority of the judges could sanction legislative monstrosities. Senator Borah and the late Senator La Follette are full of unwisdom for suggesting the contrary.

Such is my warped version of Mr. Warren's theme. His book is better than this version would make it appear, but he makes me peevish by his surface and sub-surface sneering at "politicians, labor leaders, or social reformers, of whatever degree of eminence," and by his profession that he is so full of fact and they so full of folly. So my peevishness makes me emulate his own bad intellectual manners. By way of atonement I advise all interested in the subject to read the book. It is the best book I know on this side of the case. It shows that the Supreme Court has been wise more often than it has been foolish. It shows that Congress may be foolish as well as wise. It shows that judicial follies are now and then undone by judicial recantation or by constitutional amendment. It

shows that Labor with a capital L can gain as well as lose by court decree. It gives a lot of useful and interesting information. It has a fine format. It is a high-grade propaganda tract.

The major weakness in the performance is its failure to portray in any detail the actual enterprise of the Supreme Court in passing upon legislation. Lawyers will know what Mr. Warren means when he says that "the court does not veto' or 'annul' an act of Congress," but working women who lose the benefit of a minimum-wage law will wonder. Even lawyers might wish for more analysis of the complaint that judges in passing upon police-power legislation "invoke their own social and economic views as against the social and economic views of the majority of Congress." Mr. Warren contents himself with the observation that "incidentally it may be stated that it is not a fact that the justices do, consciously, act in this manner." The only support for this is a declaration by Mr. Justice Brandeis that it is a firmly established principle that the court may not inquire into the motives of Congress or into the wisdom of legislation. This is an oft-repeated judicial declaration, but no candid person can say that the court lives up to it or could live up to it and still apply to legislation the canon that it lacks due process if it is not reasonable but arbitrary. When the declaration appears so frequently in dissenting opinions as a criticism of the action of the majority, it is clear enough that the dissenters are conscious that their colleagues act on the basis of personal views of social and economic policy. If the others are really unconscious of what they are doing, they are greater simpletons than is suspected even by the most eminent of Mr. Warren's politicians, labor leaders, and social reformers. Mr. Warren's own careful introduction of the qualifying word "consciously" suggests a desire to dodge the troublesome charge as he hurries on to cite something in the *New Republic* in support of his indictment that "here again, however, people are misled by half-truths, suppressions of fact, and misstatements."

Similar failings on Mr. Warren's part are doubtless due somewhat to the fact that some of his chapters are the fruit of addresses made during the campaign of 1924. Perhaps if he were more dominantly the scholar in the library and the thinker on the throne of thought he might have gone beyond his mathematics and his mechanics and have undertaken a qualitative appraisal, might have considered whether the conceded judicial blunders do not raise the question whether we should not apply some other remedies even if we reject the proposals he condemns. The veto or annulment (if I may say so) of a minimum-wage law is not compensated for by judicial approval of a dozen other laws. Mr. Warren deals with laws annulled and laws sustained as a book-keeper deals with dollars paid and dollars received. While he here uses to advantage the same burrowing powers which made his "Supreme Court in United States History" such a welcome contribution, his failure to look at the whole of his problem, his shortcomings in analysis, and his weakness in evaluation must detract from the scholarly reputation which his earlier work had won for him.

THOMAS REED POWELL

England and Our Civil War

Great Britain and the American Civil War. By Ephraim Douglass Adams. Longmans, Green and Company. Two volumes. $10.

PROFESSOR ADAMS'S two volumes are avowedly based upon the material gathered from English sources by the late Charles Francis Adams for a life of his father, the United States Minister at the Court of St. James's during the War of Secession. This material, of the highest value historically, Mr. Adams obtained by special favor of the English authorities and possessors, who recognized his peculiar claims. Public and private collections were opened to him at his request and rich returns obtained at no small cost. Professor Adams does not state in his preface how he secured a right to use this material for his own purpose, a purpose in no way connected with the life of Charles Francis Adams, and it is known that he did not first ask and obtain permission of the owners of this material—the Adams family. Under the circumstances some explanation on his part is needed in order to establish his position.

Without that material these volumes could never have been written. The private letters of Palmerston, Russell, Lyons, Gladstone, and Cowley form a body of testimony the meaning of which could not have been conjectured from the public acts and utterances of the writers, for they are instinct with a frankness that often amounts to indiscretion. They alter the usually accepted account of the diplomacy of the war period and undoubtedly change the general conception of British policy in that day. Professor Adams has on the whole framed a vindication of the policy of the Palmerston ministry toward the States—Northern and Southern. In fact, he carries it too far, and in seeking to assert the intention of being neutral he passes over or explains away acts plainly unneutral and almost hostile. The exchange of comment among the ministers makes strange reading, smart as it often is; for it develops the personal limitations and the real wishes of the writers, wishes that only the strong influence of Palmerston or the pressure of events made harmless. If the forms of neutrality were observed there existed an opposition to the policy of the North in its contest with secession that only required a series of Southern victories to make it potent. Never before have the dangers threatening the North from foreign interference been so clearly developed as in this new material. Opportunism continually menaced neutrality.

Collaborating as he did for a time with Mr. Adams in the "Life" of Charles F. Adams, Professor Adams had the advantage of knowing his point of view and of becoming acquainted with his form of statement. Mr. Adams had fully treated the proclamation of neutrality, the negotiations on the Declaration of Paris on privateering, the approach by the British Cabinet to intervention or recognition, and the seizure of the rams. In each case an earlier opinion was modified, even reversed, by a study of the new material, for Mr. Adams was intellectually one of the most honest of men.

When Professor Adams goes outside of those subjects and of the Adams material and rests upon his own resources the relation suffers. Not only has this resulted in a badly proportioned story—three-fourths of the space bring it to the end of 1863—but it has given rise to interpretations not warranted by the texts. The author, unaware that the diplomatic papers of the Confederacy have been printed by the Navy Department, rests on Richardson; he does not know of West's study of French opinion during the war; and he has not correctly estimated the effect on European politics of Napoleon's Mexican adventure. His explanation of the long-delayed seizure of the Laird rams as due to a threat of privateering on the part of the North is not acceptable even as an excuse—not a cause—for the seizure itself; the political change that came over England during the decade was influenced by the War of Secession and the success of the North, but hardly so greatly as Professor Adams would have us believe.

Yet the story told in these volumes could not fail to be interesting because of the richness of the material the writer has appropriated for it, and it is only to be regretted that Professor Adams did not await the publication of the life of the great minister who represented the United States in London during the war. Then he could have used the documents without question of right and with a broader knowledge of what the interests of the North required from Europe. He would also have had at hand a standard for the descriptions

of character in which his volumes are quite lacking—and all the leading actors had picturesque qualities. The index is eccentric in form and does not even give the full names of such prominent men as Benjamin, Bunch, Bruce, Blair, Belligny, or Booth—to take a single letter of the alphabet; nor can these be learned from the text or notes. The history of English opinion on the American war is still to be written; Professor Adams has made a contribution by serving up records which hitherto were unattainable.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

Villain Gold

Sudden Wealth. By Henry James Forman. Boni and Liveright. $2.

SOMEWHERE in the later writings of John Thane the sufficiently curious reader will find this passage: "The love of money needs a Freud to analyze it. If the prime impulses of mankind can be reduced to the two hungers for eating and for begetting, and if the enormous elaborations of love can be traced to a simple hunger, then possibly the enormous elaborations of the will to get and save and spend can be traced to a simple hunger, working regularly in a few discernible ways. Surely sophisticated luxury is no more remote from the impulse to eat than is sophisticated love from the impulse to beget. Yet greed and luxury have had no adequate scientists to explain their behavior. They have been left, instead, in the partisan hands of the moralists."

In the light of this passage Henry James Forman's "Sudden Wealth" takes on a color which few of the admirers of the book have thrown upon it. George and Laura Pollock are violently overwhelmed by a rush of unearned money. George loses his radicalism and Laura her figure. They upholster their own lives with superfluities and meddle in the lives of others, obedient to that instinct to exercise power which the possession of wealth makes almost irresistible. Numerous complications follow. Not only do the Pollocks pay with satiety and stupidity but their beneficiaries, Stephen Shore and Flavia Parsons, are first flung into comfort and then jerked back out of it, with results which run through the whole story and in time dim the careers of the benefactors. The plot mounts in confusion, tangles everybody in the toils of money, and ends ironically when Stephen Shore, no less suddenly than George Pollock, inherits the gold which has been the villain of the plot.

This ironical conclusion lifts the story from the moralistic plane on which it occasionally moves. Pure moralism would have made Stephen refuse to burn his fingers as he has seen his uncle's burned. Mr. Forman, however, allows the second victim to be engulfed again—"another episode in the vast and stormy tragi-comedy of destiny." "Sudden Wealth" thus becomes less an argument and more a document. It might, indeed, have been more a document still if the author had trimmed it to sparer dimensions and had conducted his narrative along a single line of development from one inheritance to the other. Had he done so, his irony might have rung like steel. As it is, the tone of the book is considerably muted by subordinate details. But the document now presented is voluminous if not explicit, and it is full of admirable strokes of nature.

What Mr. Forman avoids best is the merely romantic conception of wealth. His characters, with their pockets unexpectedly filled, do not all at once become gifted with the delicate arts of emptying pockets without also emptying themselves. He has studied each one of them with a close imaginative attention to what that one would be likely to do in such a gust of fortune. Consequently he has brought together a body of valuable cases for the use of any behaviorist who wishes to be the Freud of greed and luxury. Moreover, though Mr. Forman writes without remarkable passion or flexibility, he has written an intelligent, convincing novel.

CARL VAN DOREN

Books in Brief

Suspense. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Had Conrad lived to finish his last tale he would not have made it one of his major novels. The uncompleted "Suspense" has kinship with stories like "The Rover" wherein the idea of Napoleon rather than Napoleon dominates the scene. It has all the familiar Conrad technique to which by this time the public has grown fashionably accustomed. It has the heroine mysterious and enchanted like a dream and the young man caught into the skein unwound by fate and nature and the sea and the conspirators darkly represented. It has elaboration and an extraordinary vividness of natural setting and an equally extraordinary dulness of development. As in the other Conrad novels, the mighty initial groundswell does not carry one to the revelation of divine godhead. The preparations are always impressive and fateful; but somehow the final lightning flash does not tear the clouds from the face of the eternal.

The Annam Jewel. By Patricia Wentworth. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

The Thousand and Second Night. By Frank Heller. T. Y. Crowell and Company. $2.

The Death of a Millionaire. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. The Macmillan Company. $2.

More and more writers are trying to make the detective story into a tedious combination of character study and love interest. One turns with relief from such a story as "The Annam Jewel" to the Fantomas series where the heroine has as much certainty of being bumped off as the millionaire. Miss Wentworth has written two good detective stories, but apparently someone has delighted in her love interest, and so in "The Annam Jewel" she has decided to be sentimental. In "The Thousand and Second Night" you meet again the irresistible Mr. Collin, who is a much more fascinating rogue than Raffles or Lupin and who has a fund of ironic wit on things in general. This time he has gone to Africa and got into a series of Arab escapades. In "The Death of a Millionaire" Mr. and Mrs. Cole stir you up about a murdered millionaire and a nice young heir and the pertinacity of Scotland Yard men.

Doodab. By Harold Loeb. Boni and Liveright. $2.

"Doodab" is a perplexing exploitation of methods which Mr. Loeb has not succeeded in focusing into a vision of his own. Except for a few tricks, such as impressionistic psychology that fails of being "interior monologue" because it is not interior to the characters but trumped up by the author, and a reach for transferred epithet drawing so indiscriminately upon its use by Joyce or Waldo Frank or Cummings that it never stands for the thing seen and thus becomes a heavily tortuous vulgarity—except for these, "Doodab" is the ordinary novel of trade. Misunderstood hero on the wheel of American business like another Ixion; his beautiful daughter loved by his 100 per cent American employer who discharges him and precipitates the tragedy; background of flappers repudiating Queen Victoria.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thurs-

day, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Music

New and Old

TIME reveals many wonders, but none more astonishing than its continuous redefinition of the old and the new. Two seasons ago, for instance, one went to a concert of modern music much as if one were going to modern Russia—the truth was to be learned and proclaimed at all costs. If one were sympathetically inclined, all that was worthless and unpleasant was to be silently endured for the sake of the cause. If one were not, then the cause was to be judged by whatever was worthless and unpleasant. The spirit of the conscious crusader was rampant on both sides, and between the two the orchestral conductor trod warily, with one eye on the "novelty" he was bound to present and with the other on the old ladies and gentlemen—time-honored subscribers—who were equally bound to walk out in the midst of a performance and write indignant letters afterward to the management and the press.

Today, however, a first concert by the League of Composers brings out a large quota of the one-time opposition, and an early concert by the Philharmonic is devoted largely to the works of a modern Italian composer, Alfredo Casella, played before a huge and hugely interested audience. The irreconcilables are no longer irreconcilable! And the only conclusion one can draw is that modern music is no longer new. If one needed further proof, there is the fact that the Metropolitan Opera Company has taken Debussy, Ravel, and even Stravinsky into its repertory.

The League presented on its first program Marion Bauer's second sonata for violin and piano; two Hungarian and two Czech folk-songs, set respectively by Bela Bartok and Vaclav Stepan; a quartet for strings by Mario Labroco; a new piano sonata by Stravinsky; and Louis Grünberg's "Jazzberries"—a great improvement over the programs of former years, when works were given indiscriminately because they were "modern." All of the composers just cited, however, had won distinction by their work, though not all of the works mentioned would have won distinction for their composers. The "Jazzberries," for instance, with its fox trot, blues, waltz, and syncopep, showed neither the good, red flesh of jazz nor yet the rich, vitalizing juice of the berry, but a watery, Continental concoction of the sort that not infrequently, today, takes the name of jazz in vain. The settings of the folk-songs followed the method now fashionable of disguising a simple and naive subject with a sophisticated treatment. The sonata by Marion Bauer, on the other hand, showed sincerity and development in this composer, and the quartet by Labroco was direct and not without poetic charm, though at times, particularly in the first movement, it was frankly music of the conventional Italian opera. The piano sonata by Stravinsky proved the greatest disappointment. With the Labroco quartet it had been given at the international festival in Venice in September—an honor quite out of proportion to its merits; for in itself it was a spurious imitation of Bach and Beethoven rather than of Stravinsky himself. And with this abject return by the composer of the "Sacre" to the safe folds of the past one might well believe that many of the trails being blazed at this moment are but blind ones, cerebrally hewed, which must eventually lead back, not necessarily to the well-worn paths of the classics but to the broad, open roads of emotional experience. Mr. Casella's contributions to the Philharmonic program only served to strengthen this conviction. For here the cerebral refinements of his "Partita" are thrown into pallid relief by the hot, primitive little folk-tunes incorporated in his suite from "La Giara" and in his orchestral rhapsody "Italia"; as a result this very conscious if skilful effort to return to the "purer classic form" resolves into mere historical reiterations.

That the freshness of a composition is not determined by its date in history was, indeed, demonstrated beyond question by the English Singers at their recent recital of old madrigals and motets. Here was music older than Shakespeare, done much as it was done in his day by a group of six singers seated informally around a table with their part books in their hands; and yet an audience inured to the subtilizings of Schönberg sat and marveled at its intricacies and newness. Tudor England was there in all its lyric and dramatic accents; but because these accents were informed by emotions eternally recurrent they also pointed the life of today, and in doing this they pointed the gaps left by our musical experimentalists. The English Singers reached a high peak of beauty, both in the material they presented and in the manner of its presentation. But the greatest service they rendered, perhaps, was to remind us that the novelty of its delight is already four hundred years old.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Mr. Coward Again

THOUGH "Easy Virtue" (Empire Theater) is more hackneyed in theme than "The Vortex" it is, on the whole, the best of the three plays by Noel Coward recently produced here, and it illustrates admirably that vivacity of mind which is the chief cause of his success. For it has taken the old, old story of the demi-mondaine who fails in a perfectly sincere effort to adapt herself to the ways of the conventional family into which she has married, and though he has neither given this story any new twist nor attempted to make any new comment upon the two traditions of life involved the mere liveliness of his mind has sufficed to sustain an interest straight through to the foregone conclusion.

It would not, to be sure, be difficult to point out the various negative defects of the play. The characterization is extremely superficial, and the detachment with which the situations are regarded is rather the detachment of a facile indifference than that of an artistic skepticism. But over all of these defects Mr. Coward triumphs, at least to the extent of never failing to be momentarily entertaining, and the secret of his success is, first of all, the secret of bustle and movement. In this as in his other plays he has provided himself with an abundance of supernumerary characters and he keeps them all on the go. Someone is always coming in or going out; the ball

of conversation is kept continually rolling; and at every moment there is some little conflict, relevant or irrelevant, between some of the personages involved. Nothing, moreover, ever lasts very long. No two characters are together for more than a few minutes at a time and they never make speeches. En route from one door to another—they are always going somewhere—they meet for an instant to exchange brief snippets of conversation and then depart to make way for someone else. If a dead moment seems to impend a temporary diversion is created to fill it up, and thus the interest is perpetually titillated if it is never very profoundly engaged. And of course there is always an appropriate "curtain." At the end of the second act the heroine smashes a statue as so many other heroines have done, and at the end of the third act she stands desolate as so many heroines have stood while the sounds of revelry come in through a half-open door. But neither of these conventional stage pictures is quite so revealing of the author's method as is the first curtain of all. The climax of the act has already passed and there is nothing to provide any sort of situation, but the author suddenly sends the whole company sweeping across the stage to the dining-room and thus provides the temporary and sometimes meaningless bustle which he always keeps up.

Though Mr. Coward certainly has a gift for the depiction of manners he has, I suspect, no artistic conscience at all. In its place, however, is an accurate sense of what tricks of the stage are definitely outmoded and what will still work upon even a fairly sophisticated audience. He is thus the legitimate descendant of those makers of well-made plays who were so much admired in the nineteenth century, for though they would shudder at the looseness and the casualness of his structure his purpose is essentially the same—to provide amusement for those somewhat above the reach of the more obvious and less adroit varieties of hokum. He knows, for example, that a contemporary audience is as bored by the laborious neatness of "Camille" as it is unresponsive to its solemn sentimentality, and he knows equally well that it has passed beyond the stage where the "problem" of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" seems profound. But the type situation represented by these plays still has its theatrical value. Give it a contemporary setting, invest it with the casualness of manners and morals appropriate to the times, and you have an undoubted success even if you call it by a title as little indicative of the real spirit of the piece as "Easy Virtue." An excellent company in which Jane Cowl, Marda Vanne, and Joan Clement Scott particularly distinguish themselves will contribute much to the popularity to which the play is undoubtedly destined.

"The Devil to Pay," a genre comedy by the Dutch dramatist Herman Heijermans now being presented by the Stagers at their Fifty-second Street Theater, is one of those transition plays which seem so new-fashioned when they are written and so old-fashioned a very short time afterward. Its method and atmosphere are strangely Victorian until, just before the end, events take a new turn and the heroine, with an elaborate to-do and a full consciousness of acting madly up to the concepts of a new morality, refuses to marry the villain who has seduced her but is now willing to "do the right thing." Evidently Heijermans first introduced into Holland the idea that it is, in Shaw's words, poor policy to "marry Violet to a scoundrel by way of reforming her character"; and the fact explains the fame of the play in the author's native land. It does not, however, explain why the Stagers should choose it for production here, even though it does give Margaret Wycherly the opportunity to do an excellent piece of acting in a rather outmoded character part.

Owen Davis's not particularly robust farce "Beware of Widows" (Maxine Elliott) is kept alive by the skill of Madge Kennedy. "Oh, Oh, Nurse" (Cosmopolitan Theater) is a musical comedy so near the average of its class as to defy any attempt at commentary.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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A Zionist View of Palestine

By LEONARD STEIN

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL'S five years' pro-consulate in Jerusalem has come to an end, and with it a well-marked stage in the post-war history of Palestine. Sir Herbert's appointment in July, 1920, was given a special significance by the events which led up to it. When the war came to an end the Allies, headed by Great Britain, were on record in favor of the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jews. It had also been agreed in principle that Palestine should be administered, though not annexed, by Great Britain. Translated into post-war terms this meant that it was to be placed under a British mandate. In Paris, however, the Allies, occupied with problems nearer home, had little time to spare for Palestine, which was left to drift aimlessly on as Turkish territory under British occupation. It was not until the San Remo Conference of April, 1920, that the situation began to be regularized. At San Remo the mandate for Palestine was formally assigned to Great Britain, who undertook to carry the Balfour Declaration into effect. Three years of wearisome negotiation were still to elapse before the mandate became technically operative. But the interregnum was for practical purposes at an end. Both Great Britain and Palestine now knew precisely where they stood. It was, therefore, at this stage that Mr. Lloyd George's Governme it decided to mark the opening of a new era by bringing the military regime to a close and substituting a permanent administration under a civilian high commissioner. What was more, the Government boldly selected as the first high commissioner for Palestine a distinguished Jew, a Jew whose political preoccupations—he had held some of the highest offices in the state—had not prevented him from actively identifying himself with the Zionist cause.

The appointment was acclaimed throughout the Jewish world as an earnest of British good-will. Such indeed it was. But those who knew Sir Herbert Samuel best were well aware that whatever else he might do he would certainly not weigh the scales in favor of his coreligionists. On this point the very fact that he was a Jew made him almost hypersensitive; indeed, it was not long before the Jews, or some of them, were heard to complain that he was leaning backwards. Be that as it may, he made it from first to last a point of honor to show a scrupulous regard not only for Arab rights but for Arab susceptibilities. Little by little the Arabs realized that he meant to be their friend.

The best measure of his success is the contrast between the Palestine of 1920 and the Palestine of 1925. When he took office in July, 1920, Palestine was suffering not only from economic depression but from serious political unrest. Ever since the armistice its fate had been in suspense, and propagandists of every description had been diligently fishing in troubled waters. A menacing anti-Zionist agitation had been worked up, and at Easter, 1920, immediately before the San Remo Conference, there had been rioting in the streets of Jerusalem. The situation was not improved by the course of events in other parts of the East. The emergence of an Arab kingdom in Iraq, the growing pressure of the nationalist agitation in Egypt, the successful defiance of Europe by Mustapha Kemal, the closing of the ranks throughout the Moslem world—all this was not without disturbing reactions in Palestine. Faced with an organized campaign against the mandate and its implications, the High Commissioner showed a patient forbearance which was at first ill-rewarded. In May, 1921, the Arabs of the Jaffa district rose almost *en masse* against their Jewish neighbors. It was six days before the rioting was suppressed with a loss of ninety-five Jewish and Arab lives. From this point the situation so far improved that there has since been no serious disturbance of the peace. The Arab leaders, however, rejected every attempt to conciliate them. They were offered a constitution giving Palestine a generous instalment of representative institutions. Having wrecked the elections by means of an organized boycott they were invited to take their seats on a nominated advisory council. Having declined to serve they were informed that if a representative Arab body were constituted the Government would welcome its advice and cooperation in matters affecting Arab interests. This third proposal was contemptuously rejected by the Arab extremists, who clung to their policy of non-cooperation. But at this point the cup was full. The Government now left the irreconcilables to their own devices, and since the end of 1923 it has made no further experiments in constitutional reform. Curiously enough, this change of policy had a healthy effect. The Government had made no attempt to use the strong hand. It had gone to the limit of conciliation, but it had shown that its patience was not inexhaustible. The prestige of the non-cooperators was severely shaken.

But if the tension has sensibly relaxed, it is not merely because the extremists have suffered a tactical defeat. What has completed their discomfiture is the fact that all their predictions have been signally falsified. After five years of the new regime, the Arab rank-and-file are in a position to judge for themselves whether or not they are being victimized. They know, on the evidence of their own eyes, that the British mandate and the flow of Jewish immigrants have had none of the sinister consequences they have been invited to expect.

Only those who knew Palestine in the days of the Turks can appreciate all that it owes to the new regime. The law courts have been purged of the corruption which made Ottoman justice a by-word. The Turks did little or nothing for education. The Government now supports over three hundred schools, with nearly 20,000 pupils. All these schools are for the benefit of the Arabs, the Jews being left to provide Hebrew schools at their own expense, with the assistance of a trifling grant-in-aid. The public-health authorities have successfully waged war on the twin scourges of Palestine—malaria and trachoma. Fifty thousand children are now under medical observation for eye disease, while the mosquito anopheles has already been driven out of nearly all the towns as well as a large number of villages. The country has been opened up by the improvement of communication. The Government has spent not far short of $10,000,000 on the Palestine railways. At the same time, it has nearly doubled the mileage of the first-class roads, and has also built 375 miles of secondary roads, serving 177 villages. Above all, it has preserved order and has given Palestine an unaccustomed sense of security. Brigandage has been suppressed, and an end has been put to Bedouin

raids across the Jordan. For four years there has been no serious disturbance of the public peace.

From all this the Arabs have benefited at least as much as the Jews. In some respects, notably in the case of public education, they have benefited more. In no respect can it be truthfully said that the Jews have been singled out for favors at their expense. This does not mean that no advance has been made toward the establishment of the Jewish national home. On the contrary, its foundations have been solidly laid. Some 50,000 Jews have settled in Palestine since 1920 and have been successfully absorbed. The volume of immigration is steadily growing and is now at the rate of well over 2,000 a month. Agriculture, industry, and trade are visibly reacting to the stimulus of Jewish energy and enterprise, supported by something like $35,000,000 of Jewish capital. There is a network of Hebrew schools, and the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, though not yet complete, has already been enabled to open its doors. In a word, the Jews are steadily building up a vigorous and many-sided society, with a tone and color of its own. To all this the indispensable background is the British mandate, with its guaranties of peace, order, and good government. But in a more positive sense the establishment of the Jewish national home owes little or nothing to external support. The actual work of reconstruction has been left to the almost unaided efforts of the Jews themselves. The acquisition of land is a case in point. It was at one time assumed that the Government would be able to place considerable areas of state or waste land at the disposal of the Zionist organization. Up to the present, at all events, these expectations have not been realized. With a few small exceptions, whatever land has been required for Jewish colonization has had to be bought, often at inflated prices, in the open market. In this, as in other respects, the Jews have had to rely in the main upon their own resources. What they do owe to the British mandate—and the debt is substantial—is the gradual creation of a favorable atmosphere.

Finnish Politics

VAINO TANNER, chairman and parliamentary leader of the Social Democratic Party of Finland, recently made a speech on Finnish politics in the home of the Finnish Workers' Educational Association, 2056 Fifth Avenue.

For Finland, as a whole, and for the labor movement especially, the new era began in 1918, when Finland received her independence. Previously all effective reforms passed by the Finnish Diet were rejected by the Czar. In the election of 1916 the Social Democrats received a majority of three seats in the Diet. A fusion administration was formed by the Social Democrats and Liberal parties, Socialists holding half of the most important administrative posts. Oskar Tokoi, a Social Democrat, was Premier. The future seemed bright, but then we made a grave mistake. The masses did not understand the country's precarious position and were rejoicing over their newly acquired power.

The peaceful tactics of the Social Democrats didn't satisfy the forces of Labor, which want quicker results through revolutionary action. Now we almost unanimously admit that starting the civil war was a mistake, but it is plain that it was unavoidable. Unemployment was great. Food was scarce and starvation was at the door of every worker in the country. The dissolution of Parliament and the holding of an election under abnormal conditions whereby the bourgeois parties secured a working majority fanned the revolutionary agitation. The Bolsheviki had come into power in Russia by armed force and revolutionary agitation had unceasingly been carried on among the neighboring Finns. Arms and the help of the Russian Red navy were promised, inspiring the forces of unemployed workers to action. The Social Democratic Party resisted, but the pressure upon it was too heavy, and it had to give way, even though its leaders protested.

Civil wars are always bloody. Ours was the bloodiest. Twenty thousand workingmen fell fighting, 10,000 were executed by military courts, 13,000 died in penitentiaries where they were herded like cattle, there being at one time 90,000 incarcerated workingmen and women. Sixty thousand were disfranchised and the bourgeois parties reveled in their revenge. In the absence of Social Democratic representation—all the party parliamentary members were jailed or exiled, save one—the bourgeois parties convened Parliament, repealed most of the labor and progressive laws, and declared Finland a monarchy, electing a German prince for king.

But then something happened they hadn't counted on. Revolution in Germany brought down the military machine relied upon by the Finnish bourgeoisie. For diplomatic reasons the king never reached Finland. A new election was held and the Social Democrats again received 80 seats, making the republican form of government safe. A liberal President was elected and civil liberties returned. The confiscated properties were returned to the Labor organizations and Socialist papers began to appear as normally. It was then that hope again dawned for a reconstructive era for Finnish labor.

Then Communist agitation started the break in the ranks of labor. It was first felt in 1919. At first the Communists tried underground methods. They remained in the labor organizations, but stirred up the uninformed elements and created distrust of the leaders. When the Social Democratic Party was strong enough to eject the Communists from its ranks, they formed a new party and began an attack from the outside which was not effective, although the Communists used all known methods. None need wonder that the Communists at first succeeded in securing a certain following of the unexperienced, but after their start their power steadily declined. In the first election for the Diet the Communists received only 27 seats, while the Social Democrats got 53. In the election of 1924 the Communist representation fell to 18 and the Social Democratic bloc was raised to 60 members. The Communists had some success in the ranks of the trade-union movement, but their destructive tactics had an evil effect there, too. The union membership has steadily declined and the organizations have become dormant, powerless bodies. The cooperative movement alone has remained untouched and has grown fast. It comprises Communists, Socialists, and bourgeois, but the leading positions are held by Social Democrats. The Communist movement would have died a natural death if the bourgeois administration had not arrested leading Communists and made martyrs of them, thus helping the Communist agitation, just as the Communist propaganda has aided the Fascist reaction.

Economically, Finland has weathered the crisis fairly well. Financial [illegible] and stability has been established. It is true that the standard of living of the workers is yet far beneath that in America, but an active labor movement and the rapid development of our industries are promising factors. Reviewing the last 25 years of the Finnish labor movement, we can proudly point to the reforms we have secured. Still we have to admit that many of our achievements are the results of changes that occurred outside of Finland. We have benefited by revolutions, none of our own. Our revolution, the civil war, was a failure. First we received the franchise and Parliament as the result of the Russian revolution of 1905. The independence of Finland came from the Russian revolution of 1917, and the German revolution restored civil liberties to us.

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THAT COLONEL MITCHELL would be found guilty was predictable when his court martial assembled. If there had been any doubt, some of the utterances of members of the court would have made their prejudice plain. But prejudiced or not, they could find no other verdict. Colonel Mitchell was technically guilty, and the court had, moreover, to stand by the service and the War Department. To render any other verdict would call for a bench of moral heroes such as cannot be found in any army. The system simply had to be sustained. As for the sentence, it is obviously inadequate. Colonel Mitchell should have been dismissed if guilty of untruthfulness in accusing the War and Navy departments of treasonable negligence and of needlessly sacrificing human lives. But that would have made him a martyr, which the War Department did not want. Moreover, if Colonel Mitchell were dismissed he could tour the country denouncing both the departments. Now, if he accepts the sentence, he will still be under military control and subject to another court martial if he speaks again. Under the circumstances it would not be surprising if he should resign. We hope he will and keep the fires of criticism alight. The final blow to Colonel Mitchell's case was the publication of two official statements—first, the report of the Morrow board whitewashing the Air Service, then the letter from former Secretary Weeks to President Coolidge attacking Mitchell's record. The inadequacy of the Morrow report is described in an article by Mr. Scaife on another page of this issue. The irony of Secretary Weeks's criticism is also revealed in that article through a fragment of correspondence which shows the Secretary of War intervening with the Department of Justice in behalf of an aircraft company accused of defrauding the government.

SECRETARY KELLOGG'S DEFENSE of his course in the Saklatvala and Karolyi cases before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York City was marked by much passion and self-righteousness. He insisted that the law was right, that he believed in it, and that to protect America from people whose opinions were not liked was a sacred duty in order to protect free speech and the other liberties which he reminded us took hundreds of years to win. He and his critics have precisely the same end; they differ only as to methods! Nothing could, in our judgment, display more clearly the mental confusion of our Secretary of State. Of course, in the case of the Karolyis they are not communists, nor anarchists, nor even socialists, and Mr. Kellogg is careful not to quote any of their alleged views. He takes refuge behind that clause of the law which makes it unnecessary for the Secretary to state why anybody is excluded. So the American public is left in the dark as to what terrible things about the Karolyis our consular and diplomatic agents abroad have confided to the State Department. The best comment on this passionate outburst of Mr. Kellogg we take from the New York *World:*

> That inquisitive child the American Public is at it again.
>
> "Ma," it pipes.
>
> "Yes, dear," says Mother Kellogg.
>
> "Ma, why can't the Countess Karolyi come into this free country?"
>
> "Because," answers Mother Kellogg.
>
> "But, Ma, what law is there that keeps her out?"
>
> "It may be this law; it may be that law. Children shouldn't ask questions."
>
> "But, Ma, don't you have to prove something to me?"
>
> "No, dear, I don't. That is quite enough for you to know."
>
> "But, Ma, isn't it any of my business? And if it isn't what is?"
>
> "Never mind. Now toddle off to bed. And don't ask questions. Mother knows best."

HOW MUCH LONGER is the idea going to prevail that the President is a leader? The receipt of the invitation to join the preparatory disarmament conference at Geneva threw him into a flutter. He had announced in speech after speech that he would join any such conference and welcome it. When the opportunity came Mr. Kellogg was sent flying to Senator Borah and other Senators to ask what to do. At first the brave leader was for leaving the whole matter to Congress; then it was decided to accept, and to put up to Congress the question whether it would appropriate money for the necessary expense. Then it was suddenly declared in the press that the President had decided that it was useless for America to attend a land disarmament conference because we had nothing to disarm! On another page of this issue Frank Kent sets forth how the President and his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Butler, have stultified themselves in the matter of Senator La Follette. As for the threatened punishment to be visited

upon Mr. Lewis of the Miners' Union for his "impudent" letter to the President and the threat to ask Congress to take away the right to strike from men in essential industries, not one word has been heard—precisely as we prophesied in our issue of December 9. Yet both of these things were heralded in the pro-Coolidge press as certain to come; the President was boiling with indignation! As for the World Court, Mr. Coolidge is putting up no fight at all. If the proposal goes through it will not be because of any leadership or any utterance of the President. That timid, shrinking violet must now decide what to do with twenty recommendations sent to him by the Tariff Commission. It is a safe bet that he will run from them or defer action just as long as he possibly can.

BUT POLITICS the President can play. For months past the tipster services from Washington had been announcing that in response to an "overwhelming demand" from the South the President was going to appoint a Southern member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This fact was mysteriously coupled with the nomination of Thomas F. Woodlock to the same commission, with the prophecy that this would result in Mr. Woodlock's confirmation by the Senate, which refused to confirm him last spring. The prophecy has come true. A Southerner, Richard B. Taylor of Mobile, was nominated for a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and simultaneously the name of Mr. Woodlock was sent back to the Senate. A Washington newspaper and Senator Blease have both declared that this is a straight-out deal to obtain the confirmation of Mr. Woodlock by Southern Democratic votes. It will be interesting to watch the outcome. Mr. Woodlock is entirely unfitted, by reason of past associations, for a place on the commission. The progressive Republicans refused to accept him last spring. The simple question now is whether the President has bought enough Democratic votes. If the nomination goes through there will be no denying the deal and the fact that the Democratic Party has sunk one degree lower in the scale of political decency.

IS PROFESSIONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS PROFITABLE? Here comes John W. Davis, Leaguer and regretter for "backward America," and professes deep indignation that the Government should venture to assail the legality and morality of the notorious Chemical Foundation transaction, by which the magnates of the chemical industry, conniving with A. Mitchell Palmer and Francis P. Garvan, Alien Property custodians, transferred from government custodianship to themselves nearly 5,000 German patents, worth many millions, for a paltry $50 each—all this months after the armistice. The Government now seeks to show in the United States Supreme Court that the custodian could not sell to a dummy corporation, of which he was president, that he was still a trustee notwithstanding his power of sale and therefore was bound to obtain fair prices, that the sales committee of distinguished names was a smoke-screen for perpetrating a giant conspiracy to appropriate private property, and that not only the private owners but also the United States Government has been robbed of valuable property. The Chemical Foundation, smoke-screen for the dye magnates, alleges in effect that to make these charges is to question the integrity of distinguished names, and that in any event President Wilson, who actually was permitted to know little about the matter, and Frank L. Polk, his *alter ego*, had the power, if they saw fit, thus to give away this valuable private property. To sustain the deal the lower courts were impelled to hold that the statute gave the custodian the power to confiscate the property, a conclusion which we believe to be false.

AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT of money has been and is being spent by the Chemical Foundation (really the chemical industry), worshipers of the god of property, to sustain one of the most disreputable spoliations of private property ever recorded. Thus does war and its aftermath deprave private and public morality. At no other time could responsible people fail to see that the mere effort to defend or palliate so brazen a transaction is a disgrace to every one connected with it. But it is interesting to find that those who defend it are among the great uplifters, Leaguers and World Courters, and advocates of rostrum righteousness generally wherever the chance offers. How many of them profess to be shocked by the Soviet Government and oppose its recognition because it confiscated private property! How many of them serve on committees to study the crime wave! Ex-Attorney General Stone, in attacking the Chemical Foundation scheme in the Circuit Court of Appeals, said that "it will be a dark day for this republic when public officials, charged with public duties and responsibilities, can do the acts disclosed by this record without any consequences to them and those who claim under them." If the scheme is sustained by the Supreme Court, which we hesitate to believe, it would seem to be fitting to open the jails and let out the mere undergraduate "pikers." They would be only tyros in the art. And yet John W. Davis actually takes a brief for this conspiracy to defraud and tries to conceal the issue by declaring that it is an attempt to besmirch the name of Woodrow Wilson!

THE DISCREDITING OF POINCARE, as well as the reputation of Archibald Cary Coolidge of *Foreign Affairs* for editorial fairness, is advanced by the publication in the January issue of an incisive reply to Poincaré's self-administered dash of whitewash in the October number in regard to the origins of the World War. Ex-Chancellor Wilhelm Marx buries Poincaré under cumulative proof of the overt guilt of the latter in conjunction with Izvolski. Poincaré's chief excuse—an allegation of the spurious nature of the Russian documents—is demolished by citing Sazonov's recent admission of their authenticity. Dr. Marx shows how the Triple Alliance became weaker from 1900 to 1914, while the superiority of the Entente in armaments is statistically demonstrated. Particular stress is laid upon the collusion between Izvolski and Poincaré, covering such points as Izvolski's diplomatic failures up to 1912 in his plans to secure the Straits for Russia; his preliminary negotiations with Poincaré; the latter's grant of a free hand in the Balkans to Russia; the corruption of the French press by Russian money; the recall of the pacific Georges Louis from St. Petersburg and his replacement by the belligerent Delcassé and Paléologue; the French loans to Russia from 1912-1914 with the condition that the money would be used to increase the size of the Russian army and navy and to build more railroads to the German frontier; and the Franco-Russian war aims, formulated in 1914 or earlier, which involved the dismemberment of Germany and the destruction of her economic power. Dr. Marx also points out the Serbian responsibility for the murder of Franz

Ferdinand; the belligerent attitude of Poincaré on his St. Petersburg visit, with his grant of a blank check to Russia in the Austro-Serbian crisis; the actual precipitation of hostilities by the Russian general mobilization on July 30. We believe that the distinguished retailers of the mythology of 1914-18 will be more wary henceforth.

"WE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY have no idea, no knowledge, of another war, but we of the Conservative Party believe that if another crisis should arise which might threaten our country—which we do not expect—this country should not send troops out of Canada without the people being consulted." Thus Arthur Meighan, leader of the Conservative opposition in the Canadian Parliament. As if to call additional attention to so remarkable a statement he later repeated it in the Bagot constituency in Quebec before a French audience. The statement is being accepted by the bulk of the Canadian press as meaning that Canada will not go into another war on behalf of the mother country until not only the Canadian Parliament has been consulted but the people themselves have spoken in a referendum. This is a remarkable change of face as well as an inspiring step forward, for Mr. Meighan in September, 1922, made a speech at Toronto in which he denounced the then government of Canada for not having immediately replied to Great Britain's query whether Canada would stand by in the event of trouble with Turkey with the message: "Ready, aye, ready; we stand by you." He was then aghast at the idea that the Canadians should determine for themselves whether they would or would not go along with England in a given case. His change of position must be taken at its face value, because there is no special political reason or emergency to make him take so radical a stand. Moreover, he is probably to be the Premier of Canada in 1926. Thus, he promises to do what Woodrow Wilson declared was impossible in 1917—to use the democratic method of finding out whether the people of a country wish to go to war before condemning their sons to death and disablement.

MR. HOOVER has told the Society of Mechanical Engineers that America spends ten times as much for cosmetics in a year as it does for pure research. It is all very well, he says, to glorify America for its progress in applied science and general industrial development, but the backbone of that development—research in pure science—is lamentably weak. "Instead of leading all other countries in the advancement of scientific knowledge, the United States occupies a position far in the rear of the majority of European nations." He cites the work of Maxwell on Hertzian waves, of Becquerel on radio activity, of Einstein as examples of pure science carried on with no incentive except a divine curiosity but often resulting in applications of the highest practical importance. Radio, for instance, would have been unthinkable without Maxwell's work. We second Mr. Hoover's plea with all possible emphasis and only wish that charity might have begun at home. In Mr. Hoover's Department of Commerce, especially in the Bureau of Standards, pure research has had a hard time of it in competition with commercial problems and direct aid and comfort to industry. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is Mr. Hoover's favorite son, rather than the scientific work of the Bureau of Standards. Appropriations for research, we are told, have not been warmly recommended. And morale is not helped when new scientific discoveries appear more in connection with the Secretary's name than with that of the scientist who made the discovery. If Mr. Hoover is in earnest—and we believe that he is—let him lead the way by giving all possible support to that devoted group of scientists who call him chief.

THE DEATH OF FRANK MUNSEY is especially interesting because of his ownership of two New York dailies, the *Sun* and the *Telegram*. In journalism he was essentially a dealer in dailies. An ardent Progressive in the Bull Moose campaign, one of the two men who induced Roosevelt to bolt from the Republican Party by promises of money and support, Mr. Munsey was normally extremely conservative and was responsible for the production of newspapers whose editorial opinions were of little or no value, while they themselves were dull. At Mr. Munsey's door must be laid, too, the death of two historic papers, the *Herald* and the *Sun*, which should have survived and could have had they fallen into other hands. Mr. Munsey, himself, was an extraordinarily successful merchant; the owner of the Mohican grocery and meat stores, he kept them to standards of efficiency and scientific management which were unsurpassed. His early struggle to establish himself in the magazine field of New York showed that he was possessed of extraordinary courage, tenacity, and determination to succeed. The struggle he made after arriving in New York, as an unknown lad from Maine with but forty dollars in his pocket, deserved success, and no one could begrudge him the power that he achieved. But when he entered the newspaper field he did not help at all the cause of American journalism. His death without immediate heirs makes possible the establishment of another daily like the old *Evening Post*—if there are those who care about having one.

IN CALIFORNIA, where the plums are as big as apples and the apples as big as grapefruit and the grapefruit as big as watermelons and the watermelons as big as a Ford runabout, it is not unexpected that there should be an extraordinary number of geniuses. Thus one is not surprised to hear that 1,000 phenomenally gifted children have been discovered in that land of plenty who are to be educated in a super-university surrounded, presumably, by other geniuses as instructors in an attempt to "give genius a chance," to provide for it a course of instruction in an atmosphere uncorrupted by the mediocre children who fill our public schools. Only one thing is needed to start the university going, and that is a mere $5,000,000, which in California is doubtless swept up by every bank charwoman twice a day and thrown into the waste-basket. Probably by the time these lines are written five times $5,000,000 will have been assembled and the university will be well under way. California is like that. And when the little geniuses are all educated and go out to conquer a waiting world, unlike other hopeful university graduates, they will really do something big, something big enough even to be a credit to California. They will not spend their time selling sewing machines or life insurance or even real estate; they will not become bond salesmen or school teachers. They will be different, because they are California's biggest and best product. If there are any unkind Easterners to point out that California genius may be all right, but that California fruit has more looks than taste, away with them. They do not deserve to be uplifted or helped by educated genius and probably they will not be.

Budgets, Taxes, and Waste

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE and Secretary Mellon are very proud of the tax reductions they have already accomplished and are now about to carry further with the aid of Congress. The President ascribes them in considerable degree to the budget system. "Without it," he says, "all the claim of economy would be a mere pretense." He cites the reduction of the departmental estimates for ordinary purposes—from $4,068,000,000 in 1922 to $3,156,000,000 for 1927—as the best possible proof of the value of the budget and of the Controller General. That the control of the budget has accomplished much good and that its establishment has been a long step toward scientific control of our national finances no one will, we think, deny. But while the machinery of budget-making may be all that is desired, the question must still be raised, as with every other governmental device, whether those who are operating it are doing so wisely and to the public interest. Neither a reduction of taxes nor of the budget is necessarily a good thing. It depends where the savings are made.

Take the example of Belgium. American financiers have just compelled a cut of $350,000,000 in the budget of that country as the price of advancing funds to stabilize the Belgian currency. Is the cut made in the cost of the useless army which could successfully defend Belgium against no adjacent Power, save possibly Holland? Not at all. The outcry in Belgium against the United States which has arisen since the facts became known and have been officially admitted by M. Vandervelde is reported to be in large measure due to the cutting of the appropriations for important social and cultural purposes. Belgium naturally resists any outside interference with her budget. She has a right to feel keenly, after all her experiences and hardships since 1914, that if some of the most important social services of the country are to be sacrificed to such an extent this particular budget-saving becomes not a blessing but an evil, the responsibility for which must be shared both by the Belgian Cabinet and the American financiers. Similarly it is of the utmost importance to find out in our own case whether the cuts are made in the right place and whether the taxes to be remitted are the proper ones.

A perusal of the President's budget messages and of Secretary Mellon's statements leaves us still unconvinced on more than one point. Thus the saving in taxes is to be only $336,000,000, less than 10 per cent of the amount to be raised in the coming fiscal year. Now, to maintain that the lopping off of $336,000,000 is necessary, as the President suggests, on the theory that undue taxation is confiscation of private property, seems to us absurd. So does the hoary old Mellon contention that if our high taxation is not reduced there will not be sufficient money available for new financing or for new business enterprises. The ridiculousness of that view is evident if we but consider the daily export of American capital to Europe and the willingness of the lenders to export a good deal more if Mr. Mellon were not using his control of private loans to compel debt adjustments—as he himself admits—and if we consider the almost incredible sums now being put into building enterprises. Thus, during the month of November, building and engineering contracts awarded in the thirty-six Eastern States amounted to $464,683,100, the highest recorded figure for any November and 23 per cent greater than the figure for November of last year. In New York and northern New Jersey alone the amount so invested rose to $160,629,500.

In the light of these figures anyone who maintains that it was necessary to cut $336,000,000 from the tax levy to keep business from being hamstrung through lack of capital is seeking to throw dust in people's eyes. The cut may be defended on other grounds—that too large surpluses make for waste and extravagance or that the individual burden of the small taxpayer is thereby reduced. But it cannot be truthfully alleged, as both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon have said, that it is necessary to make these cuts in order to keep business going and earning enough surplus so that new enterprises may be founded and old ones expanded. Let anyone read the list of extra dividends declared in the last few days in Wall Street and he will be convinced.

It must be noted, too, that this cut in taxes is made with little reference to the budget figures. The President has asked for appropriations for total expenditures for the fiscal year 1926-27 of $3,494,222,308.44. If that budget should be adhered to it would mean a cutting of government expenditures by $124,452,691. As a matter of fact, the budget for 1925-1926 called for only $3,267,551,000, but extraordinary or unforeseen expenditures will, it is now estimated, compel the government to disburse $3,618,675,000 by July first next—a little difference of $351,124,000 between the guess and the fulfilment. Contrasting, therefore, the original estimate for 1925-1926 and the proposed budget for 1926-1927 of this great administration of economy, it appears that so far from being a reduction the new budget is actually an increase over the old of $226,671,308.40.

Doubtless the public will continue to believe that Mr. Coolidge is economizing. As a matter of fact, if he really wishes to economize, he could not only keep this year's budget at last year's figures but he could reduce it still further. After solemnly assuring the American Legion that no army or navy protects a country from attack, and in the face of the coming disarmament conference, he has allotted an additional $20,000,000 to the navy while cutting the army by $4,124,000. The Veterans' Bureau is to receive $53,000,000 more and the pension roll goes up $8,000,000. These are necessary expenditures and merely the forerunners of still vaster ones to come. Others are waste.

The thoroughly uncivilized character of the budget, as well as the cost of wars, past and future, appears from the figures accompanying the budget compiled by the Budget Bureau itself. From this it appears that the general functions of government receive only 3.35 cents out of every dollar spent by the government, whereas 16.32 cents go to the national defense and 16.55 cents go to military pensions, retirement pay, and other expenditures growing out of past wars. Only 5.60 cents is spent upon public works and 7.40 cents on other civil functions. For our costly mercantile fleet we spend 1.88, for public debt retirement from ordinary receipts we spend 14.76, and for the interest on our public debts 22.75 cents. The government thus admits that out of every dollar 70.38 cents goes to wars past and present.

France's Danger

TO the many persons in this country who rightly look upon France as the leader of Latin civilization, and a center from which during most of the modern era intelligence, liberty, and sanity have been diffused into the world, the present plight of the republic is distressing. When Louis Loucheur became Minister of Finance our journals were sure that he would find a way out of the swamp of debt. Now they have forgotten those rosy predictions but are equally sure of Paul Doumer, the new financial head, and are acclaiming the proposal of the industrialists of northern France to mortgage their properties in return for an American loan of 10,000,000,000 francs. That and a proposal to lease the government tobacco monopoly to American interests are the only financial suggestions of any importance which the Doumer ministry has brought forth.

Both suggestions are inadequate financially and dangerous politically. Ten billion francs sounds like considerable money but it is a trifle beside the 300,000,000,000 francs which France owes or even the 75,000,000,000 francs of this amount which is in short-term securities and is causing most of the immediate embarrassment. Even if such a loan were larger, it could afford only temporary respite financially while it would certainly put the control of the government into the hands of the business men who guaranteed the money, with added pressure from the American bankers who supplied the cash. Sale of the tobacco monopoly would be equally objectionable. It might net some actual cash over and above what the government is now making but it would put a big national resource and hundreds of employees under direct foreign control. We repeat what we have said before that France's only hope of solvency is to raise money *within*—probably through some form of a levy on capital. To seek loans in America is merely to inflate further her gigantic debt, to put her head in the noose of Wall Street, to pave the way for another Dawes Plan.

And while successive ministries temporize with the financial situation the political dangers to republicanism increase. The very fact that the proposal of the northern industrial interests was discussed seriously in France—although it seems now to be discredited—shows how susceptible the country is to plans which would subordinate Parliament to a super-government by a special clique. In order to make way for fascism it is first necessary to discredit representative government with the public, and a campaign in this direction is already on. An influential section of the Paris press is bitterly assailing Parliament, especially the Chamber of Deputies—the democratic branch. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* echoes this when he refers in a dispatch printed on December 19 to "that national menagerie known as the French Chamber," and he suggests how painlessly a coup d'etat might be effected when he continues calmly: "However, if the worse comes to the worst, President Doumergue is a gentleman who would dissolve the Chamber, with the consent of the Senate, which, if he and Briand and Poincaré decided was best, could undoubtedly be had." Once dissolved, the Chamber could be kept so by the simple expedient of continually postponing a new election.

France is indeed in danger.

Mass Opinion at Work

WE are witnessing an extraordinarily interesting spectacle in the massing of public opinion at Washington on behalf of American entry into the World Court. Hordes of women have descended upon the galleries of the Senate and are listening with intense eagerness to the debates upon this proposal. They are Democratic women and Republican women and independent women. Some have come of their own initiative, but the bulk of them are there as representatives of organizations committed to our joining the Court. In the main this demonstration is the result of most intensive public propaganda by societies such as the American Foundation of Mr. Bok and various other organizations for putting us into the League of Nations as well as the World Court. The outcome is going to throw a good deal of light upon whether we are going to be ruled henceforth by skilfully organized and directed intellectual groups fired by enthusiasm for a given cause, as prohibition was finally made the law of the land by the dragooning of legislators by enthusiasts for that cause.

Let us say at once that we have heard nothing to make us believe what some Senators seem to suspect—that there has been improper use of money. So far as we are aware the proponents and opponents of this legislation are entirely within their historic rights. There have been many similar efforts to try to influence Congress; the unusual thing about this one is the widespread character of the movement and the great advance in the technique of the campaign as a result no doubt of our experience in the art of nation-wide propaganda during the World War. The fire directed upon Congress now does not, of course, come only from women but from endless church organizations, from colleges, from societies of every kind and description. If the Senators had to take their cues simply by estimating superficially where the larger battalions stand, they would vote unanimously for the World Court. They are, however, experts in mass propaganda on a smaller scale by which they are constantly beset, and those who went through the successful fight to defeat our entry into the League of Nations are not likely to be stampeded by the tremendous demonstrations of hostile public opinion which they are daily encountering. Those Senators who are of the belief that their guide is their conscience, and that they are not in Washington merely to register what they conceive to be the wishes of all or a part of their constituents, will not be swayed by any demonstrations from the galleries or by the thousands of letters and telegrams which are pouring in upon them.

Senator Borah, for instance, cannot be won by any such mass attack nor by any presidential threatening or use of patronage. In his brilliant essay on Mr. Borah in the current *Foreign Affairs Quarterly* Walter Lippmann attributes his independence among other causes to the smallness of the home constituency the Senator from Idaho has to listen to. If it were a much larger one it would make no difference in this case. He will get the Court with the reservations he desires or vote against it if it costs him his seat. That is the position a legislator should always take, though very few take it. If communities desire to be represented by men who do as they are told and yield to more or less public pressure, they should pick such a man

in advance. We have heard many complaints lately from regular Republicans at the appearance of a bloc system in Congress, but, granting their arguments, government by the crowd in the galleries or by telegrams and letters is something far worse. Of course constituents have the right to let their representatives know how they feel on any question, but to compel them to vote against their consciences or their beliefs is to substitute mass or mob rule for representative government.

The present situation seems to us to illustrate beyond dispute the need of a nation-wide referendum such as the Democratic Party called for at its last convention on the issue of our entering the League. It will be remembered that Newton D. Baker, prince of casuists, at once made an eloquent plea against the proposal, declaring that it would be unconstitutional and that no machinery for taking it existed. That opinion came with sorry humor from one of the men who succeeded in creating overnight a machinery to take a census of the young Americans they desired to select for death in a needless and useless foreign war, but if it is true let us proceed at once to find a way to let the people speak their minds on vital issues.

There are three great issues before us now upon which the people ought to speak: the World Court, the League of Nations, and prohibition. In the case of the World Court we are not at all clear that the bulk of the people want it. The privileged classes in the East appear to, but we are not so certain about others. Hence we should like to see the energy that is now sending telegrams, letters, and delegations to Washington put into creating a machinery by which we can find out what the people think.

Rare Jane Austen

JUST a century and a half ago, in a small village rectory in Hampshire, a little girl was born, the youngest in a family of seven children. Five brothers and a sister had preceded her; they with a few neighbors were to make up most of her acquaintance during the forty-two years of her life; she traveled little, never leaving England, never, indeed, going further from Steventon where she was born than to Bath, to London, to Southampton, and finally to Winchester. If ever a life was lived quietly and unobtrusively, it was hers; she never married; it is not known that she ever had a lover; she occupied herself with a little sewing, a little dancing, a little household management. Except for one trick of fate, she differed not a bit from thousands of young women ushered into the world in December, 1775. But that trick was a rather important one; for at the age of twenty-one she happened to write "Pride and Prejudice."

In Winchester Cathedral, where Jane Austen is buried, her devoted family had laid a black marble stone on which they paid tribute to the piety, the unselfishness, the kindness, the charity and faith of their distinguished relative. These are qualities that none would wish now to deny her; but in the family grief at her untimely death they were probably stressed a little unduly and tended to crowd out certain other qualities not less important. If her novels tell little of her character, her letters reveal far more. At twenty she could write to her sister Cassandra:

> I danced twice with Warren last night, and once with Mr. Charles Watkins, and, to my inexpressible astonishment, I entirely escaped John Lyford. . . . You scold me so much in the nice long letter which I have this moment received from you that I am almost afraid to tell you how my Irish friend and I behaved. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together. . . . I look forward with great impatience to it [the ball] as I rather expect to receive an offer from my friend in the course of the evening. I shall refuse him, however, unless he promises to give away his white coat. . . . Tell Mary that I make over Mr. Heartley and all his estate to her for her sole use and benefit in future, and not only him but all my other admirers into the bargain wherever she can find them, even the kiss which C. Powlett wanted to give me, as I mean to confine myself in future to Mr. Tom Lefroy, for whom I don't care sixpence.

This sort of high-spirited nonsense filled her letters; balls—the simplest country dances, one gathers—afternoon calls, walks, and gossip brought it forth; to praise she responded lightly: "I am very much flattered by your commendation of my last letter, for I wrote only for fame, and without any view to pecuniary emolument." The knowledge of human nature expressed in her novels is anticipated when she remarks: "Mr. Richard Harvey is going to be married; but as it is a great secret, and only known to half the neighborhood, you must not mention it."

It is recorded that the novels were written on a little writing-desk that their author could balance easily on her knee, and that the advent of callers or the necessity of performing any unimportant task temporarily suspended the production of literature. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the following casual mention of "Pride and Prejudice" under its earlier title: "I do not wonder at your wanting to read 'First Impressions' again, so seldom as you have gone through it, and that so long ago. I am much obliged to you for meaning to leave my old petticoat behind you. I have long secretly wished it might be done, but had not courage to make the request."

Even later, when the balls were long since over, Miss Austen was not without a certain caustic observation of her neighbors and a lively interest in what might be considered by some as trivial matters:

> I shall not tell you anything more of Wm. Digweed's china, as your silence on the subject makes you unworthy of it. Mrs. H. Digweed looks forward with great satisfaction to our being her neighbors. I would have her enjoy the idea to the utmost, as I suspect there will not be much in the reality. . . . Miss Hook is a well-behaved, genteelish woman; Mrs. Drew well-behaved, without being at all genteel. Mr. Wynne seems a chatty and rather familiar young man. . . . [I] mean to wear out my spotted muslin before I go. You will exclaim at this, but mine really has signs of feebleness, which, with a little care, may come to something. . . . You used me scandalously by not mentioning Edward Cooper's sermons. I tell you everything and it is unknown the mysteries you conceal from me.

So the letters ramble on. From the first, written in 1796, to the last in 1816 they are witty, gay, sharp, occupied with trifles that their writer's neatness and sly comments enliven, letters that must have been a delight to receive and a challenge to answer. It is indicated more than once that Cassandra's replies were worthy of them, but that lady, in giving her sister's epistles to a niece shortly before her own death in 1845, took care to destroy not only her own letters but every scrap of Jane's which she considered too personal for possible later publication. What remains gives an acceptably rounded picture of the younger Miss Austen—one that her biographers have often forgotten.

Ten Senators on the World Court

[*In the issues of December 2, 9, and 16* The Nation *published a series of articles by James N. Rosenberg on the question of American participation in the World Court, and on December 23 a reply by Manley Hudson. In order to round out the discussion,* The Nation *addressed to every member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a letter inviting a statement of views based on Mr. Rosenberg's series. In this letter the problem was outlined as follows:*

We believe that a World Court cannot be an agency for peace if it is backed by power. We believe that Articles 13 and 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations give serious room for the claim that the decisions of the World Court as now constituted are capable of enforcement through the exercise of power by the League; we believe therefore that if the United States enters the World Court such entry should be conditioned upon a reservation making it clear beyond the remotest possibility of doubt that the efficacy of the decisions of the Court rests solely upon the sense of international honor and obligation of the litigant sovereign nations and not on military force or economic pressure.

We publish below the replies of ten members of the committee which show plainly the wide variety of views which the proposal for American participation must face in the Senate. The unqualified support of Senator Walsh, the clear-cut opposition of Senator Shipstead, and all the possible modifications of each are expressed in this symposium. The Nation *plans to continue its discussion of the relation of the United States to the World Court with a series of three articles by William Hard, to be followed by a reply from Walter Lippmann.*—EDITOR THE NATION.]

I entertain no doubt that, under Articles 12, 13, and 16, and especially in view of the amendments to the same now pending and partially ratified, the League of Nations claims the right and will have the power to use force in the enforcement of the decisions of the Court, including the advisory opinions. I am utterly opposed to the use of force or of economic sanctions in the enforcement of the decrees of an international court.

WILLIAM E. BORAH

I note your view that an additional reservation should be attached to the resolution of ratification. I cannot agree with you. It seems to me wholly unnecessary to attach any such condition as that suggested by you. It is plain as a pikestaff that the statute itself—and that is all that concerns us, for it is all to which we become a signatory—makes no provision whatever for the enforcement of the judgments of the Court either by peaceful or by warlike means. That a nation which belongs to the League may find itself in some embarrassment by virtue of certain provisions of the Covenant should a decision of the Court go against it may be true. That situation can be met only by modification of the Covenant of the League, and we certainly ought not to attempt to procure an amendment of the Covenant or make our adherence to the Protocol dependent upon the making of such amendment. Moreover, as you must know, there is not a chance that the Covenant can be amended so as to remove from it the so-called "sanctions."

Your proposition really, then, is, as I view it, that we do not go into the Court at all since you attach a condition that it is known in advance will not be met.

T. J. WALSH

I am not in favor of such a reservation as you suggest, or as suggested by Mr. Rosenberg in his articles in *The Nation.* There is not a word in the Court statute upon the subject of sanctions, either expressed or implied, and so far as that statute is concerned enforcement rests wholly upon public opinion.

The League of Nations is a treaty or agreement between a large group of nations, and if they choose to agree to enforce the judgments of this or any other court by sanctions, it is none of our affair. Our reservations have nothing whatever to do with the League of Nations, and we do not propose to deal with it in any form. The suggestion really is that we make a reservation against the Covenant of the League of Nations, which is not before us in any way. Any two or more nations may hereafter agree, if they choose, to enforce the decisions of the Court, without in any way violating any duty they might have internationally to the United States.

I. L. LENROOT

I have considered Mr. Rosenberg's most interesting articles on the Permanent Court. It seems to me that there may well be a distinction between the situation of the United States, when we shall have adhered to the Court, and that of adhering states which are League members. I can see the possibility of an inference of obligation on the part of member states to enforce obedience to a decree of the Court. This obligation, if it exists, would grow out of the Covenant of the League. It is not clear to me on what basis one could rest a contention that the United States would be so bound, for we have not subscribed the Covenant. If we are not bound, there is no liability which by reservation we should disclaim.

My own view has always been that a severance of Court from League is desirable in the interest of the former. I have become satisfied, however, that the only issue which the public can understand is the simple issue of adherence or non-adherence. On this issue I am for adherence, because I believe that the safety of the United States is in no sense involved and that, if severance is as important as I believe it to be, it can be effected by future pressure.

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

I agree with you that Articles 13 and 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations do give serious room for the claim that the decisions of the World Court as now constituted are capable of enforcement through the exercise of force under the auspices of the League.

Except for the fact that this force is to be exercised under the auspices of the League I would find no special fault with this situation; because my concept of a World Court is one with compulsory jurisdiction, codified law, and adequate sanctions.

GEORGE H. MOSES

In view of the fact that I am a member of the Foreign Relations Committee and in a few days the Senate will open discussion which will undoubtedly encompass every phase of the World Court participation, I prefer to withhold for the present any final comment.

Generally speaking, on the question you raise, I have always felt the reservation suggested by Mr. Hughes to the effect that our entry into the Court would not compel our assumption of *any* obligation under the Covenant of the League of Nations was sufficiently broad to cover any reasonable contingency.

WALTER E. EDGE

My attitude on the question of enforcing the decisions of the World Court was expressed in my resolution submitted to the Senate on March 5, 1925, containing these paragraphs:

Resolved, That the Senate advise and consent to the adhesion on the part of the United States to the said pro-

tocol of December 16, 1920, and the adjoined statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice (without [illegible] ting or agreeing to the optional clause for compulsory jurisdiction contained in said statute) and that the signature of the United States be affixed to the said Protocol; subject to the following reservations and understandings which are hereby made a part and condition of this resolution, namely:

1. That such adhesion shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part of the United States to the League of Nations or the assumption of any obligations by the United States under the Covenant of the League of Nations constituting Part I of the Treaty of Versailles.

2. That the United States will participate through representatives designated for the purpose and upon an equality with the other states, members respectively of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations, in any and all proceedings of either the Council or the Assembly for the election of judges or deputy judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice, or for the filling of [illegible]

3. That the United States will pay a fair share of the expenses of the Court as determined and appropriated from [illegible]

4. That the statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice adjoined to the protocol shall not be amended without the consent of the United States.

[illegible] advisory opinions which may be rendered by the Court upon questions which the United States has not voluntarily submitted for its judgment.

The signature of the United States to the said Protocol shall not be affixed until the Powers signatory to such protocol shall have indicated, through an exchange of notes, their acceptance of the foregoing reservations and [illegible] to be [illegible] by the United States to the said protocol.

FRANK B. WILLIS

I have your letter regarding the World Court and I agree with you. I shall vote for the pending resolution, provided reservations are attached which will make it clear beyond doubt that the decisions of the Court are to be free from compulsion.

GEORGE P. MCLEAN

Property acquired by war is, under international law, held to be legally acquired. The business of the Court is to decide that loot acquired as a result of the last war has been legally acquired. Such a decision may be legal according to international law, but in view of the terms of the armistice such a decision by the Court cannot be one based upon justice. Therefore it seems to me that the Court is misnamed when it is called a court of justice.

To carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles the League of Nations system is a very carefully planned program for making war. It is assumed, I take it, that such wars will be "just" wars, wars to uphold the "sanctity of treaties," and wars to "save democracy." Such wars under this program will be "legal" wars backed by the Court and the League.

Paragraph 1, Article 12, of the Covenant of the League of Nations reads as follows:

> The members of the League agree that, if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council, and they agree in no case to *resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council* [illegible] subject).

Here is a legalized method of going to war. The only reservation is there shall be no actual act of war until three months after the decision of the Court or report of the Council.

Paragraph 1, Article 13, of the Covenant of the League of Nations states:

> The members of the League agree that, whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration and which cannot be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject matter to arbitration.

Article 16 of the Covenant of the League provides:

> Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Article 12, 13, or 15, it shall ipso facto be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League.
>
> It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several governments concerned what *effective military, naval, or air force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League.* (Italics mine.)

Here we have the sanctions for war to enforce settlement of controversies within the League. How does the Covenant propose to make war upon non-member nations who refuse to use and obey the machinery of the League? That we learn by reading Article 17 of the Covenant of the League of Nations:

> In the event of a dispute between a member of the League and a state which is not a member of the League, or between states not members of the League, the state or states not members of the League shall be invited to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, upon such conditions as the Council may deem just. If such invitation is accepted the provisions of Articles 12 to 16, inclusive, shall be applied with such modifications as may be deemed necessary by the Council.
>
> If a state so invited shall refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, and shall resort to war against a member of the League, the provisions of Article 16 shall be applicable as against the state taking such action.

The power to enforce the decisions of the Court by war is therefore vested in the League of Nations by the treaty called the Covenant.

Thus we have a clear program for inaugurating all kinds of "legal" wars, on the assumption that the wars under this arrangement will be "legal" and under the further assumption that wars in the past have been "illegal." How many governments in the history of the world have started "illegal wars"? All of the governments that have started "illegal wars" please say "Aye"! Silence. All governments which have started "legal wars" only please say "Aye"! All governments of history in chorus shout "Aye"!

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD

I favor the adherence of the United States to the World Court with the reservations advocated by Presidents Harding and Coolidge and former Secretary of State Hughes. It seems to me that those reservations are sufficient to guarantee us entire freedom from the League of Nations, while at the same time permitting us to lend our tremendous influence toward the adjudication of questions involving world peace and coming before the Court.

The first of these reservations states that our entry into the Court "shall not be taken to involve *any* legal relation to the League of Nations, or the assumption of *any* obligations by the United States under the Covenant of the League of Nations."

It is perfectly plain to me that under these reservations we would not be obliged to employ force in enforcing the decisions of the Court. And since we recognize no authority of the League so far as our nation is concerned, I do not see that we should fear the use of force against us by the League of Nations after joining the World Court any more than we should fear it now when we have no connection with the Court.

My feeling is that our nation should not refuse to lend its great prestige and whole-hearted support to the advancement of what seems to be a sincere effort on the part of the nations of the world to set up a tribunal for the peaceful adjudication of international questions; and it seems to me that we can do so under the reservations proposed with entire safety to our own national welfare.

ARTHUR CAPPER

Whitewashing the Air-Grafters

By H. L. SCAIFE

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FAILURE of the Lampert House committee and the Morrow aircraft board to consider malversation and charges of the existence of an aircraft monopoly leaves the findings of the Thomas Senate committee, filed August 22, 1918,[1] as the last and only expression of an official investigation that has undertaken to hear testimony in support of charges of the existence of an air trust.

Neither the Lampert committee nor the Morrow board considered available evidence which in a measure would have accounted for the difference between what was legitimately spent and the results accomplished, and their reports very closely concur in recommendations favorable to a perpetuation of an aircraft monopoly and further enormous expenditures before the demoralizing conditions depicted in both reports are cleaned up. The findings of these committees, published almost simultaneously, raise controversial issues of minor importance that are apt to distract attention from the fundamental questions emphasized in these articles:

1. Who got the money?
2. What has been done with those who got the money?
3. What is going to be done with those who let the guilty escape?

The Morrow board filed its report on December 2, the report of the Lampert committee being made on December 14, nineteen months after that committee had been directed by the House of Representatives[2] to conduct an investigation which should have answered these questions, instead of going far afield into phases of the aircraft subject which were not within the scope of the contemplated inquiry.

The indifference of the Lampert committee to the serious business it had in hand is shown by the fact that it did not begin its formal hearings until nine months after it had been appointed. The record shows that visits of the committee to air-service plants were postponed last summer, "because of intensely hot weather"[3] and that

> It was deemed impractical to bring the committee together during the recess because of the exigencies of the fall campaign, as the members were so busy with matters of immediate importance to them.

The findings of the Lampert committee report that the total expenditures for the Army and Navy Air Services for the five years, 1920 to 1924 inclusive, were $424,234,107.90[5]; that "the use of airplanes designed and built in the year 1918 and earlier constitutes a very large proportion of the machines used in the army and navy"; and the committee concurs in the findings of the Lassiter board, made in 1923, as "a fair basis for the present study of our administrative methods" and that "its findings as to the conditions of our air service are substantially true today."[6]

The report of the Lassiter board, as quoted by the Lampert committee, states:

> After an exhaustive study of the situation the committee reports that an alarming condition in the Air Service exists, due to shortage of flying personnel and equipment, which, if allowed to continue, will very soon cause this important combatant arm to reach a condition which will cause it to be negligible as being any national defense.

Without accounting for the disappearance of such enormous amounts of money without tangible results, the Lampert report recommends, in addition to the usual appropriations, the expenditure of not less than $100,000,000 in a five-year program for "the procurement of new flying equipment, constructed by the civilian industry."[7] The committee reports that it has found no corruption, that an aircraft conspiracy does not exist, that the legality of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association and the cross-license agreement should now be accepted as "conclusive," and that the "save-harmless" clause in all air contracts is basically sound.[8] The committee recommends that "the Federal Government cease competing with the civilian aircraft industry in the construction of aircraft, engines, and accessories"; and that "the industry be assisted in the procurement of non-commercial supplies, either through the Government as debits on procurement contracts or the grouping of purchases within the industry."[9]

Members of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association who are the main beneficiaries of government aircraft contracts may be accepted as synonymous with the "industry." Concerning the alleged impoverished conditions of the "industry" the Lampert committee quotes ex-Secretary of War, Mr. Weeks, as saying the contractors are "hanging on by their eyelids."[10] The Lampert committee reports:[11]

> In fact, there is general agreement from all of the witnesses, whether from the Government, the industry, or outside, that the aircraft industry, instead of fattening on government contracts, is being steadily starved to death.

Stated briefly, the Lampert committee recommends all the things that are necessary to continue placing aircraft contracts in the hands of men who wrecked the Government's aviation program during the war and have repeated the offense since the war; and the committee has failed to force an accounting.

Two of the most obnoxious features of aircraft contracts to independent manufacturers and inventors are the cross-license agreement and the "save-harmless" clause, around which the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association, organized on July 17, 1917, has been able to make effective its alleged monopoly of aircraft contracts. In connection with the cross-license agreement a form of license was adopted for those desiring or compelled to be associated with it, the scheme resulting in a surrender of patents to the association on terms prescribed by that association. The "save-harmless" clause inserted in these government contracts protects the members of the Manufacturers' Air-

[1] *Congressional Record*, Aug. 22, 1918, p. 9[illegible]. *The Nation*, Dec. 9, 1925, p. 641.
[2] *The Nation*, Dec. 16, 1925, p. 698.
[3] Lampert hearings, p. 92.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Lampert report, p. 3.
[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 4-5.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 9.
[8] Lampert report, p. 2.
[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 8-9.
[10] *Ibid.*, p. 10.
[11] *Ibid.*

craft Association in the use of patents of those who refuse to accept the conditions of participation in contracts prescribed by the alleged monopoly. By this clause the Government agrees that in case the contractor infringes patents that do not belong to the contractor, the United States will hold the contractor harmless, with the result that the only recourse of the unfortunate inventor, deprived of remedy by injunction, is in the tedious and expensive process of establishing his rights in the Court of Claims, where he finds to oppose him the legal machinery of the Government, backed by the resources of the United States, in litigation that may last for years. A definite instance as to how the "save-harmless" clause is used as a club over the inventor, even if in despair he offers to give his patent rights to the Government, is shown in the official records.[12] As long as their products can be sold and patents can be infringed with impunity, where is the financial need of the air trust to encourage invention?

It will thus be seen why the Thomas Senate committee predicted seven years ago that the cross-license agreement would lead to the discouragement of invention and the inevitable control of the aircraft industry by the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association or by some other interest through its agency. There has been no change in the operation of the cross-license agreement since it was condemned by the Thomas Senate committee, except that the Thomas Senate committee was informed that it was no longer used, when in fact it has never been abrogated and occurs in aircraft contracts today.[13] The story of how the cross-license agreement originated, the names of those responsible, and the alleged deception through which Attorney General Gregory rendered a tentative opinion under the stress of war, countenancing the Manufacturers' Association and the cross-license agreement, was exposed on the floor of the House of Representatives on February 23, 1924.[14]

As to the opinion of former Attorney General Gregory, which the Lampert committee cites in justification of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association and the cross-license agreement, the chairman of the Thomas Senate committee declared on the floor of the United States Senate seven years ago:[15]

> . . . I am satisfied in my own mind, at least, that but for the emergency, but for the necessity of airplanes, and airplanes as soon as possible, this contract never would have passed the approving scrutiny of the Department of Justice.

In an exhaustive analysis[16] Senator Thomas declared that this opinion of the Attorney General "seems to damn this contract with very faint praise indeed" and, in the closing of his remarks, the chairman of the Senate committee declared:[17]

> It looks like profiteering without any limitation, and I fear that much of the difficulties and disappointments which the nation has encountered in attempting to carry out its aircraft program is due to the fact that all these conditions bestride the industry like a colossus.

Audits of aircraft contracts showing enormous overpayments to contractors and the failure of the Department of Justice to institute civil and criminal action were exposed on the floors of Congress in 1922,[18] resulting with other disclosures in the establishment of the War Transactions Section in the Department of Justice, for which Congress has made appropriations totaling $2,700,000.[19]

If the findings of the Lampert committee are correct in the clean bill of health they gave to our aircraft contractors, then why have the members of that committee permitted without protests such appropriations for the civil and criminal prosecution of these war-fraud cases?

Among the specific charges for investigation placed in the record of the House of Representatives when the Lampert committee was appointed was a chain of documentary evidence offered to show how the prosecution of the case of the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation was blocked after full hearings in the War Department covering a period of two years and after the case had been placed in the hands of the Department of Justice on October 26, 1921, with the request that litigation be instituted to protect the interests of the United States and that "only a court which possessed full powers to render a final decision and enforce it can satisfactorily cope with such a situation."[20]

The official records[21] show that on June 16, 1921, Charles Hayden, an official of the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation, wrote a letter to the then Secretary of War, Mr. Weeks, containing the following reference to this case:

> Ordinarily I would hate to bring these matters to your personal attention, but the way the general situation has been developing in the last six months, it seems to me that everything that can be done by cooperation between bankers and the Government to inspire confidence in a legitimate way should be done, and that is why I feel a perfectly clear conscience in giving you this little additional bother.

On June 22, 1921, Hon. John W. Weeks, then Secretary of War, replied to this letter of Charles Hayden and among other things stated:

> Whatever decision may be reached by the Air Service section, you should understand, is not conclusive. Not only is the approval of a higher officer required, and even if that approval is obtained, there is a further appeal to myself. . . .

Again, on November 23, 1921, two days after Secretary Weeks had been informed by a memorandum from the Assistant Secretary of War[22] that "in view of this state of affairs the case has passed beyond the control and jurisdiction of the War Department,"[23] Secretary Weeks among other things wrote to Charles Hayden as follows:[24]

> I have not thought of the case in which you are interested since I wrote you last June, assuming that it was proceeding satisfactorily. I will see Mr. Hoyt[25] some day next week if he will call my secretary and make an appointment. In the meantime I have requested that no further immediate action be taken by the Department of Justice until I have had a talk with Mr. Hoyt.

On January 21, 1922, Guy D. Goff, then assistant to the Attorney General, wrote the following to the attorneys of the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation:[26]

> After thorough consideration I have to inform you that in the opinion of the Attorney General the case is one in

[12] *Congressional Record*, Jan. 29, 1924, p. 1631.
[13] *Ibid.*, p. 1630.
[14] Pp. 3022-3028.
[15] *Congressional Record*, Feb. 23, 1924, p. 3027; *ibid.*, May 9, 1918, p. 6237.
[16] *Ibid.*, Feb. 23, 1924, pp. 3024-3028; *ibid.*, May 9, 1918, pp. 6235-6245.
[17] *Ibid.*, Feb. 23, 1924, p. 3028; *ibid.*, May 9, 1918, p. 6238.
[18] *Ibid.*, April 11, 1922, pp. 5290-5294.
[19] Annual Report of the Attorney General (1925), p. 96.
[20] *Congressional Record*, June 29, 1921, p. 1629. [21] *Ibid.*
[22] *Ibid.*; for text of memorandum in full, see *Congressional Record*, April 11, 1922, pp. 5290-5291, 5292.
[23] *Ibid.*
[24] *Congressional Record*, Jan. 29, 1924, p. 1629.
[25] Mr. Hoyt was president of the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation.
[26] *Congressional Record*, Jan. 29, 1924, p. 1629.

which it is necessary to institute litigation to protect the interest of the Government.

The case was withdrawn from the hands of the United States attorney who had been instructed to proceed more than four years ago[27] and, notwithstanding the appropriations made by Congress for the prosecution of such cases, the case of the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation and many others in which malversation was charged were not investigated by the Lampert committee or the Morrow board. In the face of such records which had been briefed and made available to these investigating committees before they began their work,[28] Congress and the public must now consider with serious concern how the Lampert committee, without an investigation in the premises, could even ignorantly report[29] that

> The most searching investigation on the part of the committee discloses not the slightest ground for the charge that the Air Service procedure is corrupt.

In the unanimous report of the Morrow board, each of the nine members has placed himself on record as having been furnished the printed record of the testimony taken by the Lampert committee and of having the opportunity of examining the testimony taken in the various other hearings before congressional committees. The Morrow committee was, thus, aware that there were fifty-three witnesses[30] uncalled whose names had been furnished as having information in regard to the alleged air trust.

In placing the war-time production at more than 16,000 airplanes, the Morrow board has failed to realize that such statistics include penguins that could not fly and production that went to the junk pile. Similarly misleading information given to the public was among the grounds urged by Charles E. Hughes in recommending that E. A. Deeds be called to answer before a court martial.[31] The testimony of General Pershing and others long ago established the fact that at the time of the armistice *not a single American-made fighting plane had reached France and that only 196 De Haviland 4-s, which could not be used in pursuit, were at the battle-front.*[32]

In the praise by the Morrow board of the "flaming coffins," produced during the war and still in use after being reconditioned, the report states:

> While the charge has been made in the public press that fliers have been compelled to fly in unsafe machines, no evidence of any such case has been submitted to us.

If aircraft depreciates as fast as is claimed when new appropriations are being sought from Congress, such of these De Haviland machines as are still in use are less safe now than they were six years ago when Eddie Rickenbacker, America's leading ace, declared:[33]

> From every side Fokkers were pouncing upon the clumsy Liberty machines, which, with their criminally constructed fuel tanks, offered so easy a target to the incendiary bullets of the enemy that their unfortunate pilots called this boasted achievement of our Aviation Department their "flaming coffins." During that one brief flight over Grande Pré I saw three of these crude machines go down in flames, an American pilot and an American gunner in each flaming coffin," dying this frightful and needless death. . . .
>
> . . . Many a gallant life was lost to American aviation during those early months of 1918, the responsibility for which must lie heavily upon some guilty conscience.

Of the seven recommendations of the Morrow board to regulate the aircraft industry, which might be worthy of consideration if government contracts were freed of monopolistic tendencies, five under present conditions carry on their face the sign of the dollar; they look to a recognition of the aircraft monopoly to the exclusion of independent manufacturers and inventors. In these recommendations, it must be considered that under present conditions the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association and the aircraft industry are practically synonymous terms, and particular attention needs to be paid to the words that are here italicized:

> 1. The adoption of *a policy of continuity in orders* . . .
>
> 2. Production orders be given *only to companies* which maintain design staffs of reasonable size and keep them active. . . .
>
> 4. Government *competition with the civil industry* in production activity *to be eliminated* except in those projects *impracticable of realization by the civil industry.*
>
> 5. During a period of production of a type accepted as a standard there be placed a succession of small orders for *experimental* designs to be given limited service tests, the best of these designs produced during a two or three year period being adopted as the next standard. Such orders, *distributed among firms having design and production staffs of proved competence,* should be awarded *at a liberal price,* high enough to cover all of the overhead expense involved in the upkeep of the design and experimental departments.
>
> 6. *Existing statutes* covering the procurement of supplies and *requiring competitive bidding be modified* where necessary to allow putting the recommendations previously made into effect.

The members of the alleged air trust have built up their plants and organizations through the aid of government finance to the exclusion of the pioneer manufacturers. These recommendations of the Morrow board will tend to make it impossible for an independent manufacturer to qualify for government work, a condition which already exists and which the Morrow report seeks to have legalized.

The constructive recommendations in the report of the Lampert committee and the Morrow board need not be considered until the wreckage is swept away and a firm foundation is presented on which to build. The old propaganda to forget the past has been effective, but there is no line of demarkation between the past and the present, or where the debacle started and where it will end.

The suppression of truth in a government inquiry, an obstruction of justice, or a failure to perform a public duty by any official or employee on the pay roll of the United States comes under the general conspiracy statute[34] if two or more persons enter into an agreement that would defraud the United States in any manner or for any purpose.

In 1910 the Supreme Court of the United States made the following statement in its opinion in confirming an indictment charging a conspiracy to give to the public an incorrect official report:[35]

> As the Government evidently intended to supply the

[27] *Ibid.*, Hearings before Committee on [illegible] and 4th sessions, pp. [illegible], Hearings part 5, Rec. [illegible], 68th Congress, 1st session, pp. 881-891.
[28] *Congressional Record*, June 29, 1921, p. 1639.
[29] Lampert report, p. 10.
[30] Lampert hearings, p. 63.
[31] *Ibid.*, Dec. 30, 1918, pp. 902, 911.
[32] *Ibid.*, May 12, 1921, p. 1353.
[33] *Congressional Record*, May 12, 1921, p. 1354.

[34] The Criminal Code of the United States, Sec. 37.
[35] Haas *vs.* Henkel (1910), 216 U. S. 462.

public with correct information, its whole purpose would not only be prevented but actually reversed if the department issued incorrect reports. A conspiracy to cause incorrect monthly reports to be published would defraud the United States, because it would change its department from an agency to enlighten the public into an agency to mislead it. It would be as if wreckers, in combination with persons connected with the location of channel buoys or with lighthouses, were to combine to move the buoys or extinguish the lights.

America and Mosul

By LOUIS FISCHER

[*On December 15 the Council of the League of Nations decided by unanimous vote to give Mosul to Iraq, which is under mandate to Great Britain. The economic background of this decision is described in the following article.*]

London, December 1

THE United States is not a member of the League of Nations, nor does the State Department want Mosul as a colony, nor should America be interested in advancing the territorial claims either of Kemal Pasha or King George. Nevertheless it may develop that the voice of Washington and New York, the still small voice whispered behind the scenes, will be decisive in the determination of the Mosul boundary dispute which, not so long ago, almost involved the two contending parties in a war—and may yet.

Observers received the first hint of the diplomatic storm that was brewing from an innocent little announcement made on November 10 at the annual meeting of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, by Sir Charles Greenway, its president. Sir Charles, in replying to a question, declared that the stocks of the Turkish Petroleum Company, which has a concession from the Bagdad cabinet for the exploitation of all the oil resources of Iraq (including Mosul if the British case should triumph), were held "as to 47½ per cent by the Anglo-Persian Company, as to 22½ per cent by the Royal Dutch Company, as to 25 per cent by the French group, and as to 5 per cent by Mr. Gulbenkian."

That was all. To the uninitiated this means nothing. But it was interesting to watch the London papers. For a day or two they were either napping or ignorant of the significance of Sir Charles's word. Then the awakening.

The importance of Greenway's statement was the deduction it permitted that the Standard Oil was no longer a participant in the Turkish Petroleum Company. Yet for almost three years the entire world had been under the impression that it owned about 25 per cent of the shares. The Anglo-Persian president had, apparently, simply read the House of Rockefeller out of this international company which held a lease to invaluable petroleum fields. This situation became even more mystifying when the cables brought a denial from Walter C. Teagle, chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Teagle told the correspondents that his concern had not relinquished its holding in the Turkish Petroleum. Yet Greenway had said that the Standard Oil was not in it, and never had been for that matter. What was the meaning of all this?

Mosul oil has been the object of diplomatic and private capitalistic controversy for almost a quarter of a century. In 1888 the Germans, through the Deutsche Bank, received a concession to build the first section of the Bagdad railway. In 1903 the Porte granted permission to extend the line to Basra, thus imperiling Britain's hold on the Persian Gulf and the Anglo-Persian's oil-fields in south Persia, and threatening to bring Germany dangerously near to India. The next year the concession was made to include all the oil resources which might be discovered on either side of the line. England objected strenuously, and soon brought her friends, France and Russia, to her aid. This entente effectively barred the way to the execution of the German project. Years of diplomatic squabbling and business dickering followed. In the end, in March, 1914, the dispute was settled, as far as oil was concerned, by the organization of the Turkish Petroleum, 50 per cent of the shares of which were to be held by the Anglo-Persian, 25 per cent by the Royal Dutch Shell, and 25 per cent by the Germans. The San Remo oil agreement of April, 1920, gave the German share to a consortium of sixty-seven French companies.

The moment the San Remo pact became public the Standard Oil rose up in arms. Had not the United States contributed to the successful issue of the world conflict? Were not its nationals therefore entitled to a part of the spoils? What right had France and England to divide the petroleum of Iraq, a country conquered by force during the period of hostilities? Washington insisted on the "open door" for American oil trusts.

For eighteen months, from the middle of 1920 to the end of 1921, the battle of notes raged. The United States refused to give its approval to the Mesopotamia and Palestinian mandates which the League of Nations was intending to grant Great Britain unless the "open door" principle was accepted by the mandatory Power, and although America was no member of the League it goes without saying that that body as well as England feared to defy the State Department. The mandates remained unratified. The situation in the Near East grew chaotic; the Arabs were restive, and the Zionists chagrined, while actually war clouds gathered over the Anglo-American horizon. Serious journals fretted over the possibilities of a break. Yet neither Colby nor his successor Hughes on the one hand, nor Lord Curzon of Kedleston on the other, were willing to yield.

The correspondence was long and vitriolic. Curzon did not fail to point out the irregularities of American imperialism in Haiti and Costa Rica, nor did Hughes shrink from accusing the late noble lord and his government of unfair discrimination. Toward the end of 1920 Sir John Cadman, an official of the Anglo-Persian, and war-time Allied petroleum director, was sent across the Atlantic to patch up a peace. But Mr. Teagle rebuffed him at the annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute, and the mission ended in failure.

Then there was a windfall. The Persian Government granted the Standard Oil a provisional concession to the north Persian field. This suggested the possibility of a bargain. Sir John Cadman again shipped to New York. After some negotiations the famous "50-50" bargain was arranged by the terms of which the Standard Oil accepted the Anglo-Persian as a partner to its north Persian lease while the Anglo-Persian agreed to share with the Rockefeller Company its stock in the Turkish Petroleum. This little deal put the "finis" to the diplomatic controversy and established good-will between the two oil firms.

And it is this dearly bought, much-fought-over share of the Standard Oil in the Turkish Petroleum which the Anglo-Persian's chairman quite casually, as it were, declares to have reverted to his company, the original owner. But Mr. Teagle challenges him on this point. Now how is it possible for two people to have two opinions on such a very definite thing as the ownership of a very costly block of shares in a company which may some day be worth hundreds of millions of dollars?

The clue to the mystery is the tactics of the Standard Oil of sitting on the fence as long as the future ownership of Mosul remained undecided. Though at Lausanne the Standard Oil acknowledged itself quarter-partner in the Turkish Petroleum Company, and through it agreed during the conference to allow the Anglo-Persian a 10 per cent oil royalty "in return for the halving of its original share of the 50 per cent in the Turkish Petroleum Company, Ltd., in order to admit of the American group's entry on equal terms," nevertheless it opposed and succeeded in preventing the incorporation of the Turkish Petroleum's concession into the Allied treaty with Turkey. The Standard Oil valued its share in the Turkish Petroleum, even showed its gratitude to Anglo-Persian for arranging its entry, but preferred not to take up its shares and not to make the participation too definite or to strengthen the position of the Turkish Petroleum too much. Suppose Mosul didn't go to the British after all.

For the present there is sufficient oil on the world market. And the Standard Oil, which is primarily a seller and not a producer, has an interest in limiting the quantity available for sale. But the Royal Dutch Shell and the Anglo-Persian are producers; moreover England and the empire need petroleum product. Britain desires a better fate than that of remaining dependent on the Standard for her "gas" and liquid fuel. If the British got Mosul, the Turkish Petroleum would immediately commence exploitation in the hope of striking underground reserves of commercial value. If the Standard Oil could in some way get Mosul it would clamp the lid down tight and keep the field in storage for a decade—or until it becomes impossible for the Rockefeller trust to supply its overseas custom, perhaps even its trade in America, with the oil mined in the Western Hemisphere.

In order to permit itself freedom of action, the Standard Oil allowed its participation in the Turkish Petroleum to remain so vague as to enable it to stay should staying suit its purposes, or to surrender the shares should that seem the better part of wisdom. More than that. The Standard Oil wished to eschew any alliance which would prejudice it in the eyes of the Turks. For there are indications that the Standard Oil would prefer to see Mosul under Turkish suzerainty and the Mosul concession its own. Certain it is that well-known British interests, among which is Lord Inverforth of the British Mexican Company, have been encouraging the Turks to resist Downing Street's claim to Mosul, and the "British Mex" is a subsidiary of the Standard. Observers and diplomats who were at Lausanne are convinced that the Mosul question would have been settled there to the satisfaction of the British had it not been for the secret moral support which Ismet Pasha received from the United States political and business quarters. And rumors now persist in the City to the effect that American inspiration is behind Turkish obstinacy.

The situation is not without an element of the comic even when it demonstrates the almost insuperable difficulties which arise when nations attempt to solve real Gordian knots by consent. The Lausanne conference failed to settle the Mosul problem. Two years of futile negotiations followed between Turkey and England which at times seemed to be the preliminaries to war. Then it was put up to the League. The League passed the buck to the World Court. The November decision of the Court passed it right back to Geneva. The Court ruled that the Council resolution must be unanimous and will be binding—if Turkey reads the Lausanne treaty as the Court does. But already the semi-official Angora telegraphic agency declares that the Court verdict "was pronounced under well-known influences" and "is calculated to give a bad impression of the moral value of an organization which is supposed to be an instrument of international peace." It is dollars to doughnuts therefore that the Kemal cabinet will not accept the League award.

Meanwhile rumors that the Angora Government has granted the Standard Oil a concession will not be downed even by denials from the highest authorities. It is generally known, of course, that Standard Oil agents have lately been very active in Anatolia, sometimes under the guise of Inverforth representatives. It should also be remarked that the Standard Oil is paying far more attention to the market in Asiatic Turkey than it deserves, and that it seems prepared to sacrifice many important conquests—in the matter of Soviet oil, for instance—in order to fortify itself in Anatolia even though it is patent that that poor, non-industrial country is hardly worth a small fraction of the effort the American trust is putting into it unless it be as a preparation for an extensive concession. "From the American point of view," writes a special correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian Commercial*, "the turnover [in Turkey] is quite negligible." It is generally deduced, therefore, that the energy of the Americans in Anatolia is actuated by a desire to be ready for any eventuality. What if there were some compromise on Mosul?

Even if the League achieves unanimity, Turkey will, without a doubt, refuse to bow to Geneva's authority. In this she will have the support of Moscow and—politics make strange bedfellows—of American and certain British oil interests. "We are informed," says the *Morning Post*, "that the true facts of the case are that certain American oil interests have made an arrangement with an independent English group, which has been negotiating with the Turkish Government for certain oil concessions in case Mosul should be awarded to the Turks by the League of Nations." For the present, therefore, we must await further developments, not so much in Geneva which can do little to solve the deadlock, unanimous decision or no, but from Angora and London where the British and Turkish governments and the rival oil magnates will match forces.

Little Bob Wins

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, December 18

IF anything were needed to show the caliber and character of the solemn gentlemen who lead and manage the Republican Party these days it has certainly been supplied by the handling in the Senate of the Little Bob La Follette case. The climax in that came last week when Little Bob, after having been patted, petted, and fawned on in the most sickening and hypocritical fashion both publicly and privately, handed out to the Committee on Committees as strong a note of defiance as could be prepared. In words of one syllable he said in effect that their picayune places meant nothing to him, that he was not their sort of Republican, that he stood on the platform of the Progressives, not on theirs, that he proposed to assert complete independence of action in the Senate and out, that if they persisted in tendering him these committee assignments as a Republican he wanted no misunderstanding as to where he stood. In other words, he kicked the orthodox organization machine vigorously and squarely in the midriff. And the party managers, as represented by the Committee on Committees, submitted to the kick, gulped, choked, swallowed the dose, and let the tender stand.

No wonder the Administration press, which daily dwells upon the wise, firm, and courageous leadership of the godly Calvin, and which not long ago gave columns of space to the resolute words of the intrepid textile king and White House adviser, Senator William M. Butler of Massachusetts, who after he had tried to defeat Little Bob and failed ringingly declared that he would never be recognized as a Republican—no wonder these newspapers passed hurriedly over this business of Little Bob with almost no editorial comment at all. No wonder the "Presidential Spokesman" at the correspondents' conference this week ignored questions touching on this topic. No wonder Republican Senators who had previously told the world that young La Follette would be tossed out on his ear and that they would do the tossing now bitterly say: "Oh, hades, let's forget it." Of course they want to forget it. Who wouldn't? Nothing quite as absurd has happened in Washington in a long while, and no sillier-looking set of men has been seen in the Senate than the Republican Senators to whom the buck in this business was passed. They feel pretty badly over the outcome and no one blames them. They had to take the responsibility for a decision that most of them feel should not have been put up to them and, having decided, they had to go through with it, take young Bob's insults and the caustic criticism of their colleagues besides.

They deserved what they got because of the bumble-puppy way in which they handled the situation if for nothing else, but it is true they did not get quite a fair deal. The decision properly belonged with the titular leader of the party in the White House, and to him the various Senators early went for advice and instructions. They should have known better and next time they will. However, the vigor and flatness with which the brave Butler had spoken on the subject made them certain that Mr. Coolidge would take the same noble stand.

The case against Little Bob was clean cut and quite unanswerable. He stood for everything his father stood for, had committed every party crime of which the Old Man had been guilty and for which he had been banned. His campaign had been an anti-Coolidge campaign and literally he has not a single political idea in common with an orthodox Republican. There seemed but one thing to do—throw him out as they had his father. That had been the Coolidge attitude toward the old Senator. It never occurred to them it would not be the same with the son. But they were wrong.

Instead of a calm, firm, determined Coolidge such as he is pictured by the magazine writers who are invited to dinner at the White House or go down on the Mayflower, they found an indecisive, troubled, querulous Coolidge, from whom no definite word could be got. They found the same sort of Coolidge who for five weeks during the Daugherty investigation wabbled weakly from side to side, pulled one way by Borah, Reed, and Pepper and bluffed the other way by the violence of the Attorney General, whose resignation he finally requested in a letter that gave him a clean bill of health, basing the request on a point so remote from the real issue as to be highly ridiculous.

In this case what plainly happened was that someone had pointed out to Mr. Coolidge that when the next Senate meets in 1927 the Republican majority is bound to be either greatly reduced or wiped out. Everybody concedes that the Republicans are sure to lose certain seats they now hold, and the chances are that the Republican managers will not be able to organize the Senate without La Follette's help. It was conveyed to the President that if La Follette were roughly thrown out now there was a strong possibility that the party managers would have to crawl on their hands and knees to get his help in 1927—and then not get it. He might easily be able to paralyze the Administration in that session. Furthermore, Little Bob comes up as a candidate again in 1928, not 1926. That means he runs with the next candidate for President. At that time it is easy to understand it will be desirable to have him run as a Republican candidate for the Senate, in order to insure the Wisconsin electoral vote being cast for a Republican candidate for President. There was the further fact that the political life of Senator Lenroot, who comes up as a candidate next year, hangs by a slender thread which Little Bob can break—and probably will—if he likes.

When these various aspects of the situation percolated into the White House the firmness about Little Bob, the determination to hang him by the thumbs and then boil him in oil, oozed slowly away. In its place came a great indecision. The plain fact is that from the President down they wanted to kick him out, but they were afraid. He had them buffaloed. He made a holy show of the whole shooting match.

After this exhibition it will take either cast-iron cheek or a complete lack of humor for Republican Senators this session to stand up and prate about party principles, convictions, and courage. Yet some of them will do it. Some of them qualify both ways.

In the Driftway

ALL is not well in the Highlands. The Drifter hears on the best authority—that of the chief medical officer for Inverness-shire—that the braw highlanders of the Isle of Skye are fast becoming a weak and degenerate race; and the cause is easily stated: they have abandoned their traditional diet of oatmeal for a more effeminate menu of tea, white bread, and jam. The Drifter cannot remember if it was these particular highlanders who were admiringly named Ladies from Hell by the enemy in the late war, but whether it was or not, the epithet fits admirably the opinion that most persons have of a highlander. He may bare his knees to the winter wind, he may wear funny looking tassels on his belt, he may cut his clothes of plaid in vivid colors—but look out, for he is not a man to tamper with. And the Drifter, for one, would have been perfectly willing to believe that much of his strength and firmness came from his oatmeal.

* * * * *

THERE are literally millions of men and women in the world today who reluctantly sat themselves before a plate of porridge in their youth and listened to the words: "Eat it up now, if you want to grow up to be a big, strong man—or woman." Some had to consume the unwelcome dish with plain milk and without sugar, other more fortunate ones could disguise it with sweetening and cream, but eat it they must and did. When the spoon scraped emptily along the sides of the dish then, and then only, might they reach out for more palatable and no doubt less worthy food. The Drifter has no statistics concerning the number of boys and girls who actually did grow up to be big and strong as a result of this diet, but looking about him he suspects either that the effect of the oatmeal was exaggerated by those in authority, or, like the highlanders, the young hopefuls early changed their fare to jam and tea.

* * * * *

THE latter is more than likely. In these degenerate days, when children no longer feel the rod, when schools no longer keep their pupils seated firmly and silently at desks and demand of them tasks done by rigid rote, probably oatmeal, too, has gone by the board. In its place we have for breakfast food shot from guns, food made out of a whisk-broom cut in bits, food that sticks in the teeth and makes the jaws ache with chewing—all of these doubtless highly proper for a machine age. Or, on the other hand, we have the smooth, slimy, starchy sort of breakfast food that slips down without effort of any kind. The days of real oatmeal porridge, when the stuff was full of taste and oat grains and a body and consistency of its own, have vanished. This is the sort of porridge that highlanders were made of; it took eight hours to cook it over a slow fire—no three-minute oatmeal then; and even diluted with milk or cream, it was no easy task to swallow it down. And when it was down, the eater was fortified against a rude world, innocent of steam-radiators, of elevators, of fur-lined coats. A wool reefer buttoned over a stomach full of oatmeal was the only bulwark against zero cold.

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BUT alas, for the obstinacy of mankind. Children did not like their nice porridge; and their parents so heartily objected to the cold and the hardships of life that they set about inventing relief from them. Now we live in a warmer, easier world and scientists figure that in a few thousand years our teeth will disappear because we eat soft foods and will no longer have any use for them. The Drifter does not know for certain whether he is glad or sorry. The truth is that he does not care for oatmeal himself, and to that extent he can sympathize with the highlanders. On the other hand, nothing is so abominable in prospect to him as a perpetual diet of white bread, jam, and tea.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Anita Whitney's Conviction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The nation-wide protest that is being made against the confirmation by the Supreme Court of the sentence of Miss Anita Whitney to the penitentiary for attending a Communist Labor Party meeting comes with startling force to the voters and taxpayers of Oakland.

The local papers continue to repeat the contention of the protestants that she has been a power for good in this community all her life; that she was for seven years secretary of the Associated Charities of Oakland, and was the first juvenile probation officer here until it became a salaried office, when it was taken over by the man who later became the district attorney—the one, by the way, under whom she was prosecuted. And they continue also the misstatements of officials concerning her. The Governor, in an open letter to Mr. Upton Sinclair denying his plea for a pardon for her, says: "Her powerful influence and wealth have kept her out of prison for nearly six years. Other violators of this law, who have lacked this influence, have been serving their terms in prison."

Now, Mr. O'Connor, her attorney, gratuitously offered his services; and others furnished bail money for her. I found her living where she had been for years, with her aged mother, brother, and sister in a modest old-fashioned apartment house. They keep one servant and have never owned a motor car. She has no "wealth." And if she had "influence," how could she have come into the toils of the law for an offense which in the case of 95 per cent of those present was not held an offense? They indicted her on five counts. All she was found guilty of was the first count, which she admitted: of attending that meeting—of which the record shows that, being a pacifist, she offered a resolution directing their efforts toward legal methods rather than "massed-action." But the Governor, who refuses her a pardon, does not know after five years even the truth about her personal circumstances, which anyone who chooses to call upon her could ascertain for him. At the time of her arrest all her small liquid assets were surrendered in bail for unfortunate offenders whose wives and children she had known and helped—many whose families came to her in frantic distress, without bread in the house, pleading for her help. She gave, for the breadwinner's return. "What could I *do*?" she asked pitifully, in explaining this matter to me, which has been held against her as part of her lawless interference with justice!

Of the six who were arrested, neither she nor any other of the 145 who attended that meeting was arrested at the time. But two weeks later, when she was about to address a civic-center meeting on "The Negro Problem in the United States," her accuser at her trial, Fenton Thompson of the Loyalty Squad, interfered, demanding that she should not speak. She had been first president of the State Civic Center and had helped to organize the Oakland branch. They closed doors and voted then and there, and by 110 to 43 indorsed her. After this meeting Police Inspector Fenton Thompson arrested her.

Ten thousand dollars bail was demanded. It was he who at a Communist meeting a fortnight before had "planted" a maroon piano cover in a bookcase in a remote corner, inside of whose glass doors was a small silk American flag—this was the reluctant testimony of a *prosecution* witness at the trial.

But at the trial the maroon woolen cloth became a Communist red flag, flaunted with terrorism over the flag of our country. The "plant" of this piano cover was brought out by her attorney in court on the last day he was able to speak there; for he was denied by the presiding judge a continuance which he had asked on account of the deadly illness of his two-year-old child. Her attorney would not ask for his own personal need, which was apparent to all by his flaming cheeks and shining eyes, for he also was suffering like his child from the "flu," and he died forty-eight hours later! That same week one of the jurors died of the "flu," but a thirteenth had been provided—and the judge, in the midst of these funerals, allowed her one day to find a new attorney! She found no more such generosity or keen interest.

Oakland, California, November 21 M. Fay Coughlan

Women's Capacity for Work

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to an article, Jobs for Women, in *The Nation* under date of December 9, 1925, by Ruby A. Black.

A paragraph in this article quotes a representative of the Women's Bureau in a newspaper interview. This representative of the Women's Bureau is myself and the alleged newspaper interview was a feature story written by a newspaper woman by the name of Hazel Blair and circulated by Charles W. Duke, Sunday Magazine editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* two years ago. I had extended correspondence with Mr. Duke at that time advising him that I had given no such interview.

What I want to make clear is that neither I nor any member of the Women's Bureau has ever given an interview taking the position that "Thousands of young women break down every year" and that "Women are more able to stand the clamor and dust and fumes of the factory than the speed and responsibility and tension of office work. Women can stand any kind of work better than professional work, such as law, journalism, and medicine."

We have no information to bear out such a statement and have never made it anywhere.

Washington, December 10 Mary Anderson,
Director, Women's Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor

Anthracite Country—Another View

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Anne Hard's articles on the Anthracite Country are fine pieces of writing. They are true as regards the show of wealth in Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, and Hazleton. Their picture, too, of the quiet courage and self-denial of the miners, their wives and families is close to the facts. Nevertheless, the impression left upon the mind of the reader is false. I read those articles in New York; and settled back in my chair with the comfortable thought: "Well, here for once is a strike without suffering. For once we shall not have to look up our old clothes and send them to the strikers."

This morning I arrived at Plymouth—just outside of Wilkes-Barre. I wish Mrs. Hard could have been with me during these past twelve hours. During this past week two children fell fainting in the Plymouth schools. They were starved. One boy ate rotten apples thrown out by a grocer. Another boy confessed to a baker that he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. In that one town are many, many children without underwear or substantial clothing of any sort. It must give them a lively satisfaction to look at the fur coats which roused Mrs. Hard's admiration.

These miners have nerve and pride. They are not squealing. A good deal of bravado, moreover, is a necessary part of their campaign strategy. But it doesn't fill stomachs or keep out the cold.

Anyone who wants to help can send food or clothes to Mrs. Jacob Waring, president of the Women's Civic Club of Plymouth, Pennsylvania.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., December 6 William E. Bohn

A Red-Blooded Vegetarian

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: So you too are a victim of the popular superstition that a vegetarian is a thin, shrinking coward and a meat-eater a sleek, attractive hero! How perfectly simple! But is this in harmony with the general progressive trend of *The Nation?*

And are you aware that you need only publish a few more grossly unjust articles like Ernest Sutherland Bates's The Vegetarian and the Tiger [November 25] to make mortal enemies of all your vegetarian subscribers? Or do you think them so negligible that you can safely ignore them?

Redwood City, November 27 Willy H. Van Rhyn,
A vegetarian mother of three boys who have never tasted meat and are neither bags of bones nor cowards

That Alleged Italo-Russian Treaty

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I note in your issue of November 18 a paragraph on the so-called Italo-Russian treaty. You have probably seen the denials of the Moscow and Rome governments and of the London Soviet embassy. I happen to know that the relations between Russia and Turkey are very cordial and that an understanding with Italy by which Turkey would suffer is altogether out of the question. Friendship with Turkey is as fundamental to Soviet foreign policy as friendship with China.

The Turkish ambassador was the only ambassador at the station here when Rakovsky left for Paris, and the Turkish ambassador in Moscow is very much *persona grata* in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. Turkey is the biggest Moslem Power—barring Anglo-Saxon Britain—moreover she controls the Straits. The Russians want to be good to her. True, after Lausanne, where the Turks let down the Russians, there was a period of lukewarmness, but that is all over now. The rumor about the treaty can be explained in several ways. The relations between Russia and Italy are cordial. Italy has ambitions in the East, in Asia Minor, in Syria. It would be comforting to Italy to have Russian aid in these designs.

London, November 25 Louis Fischer

What Solomon Said

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 9 Mr. Upton Sinclair rebukes you for attributing "Spare the rod and spoil the child" to Solomon. He writes: "Hudibras said it. What Solomon said was: 'He that spareth the rod hateth his child.'"

The passage presumably referred to is in Proverbs, ch. 13, v. 24. The Authorized Version (King James version), the Revised Version, and the American Revised Version all give it in the following words: "He that spareth his rod hateth his son."

Ithaca, N. Y., December 6 Charles E. Edgerton

Books and Plays

The Meeting

By JAMES CHICHESTER

I saw them meet upon the hill,
Circe and the fair Persephone;
The day was hushed and strangely still—
The maid came led by Mercury.

The meeting on that teeming mound
Set signals for all things to rise;
Green growths came springing from the ground
And rain fell softly from the skies.

First Glance

"MAY DAYS: An Anthology of Verse from *Masses-Liberator,*" edited by Genevieve Taggard (Boni and Liveright: $3), possesses a merit which is so rare in anthologies of contemporary verse that it deserves to be cried out. "May Days" is interesting. Numberless other collections of modern poems are more or less valuable for reference, and some of them are indispensable. But they are not continuously readable, and the reason is, I fancy, that the contents are catholically chosen for their excellence alone. Now it happens that we differ in nothing today so much as in our notions as to what constitutes excellence and importance in poetry; so that a "representative" volume of the "best" poems will of necessity be a hodge-podge both of ideas and of styles, and one may be sure that the future, having its own conviction as to what was important in our time, will find most of the going in these anthologies very hard. I have always believed that an anthology should be one-sided, that it should reflect only the prejudices of the editor or the tendencies of his school. It will then be interesting to certain readers at any rate; and if in the long run it prove all wrong, surely that will be the next best thing to having proved all right. I neither know nor care what the future will think of "May Days," but I am positive that it will be in no doubt as to the character of the book. For it has a character. All of the poems in it are the product of a point of view.

Just what that point of view was Miss Taggard has had some difficulty in saying in her introduction. And no wonder, since it shifted with events and with the coming and going of personalities. It is with the shifts that Miss Taggard has had the most trouble—and again no wonder, considering that the period of which she writes the intellectual history in fifteen pages included not only "a war and a revolution and five or six famines" but a most engaging holiday—a May Day of free speech just on the eve of the war and the revolution referred to. Yet in the main Miss Taggard has brilliantly succeeded in suggesting the spirit which moved the poets and cartoonists of the *Masses* and the *Liberator* in those most exciting days of American journalism. "What survived," writes Floyd Dell, "was a collection of pictures, articles, stories, poems, and plays so gay and bold, so new and vivid and forceful, that the magazine [the *Masses*] became a sort of rallying-place for young genius from all over the country." Here are the best of the poems.

"Although much fine poetry was published in the *Masses-Liberator,*" says Miss Taggard, "I have not tried to restrict this anthology to verse of conspicuous poetic merit. Much of the best is light verse. I have tried to preserve everything that gave the flavor of those days." Wherein, of course, she was exactly right. There are many pieces of conspicuous merit—by John Reed, Max Eastman, E. E. Cummings, C. E. S. Wood, James Rorty, Carl Sandburg, Louis Untermeyer, Hazel Hall, Louise Bogan, Genevieve Taggard, Vachel Lindsay, and Amy Lowell. But light verse and propaganda verse predominate, and they are what give body to the book. And the final distinction is given it by several longer poems toward the end which, although they were called forth by particular events, still breathe with passion and anger and pity. These are Third Degree and The Strange Funeral in Braddock, by Michael Gold, and Tom Mooney and The Heretics, by William Ellery Leonard.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Latest Negro

The New Negro. Edited by Alain Locke. Albert and Charles Boni. $5.

THIS book marks an epoch in the hectic career of the American Negro. It illuminates an intellectual revolution which owes its origin and expression to a multiplying series of social changes during the past decade. In undermining and annihilating the Negro myth it functions as a clarifying and signal contribution to contemporary thought.

What is the new Negro? The old Negro, according to the common conception, was an indolent, docile creation without the spirit of resistance or the desire for independence. Like most common conceptions, this one is wildly erroneous. Before the American Revolution alone, for instance, over twenty-five rebellions of black slaves occurred. After the revolution the rebellions multiplied. The struggle in Haiti under the courageous leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the aid rendered Bolivar in his vivid victories in South and Central America, the reaction of the Negro in the past war all parade in formidable contradiction to the conception. These insurrections, however, were evidences of primitive recalcitrancy and aggressiveness rather than of a provocative and intelligent rebelliousness. They were the frantic, futile struggles of a suppressed race. The new Negro represents a different reaction. He is rebellious likewise, but his passions have become subtilized, his primitivism refined. He has discovered a new weapon—the pen. A new culture is in the process of evolution. And the present volume is an expression of that culture. The great diversity among the topics it treats is a sound indication of the versatility of the Negro genius. Here is represented the effervescence of a new spirit in an ancient people.

The cultural growth of the Negro since the Civil War went through two evolutions before it reached its present culmination in the philosophy of the new Negro. The first stage was characterized by a passionate imitation of the culture of the white race. White mores, white conceptions, white ideals became for the Negro the source of both inspiration and aspiration. Negro leaders fell in line with this servile, goose-step procession. The second stage revealed a revolution in attitude. This period was marked by the literature of protest. Imitation was transformed into antagonism. Things white were denounced and things black were eulogized. In Negro fiction, for example, the heroes were black and the villains white. It was a period of melodramatic sentimentality. This stage reached its apex of extravagance and fanaticism in the Garvey movement with its "back to Africa" slogan, its Black Star Line

steamship company, its black god, black madonna, and black Jesus. The third and latest stage is without the servility of the first or the exaggeration of the second. Now the aim is for firmer form and stricter substance, and there has already been attained an objectivity of description and exposition which is novel in Negro art. In the fiction of the new Negro the good characters are no longer always Negroes or the bad characters always whites; they vary with the shift of episode, the science of situation. The imitation and hostility of the first two periods have been swallowed up by the growing objectivity of the third. In Negro sociology the same vicissitudes of thought and sentiment are to be detected. Armstrong and Booker T. Washington, the founders of the schools at Hampton and Tuskegee, with their emphasis upon adaptation, their advocacy of industrial education, their denunciation of resistance, represented the first stage; Burghardt DuBois and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, with their defiant declaration of human rights and their sentimental exaltation of all things black, represented the second stage; while Charles Johnson (editor of *Opportunity*), Alain Locke, and Abram L. Harris, Jr., with their plea for an objective approach to the entire race problem and an equally impartial study of things Negro and white, represent the third stage.

Slavery had bred despair and a yearning for the bright vistas of another world. Without happiness or hope, it had turned the Negro from the real to the ethereal, from the earthly to the Elysian. This other-worldly religiosity, while productive of the exquisite music of the "spirituals," has handicapped the Negro in his progress in this world; and it has infused Negro art and philosophy with a sentimentality from which it rarely has been able to escape. It lingers yet, a vestige that scarcely has begun to wither. The fiction contained in the present volume, for instance, suffers chiefly from the defects of this sentimentality, this inability to create art without melodrama, beauty without crudity. Fisher, Matheus, Hurston, and Nugent, all earnest and sincere craftsmen, are still fettered by amateurish techniques and by styles that stumble instead of flow. The work of Eric Walrond is more advanced. Although superficial in substance, his story is redeemed by diction that glitters if not glows and by a spirit that is fresh if not spontaneous. Jean Toomer, however, is the general of the group. His work transcends in significance and beauty everything that has been produced in Negro fiction. He is the Lafcadio Hearn of Negro literature. In a style as subtle as a dream he has beautified the trivial and ensnared the elusive. And Countee Cullen has well-nigh achieved in poetry what Toomer has achieved in prose. McKay in places is brilliant, and Hughes is often persuasive, but Cullen is in a class of Negro poets by himself. Among the essays those of Charles S. Johnson, M. J. Herskovits, Walter White, and E. Franklin Frazier are most significant.

In the next fifteen years a still newer Negro will be evolved. That Negro, in a still newer book, will leave an even greater record of the increasing genius of his race.

V. F. Calverton

W. E. Woodward

Bread and Circuses. By W. E. Woodward. Harper and Brothers. $2.

MR. WOODWARD is one of those who, having discovered that the world is all wrong, are in the best of all possible positions for enjoying it thoroughly. Both the ancient task of justifying the ways of God to man and that more characteristically modern one of justifying the ways of man to God are sufficiently difficult to disturb the equanimity and ruin the temper of anyone intelligent enough to comprehend the problem, but there is much to be enjoyed by those who can wash their hands of all responsibility for either eternal justice or the goodness of the human heart. Mr. Woodward's opinion of the qualities which make for success is sufficiently indicated by the title of a book—"The Importance of Being Second Rate"—said to have been written by the hero of the present work, and his opinion of the human species is much like that recommended by the Abbé Coignard when he pointed out the tendency of idealists to hate that chief portion of mankind which does not come up to their ideals; but the result of this disillusion is a great capacity for enjoying the spectacle of life. Thanks to it no good story ever turns bitter in the mouth because, after the way of good stories, its poetic justice is not quite perfect; and no personality ceases to be engaging because its limitations are apparent. There are, it may be remarked, three sorts of serenity to which men may attain. There is the serenity of those who rest in a muddled faith in a "somehow good" and there is the serenity of those from hope and fear set free; but there is a third kind, simple enough to name but oddly difficult of attainment for those born with brains and understanding, which may best be described as a realization that one did not make the world and is not responsible for its defects. Those who achieve the first generally become liberal clergymen; those who achieve the second have generally little to say; but the third is the philosophy of the perfect raconteur, and Mr. Woodward is certainly the best of contemporary raconteurs.

He has looked "business," the central fact of American life, through and through, and he understands thoroughly that combination of luck and greed which goes to the making of the most admired careers. He knows moreover that nothing short of a complete inversion of contemporary standards of value and a complete reorganization of contemporary society can possibly introduce sanity into a mad world; but experience and meditation first transformed the reformer he might have been into a satirist and then, not content with that, softened the satirist into a genial and philosophical commentator. Perhaps because he himself did not realize how complete this process had become his last book, "Lottery," was cast into the form of a satire; but "Bread and Circuses" frankly abandons even the pretense of bitterness and becomes merely the observations of a man who has gradually developed an absorbed but wholy disinterested concern with the strange variety of his fellow-creatures.

The scene is a Connecticut farm resort frequented chiefly by the definitely or the vaguely literary; the structure is as loose as that employed by Peacock or Huxley or Norman Douglas and the effect is indeed that of a "Chrome Yellow" or a "South Wind" completely American in tone as well as in locale, for there is about it as about these others that touch of extravagance and caricature which is less deliberate distortion than the natural result of the realization that only familiarity keeps us from perceiving that the ordinary is essentially as fantastic as any invention can be. Mr. Woodward, like one of his characters, has been reading "Mole's History of Human Wrong in the abridged edition in eighteen volumes with which most people are familiar, but the extended work in forty-two volumes, which contains the colored plates and the [illegible]ndices"; so that his story, for example, of the Lollipop King who owed his millions to the fact that while a street-car conductor he had been impressed by the universal stickiness of children, had searched out the cause of this condition, and had, by the invention of the confection which made him famous, succeeded in ameliorating this condition, maintained an inward if not outward fidelity to the history of American fortunes. As for "The Importance of Being Second Rate," it is, so he points out, "luminous with optimism," since, though it admits that the world has always been bitter and cruel to talented and sensitive people, it indicates how easy is the practical solution which consists in adapting oneself to the world.

"Almost anyone can be second rate. You do not need even a college education."

"Bread and Circuses" is, I think, the best of Mr. Woodward's books because in it he has achieved a thoroughly personal form which gives him ample opportunity for using the inexhaustible store of anecdotes with which his mind seems to be stored and yet supplies a unifying thread. Thanks to it also he can interject those comments which add so greatly to the richness of the book by indicating the substratum of genuine wisdom upon which his fantasy rests. Mr. Woodward is not a young man and he came late to writing, but he came like one who discovers after many wanderings the region for which he was really born. For years he had lived the active life of his time and been completely immersed in it. Now that time falls into the proper perspective, and so his humor lacks the shrill provinciality of some of our most successful American satirists because he sees his material as the artist must—not in time alone but, as he manages subtly to suggest, in eternity also.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Unemployment

Can Business Prevent Unemployment? By Sam A. Lewisohn, Ernest G. Draper, John R. Commons, and Don D. Lescohier. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

The Regularization of Employment: A Study in the Prevention of Unemployment. By Herman Feldman. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

ASSURANCE of regular employment as a cure for unemployment occupies the central and pivotal place in these two books. Each poses the question asked in the title of the first one: "Can business prevent unemployment?" Each answers: "Yes, to a considerable degree." None of the writers is sanguine enough to say that business enterprises can so completely control the regularity of their operations as to eliminate all unemployment. They agree that such unemployment as cannot be prevented thus will have to be in part prevented by the provision of employment on public works, or by the facilitating mechanism of public employment exchanges and in part merely made more endurable by unemployment insurance.

The first volume is the result of collaboration between two business men and two professors of economics. It summarizes the achievements of the newer strategy as they are illustrated by the experiences of a few selected establishments, and lists the names of more than one hundred concerns "which have worked successfully along stabilizing lines." Separate chapters are given to unemployment insurance and to public policies for the relief of unemployment. Other chapters are, in effect, summaries of Professor Feldman's detailed and systematic treatise.

Mr. Feldman squeezes social and governmental remedies into a relatively small section at the back of his book. In this section he makes a careful appraisal of labor-market coordination and of unemployment insurance. The bulk of his volume —some 250 closely printed pages—is devoted to a [illegible] carefully elaborated explanation and criticism of remedies attempted by individual establishments and industries. He deals with the control of demand through research, diversification of output, style simplification, the shaping of purchasing habits, scientific sales planning, systematic labor control, training and transfer within the plant. There is copious citation of individual establishment experience, with careful appraisal of the results.

These results are impressive. The contents of the two books show how much water has slipped over the dam since 1914. Scores—probably hundreds—of concerns are attacking this most serious of all labor problems in ways which then either were undreamed of or were believed to be of quite secondary importance. And yet one wonders. Do not these writers exaggerate the competence of business to handle the problem of unemployment? Unquestionably it can accomplish a very great deal. But "business" is not a self-contained, well-integrated force; it is a jarring complex of hundreds of thousands of individual enterprises, individual wills, working at competitive or monopolistic cross-purposes. Single units by the hundreds, perhaps by the thousands, may be able successfully to achieve (by the methods outlined in these volumes) so complete an internal balance and elimination of intra-establishment frictions that employment will be greatly steadied. But friction between sovereign establishments is a more serious problem—a problem which involves, in the reviewer's opinion, long-distance forward-planning by an authority which is above the battle.

It is true that both treatises give some space to public or governmental programs of prevention and relief. Some emphasis is laid on public-employment exchanges as well as on unemployment insurance and on research and fact-finding. These programs have merit. They do not seem likely, however, to be effective in eliminating any large proportion of the unemployment which will persist after the business concerns have accomplished their large part. Whether or not the government should be *in* business more, it should certainly be *concerned* with it more; concerned to limit its "rights," alter its rules of procedure, when those rights and rules run athwart the welfare of the community. For example, the width of the margins and extent of the fluctuations in profits may have a bearing upon regularity of employment. If so, the state might well consider using an excess-profits tax to limit the profit margin and so, perhaps, make it easier for business enterprises to resist the temptation to sacrifice labor stability to anticipated extraordinary profits.

Despite these somewhat irrelevant misgivings, the reviewer expects the two books to be widely useful; the first by inspiring business men with confidence in the idea, the second by showing them by precept and example just how to give it a measure of reality.

PAUL F. BRISSENDEN

Let It Be Allowed

Color. By Countee Cullen. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THESE lyrics by the youngest of the Negro poets—Countee Cullen is just past his majority—are likely to be considered less as the work of a gifted individual than as the utterance of a gifted, and enslaved, people. And indeed Mr. Cullen's poems are intensely race-conscious. He writes out of the pain of inflamed memories, and with a wilful harking back to the primitive heritage of his own folk. The peculiar flavor which the book gets from the fact that it was written by a colored man is to be had most sharply in the first section, from which the volume takes its title. This tang is the essence of such pieces as Atlantic City Waiter, Fruit of the Flower, and Heritage, with their insistence on the savage past; it is the essence, too, of the lovely Song of Praise, and of that shrewd lyric To My Fairer Brethren:

[illegible]

Insufficient that I match you
Every coin you flip;
Your demand is that I catch you
Squarely on the hip.

[illegible]

Rakishly and proud,
I have bought my right to it;
Let it be allowed.

Again and again Mr. Cullen strikes the harsh note which carries the scorn of the oppressed, the arrogance of the insulted

and injured. He is engaged by the somber power and terrible brilliance of Africa as a Jew might be engaged by the purple days of Solomon's glory, or as the Gael is moved by the bright bloody history of his island. The poem by which Mr. Cullen is perhaps best known, The Shroud of Color, could have been written only by a Negro. It is a piece which, in spite of its sad lack of concision and its many cliches, yet abounds in true spiritual vigor.

But though one may recognize that certain of Mr. Cullen's verses owe their being to the fact that he shares the tragedy of his people, it must be owned that the real virtue of his work lies in his personal response to an experience which, however conditioned by his race, is not so much racial as profoundly human. The color of his mind is more important than the color of his skin. The faint acridness that gives an edge to many of these lyrics is a quality which one finds in Housman, or even in the minor strains of Herrick and of Horace. There is, for example, the song To a Brown Girl; and the same pungency is felt in the companion piece, To a Brown Boy, or in Wisdom Cometh with the Years. The twenty-eight rhymed Epitaphs have, almost without exception, a pure Gallic salt, as witness the one For a Lovely Lady:

> A creature slender as a reed,
> And sad-eyed as a doe
> Lies here (but take my word for it,
> And do not pry below).

And even in what might be called his African poems it is Mr. Cullen's endowment of music and imagery and emotional awareness that matters, over and above the presence of jungle shapes and shadows.

These excellences—fantasy, lyricism, and fine sensitiveness—the book undoubtedly has. It has also faults, the faults of youth. The poet does not shrink from such rubber-stamp phrases as "costly fee," "crimson vintage," "ensanguined mead," "coral lips." He clutches at stars and clings to dreams like any neophyte, and lives in the pleasant reassurance that after death he will return to talk to his love "in liquid words of rain." But there seems little doubt that he will shed these puerilities before his youth is over, that he will discipline and develop his unquestionable gift.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Mosul

Mosul and Its Minorities. By Harry Charles Luke. London: Martin Hopkinson and Company, Ltd. 10/6.

MOSUL to the reader of the American press has come to mean little more than a vast oil-puddle concerning the disposition of which there have been some undignified correspondence between the British and American governments and, more recently, a public brawl between Downing Street and Angora. The student knows Mosul (the modern successor to ancient Nineveh) as a Mesopotamian city which boasted political and economic importance centuries before petroleum became one of the stakes of diplomacy. By reason of its strategic location at one of the military and commercial crossroads of the Near East, Mosul has attracted to itself a curious hodge-podge of nationalities, races, and religious sects which defy adequate classification and description. If the human problems of Mosul have been overlooked by diplomatists they are not thereby deprived of their inherent interest, as will be testified by any reader of Mr. Luke's attractive book. As sometime assistant governor of Jerusalem Mr. Luke seems to have caught the spirit of the Near East; in any case he has breathed the air of Palestine, Syria, Transjordania, and Iraq and has not been stifled. What is more, he likes Mosul and has a fine curiosity concerning its history, its life, and its peoples. Kurds, Arabs, Turks, Armenians, Assyro-Chaldeans, Jews, Devil-Worshipers, and others are full of human interest to him. His book, "written in the scanty leisure of a busy official life, is to help to make these singularly interesting peoples better known to English readers, and to win for them, if possible, some additional measure of sympathy in the difficult times through which they are passing." A laudable purpose is this, especially in a world surcharged with mandates, oil concessions, atrocities reports, air raids, armed insurrections, and the like. The book is enlivened by illustrations pleasant and unpleasant—in the latter category a photograph of a public hanging in Mosul leaves nothing to the imagination.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

Books in Brief

Kunala. By Arpad Ferenczy. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Women are depraved, deadly, insatiate, double-tongued like serpents, and treacherous like pits covered with leaves and twigs. This is the theme running through sixteen stories told by the Kunala bird, devoted to merry adventure and quick—with good Buddhist morality—to see the temptress always.

Man of Strife. By Grove Wilson. Frank Maurice, Inc. $2.

Turmoil and contention in a man's blood war with his heart's longing for beauty and peace. Bruce Barton plunges bitterly through experiences in love, flounders to no purpose in his career as journalist, and fights the world to wrest a fragment of grace from it. A disjointed story, with much action and little significance, yet touching in sudden moments an emotional reality which elevates it all too briefly.

East of Eden. By Lynn Montross. Harper and Brothers. $2.

A novel of the cornfields, of the anxious change and uncertainty that hang over the mid-American farmlands. A balance is well kept between the intense longing of youth to leave the enslaving soil and the heavier, more tragic struggle of the older farmer to organize an agrarian association.

Highland Annals. By Olive Tilford Dargan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Superstitions still guide the conduct of the Southern mountain folk of whom Mrs. Dargan writes. Her affection for these people never melts to sentimentality; neither does it freeze into the objectivity of a sociological study. She sees the ruggedness of their lives, and how nevertheless they lack the stamina to combat the sense of fatality which keeps them as they always have been; but she aureoles what pathos she finds, what unconscious grandeur, with her own enthusiasm and understanding.

Married Life. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has a disturbing power, a sure and pointed and tender vision for the irreparable flaws in life. Here are six short stories dealing with phases of modern marriage, and each is appealing and absorbingly interesting. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is always explicit and resilient; and her penetration into human tangles is luminous.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

The Russians Triumph

THE stunning performance of "Lysistrata" given by the members of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio for the first week of their engagement at Jolson's Theater indicates that their visit may well constitute the chief artistic event of the season. At least to those unfamiliar with their language their version of Aristophanes's comedy must remain merely the scenario for a pantomine, and in it they employ music to a much less extent than is usual with them; yet so continuously beautiful and exciting is the spectacle they offer that it may without exaggeration be said that no such perfect union of the appeals which the theater can make to the eye and to the ear has been seen before on our stage, and that the sensuous warmth of their art makes anything of similar sort which we can offer seem painfully chilly by comparison.

We can wonder at and we might dream of imitating the synthesis of rhythm and color which they achieve, but the temperament of their actors is something which is and probably must remain neither imitable nor wholly comprehensible —the product of a race accustomed to an emotional exuberance foreign to our natures and of a tradition of expression through sensuous means unfamiliar to us and to those other people who, like us, know only words as a means of expression. For years the Russians have been accustomed to sing or to dance the things which other peoples have said. They have translated their poems into the sensuous language of melody; they have danced their stories; they have seemed sometimes to be able to state even their criticism of life in a rhythmic gesture; and as a result their bodies are alive and eloquent. Words we can use, especially if instead of uttering them we can put them upon paper, and thus we open our souls to one another in books passed silently from hand to hand; but acting is as strange and artificial to us as it is natural to the Russians. It is with difficulty that we teach even the expressions of our face to speak, and at the best our bodies are dumb. These Russians, on the contrary, are eloquent even to the tips of their toes. They defy with the crooking of an elbow, they implore with one outstretched hand, and when they mock they are mockery personified. And yet—most marvelous of all—these fiery temperaments and these eloquent bodies are disciplined to a perfect sense of style; though they speak so copiously and so vehemently, nothing ever disturbs the harmony of the whole since all their variety is included in one continuous rhythm, much as in the greatest poetry the most divers and the most discordant passions find somehow complete expression within the limits set by the regular beat of verse.

We cannot, I suppose, have everything, and if I were compelled to choose between this magnificently sensuous art and that art of words which is the only one ever really mastered by those who made the tradition to which I belong, I have no doubt that I should choose the second and the colder —partly, perhaps, because it is the only one which I can thoroughly understand. And yet the very least that can be said of this company from Moscow is that it brings to us the perfection of an art whose beauty could not have been guessed before it was seen.

"Merchants of Glory" (Guild Theater) is a French play written with a very definite purpose—to ridicule and excoriate those who trade upon the fame won by others in the war and who march to political victory under banners inscribed with vaguely patriotic sentiments and "the names of our glorious dead"—and yet it escapes in a considerable measure the usual futility of the propaganda play by the subtle persuasiveness of its argument and, more especially, by the insight which it reveals into that unconscious hypocrisy which betrays those who do not know until too late how utterly they have been betrayed. Had it chosen as its central character the eternal opportunist, the profiteer who does appear in a subordinate position, it could hardly have avoided the obvious; but it has chosen instead the simple-minded father of a supposed hero and it has traced with remarkable insight the stages by which he comes gradually to exploit for his own ends what was in the beginning a genuine and overwhelming sorrow.

With the very considerable effectiveness of the play as propaganda I have no immediate concern. It exhibits, moreover, one of the defects almost inevitable in the play with a purpose, for its characters, though skilfully drawn, are slightly abstract after the manner of all characters created in order to fit a previously conceived intellectual scheme. Yet it seems to me to rise to the level of intellectual and dramatic importance because of the insight which it reveals into that capacity of the human mind to deceive itself which we are only beginning to understand. The authors have remembered what those who attack an illusion generally forget; they have remembered that those who cherish the illusion cherish it not because of any meaninglessly obstinate blindness but because the illusion performs a function in their lives and often because, as in the case of the father in the present play, it enables them to escape from a reality too terrible to be borne.

The authors again have realized that the hypocritical statesmen who live upon the legend that to die mutilated in the mud of a battlefield is *dulce et decorum* could not keep the lie alive were it not that there are thousands who have a need to believe it and, propagandists though they are, they have realized that the problem which they discuss offers no solution so simple as that of brushing aside a few profiteers and a few demagogues. The true villain of the piece is not the opportunist nor the profiteer but that insidious cunning of the human mind which can invent a delusion to save itself and then fall victim to its own device. In the production which the Theater Guild has given the play the excellent work of Augustin Duncan as the father and of Jose Ruben as the son makes them stand out in a cast of unequal merit.

Eugene O'Neill's romantic play "The Fountain" (Greenwich Village Theater) has moments of great beauty and yet it is somewhat disappointing, chiefly, perhaps, because it reveals little of the characteristic flavor of its author and is obviously a blind alley so far as the development of his genius is concerned.

Joseph Wood Krutch

International Relations Section

India's New Intransigence

By W. NORMAN BROWN

THE spectacular days of Gandhi and non-cooperation in India have passed and the surface of Indian politics is now less troubled than for eight years; nevertheless the intensity of Indian political sentiment is greater than ever before and the activity of the Nationalists more effective. Before the appointment of the Montagu-Chelmsford Commission on Indian Constitutional Reform the anti-British, or home rule, feeling expressed itself chiefly in direct seditious action and utterance. When the new constitution was defined and made operative, the disappointment of the Nationalists broke out in further sedition that culminated in the serious disorders accompanying non-cooperation. But during the past three years the Nationalists, taking advantage of the weapons provided by the new constitution, have brought legislative, rather than seditious, pressure to bear upon the Government of India. Their aims are the same, the spirit is not diminished, but the greater certainty of success has produced action that is less frantic.

The credit for the change of tactics belongs almost entirely to the Swaraj Party and its founder, the late Mr. C. R. Das. A man of much political ability, he had first opposed Gandhi's non-cooperation, then later accepted it; but in December, 1922, feeling that the movement was not proving successful, he had advocated a modified non-cooperation. He failed to carry with him the All-India National Congress, of which he was president at the time, and he broke away, forming a new party, now known as the Swaraj Party. This is at present the dominant party in India; it is back again in the All-India Congress, having returned by invitation last Christmas on its own terms, and last July it received the final surrender of Gandhi, who declared it his accredited agent.

Das's attitude was practical, expedient, that of a competent political strategist, lying midway between complete boycott of the "Satanic" British rulership urged by the Mahatma and the whole-hearted cooperation so earnestly besought by the Government for the new constitution. Although, like Gandhi, he hated the new scheme with its principle of "dyarchy," he perceived the weakness of the scheme in "reserving" some subjects to the administration for legislation and "transferring" others to the legislative bodies for action, which action, however, in most cases the Government could override through its powers of "certification" of defeated measures. Gandhi's method was complete refusal to employ the legislative bodies established under the constitution, to contest no elections, and at the same time to boycott the courts. Das, on the other hand, urged the Nationalists to elect representatives to the national and provincial legislative bodies. These representatives would form an opposition to the hand-made Government party, which is composed not of elected members but of certain administrative officials who are in the legislative bodies ex officio and a number of members who are "nominated," that is, appointed, by the Government. The Nationalist representatives should make their demands in the legislatures. If these demands should be granted, well enough; but if they should be refused by the Government—and it was a foregone conclusion that they would be—then the Nationalists should adopt a settled policy of opposing all measures supported by the Government. If they should prove able to defeat the Government party then a situation would arise in which a "responsible" Government, as in England, would resign, and a new ministry be formed with the confidence of the dominant party. In India, where the Government is not "responsible," there would be no such easy success, but the Government would be in the unenviable position of having to use its powers of certification to enact legislation that had been repudiated by the people's elected representatives.

This plan of entry into the Legislative Councils has been successful. Although the Swaraj Party itself has never had a majority in any national or provincial legislative body, it has been able with the frequent help of other Nationalists to defeat the Government in Bengal, Bihar, and the Central Provinces, to compel the withdrawal there of certain "transferred" subjects of legislation, to deny salaries to the ministers, who are appointed by the governors—in short, to give verisimilitude to the claim that the dyarchy has been destroyed and the bureaucracy revived.

In national affairs they have not had this success, for there legislation lies in the hands not of one body but of two, the National Legislative Assembly and a second chamber, known as the Council of State. This second chamber has a larger proportional government element than the lower house, while its elected members are chosen by a much more limited electorate. Hence, while the Swarajists, with their allies, have succeeded in defeating the Government in the Assembly, their action has invariably been rescinded by the Council of State.

The deadlock thus created seemed unalterable until the Swarajists about six months back showed the first signs of abating their intransigence. The initial gesture was made by Mr. Das on May 2, in his presidential address at the opening on the Bengal Provincial Conference. He repeated the demand for dominion status—"not servitude but free alliance by consent"—censured the Government of India for the Amritsar tragedy and the Bengal "ordinance" of last winter that authorized the administration to arrest, hold, try, and condemn without resort to the usual processes of law, but at the same time made the significant pronouncement that "provided some real responsibility is transferred to the people, there is no reason why we should not cooperate with the Government." These opinions were embodied in a resolution and adopted by the conference. Shortly afterward Gandhi gave his approval, and a little later Mr. Jinnah, leader of the other important Indian party, the Independents, announced himself in accord with the Swarajists.

The good faith of the Swarajist gesture has been further made evident by two specific instances of cooperation. The first of these was the acceptance by Mr. Nehru, successor to Mr. Das as All-India head of the party, of a seat on a government-appointed committee to recommend means of increasing the Indian element in the army. The second came at the opening of the session of the National Legislative Assembly, August 21, when the chair of president fell vacant and for the first time was thrown open to election. Mr. Patel, the leading Swarajist of western India, ran for the office, was elected, and has since gen-

inely cooperated with the Government by subordinating arty loyalty to the demand of his position for impartiality nd has thereby won the commendation of the Government nd the Nationalists alike.

Meanwhile, Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for ndia, had in July made his long-awaited speech before he House of Lords, which he had prepared only after consultation with the Viceroy, Lord Reading, who had been alled home from India especially for that purpose. The ieart of his remarks was that there would be no serious change in the Indian constitution before 1929, the date riginally set for revision, but meanwhile the Government would welcome signs of unity among the Indians and would consider extension of representative government along ines that might be agreed upon by all parties.

The signs of unity were not long coming. When the National Legislative Assembly met in August the Swarajists and the Independents succeeded in constructing a common program and at the proper time presented it. The occasion was the report of the Muddiman Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform. This committee had been appointed long ago by the Government, and Lord Birkenhead had stated that the very moderate recommendations of the majority report would be executed. When the report was presented to the Assembly, Lord Reading asked that the majority report be accepted and recommended. But the Nationalists, completely united, by a vote of 72 to 45 rejected it as inadequate and urged the execution of a series of measures proposed by Mr. Nehru in an amendment. Although this amendment was afterward rejected by the Government-controlled Council of State and the Government was not embarrassed by having to consider it formally, it is worth reproducing here as embodying the present aspiration of Indian leaders. The following is quoted from the weekly Calcutta *Statesman* for September 10:

> This Assembly, while confirming and reiterating the demand contained in the resolution passed by it on February 18, 1924, recommends to the Governor General-in-Council that he be pleased to take immediate steps to move His Majesty's Government to make a declaration in Parliament embodying the following fundamental changes in the present constitutional machinery and administration of India:
>
> (*a*) The revenue of India and all property vested in or arising or accruing from property or rights vested in His Majesty under the Government of India Act, 1858, or the present act or received by the Secretary of State-in-Council under any of the said acts shall hereafter vest in the Governor General-in-Council for purposes of the Government of India.
>
> (*b*) The Governor General-in-Council shall be responsible to the Indian Legislature, and, subject to such responsibility, shall have power to control expenditure of the revenues of India and make such grants and appropriations of any part of these revenues or of any other property as is at present under the control or disposal of the Secretary of State for India-in-Council save and except the following which shall for a fixed term of years remain under the control of the Secretary of State for India: (1) expenditure on the Military Services up to a fixed limit; (2) expenditure classed as political and foreign; (3) payment of all debts and liabilities hitherto lawfully contracted and incurred by the Secretary of State for India-in-Council on account of the Government of India.
>
> (*c*) The Council of the Secretary of State for India shall be abolished, and the position and functions of the Sec-

A STRIKE LEADER

TO BE TRIED FOR A MURDER HE DID NOT COMMIT, AND 12 YEARS AFTER THE STRIKE!

Read the Amazing Facts in the case of Richard Ford, who goes to Trial at Marysville, Cal., on Jan. 4, Before Judge Charles O. Busick

¶ In the Wheatland, Cal., hop-pickers' strike of 1913, four persons were killed in a riot—two officers of the law and two strikers. Ford and Suhr, two strike leaders, were convicted of the murder of one officer in *a trial by hysteria*.

¶ Neither killed anyone. Neither incited anyone to murder. They were singled out solely as leaders, and held responsible for the violence as leaders. Both were sentenced to life imprisonment!

¶ Ford was paroled last October, and was immediately indicted again for the murder of the other officer. His prosecutor is the son of the man who was killed.

¶ This is essentially a free speech case. Ford was in fact prosecuted, and is now being prosecuted, for his radical views as an I. W. W. and for the exercise of his rights as a leader.

¶ Unless he has the best possible defense he will go back again to years of prison life. His defense is costing $5,000. His lawyers are Austin Lewis, who represented him in the first trial, Gaston M. Ashe, R. W. Henderson and Arthur M. Bundy.

¶ His case is in the hands of the Ford Defense Committee, Lee Tulin, Sec'y, Box 3122, San Francisco.

¶ We appeal to all friends of justice to Ford to contribute what they can. Mrs. Irwin, who is among the signers of this appeal, was an eye-witness of the first trial, in which she says these men were railroaded. A pamphlet, with her vivid account of [illegible] the strike, [illegible] from the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, which is helping the defense.

Sponsors

[illegible]

Tear off and return to

[illegible]
Box 3122,
San Francisco, California.

I enclose herewith $ [illegible] to help defray the cost of defending Richard Ford.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City and State .....

retary of State for India shall be assimilated to those of the Secretary of State for self-governing dominions save as otherwise provided in clause (*b*).

(*d*) The Indian army shall be nationalized within a reasonably short and definite period of time, and Indians shall be admitted for service in all arms of defense, and for that purpose the Governor General and the Commander-in-Chief shall be assisted by a minister responsible to the Assembly.

(*e*) The central and provincial legislatures shall consist entirely of members elected by constituencies formed on as wide a franchise as possible.

MILITARY EXPENDITURE

(*f*) The principle of responsibility to the Legislature shall be introduced in all branches of the administration of the Central Government subject to transitional reservation and residuary powers in the Governor-General in respect of the control of military, foreign, and political affairs for a fixed term of years, provided that during the said fixed term the proposal of the Governor General-in-Council for appropriation of any revenue or moneys for military or other expenditure classified as "defense" shall be submitted to the vote of the Legislature but that the Governor General-in-Council shall have power notwithstanding the vote of the Assembly to appropriate up to a fixed maximum any sum he may consider necessary for such expenditure, and, in the event of a war, to authorize such expenditure as may be considered necessary. . . .

All this might seem to be nothing more than parliamentary maneuvering, but such is not the case. The fight is not merely between the Swaraj Party and the Government; it is a struggle between the entire Indian electorate and the Government. Small though the enfranchised fraction of the population is, its voice is, after all, the only voice the country yet has and it must be listened to attentively. In lesser matters, especially in the provinces, the Swaraj Party has last summer and this fall suffered a number of defeats and even experienced internal dissension but on large issues the Nationalists are all agreed under the leadership of the Swarajists.

In the face of the persistence and universality of the Indian cry for immediate, far-reaching constitutional reform the Government may find itself forced to cease looking upon the date 1929 as sacrosanct. Perhaps Mr. Wood, the newly appointed Viceroy, may be able to devise a satisfactory compromise. The change of pilot offers the Government an opportunity to alter its course without losing face. Mr. Wood is unknown in India; he comes out with nothing against him personally. He even has two advantages that no other recent Viceroy has enjoyed. He is the present British Minister of Agriculture, and as such may have acquired experience that will enable him to provide a much desired solution of some of India's most pressing agricultural problems. He was also for many years prominent as president of the English Church Union, from which fact it is deducible that he is a man of strong religious interests. This is antecedently likely to endear him to Hindus, to whom religion is the paramount interest in life, and who, more liberal in this respect than Mohammedans or Christians, admire a man for religious activity, even though it be in behalf of another faith than their own. With a fair degree of political tact, he may be able to pacify the Nationalists, secure them a part of their wishes, and at the same time attain the British end, which is now merely to guide the inevitable transition of India from subject to self-governing state within the empire.

Contributors to This Issue

H. L. SCAIFE's articles, The Aircraft Disgrace and The Aircraft Monopoly, appeared in *The Nation* for December 9 and December 16.

LOUIS FISCHER, who has been *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow, is now in London representing the Telegraph Agency of the Soviet Union.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly Washington letters.

JAMES CHICHESTER is the Zona Gale scholar at the University of Wisconsin.

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Newer Spirit."

PAUL F. BRISSENDEN, of the economics department at Columbia University, has written various studies of employment and the standard history of the I. W. W.

BABETTE DEUTSCH has written two volumes of verse: "Banners" and "Honey Out of the Rock."

EDWARD MEAD EARLE, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, wrote "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway."

W. NORMAN BROWN of Johns Hopkins University spent 1923 and 1924 on the faculty of the Prince of Wales College at Jammu, in Kashmir.

Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor *The Nation;* Philip Payne, Managing Editor the *Daily Mirror*, and Don C. Seitz, of the New York *World*, will speak on THE TABLOID NEWSPAPER at the third *Nation* dinner, January 7, at the Fifth Avenue Restaurant, New York. Tickets $2.50 to *Nation* subscribers and their guests.

Christmas Books of Unusual Charm
by JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD (Mrs. Simeon Ford)

IMAGINA

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